

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 NOVEMBER, 1800.

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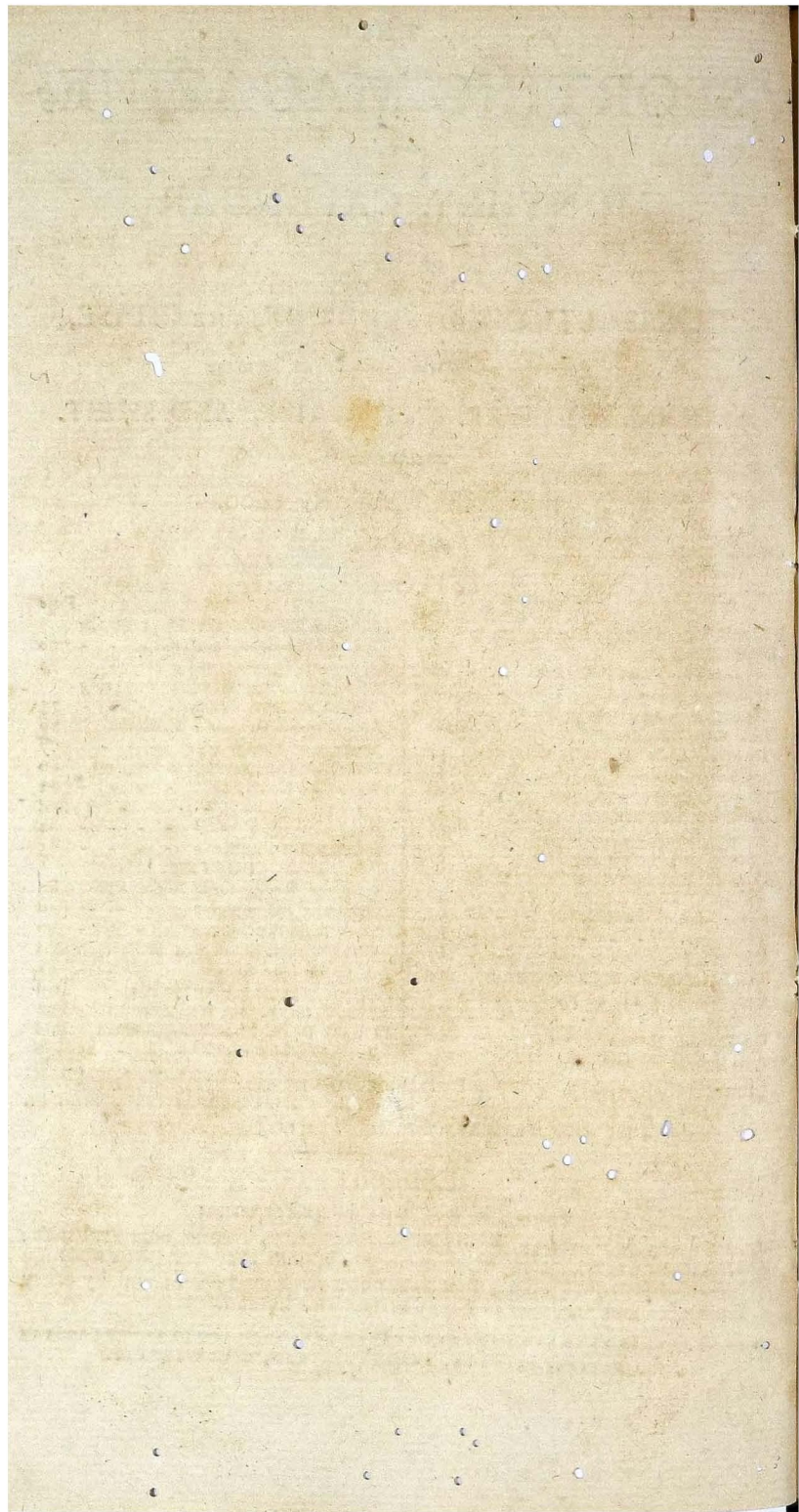
[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving, by SCOTT, of Col. Kelly's DUN-
GANNON, beating the Prince of Wales's ROCKINGHAM; and an
Etching of HERONS and ROOKS, by HOWITT.]

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Dungannon beating Rockingham at Newmarket.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER 1800.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

COL. O'KELLY'S DUNGANNON,
beating His Royal Highness the
PRINCE OF WALES'S ROCK-
INGHAM, over the B. C. New-
market.

[An ENGRAVING by SCOTT, from a
Painting by Satorious.]

THIS famous race was between
the two first horses of the day,
about twenty years since. It was
won by Dungannon, swerving
against Rockingham: however, it
was fair. Mr. Wilson has the ori-
ginal picture. The Prince lost a
great deal of money.

ROYAL CHASE, &c.

THE stag hounds afforded on
Saturday, Nov. 22, the best
run this season; the deer was turned
out at Maidenhead Thicket before
a very numerous field; making the
circle of which, he pointed for
Hare Hatch, through the woods to
the right, passed Marlow, and over
a good racing country, to the
Thames: the hounds having laid
well at him, and running breast
high *without a check*, obliged him to
the only alternative of crossing,
which he did above Cookham,
where the *Charon* of that ferry had
for an hour incessant employ; places
were never more anxiously solicited
from the hand of a minister, than
those in the different boats; during
which, the hounds, and those who

were first over, ascended the tow-
ering hills of Bucks, through Wick-
ham Woods, where full forty horse-
men were thrown out, and back to
Hall Barns, through Mr. Burk's
Park, and he was run into, and un-
intentionally, but unavoidably kil-
led, in a wood near Pen-House,
after a terrible run of three hours;
Sir Henry Gott, the father of the
field, Lord Sandwich, Johnson the
huntsman, and four others, being
the only ones *completely in at the
death*, though full fourscore were
present, when the hounds were first
drawn up to the scent.

SPORTING.

AT the Malton Meeting on the
12th inst. the long-expected
match, which at Flexton had been
undecided, between Mr. Plumer's
white dog, Speed, and Major
Topham's black dog, Snowball, was
run over Wharram. Never had
any match of greyhounds excited
equal expectations; as it was sup-
posed, that Speed was the fleetest
dog in England: and the bets at
starting were in his favour. After
a severe course, in which Snowball
from the first starting, shewed a
decided superiority through the
whole running, the match was de-
clared in his favour. Snowball
killed the hare. As soon as the
course was over, the owner declared
that Snowball should never again
run in public, but be kept only for
his breed.

The hounds lately disposed of by Sir G. Heathcote (when he purchased Sir W. Lowther's), are now in the possession of his Highness of York, affording excellent sport in the neighbourhood of Oatlands; so severe was the chase one day last week, that the horse of the whipper-in died in consequence.

Exclusive of the necessary court attendants upon his Majesty, the stag-hounds have very few *sporting* followers. Turning out the deer so constantly at the same place not only removes the pleasing idea of variety, but, it being a country entirely open, and *without leaps*, it affords very little chance of *breaking a neck*; without which (to a juvenile and emulative mind) there can be no *sublime* enjoyment of the chase.

On the 14th inst. a hare being found near to the Round Course at Newmarket Heath, a match for twenty guineas was run for between Mr. Clough's black dog, Snap, and Mr. Mitchell's dun bitch Mouse, which, after a well contested course of two miles, terminated in favour of the former.

The Duke of Hamilton has been particularly fortunate at Dumfries races; his Grace's bay colt won all in four heats.

Wednesday the 20th, the *Chess Club* had its first meeting this winter, at *Parsloe's*, St. Jame's street.

A grand shooting party is now at Earl Cholmondley's, in Norfolk.

Three farmers some evenings since returning home from Ipswich market, two of them previously agreed to frighten the other by attempting to rob him on the road. On pretence of being in a great hurry, one of them set off full speed, while the other kept behind. The one who was to act the robber, having given his horse in charge to a man, disguised himself in a great coat, and in a resolute tone

stopped his companion, and demanded his money. The farmer taking him for the character he assumed, knocked him down, and rode over him. He was shortly after taken up, but the man to whom he entrusted his horse, had rode off with it, and the adventurous wit was, with aching bones, obliged to be conveyed home in a post-chaise.

NIMROD ON VARIOUS PEDIGREES, &c.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOU must pay 8d. for neglecting to inform yourself of the true breeder of Warter, the celebrated racer. He was bred by Mrs. Pennington, of Warter-Hall, near Pocklington, in Yorkshire, got by King Fergus, dam by Snap, &c. &c.—And no one ever heard of a Mr. Withers as a breeder or a sportsman.

It is hoped you will gratify us with other engravings and performances, than those of Play or Pay, Johnny, &c. &c. and endeavour to procure those of Cockfighter, Champion, Anniseed, and Sophia, who deserve a place in your excellent publication.

Your readers wish to find from you next month, a full and accurate detail of the affair at Brighton, between Sir G. Southcoat and others.

Your's, &c. NIMROD.

[We are regardless of postage in cases where valuable communications are sent us—Shall be glad of this Correspondent's favours at all times—and if he will tell *how* and *where* to procure the portraits of the horses he names, we will endeavour to obtain them.

DEATHS OF RACERS, &c.

EARLY in this month, died, in the 31st year of his age, at Aldburgh, near Masham, Yorkshire, the celebrated stallion, Young Marsk, the property of Mrs. Hutton, widow of the late James Hutton, Esq. Marsk was a good runner, and sire of many capital racers, brood mares, and hunters.—*For his pedigree, &c. vide one of the late Sporting Magazines.*

Lately, died, at the Upper Hare Park, Newmarket, aged 27, the famous stallion Pot80's, the property of Mr. Golding, who purchased him at one of Lord Grosvenor's sales a few years since, at Newmarket, for fifty guineas. He was sire of Capsicum, Cayenne, Druid, Canterbury, Champion, Schedoni, Waxy, Mealy, Worthy, Duchess of Limbs, Coriander, Coheirress, &c. &c.

Last week died, at Lowther-Hall, in Westmoreland, aged 29 years, that well known racer, Ajax. He was sire of many capital hunters in the north of England. We are informed, that Pleader, aged 30, is still alive.—In one stable at Lowther-Hall, it is said, a few years ago, there were six stallions, whose ages amounted to 144 years.

On Thursday, Nov. 13th.—A match against time was decided on the road between Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Morpeth, for a bet of 100gs; a brown gelding by Dunce, the property of Lieut. Col. Orde, of Holywell, near Durham, went the distance of 70 miles in six hours and ten minutes. He was allowed seven hours to perform the distance in. He carried seven stone, and was rode by three boys alternately. Foreriders cleared the way, to prevent any accident happening.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1801.

Saturday before the Meeting—Mr. Wentworth's chesnut horse, Barnaby, by Stride, dam by Eclipse, 8st. against Mr. Baker's bay horse, Jonah, by Escape, out of Laverder, 8st. 5lb. both then six years old—4 miles. 200gs h. ft.

Sir T. Gascoigne's bay colt, Doodle, by Restless, out of Tippet, 8st. against Lord Darlington's chesnut colt, Muley Moloch, by John Bull, out of Misseltoe, 8st. 5lb. both then three years old—2 miles for 200gs h. ft.

SATURDAY IN THE AUGUST MEETING.

A Sweepstakes of 50gs each—colts 8st. fillies 7st. 12lb.—2 miles.

Lord Darlington's chesnut colt, Muley Moloch

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut colt, Lenox, by Delpini, out of Violet.

Sir H. T. Vane's brown colt by Traveller, out of Shuttle's dam.

Mr. Wilson's bay filly, Sophia, by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca.

Mr. G. Crompton's chesnut roan colt, Quiz, by Buzzard, out of Huby's dam.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE RACES, 1801.

First Day.—Sir H. Williamson's bay colt, Baby, by Walnut, out of Lavinia, 8st. against Mr. Riddell's chesnut colt by Walnut, dam by Young Marsk, 8st. 3lb.—4 miles. 100gs h. ft.

Mr. Baker's bay colt, Jack's Alive, by Walnut, dam by Eclipse, against Mr. Storey's brown colt by his Arabian dam, by Fortitude, 8st. each.—2 miles. 100gs h. ft.

Mr. C. Graham's bay horse, Duncan, by Stride, dam by Young Marsk, then 6 yrs old, 9st. against Mr. Fletcher's chesnut horse, Master

ter Robert, by Star, dam by Young Marsk, aged 9st. 8lb.—4 miles. 200gs p. p.

Mr. Fletcher's brown colt, Lethe, by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, then 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. against Mr. C. Graham's brown horse, Bryan — by Aston, dam by Le Sang, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.—2 miles.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN perusing the back pages of your amusing Chronicle, a favourite diversion with me, I was struck with the following strange query—strange, on account of the sort of *professional* character of the signature, Tally-ho! which surely ought to belong to a Sportsman: it was (No. 96, Sept. p. 273) whether a horse had ever been known to walk one mile in five minutes? Certainly never, the thing being impossible, since such speed is at the rate of twelve miles per hour, and it is well known, that six miles in one hour, is the utmost, in the walking pace, ever performed by a horse; and walking being the slowest pace, in course, speed and continuance must be in the nearest possible approximation, and the horse will walk the whole hour through, at nearly the top of his speed. You had, however, amply provided, Sir, for a solution of all questions of this nature, by a frequent quotation of the *Philosophical and Sporting Treatise on Horses*, where every querist may be satisfied, as to their actual and probable capabilities of exertion in every pace. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.
Newmarket, Nov. 20th.

BILLIARD PLAYING.

BUNBURY, v. SIR THOMAS
SOUTHCOTE.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 7.

MR. Garrow moved for a Rule to shew cause why a warrant of attorney given by the defendant should not be set aside, and the Marshal of the King's Bench ordered to discharge the defendant out of custody as to this suit. Mr. Garrow said, that he moved the Court upon the matters of an affidavit made by Sir Thomas Southcote, Baronet, the particulars of which were as follows:—

Sir Thomas being some time since at Brighton, a Mr. Whaley, whom he then considered to be his friend, came to him, and informed him that he had engaged to play a match at billiards with Mr. Bunbury, that he, Sir Thomas, must play for him, and that he would back him. Sir Thomas consented to play for his friend, and accordingly met Mr. Bunbury, in company with Mr. Hill Darley. Mr. Whaley proposed, as the Rooms at Brighton might be exceedingly full, that they should play at a table at Lewes. They accordingly repaired to this table, where the marker was told they had come to play for a guinea a game, when in fact they were to play for several hundreds. After playing some time, Mr. Whaley contrived to get the marker out of the room, and kept the mark himself, pretending to be Sir Thomas's friend. The luck and skill run considerably against Sir Thomas, and Mr Whaley lost about two thousand guineas, which he paid at the table. Sir Thomas having lost so much for his friend, now played for himself, and in the end lost to Mr. Bunbury six thousand guineas. Sir Thomas returned to Brighton, and set out for London, but had proceeded

proceeded not more than ten miles when he was arrested at the suit of Mr. Sunbury, and made to sign a warrant of attorney for the payment of the money, on which warrant he had since been confined in the King's Bench. The affidavit of Sir Thomas further stated, that he believed the whole transaction to have been a concerted plan between Whaley, Darley, and Sunbury, to take him in, and that the money which Whaley appeared to lose was afterwards returned to him. They applied to him to accommodate matters, but Sir Thomas had rejected their offers.

Lord Kenyon said it was highly proper to reject all overtures of accommodation, and cheerfully granted a rule to shew cause.

In a paragraph sent a few days after the trial to most of the newspapers, we observe, that Colonel Whaley has in a great measure disowned any knowledge of the parties, and farther, asserted his ignorance of this gambling transaction.

And, on Monday Nov. 24, Mr. Law shewed cause against a rule obtained by Mr. Garrow, to shew cause why a warrant of attorney, given by Sir Thomas Southcott, for 1,788l. 19s. should not be set aside; and why Sir Thomas, who had been taken in execution under the said warrant, should not be discharged out of the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench prison. The affidavits of Col. Whaley and some others were read, stating, that their meeting with Sir Thomas was not through design, but merely accidental; that the whole consideration of the warrant of attorney was for money borrowed by Sir Thomas of Mr. Whaley, and no part of it was for money won at play. There was also 215l. for two horses which Sir Thomas had purchased of Mr. Whaley.

Mess. Erskine, Law, and Raine, shewed cause against the rule, and Mr. Garrow supported it.

Lord Kenyon said, there was a statute which imposed severe penalties on persons sending challenges, in consequence of quarrels at play, it may not be improper that the law respecting an offence which seems to be advancing with gigantic strides should be promulgated. The statute 9th Anne, c. 14, and sect. 8, enacts, 'that for preventing such quarrels as shall and may happen on account of gaming, any person or persons whatsoever, who shall assault and beat, or shall challenge or provoke to fight, any other person or persons whatever, upon account of any money won by gaming, playing, or betting, such person or persons assaulting, beating, challenging, or provoking to fight, on the account aforesaid, who shall be thereof convicted upon an indictment or information, to be exhibited against him or them, for the purpose aforesaid, shall forfeit to her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all his goods, chattels, and personal estate whatsoever: and shall also suffer imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, in the common gaol, or county, where such conviction shall be had, during the term of two years. We sit here for very little purpose indeed, if we are to adopt as true, every thing witnesses, think proper to put on paper. If difficulties occur in wresting the truth from the contrary affidavits of witnesses, it is no new thing to send the matter to that tribunal by which those difficulties may be best disentangled, and the rights of the parties discussed. The case made out by the defendant is this—he is a gentleman who appears to be entitled, some time or other, to come into possession of his mother's jointure: the plaintiff, it also appears, knew of this circumstance—he meets him, as he says, by accident, and, being very benevolent and dealing out his

his good offices to every body in want of them, thinks proper to lend him, from time to time, various sums of money, amounting together, as I have taken them, to 176*l.* Upon looking into the security taken from him, it is most apparent that it was prepared with a blank for the sum to be inserted; to that security there appears the name of a gentleman as the subscribing witness—it is singular that there is no account from him of this transaction, the charge of which imputes to the parties concerned in it, a conspiracy to plunder.

Those who were actuated by a wish to present themselves in Court with a favourable aspect, one would have thought, would naturally have endeavoured to have got the testimony of a person who came from an unsuspected quarter. These persons, the defendants, on the contrary, introduce themselves to our acquaintance, by admitting they are gamblers. One of them swears he is not a *notorious* gambler; he says he is acquainted with men of great fortune, and keeps the company of persons of the first rank. I know, when I meddle with this subject, I go on tender ground; I know by long experience, that gamblers are *genus irritabile*; I know that they are not only very sore themselves when they are attacked, but that great names, men of rank and title, are ready to step forward and place a shield before them; they are sorry for their honourable friends, and cannot bear they should be exposed. All this makes me sensible I am treading upon tender ground; but I hope my own conscience, and the rectitude of my intentions, will bear me out. What is it that is asked? Not that the Court shall decide, but that the Jury shall tell me, what I confess appears suspicious, how it was this person, who is represented as a beggar, should be

able upon his *no* credit, to borrow within two or three days 500*l.* from a man who only knew him by accident, and who is so disinterested, that he requires no security from him at the time. I wish a Jury to ascertain the truth of the facts which have been sworn in so categorical a manner. I think we should forget the duty we owe the public, if we did not send this to the consideration of a Jury. I desire the parties to appear before the Jury in *pursu naturæ*. Let the plaintiff bring forward the checks upon his banker, which he says he advanced to the defendant. God forbid I should impute to him that he cannot bring them forward, or that from any thing I have said, his character should not stand fair with the public. My opinion is, that the warrant of Attorney should remain, and that the plaintiff should bring an action up to the extent of his judgment."

Mr. Justice Grose thought the circumstance of the case too suspicious not to require the intervention of a Jury.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc said, it was impossible the Court could refuse to open a door to the investigation of this business; if the warrant of attorney was permitted to stand, the defendant would be excluded the means of obtaining redress. The Court would not do its duty to the public, if it did not direct an inquiry.

Mr. Garrow moved, that Sir Thomas should be discharged out of custody, but this the Court refused.

HERONS AND ROOKS.

An Etching by Mr. Howit.

FOR an elucidation of the causes and consequences of the conflict, represented in this plate, we must refer our readers to page 67 of our Magazine for November 1799.

TRAIT

TRAIT HITS UPON THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is needless to tell you, how much we have been lately obliged to talk about scarcity, and how often, and how uselessly, we have discussed the important question, as to the *real* or *artificial* nature of this scarcity. Every ten or fifteen years, these topics are renewed, debated with ardour, and sent into oblivion. Real improvement in the mean time stands still. Experience shews, that we are not better than our ancestors, nor, I am afraid, much wiser.

But, Sir, in this war of words, I have been led to consider the many Agricultural Societies established among us, (not to speak of the Agricultural Board) and I have enquired how it comes about, that the combined wisdom of all the *clever* men in the kingdom, hath produced so little change for the better? This seems a kind of paradox, but if we look into the transactions of those societies, as regularly given in the newspapers, &c. our surprise is considerably lessened. They seem to be *agricultural* only in name, but should rather be called Societies for experiments in *Natural History*, for making sheep as big as oxen, and oxen as big as elephants. Lord Bacon says, that he deserves to be called a philosopher, who makes a blade of grass grow where grass never grew before; and our ambition is to make three inches of fat grow, where half an inch would be quite sufficient. It is not to produce *two* sheep, where there was but *one* before, but to produce one sheep as big as *two*, and with no more meat that is eatable than *one* would produce.

Such are the *pursuits of agriculture*: but surely one may ask, and

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not ask impertinently, *cul bono?* Is the perfection of cattle their containing a quantity of *fat* that is useless? Are these animals bred for the tallow-chandlers, rather than the butchers? And are we to see their produce in our candlesticks, rather than in our plates? I will ask, what do the public reap from the ingenuity of a gentleman, who produces the largest ox that ever was seen, whose flesh (that is, the eatable part) is sold at two shillings, or half-a-crown per pound, to gratify the curiosity, or connoisseurship of those, who may think it an honour to be able to tell their children, and their childrens' children, that they eat a beef-stake from the rump of an ox, that was shewn at a shilling a-piece! Really, Sir, this may do very well for Smithfield, during *Bartholomew Fair*: but how does this help the market at any other period of the year. We expect substantial benefits from breeders of cattle, and they give us only something to look at. Is all this as it should be? It is, I grant, a very curious thing, that a man can breed cattle, not only to any size, but almost to any shape that he pleases, that he can place the fat on the rump, or on the back, or about the loins, wherever he thinks fit it should grow. This is all mighty curious, and he receives great applause, perhaps a reward of a medal, or some such great testimony of the Society's approbation; and this manufactory of animals, out of nature's plan, goes on from meeting to meeting; but, again I ask, how are the public benefited? If the term *Agricultural Society*, means any thing, is it not fair to suppose, that it means a Society of men, who unite their wisdom and experience to produce plenty and *moderate prices*, to improve our land, and our beef, but not to improve the latter to a degree of uselessness? Such,

H

I should

I should humbly presume, must have been the original aim of such Societies. How far it is now pursued, let their annals tell. It would be something to improve the breed of cattle, so as to bring more to market, and effect a reduction of price, but to bring, now and then, an ox that shall cost as much as three or four, the meat of which must be sold at three or four times the market-price, seems to me as egregious trifling, as if Mr. Astley should boast of the perfection to which he had brought English horsemanship, because he can ride upon his head, or make a horse pick up a handkerchief. It is very curious to see a man ride full gallop on his head, while his horse picks up a handkerchief, but *cui bono?* Who wishes to ride upon his head?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A FRIEND TO REAL
IMPROVEMENT.

P. S. I have now before me an article in a newspaper, stating, that at an Agricultural Meeting held in Yorkshire, a man received the reward of *two guineas*, for bringing up twelve children without Parish assistance! There is *liberality*! Two guineas for *twelve children*! What would he have had for *twelve sheep* so fat, that nobody could eat them?

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

THERE is an officer now in town, who declares himself to be a *Free-Man*; (whether of the *City of London*, *Town Corporate*, or *Borough* of any other part of this kingdom, is not yet known,) but who is better recognized by the title of *General Fly-Flapper*. He, no doubt, has at least heard, or read much of real service, and has seen *some* blood spied in his life-time; that he has been accustomed to *see blood flow*, there can be but little doubt, as the wainscots of several coffee-

houses, west of Temple Bar, bear ample testimony. This son of Mars's propensity to the destruction of the poor flies, is unparalleled, to the very great annoyance of several visitors of those useful houses. Millions have perished by his merciless hands, and each blow with his flapper, is accompanied with "d—n ye, I wish you were all Frenchmen." This is the hero's amusement till the clock strikes four, on which he rises, marches, wheels, and marches again, till he disappears, but only to renew the bloody combat on the succeeding day. Some description of this *Great General* may not be unacceptable: he measures eight feet! not in height—five from his foot to the crown of his head; and three from hip to hip. His complexion sallow; a tolerably good eye, but a brow that terrifies when in action; wears a cocked hat; that in the front is of an extremely sharp acute angle, sufficiently pointed to convey a draught of water to the mouth of the most diminutive eel, or to take a pearl from the eye of a Scotch piper. Having given some description of his stature, I wish I could conclude with that of the dimensions of his coffin. Your's, &c.

AID DE CAMP.

HORSE-STEALING.

JAMES Thwaites was indicted for stealing a horse, the property of Edward Burgess.

William Barrow, a horse-slaughterer in Tothil-fields, Westminster, swore, that about the middle of September last, the prisoner came to him with a horse into the yard, and said, he brought it from a person of the name of Bowman, at Kensington Gravel Pits; that he was to have it killed, and that he was to take back the ears to the owner, to prove to him that the horse was killed. The witness told the

the prisoner, "that he should not kill the horse, neither should the horse be delivered back to the prisoner, until it should be ascertained to whom the horse belonged," for the witness suspected the prisoner had stolen the horse; he therefore determined to make inquiry, whether there was such a person as Mr. Bowman at Kensington. Accordingly, he sent his boy some time afterwards to make this inquiry, the result of which was, that no such person was met with. In the mean time, the prisoner went away, saying, "he would come again for the horse, or the value of him." The witness having looked at the horse a good deal, found on it the Hackney-Marsh mark. On the Friday week following, the prisoner came to the house of the witness, as he said he would; in the mean time, the witness had caused the horse to be advertised, but nobody came under that advertisement to claim it. The prisoner said, he wanted the money for the horse, for he said he thought the horse was dead; but the witness told him, the horse was not dead, but that he had advertised it; and that he had sent his boy to fetch a constable, upon which the prisoner ran away directly; the witness pursued, took, and with some difficulty, secured him, and gave him into the charge of a constable; he was taken to the Public Office at Bow-street, and committed. In consequence of some advice, the witness took the horse to the neighbourhood of Hackney, supposing that he might belong to somebody thereabouts, as he had the Hackney-Marsh mark, and that he might possibly find his way home and be owned; accordingly, being let loose, the horse walked for about three miles, and the witness followed him until he came to the house of Mr. Burgess, to whom he

belonged, and who had had him for about four years; the horse walked into the yard, and his master knew him immediately.

The prisoner said, he bought the horse of Mr. Bowman, of Kensington, but he called no witness.—*Guilty, Death.*

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following curious advertisement is actually to be found in a *Hamburg Paper*:—The lady, who is the advertiser, is *Wilhelmina Henrietta Antonia*, of *Altona*. It has been so often repeated since that period, that there can be little doubt of the sincerity of her wishes to find a proper companion.

"As I have not yet found a man," says *Miss Antonia*, "whom I can love, I have contracted a general desire to please, either by politeness, by following the fashions, or by a spirit of malice, which, however, never degenerates into genuine coquetishness. An invincible love for liberty, and a certain taste for idleness and ease, which renders every kind of authority insupportable to me, have prevented me hitherto from marrying. I have not yet found any man so superior as to command me, so amiable as to enslave me, so void of character as to be my slave, so discreet and so faithful as to be my friend. I have a mind too elevated, a heart too timid, and an imagination too ardent for me to be the subject of a long continued delusion. I neither wish to command, or to obey any man. I wish for a friend with whom I may pass my life, and divide my fortune, united by the purest, the truest, and the most virtuous sentiments, without constraint, and without reserve, without false delicacy, and without vanity; music, interesting reading,

the society of some well-informed and high-educated man would fill up our lives.

"If, therefore, there is to be found a woman between the age of 26 and 36, of a good constitution and moral character, well brought up, who, together with a pure and sensible heart, a reasonable and unaffected mind, and a correct taste, possesses politeness, feminine qualities, prudence, and that sincerity which the common intercourse of society requires, I should be happy to offer her my friendship and my house. I should wish that she should neither be ugly, nor absolutely poor. If the particulars which I have enumerated are found to answer, I hope she will, with a noble frankness, acquaint me through the medium of the *Affiches des Empire*, with her good qualities, and even with her failings, and that she will consent to partake with me the pleasures and the pains of life; she will find in my house an income of 4000 marks annually, a commodious and extensive apartment, with a fine view over a large garden towards the Elbe, entirely at her own disposal. My carriage and my servants shall be entirely at her command. She shall eat by herself when she pleases. We shall make trial of each other's dispositions for three years. All I stipulate is, that she shall be neither a French woman, a Jewess, nor a Lady of Quality."

AN AQUATIC EXCURSION TO MARGATE.

WE left Billingsgate on board the British Queen, wind N. E. by E. about half after one o'clock on Monday last. Our party amounted to one hundred and sixty, the principal of whom were Ladies. — Expectations of much pleasure

during their excursion, and other causes, produced the most perfect harmony for several hours; and many excellent songs were sung with much spirit. We had not been on board above an hour, before dinner commenced in the cabin, when all the female part of the company appeared to enjoy their provisions with a good appetite. They next expatiated on the inconveniences attendant on the voyage, as if they were only ideal. The seamen on board encouraged their hopes. "We shall be down in seven hours and a half; perhaps it may be nine—at any rate in twelve," was the general opinion. This, however, was not the opinion of the Captain, and the result was as he expected. The wind at five o'clock was due East, and we were then only at Northfleet; at seven, we got off Gravesend, having made tacks for above an hour, and lost ground every tack. We then cast anchor until the next tide, having the mortification of remaining five hours on that station, till high-water commenced at twelve o'clock. The steward providing the ladies with hot water, and the gentlemen being very attentive in waiting, tea was drank on deck by every judicious person on board; for those who preferred the cabin, soon experienced the ill effects of it; and then "the joys of a sailor's life" appeared no more. We soon understood the situation of those below, by the effect on the deck. After we weighed anchor, a strong gale sprung up: it was then that sickness was the order of the day. The births in the cabin were full in a moment, and every place occupied under hatch. From their being crowded, convulsions succeeded sickness, and the scene of horror was heightened by the whistling of the wind, and the washing of the decks; all above board.

board were inundated, and all below lying over each other, huddled together by the rolling of the ship. Every passenger on board was sick, even the ship's steward.—The morning appeared with a watry sun; a sure indication of wet weather. At six o'clock, we were off Yantlet, at the Nore—the atmosphere pouring down a torrent of rain.

A council was held among the ladies (the gale continuing), when it was resolved to petition the captain to put back to Gravesend; and on their knees they requested the gentlemen to back their intreaties. A scene of more general misery never appeared on a pleasureable excursion. A twenty-pound note was tendered by one lady, to the captain, who, being a good-natured fellow, said, if the majority of the company wished to return, he would comply. This being the case, we tacked about, at seven o'clock, the wind being still N. N. E.; at eleven, we got back to Gravesend, where thirty-five ladies went ashore; and several gentlemen. Here we left them, to procure post-coaches to Rochester, from whence they proposed taking any casual conveyance to Margate. At one o'clock we set sail, to traverse the same course we had left; the wind having veered round to the west, we scudded along rapidly, and in half an hour Gravesend was out of sight. The favourable gale continuing, we continued on one tack till ten o'clock at night, when a dead calm succeeded, being then off the Sisters, about nine miles from Margate. The lights on the Piers, and at the Duke's Head Inn, were clearly perceptible. A light shower, attended by lightning, which was extremely vivid, was succeeded by a gale of wind, and at a quarter after twelve, we reached Margate Pier, and then every one

endeavoured to secure a bed, after being thirty-six hours on our passage. The town, however, being full, no beds at that hour could be procured; we were, therefore, necessitated to remain on board for another night. We passed it in the manner of the preceding one, lying on the deck as close to each other, for the sake of warmth, as possible; however great our inclination might be for sleep, the cold prevented its taking place. When day-light appeared, we walked round the Chiffs, and on the Pier, until the innkeepers arose at six o'clock, when we breakfasted, and concurred in one general opinion on the pleasures of a Margate hoy.

The parties who left us at Gravesend, got into Margate at twelve o'clock, fatigued almost to death with the journey, and put to the expence of five guineas for a chaise, the distance from Gravesend to Margate being fifty miles.

Margate was never known to be so full; Beds are three shillings a night, garrets are cheap at half-a-guinea per week. The ordinary is two shillings and sixpence a head; last year it was two shillings, and beds one and sixpence. The extravagant charges will do no good to the place.

This morning left us the New Rose in June (the old one has been broken up). The passengers amounted to 120, returning to London.—Aug. 22, 1800.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SHOPKEEPERS, APPRENTICES, &c. IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

WHEN a Shopkeeper first enters on business, he ought to advertise for a partner in trade, with at least 3000*l.* and in so doing, set forth that the profits will clear 40 or 50 *per cent.* and that the advertiser will take on himself the

active

active part of the business; by this is understood, every thing relating thereto, more especially *money matters*. When he gets up in the morning, let him dress off in the *sprucest style*—nankeentrowsers very wide, made *a-la-Turque*, as the size of a Turk's *inexpressibles* are very convenient, and much admired by the *fair sex*; have your hair cropt in the neatest manner, the hair rather close, which will give the head the elegant small appearance of the *Apollo of Belvidere*. The little hair that is left, should be distracted in a variety of directions, so as to affect the natural carelessness of an *Orlando Furioso*; but by no means wear any powder, as it will dirty your clothes, and give you the appearance of a *barber* or a *millar*. Your cravat should come up to your ears, and be filled out with a *stiffener large and strong*, which will give you the appearance of great strength, a natural qualification, and *useful* to the ladies in a variety of ways. You must always imitate your superiors as nearly as possible; and, as it is the humour among our *capricious islanders*, for the peasant to *tread on the kibes of the Peer*, you are by no means to forget the privilege. Let your waistcoat be *very short*, which will answer one elegant purpose, and two very laudable ones; the first is, it will shew the fascinating *contour* of your hip; the second, save cloth, and consequently expence; and, lastly, you will mortify *Snip*, by injuring the luxuriance of his *cabbage*. Be sure you follow the same plan in your coat; have the buttons on the hip set very close, which will help to give you the appearance of a manly breadth in the shoulders; and let the tail be cut as sharp away, as a *jack-daw's*, or a *fighting cock's*, when he is sparred and clipt out for battle. The Shopmen and grown-up

Apprentices may observe the same rules as their young *any* masters, but with the additional caution, never to be seen, *like Watty Cockney*, sweeping the shop in a white apron; this part of your business will be readily taken off your hands for a few coppers. Thus equipped, get behind your counter about twelve o'clock, and take care that you *handle your yard* in a genteel stile, as nothing so much pleases the ladies, as to observe your address *in this way*. Keep the lady in close conversation; catch the *amorous glances* of her eye with a most *significant look*; and you must know a look speaks *silent and most expressive language*; and be sure to *touch* her fair hand, which conveys a wonderful sympathy: and to know the effect of such, you need only read the amours of *Uncle Toby* and *Widow Wadman*, who carried on their courtship by similar touches, in tracing out the parallels in his plan of the *siege of Dunquerque*; by touches he gained the widow's heart, and a *Shopkeeper* may come off as well in the *field of Venus*, as a *Soldier*. As the *loose fish* are now coming up the *rivers*, to take shelter about the *luxuriant shores* of the venerable Thames for the winter, your shops to a certainty will be, no doubt, much frequented by them, which will give you the finest opportunity of selecting a most agreeable acquaintance among them: they will be easily distinguished by the *keenness* of their *salamander looks*; and one great thing in your favour is, that ladies of the above description always shew a marked partiality for those, who can furnish them with articles at an *easy rate*. From the great variety that frequents your shops, your amours may be regulated in the most agreeable manner—a few yards of muslins, &c. and a *gig of a Sunday*, will *frank you* for the

the whole week; and you will obtain for those trifles what the *hoary Peer, the man of large fortune, and the fat and greasy Citizen*, retired from business, must pay hundreds for. Should the sums attending your *galantry*, the chances of the *hazard-table*, and a variety of concurring expences, render a *bankruptcy* inevitable, do it in as masterly a stile as possible; the more you take in, the less loss will it be to each, and you will be called a *d—d clever fellow*, instead of the miserable appellation of a *paltry rogue*; and you need not blush at paying them with a *shilling in the pound*, as you have numerous examples to follow in this respect. One thing I would particularly recommend, let your shop be very large; buy a cart-load of straw, and plenty of brown paper; make up neat parcels, with a small diamond cut in front of each, to which may be pasted a scrap of different cloths: thus your shop will make a most respectable appearance; and as grocers set off their shops with *empty canisters*, apothecaries with *bladders and empty bottles to make up a show*, you have a right to do the same; but above all, a few days before you break, have your house *fresh painted*.

G.

PERTINENT PLEASANTRIES upon
the PRICE of CORN.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING occasion to visit a friend a few miles out of town, I lept into one of those inviting vehicles, called *Short stages*, and soon found myself one of six "agreeable companions," who resolved to shorten and sweeten their journey by a familiar exchange of

sentiments. The *scarcity* occurred to us before we were off the stones. "It is all owing," said a grave looking gentleman, "it is all owing to the *war* in which we are engaged." "Nay," interrupted a young gentleman in a smart uniform, "it can't be owing to the war; you have had wars before, and no scarcity; and besides, *what should we have done without the war*. In my opinion, the *monopolizers* are at the bottom of the whole business." "*Monopolizers!*" quoth a third person, in a drab coat, "that is easier said than proved? where are these monopolizers to be found? No, no; it is owing to the *millers*."—"The *millers*, indeed!" exclaimed a very pretty country-looking woman, who seemed to be possessed of the *clack*; "the *millers*, indeed! I wonder people will allow their tongues such freedoms with large bodies of men; there have always been millers, and I should be glad to know besides, *what you would do without millers?* It is very clear it is all owing to the *great farmers*." "I don't know, Ma'am," said the fifth person in our collection, "why the great farmers are to be blamed; a man may surely be a great farmer, without being a great rogue: people are not to bring their corn in handfals to market: there have always been great farmers; besides, *what would you do without great farmers?* For my part, I have no doubt the root of the evil lies in Mark-lane; look at your *corn-factors*," added he, with an air of triumph, and looking at me, as if he expected my opinion. I said it might be so, I was unacquainted with the subject; where all parties are blamed, it is probable some deserved it. The military spark, recollecting himself, declared he would be d—d if the *bakers* had not a share in this business; but the *bakers*

soon found an advocate in the pretty female, who pleaded the cause of the millers; and who exclaimed, "The *bakers!* Lord help them! the worst-used people on the face of the earth: when did you hear of a baker that was rich? Besides, *what would you do without bakers?*"

This gave me an opportunity to sum up the evidence, by observing, that as *we could not do without war, nor without millers, nor without great farmers, nor without corn-factors, nor without bakers,* we had nothing left but to sit down quietly, and submit to our grievances; as, notwithstanding so many persons are desirous of throwing the blame, it is impossible to make it stick any where. This seemed tolerably agreeable to all parties (each reserving his own opinion to himself), and peace was restored upon a tolerable footing, when an unlucky question, started by one of my companions, again split the coach into parties. This was no other than "Was the scarcity *real or artificial?*" The officer, and the enemy to *corn-factors*, maintained with great powers of vociferation, that the scarcity was *artificial*. They had travelled; they had beheld the harvest; they had seen things with their own eyes; they were convinced, that all the world should not make them think otherwise.

On the other hand, the advocates for the *millers, the great farmers, and the bakers,* maintained, with equal strength of lungs, that the scarcity was *real*. They too had travelled; they had beheld the harvest; they had seen things with their own eyes; they were convinced, and all the world should not make them think otherwise. The latter party, however, trusted that I would not be silent on this question; for as there had been riots in London, undoubtedly I must know something

of the matter; "and, I perceive, Sir," said the pretty lady, "I perceive, Sir, by the button on your coat, that you belong to one of the *corps*; so you must know something!"

I assured my hearers, that neither my situation in the *corps*, nor my residence in London, had qualified me to talk upon this subject; on the contrary, I was afraid that these circumstances were against me; for I had not, like them, "travelled, beheld the harvest, nor seen things with my own eyes;" that I had often heard the subject canvassed as it had been to day, in which assestion was placed against assertion, hearsay against hearsay, and eye-sight against eye-sight; but that I remained as ignorant as before of the question in dispute, and feared I should ever remain so.

It appears to me, Gentlemen, rather a hard case, that we cannot go into company without being obliged to listen to discussions, which arrive at no conclusion; where opinions are given in lieu of arguments, and mere assertions substituted for proofs; and of which discussions, the only object seems to be, to prove how much a man can talk on a subject which he does not understand. Prejudice, too, is a gainer on such occasions; and I am afraid much, of what we call a social interchange of sentiments, tends only to the confirmation of certain pre-conceived opinions.

But to return to the causes of scarcity. Is not this way of tracing effects to causes rather common in other cases? Ask what is the cause of the scarcity of morals, and you will be referred to the remissness of the *magistrate*.—No, says the magistrate, I am not remiss, but the *laws* are deficient: the *legislature* never knows how to strike at the root of an evil.—The *legisla-*

ture! exclaims a member of Parliament, what cant is all this? What can the legislature do? Is not our statute-book already crouded with penalties? Is there a crime untouched? We may punish the guilty, but can we prevent their escape? Can we make men honest?

To descend from great things to small, what is the cause of the scarcity of good plays? Ask the *manager*, and he will tell you, that no good plays are offered to him, and appeals, as he justly may, for proof of this assertion, to such as do appear.—But ask *our dramatic writers*, and they will tell you, the managers afford no encouragement to good writing, and prefer pantomimical namby-pamby, or translations, which can be *got up* cheap, to the *genuine English drama*. But ask the managers and writers when they happen to be together, and cannot abuse one another, and they will jointly assure you, that the *town* is in fault, that the public taste is vitiated, and that good plays will not go *down*; besides, they add, *in confidence*, that there is a most pining scarcity of *good actors*. And the actors, when consulted apart from either managers or writers, will assure you there is no encouragement to good acting; such trash given them to perform as does not require, and cannot therefore be supposed to draw forth, a display of genius!

Thus, Gentlemen, I presume, the scarcity of bread will not be a matter of greater difficulty to understand, than the causes why *wars* are begun, and why not sooner ended. But, on this subject, I am afraid to trust myself, lest I not only trespass on your time, but add one to that happy number, who mistake fancies for facts, and are inclined to triumph as much when they make a bold assertion, as when

they advance a striking proof. And so I remain in my usual state of ignorance and uncertainty, as to all the topics alluded to in this letter, and know only for certain that

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

SCPTICUS.

The SUBMERSTION of SWALLOWS.

Decided from the Testimony of Mr. POLLOCK, a respectable character, and an inhabitant of New-York, as follows:—

“ON the afternoon of the 24th of August, 1798, I was sitting in my parlour, which looks towards the North river, about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend, Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our attention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come across the town from the eastward, and descend immediately into the river. So singular an appearance excited our particular observation. We went out and stood close to the bank, and then perceived, that what we at first imagined to be blackbirds, were actually swallows; and that as soon as the various flocks had cleared the houses, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and disappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we stood, but was the case as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and continued without cessation for nearly two hours, when the closing of the evening prevented our farther observation.

“Aware of the importance of affording any additional information on this long-disputed question in the natural history of the swallow, I procured a telescope, and watched attentively many of the flocks from their first appearance, until their immersion, continuing my eye fixed upon the spot long enough to be

fully convinced, that not one of the birds returned to the surface again. Indeed, one flock of about two hundred birds, plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and instantly disappeared, without the least appearance of opposition that might be expected to arise from their natural buoyancy; and, at the same time, the evening was so serene, and the river so unruffled, that no deception of our sight could possibly have occurred.

"When the birds first came in view, after crossing the town, their flight was easy and natural; but when they descended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and distressed, flying in a confused manner against each other, as if the love of life, common to all animals, impelled them to revolt against this law of nature imposed upon their species. "As some time has elapsed since the above-mentioned facts occurred, I thought it proper, before I gave you Mr. Sebor's name, as having been a witness to them, to consult his recollection on the subject, and I have pleasure in assuring you, he distinctly remembers every circumstance I have recited, and of which I made a memorandum at the time."

"It may be worthy of remark, that as far as my observation went, the swallows totally disappeared on the 24th of August, 1798; for, during the remainder of that year, I did not see one.

"H. POLLOCK."

New-York, 18th July, 1800.

THEATRICALS.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

ON Saturday, Nov. 1, was introduced to the stage, Mr. Reynolds's new comedy, called *Life*, and which experienced, from a brilliant audience, a no less fa-

vourable reception than the best of his former productions. The principal *dramatis personæ*, and table of this piece, are as follow:

<i>Sir Harry Torpid</i>	Mr. Lewis,
<i>Clifford</i> —	Mr. Farley,
<i>Primitivee</i> —	Mr. Munden,
<i>Marchmont</i> —	Mr. Murray,
<i>Lackbrain</i> —	Mr. Fawcett,
<i>Crafty</i> —	Mr. Emery,
<i>Mrs. Belmont</i> —	Miss Chapman,
<i>Mrs. Decoy</i> —	Mrs. St. Ledger,
<i>Rosa Marchmont</i>	Miss Murray.

The scene is laid at a fashionable watering-place, and the most prominent characters consist of the description of people in the habit of frequenting such a resort. Among these, *Sir Harry* is one of those loungers, so much the subject of ridicule of the present day, who, over-run with *ennui*, fly from one scene of dissipation to another, in vain, for amusement. At last, he meets with *Rosa*, the beautiful and amiable daughter of *Marchmont*, a gentleman in pecuniary distress, and falls in love with her. This proves a stimulus to his mind, and a sovereign cure for his *ennui*. He becomes at once a man of activity; seeking his own happiness in the attainment of his mistress, and also endeavouring to promote the felicity of others. In the number of these, is *Mrs. Decoy*, a fortune-hunting impostor, who contrives to draw *Lackbrain*, an unpolished country Squire, into a marriage.

Just at this period, *Primitivee*, the uncle of *Lackbrain*, returns from the West-Indies with a large fortune. He is delighted to hear of his nephew's marriage, and of the taste of the young couple for simple rustic life. On examination, however, he finds it a scene of intrigue, dissipation, and debauchery; and takes under his care and protection, *Mrs. Belmont*, an amiable and distressed woman, on whose person, *Clifford*, a young Templar, entertains a dishonourable design.

The

The *dénouement* consists in the discovery, that Mrs. Belmont is the wife of Marchmont, and mother of Rosa, and his own daughter, whom he had disowned on her marriage against his approbation, and whom Marchmont, her husband, had also afterwards abandoned to the world, giving himself up to dissipation. A reconciliation takes place between the husband and wife, and Rosa is united to Sir Harry.

The comic object of Mr. Reynolds, in this play, seems more that of satyriizing the existing follies of the day, as they attach to individuals, than in delineating a general picture of life—The extortion and dissipation of the lower order of watering-places, receive from his hand most liberal and well-deserved castigation.

The story of this play, so far as it is made the vehicle of sentiment, is drawn up altogether after the German model, and therefore, perhaps, it savours more of romance than real life; but, as the morality it conveys, is altogether sterling English, we consider ourselves obliged to the author for divesting, what is at present a popular kind of writing, of some of its most offensive peculiarities.

The character given to Lewis, is not so rich in humour as some from the same pencil; but it has touches of nature, which makes it more welcome to the heart. Of the actor's success in sustaining it, it is unnecessary to speak. Miss Murray was extremely interesting in the affable daughter of Marchmont; as was Miss Chapman, in the persecuted wife. Munden's benevolent old man was very forcibly drawn; and Fawcett, in Lackram, was highly entertaining. Mrs. St. Ledger was buxom and gay in the intriguing fortune-hunter, but somewhat coarse. We thought Murray rather laboured; and Emery

was much too starched in the *Librarian*. The second and last acts of this play are the best; a strong interest is, however, kept up throughout; and it was altogether loudly applauded.

Several new scenes have been painted for it, some of which are local portraits. The prologue and epilogue, spoken by Whitfield and Munden, have little to recommend them. The latter ridicules crops of every description; the best point of which, is the mistake of a traveller, who, in the bustle of changing horses at an inn, gives the half-crown he had intended for the post-chaise-boy, to a natty Peer!

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW musical entertainment, in three acts, intituled *Il Bondocani*, was performed here on Saturday, November 15. The characters were—

<i>Haroun Alraschid</i>	—	Mr. Townsend,
<i>Chebib</i>	—	Mr. Emery,
<i>Abdalla</i>	—	Mr. Hill,
<i>Hassan</i>	—	Mr. Farley,
<i>Hazeb</i>	—	Mr. Whitfield,
<i>Mesrour</i>	—	Mr. Blanchard,
<i>The Cadi of Bagdad</i>		Mr. Fawcett,
<i>Maboud</i>	—	Mr. Beverly,
<i>Coreb</i>	—	Mr. Claremont,
<i>Officer</i>	—	Mr. Atkins,
<i>Captain of the Guard</i>		Mr. King,
<i>Viziers, Emirs, Agas, Soldiers, &c.</i>		
<i>Camira</i>	—	Miss Dixon,
<i>Dorina</i>	—	Mrs. Mills.

The advertisement candidly admits, that the story is taken from the *New Arabian Tales*; but even the *New Arabian Tales* cannot pretend to originality, for the two principal characters, the *Caliph* and the *Cadi*, are borrowed from *Measure for Measure*.—The scene is laid at Bagdad; the Caliph of which place, concealed under the assumed name of *Il Bondocani*, and, in the disguise of an Arabian dress, mixes with his subjects in search of a lady worthy to share his throne. In

the course of his adventures, he discovers that his *Cadi* is a corrupt judge; *Hassan*, a principal lord of his court, a contemptible coxcomb; and *Dorina*, the daughter of *Gebib*, a poor, but honourable man, the very woman he sought for. The fable is very complete, as it consists of the commencement, the progress, and the completion of the *Caliph's* plan, developed in scenes and incidents of the sprightly, or the ludicrous cast, and judiciously blended with an under-plot of the serious, sentimental kind; the interest of which is produced by the filial piety of *Abdallah*, the son of *Gebib*, who, for the purpose of relieving his father's wants, falsely charges himself with the crime of having carried off a lady from the haram, and thereby obtains the reward offered for the discovery of the offender. In the investigation of this charge before the *Caliph*, who has by this time resumed his proper character, the lady who was carried away, proves to be *Selima*, the mistress of *Abdallah*, of whom he had been in pursuit. Her father now appears, and insists he is the real offender; but the *Caliph*, happy himself, resolved that the joy should be universal, forgives all the parties, and thus concludes his adventure.

The texture of this plot is far superior to the generality of flimsy productions of the same class, which have been recently produced. The author (Mr. T. Dibdin) does not seek to avail himself of the pitiful apology so often made for deficiency in this particular, and therefore looks to something more than the praise of having contrived "a sufficient vehicle for the music." All the scenes form a well-connected whole, and all the characters a well-connected company, embellished with much chaste sentiment, sprightly humour, and several situations of highly comic effect. Of

these latter, the last act, for which the author seems to have reserved his strength, possesses by much the greatest portion. The prison-scene, particularly, where the *Cadi* attempts to exercise upon others the act of corruption, which had been so often practised upon himself with success, produces a very good effect, and is managed with great address. But while we allow this just praise to the life, the spirit, the interest, and construction of the piece, it is impossible not to notice the gross absurdity, however common, of exhibiting the citizens of Bagdad in English customs, manners, and modes of thinking. The scene, no doubt, is laid at Bagdad, very properly, for the introduction of the great variety of magnificent dresses, in which the manager has been liberal in the extreme; but, surely, for the sake of consistency, of the delusion, if such were intended, the author should have drawn his characters with some regard to the manners of their country, and not like so many English at a masquerade. The defect is principally observable in the character of the *Cadi*, the great support of the piece. This Chief Justice of Bagdad is made to speak and act precisely as an English attorney, who had stood in the pillory for mal-practice. To produce strong ludicrous effect, characters must, we admit, be forced from their natural situations, and exhibited in improbable points of view; but, if an author would transport the imagination of his audience to Bagdad, he must not insist upon setting it down at the Old Bailey. In point of spectacle the piece is very rich, and the music, in quantity, just sufficient for embellishment, without retarding the progress of the plot, or disjointing the scenes, and thus frittering away all the interest. It is, we understand

understand, the joint composition of Messrs. Moorhead and Attwood. The overture abounds in variety of movements. Mrs. Mills has two pleasing airs, the first of them a very delicate one, which she executed with taste. Mr. Fawcett, in the *Cadi*, has also two of a humorous, lively stile, well written for the character, in which he was encored. The audience was the most brilliant and numerous of the season; and the piece, which did not experience the slightest disapprobation during the performance, was announced for a second representation with loud applauses.

Of the poetry, the following was among the best, executed very happily by Mr. Townsend:

Thus when the mariner, inclin'd to sleep,
On a deceitful calm relies,
Sudden the awful thunder roars,
Sudden the forked lightning flies,
And the loud storm appeals the distant shores.

Whirlwinds and cataracts unite,
To fill the wretch with dire affright,
And wanton o'er the bosom of the deep.

Or when the Indian, careless of his foes,
Marches secure beneath the forest's shade,

Too soon the adverse shout he knows;
In vain he mixes in the strife,
Tho' dear, the warrior sells his life,
He falls, and dyes with gore the hostile blade.

FRENCH THEATRE.

A NEW Piece, called the *Prisoner for Debt*, has lately been produced, of which the following is the plot:—*Amelia* is beloved by *M. Sainville*, her uncle, but she prefers *Edward* to him, who is a young painter, very much captivated with her, and who comes to paint *M. Sainville*. While drawing the picture of the uncle, he drew, by stealth, the features of the niece, and in place of one portrait he made two. They are almost finished, and *Edward* pre-

vails on *Amelia* to place herself behind her uncle, who was to sit to him for the last time. *M. Sainville* over-hearing this conversation, is confirmed in the opinion of the love of *Edward* and *Amelia*, which he had hitherto only suspected. He does not derange their plan, but seats himself, suffers his niece to take her station, and it is not till the middle of the sitting, that, seizing the hand of the latter, he informs the two lovers that he is not their dupe. After having possessed himself of the portrait of *Amelia*, he dismisses *Edward*, whom he refuses to pay, under the pretence that his portrait is not like. The latter keeps it, and retires, projecting some means of vengeance. Soon after, *Germain*, valet to *M. de Sainville*, comes to inform his master, that the painter, in order to avenge himself, has drawn over his portrait, the grated bars of a prison, and has put at the bottom this inscription—*The Prisoner for Debt*—and has exposed it in this state in the hall of the Museum; that every person has recognized him, and that he is become the laughing-stock of the public. *M. Sainville*, quite furious, determines to go to the Museum to destroy the picture.—His niece prevents him, and advises him rather to send to *Edward*, and treat amicably with him. The uncle follows this advice, but the young painter raises difficulties, and rejects the money offered him to suppress the picture. *M. Sainville* asks *Edward* what he wants, and even goes so far as to propose restoring to him the portrait of his niece. The painter declares, that he will not withdraw the picture, except on condition of the hand of her whom he loves, being promised to him. The uncle hesitates, and at last consents. Immediately, *Edward* causes the portrait to be brought, upon which there

there is in reality painted the grate of a prison, but which had not been exposed in the Museum. *M. Saintville* sees with great pleasure, that *Edward* only wished to frighten him, and he unites the two lovers.

When we read of forty-five new plays being produced on the theatres of Paris, in the course of a single month, we must suppose many of them are like that which was a great favourite of the great Cardinal *Richelieu*. The *dramatis personæ* were only three;—and Mr. Dibdin, in his *History of the Stage*, describes the plot of it as follows:—

Turlupin grows jealous of his friend *Gurguille*, and is determined to cut off his wife's head! He seizes her by the hair, with a drawn sabre in his hand, whilst she, upon her knees, conjures him, *by every thing dear to him*, to abate his anger. She reminds him of their *past loves*: how she *rubbed his back*, when he had the *rheumatism*; and how charmed she was, when he wore his *flannel night-cap*. But all in vain. "Will nothing move thee?" cries this *amiable female*, (a character personated by a man of the name of *Gros Guillaume*, who was almost as broad as long) in the last accents of despair. "Oh, cruel!—Think; think on the bacon and cabbage I fried for you yesterday."—"Oh, the sorceress!" cries *Turlupin*, "I cannot resist her. She knows how to take me by my foible. The bacon!—the fat is now rising in my stomach.—Live,—fry cabbage,—and be dutiful."

Among the multitude of new pieces which the French Theatre now almost daily produces, it would be strange if nothing of merit were to appear. Now and then, however, something like good Comedy is to be found.

An author lately produced a piece, which had considerable suc-

cess, which is admired as a specimen of genuine Comedy. The object of the writer is to prove, that the misconduct of wives is generally the fault of the husband. This truth he has chosen to illustrate by wit and ridicule, rather than by grave morality, and by scenes of distress.

The piece is called *The Three Husbands*. One is jealous to excess, alarmed at every step of his wife, even the most indifferent, every moment dreading a stain upon his honour: the other is equally in the other extreme, careless of his wife's behaviour from vanity, judging it impossible that he should be injured, and thus from security and presumption, he neglects the attention and kindness which his spouse expects: the third husband having lost two wives, had married a third, who is lost, but not feeling his enjoyments impaired, he is at no pains to recover her; this character is a sort of go-between to the other two; he is their professed friend and comforter, while in reality his interference contributes chiefly to augment their chagrins, and to add to their perplexities.

Two Wives are represented as plain, honest City Dames, displeased with their husbands, and choosing a whimsical course to obtain redress of grievances. They consult in their difficulties a Female Conjuror of great address, who, instead of calling in the aid of the Black Art, employs her talent for intrigue, and her knowledge of life to correct the errors of the Husbands, and to give them the lesson they require.

A foolish Pretender to gallantry is introduced, paying his addresses to both the Wives at once; and the Sybil plays him off, to produce the effect she wishes upon the Husbands. She instructs the Wives how they ought to act.—The one endeavours to rouse the jealousy of the

the confident and secure Husband, the other to quiet the alarm of the jealous. For this purpose, the pretender is encouraged; assignations are made and discovered; perplexed and comic situations succeed, till at last both Husbands are corrected, and all parties rendered happy in the married state. The third Husband in the Sybil, recovers his lost Wife, and, after having been employed to produce the general contentment, the foolish gallant is dismissed to contempt and ridicule.

It is evident, we think, that the author, M. Picard, has had *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in his eye:—the jealousy of *Ford*, and the security of *Page*, are imitated in the two first Husbands, and the foolish gallant is a parody upon *Sir John Falstaff*. M. Picard has, however, introduced much novelty and variety in the plot of his Drama, and the Dialogue is said to be replete with wit and humour. The Piece ranks among the pleasantest which the French stage has for some time produced.—The French, indeed, have not had much to boast of lately: they have been forced, like ourselves, to subsist often upon their own eminent writers, first tortured and disfigured by German manufacturers, and then produced still more meagre in a translation.

GUY FAUX.

ON the 5th instant, Guy Faux was led in procession, according to ancient custom, by the boys of the metropolis, and the contributions were levied as usual to defray the expence of a *decent execution*. In the west end of the town, the culprit was carried round in a cart, to the solemn sound of a band of marrow-bones and cleavers. He was attended by a clergyman, who read prayers to him, earnestly exhorting him to think seriously of his awful situation. The wretch,

however, appeared very *hardened*, and was perfectly *deaf* to the advices of his ghostly attendant. Being desired to confess his crimes, he refused to answer. During all the ceremony, he observed a most impenetrable silence. It must be admitted, indeed, that he did not follow the example of many incorrigible criminals, in scoffing at religion, damning the parson, or kicking Jack Ketch. He was quite resigned and composed. The shouts of the populace never deranged his equanimity, though the joltings of the cart seemed to render his posture somewhat uneasy. Considering the badness of the times, he was decently attired, and the reversion of his gala suit may be a perquisite worth half-a-crown, to be equally divided between the ordinary and the hangman.

The clergyman, indeed, was scarcely canonical in his appearance. He was dressed in a very becoming wig, well powdered. In contempt of the malefactor, however, he had, instead of his surplice, a drayman's frock, which, it ought in justice to be stated, had been scowered on purpose for the occasion. Though Guy could not have been insensible to this insult, he discovered no symptoms of resentment; and it is universally allowed, that he finished his career in perfect charity with all mankind.

JOURNAL OF MODERN CHARACTERS.

A BON VIVANT.

ROSE at twelve with a most confounded head ache—Eyes sunk in my head—My mouth dreadfully parched—My pulse feverish—Could'nt eat any breakfast, so drank a bumper of brandy to set me to rights—About two o'clock, sauntered down to the Coffee-House, and had a bason of vermicelli, with three

three glasses of noyau—At half past two, eat a devil'd kidney, and drank two glasses of Madeira—Half an hour afterwards, took a glass of Nervous restorative cordial, and washed it down with a dram.

About five, finding my appetite very la! la! took two glasses of bitters, and, at half past six, sat down to dinner—Couldn't eat a morsel—What the devil ails me?—A gentleman said, I must go to bed sooner; take more exercise, and never touch any thing between meals—Hate these prating fellows—How the devil can I lead a more regular life?—Don't I live every day the same?—However, though I couldn't eat a dinner, I made amends by drinking; for, before the cloth was taken away, I had dispatched a bottle of Madeira, and three bumpers of brandy, by way of *settling my stomach!*

At eight o'clock, sat in to drinking, and by two in the morning, had taken to my own share three bottles of Port, and five devil'd biscuits.

At three o'clock, got home, and, finding myself rather queer, took two glasses of hot brandy and water, half and half, and, having nothing else to do, undress'd myself as well as I could, and went to bed?

Of how many in the metropolis is this Journal the epitome? Oh that men, possessing the attributes of reason and intellect, should clothe themselves in the sensual habits of brutes!

CASH ACCOUNT OF A PRETTY FRENCH WOMAN.

(From a French Journal.)

DEBTS AND EXPENCES.—

To the baker I owe 60 francs; for a box at the Italian Theatre, paid 30 louis; to the butcher, for six months meat, owe 224 francs;

given on account 12 francs; for a hen turkey, with truffles, paid two louis; to the grocer, for sugar, coffee, wax, &c. owe 123 francs; to *Berthelemt*, for comfits, pastilles, &c. paid seven louis; for water, I owe 36 francs; for *liqueurs* paid 100 crowns; to the apothecary, for remedies in my last cold, I owe 107 francs. To the perfumer for scents, rouge, and virgin milk, paid 10½ louis; to my cook owe two years wages; to my dancing-master, for three months lessons, paid nine louis; to my milliner, for gloves, laces, &c. I owe four hundred francs; for three hats bought of *Leroi*, paid 12 louis; to my mantua-maker, I owe for five robes, 125 francs; to the jeweller for my solitaire, paid 46 louis; to my upholsterer, for beds and other furniture, I owe 25 louis; to the music-seller, for a harp paid, 700 francs; to the painter, for my portrait, paid six louis; to my shoemaker, I owe 200 francs: for refreshments and decorations at my last ball, paid 500 francs.

There are other articles in this account, nearly similar to the foregoing; but this is sufficient to shew, what a pretty woman at Paris pays for, and what she does not. I have passed over several articles written in abbreviations, which I cannot decypher. They are, without doubt, what may be called secret expences. Several were indicated only by the initials; but all were paid for ready money.

ON TROTTING HORSES.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU lately stated (correctly enough) that an old one-eyed mare trotted over the Hinton road seventeen miles, in about

about fifty-seven minutes; also, that the same mare trotted afterwards the like distance in less than fifty-three minutes. The truth of the matter is, the losers, supposing the first performance so surprising, and suspecting (no unfair supposition in these cases) that *the bull had been thrown over the bridge*, paid their money with much reluctance, and immediately betted four hundred pounds to one, that the mare did not trot seventeen miles in fifty-six minutes.

Now, to look into, this matter with sporting eyes, there is really nothing very extraordinary in it, only something new. It sounds high to trot seventeen miles in one hour; but it may really be a performance of much greater ease to a horse, than to trot fifteen in the same time, according to the old rules. The mare in question carried a jockey-boy, weighing only five stone, or 90l.; whereas, until of late, it was uncommon for a racing trotter to carry so little as ten stone, or double the weight, besides seldom having the advantage of a good rider.

This change in the trotting system has been effected, in consequence of the advice given by Mr. Lawrence, in his Treatise on Horses, although it was an end, which, with his utmost efforts, he could never previously compass. Many years ago, a dealer, with whom I had some connections, was a party concerned in a trotting match, no weight specified, according to immemorial custom, it was to perform sixteen miles in one hour; but, although I took great pains to represent to this person Mr. Lawrence's opinion of the horse, which was, that he could, with six stone, trot eighteen miles in one hour unhurt—I could not prevail, nor even make the man comprehend, that weight made any

difference in trotting, notwithstanding his great repute as a knowing one. With the choice in his own hands, he actually set on horseback eleven stone twelve pounds, exclusive of saddle and bridle, in preference to six stone!

These remarks are made to put the unwary on their guard, and if we must have trotting matches, it is surely infinitely less injurious to the poor animals going over the hard road at such an amazing rate, to carry a light than a heavy weight. On this, and numberless other useful particulars, the keepers of horses of all sorts, would act much for their own interest, by taking the advice of the very humane writer above-mentioned. I have the honour to be, with much respect,

Sir, your's, &c.

EQUESTRIUS.

Brentford, Nov. 1.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THAT a word may be a two-edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate:

The daughter of a barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence. She was tenderly attached to a feeble mother, who lived a retired life; yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance; but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily, she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and, in proportion as the men admired, the ladies, of course, hated.

They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who, from her riches, was allowed to give the tone to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss * * * was a very dangerous woman.

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The word hit: they severally pronounced with a shake of the head in all their parties, that *such a one*, although very elegant, and very engaging, was a dangerous woman. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present, they were all in danger of being overlooked. Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this superior creature found, at three and twenty, every door shut to her. A female friend, to sooth her uneasiness, told her the cause—"You are believed to be a dangerous woman."

The word was a death stroke to her heart. What could parry it? It implied every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation. Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined. Had she made the just translation of this invidious word, she would have been less bitterly affected; for, when they called her dangerous, they only meant that she was *attractive*.

Her wretched mother, by advice of the physician, carried her to Bath. Change of objects and amusement, restored her spirits, her health, and her charms: but, that she might not lose her reputation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve which had chilled him; marriage followed, and this DANGEROUS WOMAN now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased; and when the women pursue her with their envy, she takes refuge in the arms of a doating husband.

VERAX.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF DOGS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN.

AT many of the German universities, it has long been a fashion among the students, to be continually surrounded with an unsuitable number of dogs. Even in the lecture-room appears many a beardless Telemachus.

At Göttingen, especially, had this indecorous practice become prevalent: to bring at least one dog into the lecture-room, was considered an indispensable mark of distinction for a young student of rank and fortune. The professors had expressed their displeasure at it, specially *Pütter* and *Michaelis*: the former, was particularly expert in hurling down by a well-aimed kick of his foot, such of the canine intruders as chanced to ascend his professional pulpit, so that they flew howling far beyond the seats of the auditors: the latter could not do this, as he delivered his lectures sitting only behind a table. He, however, frequently expressed his indignation, and said, "Can you be answerable to me and the other auditors, if any of those dogs should be going mad, and the madness break out just in this place, that he shall not bite one of us, and thus cause our death, or at least the loss of our reason? It would be better, if at home you repeated and prepared yourself for the lecture, instead of losing your time, by amusing yourself with your dogs. And if you have much bread left, are there not many poor people to whom you may give your superfluity, and who will be thankful for it? but the dog is merely your parasite. The first dog that causes here any disagreeable disturbance, I shall kill with my own hand." And an opportunity soon after occurred.

curred to put his threat in execution.

Whether it happened in the winter of 1778, or 1779, I cannot now with certainty recollect. During a very severe frost at that time, a Livonian Baron had brought a greyhound with him into the lecture-room. The professor, as usual, ordered a good fire to be kept up; the warmth was very agreeable to the dog, who lay stretched out under the almost red-hot stove: but soon the animal was convulsed, and began to howl, to pant, and to foam at the mouth. One of the auditors exclaimed, "The dog is mad." At once a dreadful death-silence reigned throughout the lecture room, and dismay sat on every countenance. Suddenly, one half of the auditors thronged towards the door; some flew up the stairs to the loft; others hurried precipitately into the street, and lost their inkstands, hats, and cloaks. The greater part jumped upon the tables, and prepared, as well as they could, for defence; and there I, too, took refuge. Michaelis alone stood before his table, undaunted, like a man; held with uplifted arms in both hands, a huge folio (I believe it was Norden's Travels through Egypt) ready to be hurled at the foe, and smiled at our timidity. With unaverted eye, he observed the motions of the animal, and, having watched an opportunity, marched, as usual, with a firm step, out at the door: but, immediately returned with a servant holding a drawn sword in his hand; and ordered him to kill the furious animal.—Immediately, one of the students exclaimed, Hold! 'tis a pity to kill the dog.—To whom does it belong? asked Michaelis.—To me!—Well then, take your favourite in your arms, carry him out, and give him some medicine.—Excuses and repugnance were

here of no avail: the Baron was obliged to retire with his patient. When he was gone, Michaelis said with a smile, "That gentleman is a great genius, indeed! he should be employed in secret expeditions, for he has his heart upon his tongue." He then made useful reflections and applications, shewed us how with only his folio, he would have been able to defend himself, and related to us the following incident:—"During my travels, when I was one day walking by the side of the Thames, near London, a mad dog, whom they were pursuing, jumped towards me. On this side of me was the Thames, on that another water; it was impossible to escape from the animal, except by jumping into the water, which I accordingly did without much hesitation."

Some of the students had one night broken his windows with stones, for the purpose of having some *fun*, at the expence of the professor in the morning: but Michaelis did not wait till morning, but had the windows mended in the night. What he had expected, happened. The perpetrators of the blackguard deed, who came early in the morning to divert themselves, passed by disappointed, chagrined, and ashamed: but Michaelis opened his window, and in a friendly manner saluted them: From that time, no one ever threw stones at his windows. In the winter of 1781, there was so little snow, that the students could not enjoy the usual diversion of making excursions on sledges. Some Englishmen, however, would not leave unemployed the bells and decorations, which they had purchased at a great expence: they accordingly hired two wheeled cabriolets, and had the tinkling apparatus put on the horses. Thus they drove through the town in the midst of the rain. Michaelis was just read-

ing his lectures, and he, as well as his auditors, was astonished at hearing the unexpected winter-music, as they drove past his house. He rose very calmly from his seat, looked out at the window, and said with a smile, "'Tis the foreign birds of passage. The storks are travelling after the dog-days!"

A DEVONSHIRE EPISTLE.

Vor Maaster secretary VEEBLE, in Waricke Square, Lunnun.

Barnstable, Devonshire, the seveneth day of October, one thousand eight hundred.

If yau pleazeth,

CHE wou'd beg yaur divershon vor zaying, whot 'cham going to convorme your worship con-zarning. But, virst and voremot, che must zay one thing (and that's not two) and that iz, az touching yaur Magarzine, that cums here onze a munth: it iz zo witty, and zo huge clever, that aul the tawne liketh it, and zay, that zartainly yau must be vaztly larned, and aul that; and when Ize redeeth it to my wife Joane, we both laff tell we are both reddy to bezip ourselves vor joy. But that iz not what Ize writeth about to yau, only that by the by: ant to make zhort o' my ztory, Ize muzt convorme yau, that my spouze and me have gotten betwixt uz one only sun, who iz kalled Nathan, and who commeth twenty-three next grass. Ant thoft we zayeth it, he iz az sprunny a buoy az iz in the tawne of Barnstable, or vive miles raund it.

Now, az he iz my only cheeld, Ize have broft'n up a schollard, ant Ize thoft vor to zend to the versity a Kambridge, ant make a doctor of visick b'r, but only Ize thoft he had too much larning vor that; vor he haz gone through, in speech, *qui, que, quod, di, do, dum*, ant all

those kind of things; ant haz lately laarn'd, *ass in per centum*, ant properly, *que marybuz*, ant *Queen Janus*: ant hiz measter zayeth, he can larn'un no varder. Bezidez all this, he can rite zo az vor many people to read it; ant can vigger, ant cast countz main well: he understands distraction, and part ov the multiplication tabel, zo var az vour times vour, ant zeven times two, which you'll zay iz a vilthy deal to larn in zix weeks time. The buoy haz partz ant a woundy memory; vor lazt zabbath-day, when parsun Law's preach'd to aur church, ant took hiz text out of the gozpell of Bell ant the Dragon, he zaide a deal about Genesiz ant the Revalationz, ant about *Bel-zhazar*, *King of Babaleon*; ant *Zimon Magus*, ant Lot's wife; ant circumcizion; ant Jerico ant Jerusalem. Ant che heard measter Metherall, ant Asq. Shepperd, our Mare, zay, that they never herde zuch a braave zarmond in all their borne dayez. Vor my own part, Ize dan't much understond zarmondz, but Ize beleeveth, twaz a speciall good one, vor it made the old women cry: but what che bringeth this story vor, iz, that Nathan took the hedz ant tailez ov it in his memory, ant repeated a good deal of it *extrumpere* that evening, at the Valiant Soger, in Bedport, to above ten volk that were smoking and drinking there.

Now may hap, Zir, what does aul this magnify? Why, if you'll have patience, Ize will tell ye; Nathan knoweth hiz own accomplishmentz, that he haz larning ant aul that; ant haz had hiz nativity cazt in coffee-groundz by Dame Drake, the cunnin woman that telleth vortunes, ant she zayeth, Nathan is boarn to great varment, if he goeth to Lunnun. Zo now, nathing runneth in hiz head but Lunnun, Lunnun; ant ov all things
he

he hankereth avter being a horthur, the cheeld hath a proud stomach (he taketh avter his mother vor that) and aymeth at grate thingz.

He hath now an offer to zecretary to a brick-kilner, (vor az he iz known to have wit at will, and to be a schollard, every body iz vor katching at'n) but nothing will zarve hiz turn, but to Lunnun he will go, and be an horthur; or, if we won't let'n do that, he woweth most bitterly that he will go to zea. Now, you muzt know, that him iz my wivez doting piece, and she feareth, if he should go to zea, that him wou'd be a kaptain, ant zo he kill'd as dead az a doare nade. And whereaz, whervore, ant therevore, my Woife deszireth, in ordur to make Nathan an horthur, yaur worzhip to tak'n prentice; ant now the zecret iz out, ant e'en let it goo.

If you'll tak'n, no money shall peart uz, ant my Ioan will zend you a couple of rabbitz, ant a new milk cheeze. She doth know, that with a little matter ov showing, in a little time the buoy wou'd ov his own zelfe, be able to rite Magazines ant Newspapers az fast az hopz: therevore, if you'll tak'n, zay zo by the next poast. Ize be a mon of zome zabstance, ant keepeth nine kowez, ant a boare; ant our Ioane maketh butter ant cheeze, ant eggs, and thicky kind of thingz; ant, moreover, ant likewise, Ize liveth in mine own houze, and payeth scott ant lott, hath been twice constable, ant am now churchwarden over the high-wai. Che hav likewise two hundred good shillingz in a bag in my hutch, ant do owe no mon a vourpenny piece, nor do care one zingle zexpence vor measter Shepperd, our Mare, to be my unkle; but shat be huge glad, if you'd make my zon Nathan, an horthur. The buoy's fingerz itch to be with you;

but uz shall expect you'll bind'n an horthur at zum hall, that he my vreeman to Lunnun. Zo no more at prezant, but cham vary wonder-vully, yaur zarvant, ant zo vorth,

ROGER WIMPLE.

P.S. Che vargott to tell ye, (ant che was to blame vor it) that besidez the buoy's latine, him understands something of stology, and can tell (within an haure or two) what tiz a clock by the almanack; ant zayeth, that if him had but Johnson's Dickzionario, ant Esop's Fables with cutts, him believeth, that him could vind out the longitude; vor him iz az sharp ommost az a new-ground hatchet, and zo vitty, that uz feareth him will not live.

W. R.

THOUGHTS ON THE MEANS OF ACQUIRING THE VETERINARY SCIENCE.

(Concluded from p. 11.)

OUR praftitioner must ever keep in mind, that as in diseases of children, so an accurate attention to symptoms is his only guide, as neither the one or the other are enabled to tell their complaints. The regulation of the materia medica, with the proper doses of medicines for the animal, must be well understood; this bears no proportion to the relative sizes of the two subjects, for he will find that six or eight times, and often more, of the quantity of many medicines may be given to the one, than to the other, and perhaps with little effect: nor does the analogy of the materia medica hold good in other respects, besides quantity; opium, a most powerful remedy in the human, has not so salutary an effect on the horse, yet it is not to be neglected.

As it is probable it would be difficult to learn the more trivial forms, and the lesser operations from a common farrier, for they are
not

not in general very communicative, a surgeon will find himself much puzzled in these particulars: as unless they are conducted according to the true stable usage, the groom, and very likely his master, will have but a very indifferent opinion of his abilities; such as bleeding, rowelling, purging, firing, raking, castrating; with nicking, docking, giving a ball or drench. All this a veterinary practitioner, however great his note, must be able readily to do; for though in gentlemen's stables, the grooms are in general expert at the lesser matters, yet it will be necessary sometimes to show he can do them himself, and often he will find that there is not any other person who can. It appears a trifling circumstance, but it is more than probable, that a veterinarian attempting the examination of a horse on the off side first, would for ever damn his reputation, and convey a very indifferent opinion of his abilities to the bye-standers; and yet an ingenious operator, unacquainted with the customary forms of a stable, might readily do this. Many circumstances equally inconsiderable in themselves, yet convey very strong impressions to those around, and are therefore carefully to be avoided. A practitioner in human medicine, from his more extended education, will probably have it in his power to read the French authors on this science, which country has undoubtedly been a parent to it. The most celebrated of these are, Bourgelat, Vitet, the elder and younger La Fosse. The first of these was eminent in his time, but has introduced some errors; the second seems to have patronized all the mistakes of the former, with the addition of many of his own, which Monsieur La Fosse the younger, in his most excellent *dictionnaire d'Hippiatrique*,

has been at the pains of correcting. This last-mentioned work contains almost all that is known in the science, and is alone capable of forming a good practitioner, out of an already able surgeon. Our best English authors are Bracken, Gibson, and Osmer. Of later date, we have some excellent lights thrown on the subject which he should carefully study. Stubbs gives an accurate knowledge of the muscles, and some blood vessels and nerves. The elegant plates of Blaine's work, will be found highly useful in conveying a true picture of the viscera, and will prove an excellent *vade mecum* in anatomical research. On the formation and diseases of the feet, St. Bel, Freeman, and Coleman, may be satisfactorily read: the former of these is nearly a literal translation of the younger La Fosse. With these helps, a surgeon may safely combine the practice of veterinary with human medicine, and I will venture to predict, that not long hence it will be very generally done, to the great benefit of not only the animal, but to our own diseases, the knowledge and cure of which are greatly accelerated by analogy and comparative anatomy.

With the farrier, whose present stock of knowledge is very confined, it is hard to lay down instructions, which he will follow; for it requires a considerable stock of strength of mind, to determine to throw aside old prejudices and old habits, and above all, to be forced to acknowledge we know nothing. The commencement must be by possessing himself of all the modern anatomical works on horses: by these he must learn to know and distinguish parts by their true anatomical names, forgetting the old obsolete terms of former farriers, as the rim of the belly for *furto-nium*;

nium; cawl for omentum; gullet for æcophagus, &c. &c. With these descriptions, he must compare the parts of such dead bodies as fall under his notice, in which he will be fortunate, if he can obtain the assistance of some ingenious surgeon: he should dissect with the description before him, tracing parts from their source or origin, by which means he will not mistake them. These anatomical enquiries should be conducted from the lesser to the greater parts, from those more easily learned, to those more difficultly acquired; beginning with the muscles, he may proceed to the principal component parts of the feet, at which time he should endeavour to articulate a skeleton, which he may easily do by means of Poole's Anatomical Instructor: he will then be gaining a knowledge of the bones, and furnishing himself with a useful reference. From the viscera of the chest and belly, he may trace the origin and termination of blood-vessels and nerves, which knowledge he must apply to the parts he has already but impartially gone over. Lastly, the brain, lymphatics, &c. &c. should occupy his attention. Above all, he should banish his receipt-book, and learn, in all instances, to act from reason and science. Obsolete and old works, as Markham's Master-Piece, the Farrier's Dictionary, &c. &c. should be equally avoided, and Gibson, Bracken, and other good authors, carefully studied. When he has gained these first outlines, he must peruse the best treatises on physiology, with human medicine, which will habituate him to reduce his thoughts to system; and, lastly, all the modern works on farriery, comparing them with his late authors, by which he will perceive the improvements made in the science

since their time. It must be strongly impressed on his mind, that he never attempts to act in any case without having first established a firm principle for his action. After a careful investigation of the symptoms of a complaint, he must conclude on its nature, and if possible, what it arises from, and how accounted for, and whether the indisposing causes still exist, or whether the disposition to the diseased action only remains; from these data he will be enabled to act from a scientific ground, and to produce a proper reason to himself and others for his conduct. A new world will now open to him, and he will look back with astonishment on his former ignorance: from the obstinate, ignorant, and hurtful farrier, he will be metamorphosed to the ingenious, scientific, and useful veterinarian. This is no ideal character, nor is this a fancied scheme: I have myself seen all these effects produced, and as great change by the meritorious and indefatigable attention of now a most enlightened man residing in Sussex; and I am convinced, that with the same attention, others might become as eminent.

Nearly the same mode must be pursued by the third class of persons; only it is absolutely necessary, that in this case it should be under the guidance of some ingenious farrier, or more properly a surgeon.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have thrown together a few hasty thoughts on this subject; they may, perhaps, give some hints to those who are disposed to possess themselves of information, or stimulate some more ingenious persons to lay down those gradatory steps at length, to the improvement of the science, and advantage of the public at large.

EQUINUS.

TIPPOO'S WARDROBE.

GREEN WAR DRESS.

THIS dress (which belonged to Tippoo Sultaun) is called a *chetta*, a Persian word, implying forty folds. The inscription in the inside, however, states, that there are forty folds in the body of the dress. The turban has been dipped in the waters of the fountain of Zum Zum, at Mecca, and is hence supposed to be invulnerable. It is a tubernock, or holy gift.

The nose-piece of the turban has several Arabic inscriptions in letters of gold, and taken chiefly from the Koran: they are all invocations to the prophet Mahomed, to protect the wearer. This dress was taken from the Tippoo's own wardrobe, which contained no other but the clothes or armour in constant use.—The above are intended for his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

MUSICAL TIGER.

This piece of mechanism represents a Tiger in the act of devouring a prostrate European. There are some barrels in imitation of an organ within the body of the tiger; the sounds produced by the organ are intended to resemble the cries of a person in distress, intermixed with the roar of a tiger. The machinery is so contrived, that while the organ is playing, the hand of the European is often lifted up, to express his helpless and deplorable condition.

This piece of mechanism was found in a room of the Palace at Seringapatam, appropriated for the reception of musical instruments.

TIGER'S HEAD.

This head formed part of the throne of Tippoo Sultaun. It is

made of wood, and is covered with plates of the purest gold about one-tenth of an inch in thickness. The teeth are of rock crystal, and the eyes of the same material. The throne was of an octagonal form, and entirely covered with similar plates of gold, marked with the tiger stripes (which was the distinguishing mark of Tippoo and his family.) Over the throne was raised a canopy of gold, supported by eight light but strong pillars; there was a fringe of pearls round the top of the canopy, of about four inches in depth, and the whole was crowned by a *herma* made entirely of precious stones, and sent to England in August, 1799.

This head with four legs, representing the legs of a tiger, was placed under the throne. The seat of the throne was about four or five feet from the ground, and the height of the canopy eight or nine feet. The head is accompanied by a small, but rich and beautiful carpet, used by Tippoo upon his Musnud on days of state.

THE BEDDING OF THE SULTAUN

Is adorned with two green war helmets, dipped in the waters of Zum Zum, at Mecca, and thence supposed to be invulnerable. One peitre or cuirass, to cover the body—are likewise presents to the King.

THE RED WAR DRESS

Falls to the share of the Prince of Wales.

This war-dress was worn by Tippoo, in his campaign in Adoni, in 1786, against the Nizam and Mahrattahs. He was then in the plenitude of his power. Rajah Cawn, the Sultaun's favourite slave, knew the dress immediately on its being shewn to him, after the reduction of Seringapatam, and confirmed the fact above stated.

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

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

UPON IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF SHOEING CART-HORSES.

(Continued from page 14.)

WITH respect to those farriers who are intelligent, and desirous of improvement, the best method an employer can take with them is to put Osmer's book into their hands. No man of tolerable understanding can read that treatise without learning something of horse-shoeing; and I have recommended it to several young farriers of merit, both of town and country, who have acknowledged their obligations to it. Farther every one who wishes to have justice done to his horses, must insist upon the following preliminaries with his smith, which are entirely within the cognizance of common sense—namely,

That he never weaken the foot of the horse, by paring away the sole and frog, nor destroy the bars, under pretence of opening the heels.

That he make use of none but the best, hard and well-wrought iron; that he set the horse upon a flat and even surface, and never make the shoe project beyond the heel.

That he never suffer a burning hot shoe to be fitted to the horse's foot.

The above directions may be made general, almost without exception.

I am sorry to say that the villainous custom of fitting the shoes red-hot, and of burning the crust of the foot to a level with the shoe, instead of hammering the iron to

the shape of the foot, subsist in full force at this instant. The mischief done by this lazy custom, to the feet of horses, is incalculable; a pregnant example of which, is the case of Hue-and-Cry, the trotting stallion; which horse lost both his fore-hoofs by it: and, as I have been informed by the owner, the late Mr. Bevan, the farrier sat up three nights with the horse, using his utmost endeavours to prevent a mortification from seizing his feet.

The hammers of the smiths are, in general, too large and heavy, that they cannot drive a nail with that truth and accuracy which the case requires, and where the smallest deviation may occasion disagreeable consequences. The brutal treatment also, which horses experience from too many of the men of this description, ought here to be pressed upon the remembrance of proprietors. It is well known, and indeed every day seen, that the miserable animals, flinching under the torture inflicted by these Vulcans, are cruelly beat about the head and body with their masey hammers. There is also a gross abuse in the affair of twitching; when a horse is twiched to excess, the mark is over shot, and the intention of thereby holding a horse in a quiet state is destroyed. I once saw a mare in foal twiched to such excess, by a stupid, heavy-handed fellow, that her lip burst asunder, and the mare threw herself on the ground in a state of desperation, and would not rise until the cord was loosened.

It is here necessary to give the reader a caution against the too usual error of precipitate measures of improvement. A gentleman finds his horse constantly tender-footed, flinching and stumbling. The farrier is applied to, he makes great promises, and every shoeing the horse goes worse. The owner

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now, with his favourite author in his hand, takes up the foot of his horse, and perceives with indignation that he is shod right wrong, in the very teeth of orthodoxy. The farrier is again sent for, and damn'd for a thick-headed son of a bitch, not worthy to shoe Balaam's ass; and in fine, ordered, at his peril, to shoe immediately and strictly according to the given pattern. The fellow shakes his wise noddle, grins, and makes his bow. The nag being shod, according to order, is mounted by his sanguine and delighted master, who now supposes all his troubles at an end; but, alas! he has only made an exchange of errors, his horse goes like a cat in pattens, he can't trot a yard. The poor animal, as if he were in fault, is now checked with the curb, spurred, cursed, abused, and rode home again. Another meeting takes place with the farrier, who now assumes airs of consequence, on account of his superior skill and fore-knowledge of what had happened. They both join in ridiculing book-knowledge in the art of shoeing, and the folly of authors who pretend to shoe all horses by one common standard. The nag is shod again in the old way, goes better immediately in consequence of the change; but in a very short time, having no feet to go upon, is sold for a few pounds to the mail coaches, where they are made to go, whether they can or not.

The error lies in supposing a horse able to go well in proper shoes, or indeed any shoes at all, whose soles, frogs, and heels are so reduced, as to be scarce able to bear his own weight. In such case, the only remedy is to turn him instantly to grass, with narrow plates upon the walls of his hoofs, to prevent their being broken, until his heels and frogs shall have

grown to their natural state, and then to put him into the hands of a skilful farrier, who may always preserve them in that state, by strictly following the rules of Osmer and Clarke, supposing the hoofs to be naturally sound; if otherwise, I have nothing better to propose, than to repeat my own favourite method of the bar-shoe. But of all things in the world, let no man put faith in farriers, or their pretended cures by shoeing, in cases like these. There is only one farrier equal to the task, which is Nature; and she always performs her operations *sub jove*, abroad.

I think I cannot too much recommend the practice, hinted at in the beginning of this chapter, of hammering the external surface of the shoe somewhat concave; its great use in securing a horse's footing over convex stones, must strike every one, and it is unattended by any countervailing disadvantage. On a reference, I find it mentioned by Sollysel, as well as that ancient author whom I quoted. It must be of infinite use to town cart-horses more particularly, but I think it a practice which merits universal adoption.

Respecting the single calkin, or usual turning up of the hinder shoe of the saddle horse, I must acknowledge I see nothing in it either of prejudice or utility. If the horse have the use of his frogs upon the ground, he will want nothing else to preserve him from slipping; and if otherwise, he slips with his toe not his heel. As to calkins upon the fore heels, I am convinced nothing results from them but mischief and danger in any case. In frosty weather, or upon a chalky or slippery country, sharp-headed, four-edged ice nails, made of the hardest stuff, are the only security; unless, as an additional one, it be thought proper to indent the wells
and

and toes of the shoes, which may have considerable effect. In this affair, there is certainly an exception to be made with regard to cart-horses, which are obliged to back with heavy loads, an exertion in which the stress materially lies upon the heels, and most of all the hinder ones. The case is the same with the shaft-horse, in going down hill. It is a question, whether their frogs would, in those respects be sufficient; if not, calkins behind might, as usual be adopted, but not at any rate before.

To recapitulate, all horses with good feet should, and well and safely may, be shod with flat, light, narrow-webbed shoes, made of the hardest iron; these shoes should be formed thickest at the toe, and thinnest and narrowest at the heel, that the animal may have that equal and steady base, which nature intended him.

I shall conclude this chapter, with the best professional advice I have been able to procure upon certain practical and operative parts of the subject.

St. Bel proposes the following weights, each shoe, for the respective descriptions of horses, which, at any rate, form a good general outline, to be varied according to circumstances, at the discretion of the operator.

For the heaviest cart-horses 2 lb. 12 oz.

For the lighter ditto, 1 lb. 12 oz.

For the heaviest coach-horses 1 lb. 12 oz.

For the lighter ditto, 1 lb. 4 oz.

For the saddle-horses in general, from 1 lb. 2 oz. to 1 lb. 12 oz.

For racers 5 oz. to 4 oz.

The fairest opportunity of making trial of the true principles of the art, is that presented by the colt at his first shoeing, when his hoofs are in a state of natural per-

fection, and previous to his being habituated to any particular custom. This occasion ought to be zealously embraced, in particular if the present owner means to keep the horse for his own use; and, indeed, if it were possible to diffuse such ideas among our breeders, that circumstance alone would have a most powerful tendency towards the necessary reformation. As the matter stands, the feet even of our four and five year olds, are too generally put out of a state of speedy amendment.

I have given my opinion as to the dependance which ought to be placed on the operations of farriery, for the recovery of thin, weak, and damaged feet: I have not a whit more respect for the various manœuvres practised with the intent of curing convex or pomed feet—of the different modes of shoeing in use to prevent interfering—or of the operation of unsoling, and of various others which might be named. As to any tampering with pomed feet, or those where the soles belly out, and the horse is obliged to walk upon them, it is attended with constant pain, without hope of amendment, to the animal: the shortest and cheapest way is to knock him on the head, or suffer him to take his chance abroad. I have no reverence at all for the memory of the inventors of the different kinds of shoes, the use of which, in different cases, has been so ostentatiously set forth by writers; they appear to me ingenious contrivances, without use, and generally full of cruelty. The usual methods of shoeing, taken to prevent a horse from cutting, generally give him an uneven, and consequently unsafe position upon the ground; and after all, he continues to interfere. Drawing the sole, I look upon to be an abominable,

abominable, and to the best of my knowledge, ever an useless operation. I speak not on my own experience; for although farriers have more than once proposed it to me, I never would permit it; but I have made it my business to enquire for many years past, and I have never yet heard of a horse which was worth nine pence after it.

The general directions are, never to pare the sole, frog, or binders, any more than to cut them level, and strip them of rotten and scaly parts; but I must confess I have seen feet so exceedingly luxuriant in growth, and so tough, that they would bear, nay perhaps require some little paring; but the danger to be apprehended from the want of paring, was ever a feather when weighed against that of trusting a smith to perform it at discretion, buttress in hand.—In this case, I have generally stood over the operator myself, ready to cry out—No more doctor. The directions however, do not extend to the crust or wall, which in deep, concave, hard feet, must be at any rate taken down because its growth continually binds and contracts the quarters, dries up the frogs, and prevents their necessary contact with the ground. The size and strength of the feet, and the situation of the frogs, are the best measure for the due performance of this.

Whenever it becomes absolutely necessary to cut the bars or frogs, never suffer it to be performed in the usual way of blacksmiths, that is to say, inwards or downwards, one of the most destructive of all their manœuvres, but always let them be shaved horizontally, or flat; and it is so dangerous to cut too near in the frog, that in case of a considerable bulk in that part, it is even better to thicken the shoeheels a trifle, and so to bring them and the frog upon a level and even

bearing. For a foot in a sound and natural state, the breadth of the shoe at the heels, should be one-half of its breadth at the toe, and its substance decrease by degrees from the toe, so as to be one-half thinner or weaker at the extremity of the heels; notwithstanding this decrease of width at the heel of the shoe, it will be still wide enough to stand out somewhat beyond the crust, and thereby be prevented from getting within the heel as it grows.

(To be continued)

REAL ORIGIN OF CROPPING HAIR IN ENGLAND.

A Very ancient writer has asserted, that when Henry the Eighth took it into his head to crop his hair short at the solicitation of Anna Bullen, the nobility and yeomanry of England instantly followed his example, and continued it for some months, till the Barbers Company, being sorely aggrieved at the measure, went in a body to that inflexible monarch, and petitioned him, in terms of the utmost humiliation, to desist from the adoption of a custom that was fraught with the entire ruin of so respectable a company. The King was melted by their prayer, took their unfortunate case into his princely consideration, ordered a new flaxen wig from one of the wardeus of the company, and issued his royal mandate, that no man should be entitled to the benefit of the clergy that did not make his prostration at the altar in a wig of British manufacture.

During the Civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, it is well known, that cropped heads were introduced to distinguish the Republican from the Court party;

nor is it less remarkable, that the same distinction has subsisted between the Royal and the Republican parties since the French Revolution, both in France and Ireland.

AMERICAN LONGEVITY.

THERE is now living at Knoy-dart, in Ulst, Long Island, a poor man of the name of Macdonald, who has attained the great age of 111 years.

He served in all the wars of the House of Hanover—was in Flanders under the great Marlborough—fought two weeks in the present war on the Continent—has had five wives, of whom the last is a young woman of singular beauty, and affectionately devoted to her hoary husband.

The children of the first marriage consisted in all of 13, six were sons. By his three succeeding wives he had eleven children; one of the sons by the last of these is an admirable player on the bagpipe, and was some years ago among the successful candidates for the annual prizes of the Society at Edinburgh, for encouraging that ancient Highland music. His present wife (Mary) is the mother of two fine boys and a girl; the youngest of the lads is in his sixth year, and the old man assures his neighbours, that “neither is the soil fallow, nor the seed unfit to sow.”

Hufeland, a German writer has published a work, entitled *The Art of Prolonging Life*, in which he gives the following description of a man, who, from physical and moral causes, is most likely to live to a great age:—“He should be of the middle size, well proportioned, hair chesnut-colour, head rather large than small, veins strong, shoulders

round, breast large, voice manly, sense exquisite, pulse slow and uniform, stomach excellent, appetite keen, fond of the table, without giving himself up too much to its pleasures, eating sparingly, rarely thirsty; an ardent thirst being a sign of a rapid consumption; countenance serene, eye quick; heart accessible to love, to hope, and to joy, but inaccessible to hate, to choler, and to envy; very fond of business, meditation, and agreeable reveries: an optimist, in the full force of the term; friend of nature, and of domestic happiness, without ambition, without avarice, without inquietude: a man thus formed, will live from 110 to 140 years.”

HERALDIC CUSTOM.

HOWELL ap Einion ap Grif-fith, commonly called Sir Howell y fwyall (*i. e.* Sir Howell, with the battle axe) dismounted the French King at the battle of Poitiers, cutting off his horse's head with his battle axe, and after that he took him prisoner. In commemoration of this exploit, it is said that he bore the arms of France, with a battle axe in bend sinister, argent. Moreover he received of the black Prince, by gift, the Constablership of Chester and Crickett Castles, and also the rent of the Dee Mills and a mess of meat to be served before his battle axe for ever, in memory of his good services. This mess of meat was afterwards given to the poor, and had eight yeomen attendants found at the King's charge, which were called Yeomen of the Crown, and they had eightpence a day. This establishment was continued to the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A PUN.—Some persons broke into the stables of a troop of light horse, and cut off their tails. A brother officer advised the troop to sell them by *wholesale*, for, says he, you can never *re-tail* them.

It was said of a poor fellow who hanged himself lately, from *disappointment in love*, that he was very appropriately buried in *cross roads*!

Mr. Sturt's singing "*Cease rude Boreas*," at the moment he expected to be swallowed up by the billows, was a very pretty *swan-like* idea, and it seems was not without its effect upon that "blustering railer," who, in the end was so complaisant, as not to put the singer quite out of *tune*.

A theatrical correspondent at Dublin, says, we are surprised to hear of a scarcity of *Actors* in this city; but to this we reply, where are the *Gentlemen* who acted the *Heroes*, the *Patriots*, &c. on those nights when the *Union* drew such crowded houses in that city?

The art of transmutation, says a wit, is likely to be revived in the new invention of manufacturing paper from *straw*. In time, therefore, we shall not be surprised to find a lady's bonnet very consistently converted into *fools-cap*.

The following curious description of an heroine, occurs in one of the sentimental productions of the day: "Vivacity in her manners; a voluptuous grace; fulness in her figure; a soul-darting expression in her eye; a wild luxuriance in her hair; an impassioned sensibility in her smile; and an exquisite fervor in her more meditative expression of countenance."

Of all the stars in the firmament, the most northern is the only one that

never changes its place; but, respecting the Russian Sovereign, the most northern Monarch—under the firmament—he is observed to be the most changeable of all.

Repartee.—M. de la Farre had been long an admirer of Madame de la Sabliere. Upon a visit one morning, as he approached her, he exclaimed:—"My G—d! Madame, what ails your eye?"—"Ah! La Farre," answered the lady, "you no longer love me—I have had this defect my whole life, and you never perceived it until this day."

The following curious bill was lately delivered to the representatives of the Radnor family, for repairs performed by a tradesman (a statuary we suppose) of Truro, in Cornwall, on a monument of that family, in Truro church. The public may depend on the authenticity of it:—

Miss H——, Dr. to W—— L——.		
To putting one new foot to Mr.		
John Roberts	-	0 2 6
Mending his other	-	0 0 6
Putting seven new buttons to his coat	-	0 0 8½
A new string to his breeches knee	-	0 0 3
Two new feet to Philippa, his wife	-	0 6 6
Mending her eyes, and putting a nosegay in her hand	-	0 2 6
Two new hands and a nose to the Captain	-	0 5 9
To two new hands, and mending the nose of his wife	-	0 4 10
Repairing her eyes, and putting a new cuff to her gown	-	0 1 8
To making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders	-	0 3 9
Making a new great toe	-	0 1 0
Mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it	-	0 1 6½
		1 11 6

The

The numerous company necessary to form a fashionable rout, render it also necessary to make some alteration in the house of the receiver. One nobleman, we find, has built *three* street-doors to his mansion, to correspond, we presume, with *pit, box, and gallery!*

The fat bishop of Evreux travelling from Falaise to Caen, in Normandy, was benighted, and calling to a peasant who was yet at plough, asking him if he could get *into* the town that night. Why, it may be so, says the peasant, unless they have narrowed the gates, for I come through with a load of hay this morning, and I think you may get *through* without one!

The letters from the army in the Mediterranean, mention the troops to be in excellent *health*. This, says a wit, surely is not to be ascribed to the loss of all the *medicines*, which fell into the hands of the Spaniards!

During the civil war between the Catholics and the French Protestants, a Huguenot Chief took a castle belonging to the Catholics, and condemned the soldiers that had defended it, to jump from the top of one of the towers to the ground! One of the soldiers advanced to the edge of the precipice twice, and retired, which the Chief observing, said, if you do not do it this time without hesitation, I shall give you a much harder task. Sir, replied the soldier, if you will undertake the jump, I will give you four times to do it in. This repartee pleased him so well, that he immediately desisted from his resolution.

A few years ago, a mountebank happening to be at a village in the west, a farmer's servant-maid in a neighbouring village, hearing much talk of the merry pranks of Mr. Andrew, had a vast desire to see him, but never could obtain an op-

portunity. Happening, however to be at church on Sunday, she heard the minister utter the following words:—“*Thursday next being the feast of Saint Andrew, is appointed to be kept holy.*”—Home goes the girl, with a heart full of joy, and sure, at length, of having the pleasure of seeing Mr. Andrew—“Nancy,” says she, to her young mistress, “what do you think? the *Andrew* is a coming here next Thursday.”—“No, that he is not,” says Nancy, “for he goes to S—— every Thursday.”—“Well, but I am sure he is a coming here next Thursday,” replies the girl, “*vor* the parson *zed* so at church; and as how he has appointed to keep a *veast* to.”

A Florentine having caught a prodigious large pike, was resolved to present it to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had a great taste for extraordinary curiosities: he went to the gates of the palace with his pike, and demanded admittance to speak to the Duke, which he could not gain, unless he promised one of the guards the half of what the Duke should make him a present of. To this he consented, and was accordingly admitted. The Prince and the whole Court admired the pike, and ordered the man that brought it one hundred ducats. The man overhearing the order, said, no, my lord, one hundred stripes of the stick, and not one hundred ducats!—The Duke, astonished at such an extraordinary answer, demanded for what reason?—It is, my Lord, replied the man, that I have not been able to gain admittance, without promising one of your highness's guards, the half of what you should give me. So, I pray you give me fifty, and him the remainder?—No, replied the Duke, it shall not be so; you shall have the hundred ducats, and he the *bastinado*.

A French

A French preacher preaching on the Feast of Mary Magdalen, enlarged so much upon the bad life of that woman, and threw out some fine things upon her conversion—Then directing his discourse to the ladies, there are many, said he, among you, that come here more for diversion, than devotion ; and of all the women that are here present, I do not know whether there could be found one only, who would repent like the Magdalen. What do I say ? Who would repent like her ? No ! but who may have the least remorse for their sins. I do not speak of all the ladies present, but of one in particular, who is unworthy to be found along with virtuous women—he is the most wicked and most impudent woman in the world. It is not a great while ago, since she renewed her every year's promise to her confessor, to live like an honest woman : however, she still goes on in the same way, always the same !—Since, then, her sin does not tend to make her ashamed, it is right that we should : it is said in the scripture, if thy brother commit a fault, reprove him once, or twice ; but if he does not amend the third time, tell it to the church. Since, therefore, exhortations are not capable of bringing back this female sinner, it is not right to cover her shame, but publicly expose her infamy, and even name her before this assembly. Yes, Sirs, I am going ;—I am going to name her—It is—(here he stopped) and then began again. I shall name her, I ought to do it ; but, however, —No, I ought not—But why not ? This salutary exposure may reclaim her from her wickedness—I shall name her—It is—However, I shall not name her—her name is so infamous, that it is a shame even to pronounce it.—Still it is necessary

to make her known : there she is, right opposite to me, making up a sanctified face !—I am going to throw my prayer-book at her—Take good care—it will fall upon her.—Then raising his arm, and making believe to throw it, all the women popped down their heads—O times, O manners ! said the preacher ; I thought among you there was only one of that sort, but now I find the number to be great indeed !

ECCE TRICITIES.

A Sailor's demand upon a Slop-seller—

A Shappo	—	Hat
A Mappo	—	Wig
A Flying Gib	—	Handkerchief
An In-defender	—	Shirt
An Out-defender	—	Small Jacket
A Cold defender	—	Flushing Coat
Up-haulers	—	Trowsers
Down trappers	—	Shoes
Trappings & Gaskets	}	Shoestrings and
for the same		Garters

An Irish mate of a West-Indian now lying in the river, having been many years at sea, had his Captain's leave for a few days cruize upon the town. On his return on board, being questioned by the Captain what he had seen, he mentioned the Play-houses, amongst certain *other houses*, as the scene of his amusements. He said he had made two *successful voyages* to the Play-house, and at first saw *Bob Scratchem* and *Solomon's Razor* ; and the next night, *Gimlet Prince of Dunkirk*, and *Daffy's Elixir* ! The reader scarcely need be informed, that honest Patrick meant no other than the *Beaux Stratagem*, with *Selima* and *Azor* ; and, *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, with *Daphne* and *Amyntor*. *Related by Capt. B.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DIARY OF A BRIGHTON BLOOD.

ROSE at nine—Rumpled my wig, and stood before the glass an hour endeavouring to give myself a sloven-like appearance—Having at length succeeded in making myself a complete black-guard, walked to the Bathing Place—Lady *Dashaway* told me I had been up all night—Smiled assent—Memorandum, always affect the Rake; its stylish, and the women like it—Took my position on the cliffs so as to prevent the Ladies bathing—Damned good fun! though the other morning got my nose pulled by a crusty old Gentleman, *merely* for asking to bathe in the machine with his daughter—Dull Dog—Not one of us could take such a joke, so passed it over, though a shameful report was circulated at the Libraries that I declined, because the old man was a notorious *fighting* character—All a hum! can hit a card at ten paces when my nerves are steady, and an't frightened.

At twelve o'clock, knowing the Libraries and the Steine crowded, went with a party of *spirited witty* Dogs and bathed in view of the Ladies! though a damned unlucky accident happened, for a party of Wags having seized on our cloaths bribed the old Bathing Woman to follow us into the water—We made for shore, could not find our cloaths—What the devil was to be done?—Boys pelted us—Women hissed us—Dogs barked, children shouted, men swore—At last hearing a sour fellow talk of the pillory, made a precipitate retreat, and, covered

with mud, rotten eggs, and other sweet-scented accompaniments, arrived at home, departed quick for London, and left my *bills unpaid*, and my character behind me!

Sir William Lowther's hunters have been sold at Tattersall's for two thousand three hundred guineas.

In the mortuary of a provincial paper we read the following death:—"At the great age of 31, *Young Marske*, the sire of so many capital horses."

The Surrey fox-hounds have had some sharp runs, and repeatedly *blooded* the pack in good stile.—These frequently boast a large field, to which the *Cross*, the *Lane*, and the *Acre*, contribute a snug and friendly little party. *Lotions*, *Potions*, and *Patent Coffins* may not unfrequently be seen at a *Death*.

A wager for five hundred guineas was decided a few days since at Northleach, in Gloucestershire, as follows:—A Mr. John Spencer of that place, betted a Mr. Richard Botting, from London, that he (Spencer) would walk blindfold from the middle of a certain field, across some inclosures, to a barn about half a mile distance, in twelve hours, which he performed with ease in three, to the great discomfiture of the Londoner and his friends, who were completely taken in; very considerable sums over and above the original wager having been laid.

On the morning of the 10th, a heavy read mare started from the Town-hall, at Lewes, in a gig, carrying two persons, to go to the

M

Golden

Golden Cross, Charing Cross, in ten hours, for a bet of twenty guineas, on her performance of which many other bets were depending. Bets of five guineas to two were also repeatedly taken: she performed the journey in nine hours.

Another race occurred in the same place in the course of the month; viz. the *Duchess of Limbs*, and *Miscreant*, two valuable racing fillies, in foal, by capital horses, the property of Sir F. Poole, were mounted and rode from their pasturage near Lewes, by jockeys who, though at present unknown to the Baronet, may hereafter receive from him, the reward of their voluntary services, at the goal of Horsham, if not at the goal at Newmarket.

The *Duchess of Limbs* and *Miscreant*, in their last race from Lewes, owing to the skilful wmanagement of their riders, proved much too fleet for their pursuers, who are all returned, of course, much mortified, at being *double distanced*.

An account from Lewes, of the 9th, says, the business of horse-stealing was never more brisk in this neighbourhood at the height of the career of the notorious Jigg than it is at present. It therefore behoves persons who have valuable horses, and who wish to keep them, to shut them up at night.

A singular charge of swindling was exhibited within these last few days, before the sitting Alderman, at Guildhall, by a gentleman, against a woman of the name of Leicester, whom he charged with defrauding him of 10l. The account given by the gentleman was to the following effect:—That about ten or twelve years ago, he had a son, whose conduct was of so irregular a nature, as rendered it necessary that he should be sent out of the kingdom, to avoid worse

consequences. Of the fate of this son, he had since heard nothing; but some time since received a letter, purporting to be from the long-lost prodigal. The letter stated, that he had been many years a slave amongst the Algerines, where he underwent all the hardships attendant on that vile and degraded condition; that he afterwards escaped to Malta, and after that island had surrendered to the English, he was permitted to take his passage home, and was just landed at Portsmouth. He expressed his contrition for those former irregularities, which he hoped he had expiated by long scenes of misery, and begged his father to remit him 10l, that he may be enabled to equip himself in a suitable manner, to appear amongst his friends. The father very joyfully complied with the request, remitting the 10l. in the manner directed; but after some time, the prodigal not making his appearance, the disappointed father proceeded to make further enquiry. The result was, that the letter was discovered to have been forged on board one of the convict ships at Portsmouth, on board of which was the husband of Mrs. Leicester, into whose possession it was traced.

Mrs. Leicester said, she received the letter from the convict, her husband, and was committed for further examination.

One morning lately, about seven o'clock, a young man entered a gentleman's house through the area, in Chatham place, Blackfriars, went to the pantry, fed himself, and filled his pockets, when he was observed by a servant just risen out of bed, who questioning him about so early and unexpected a visit, he replied, that extreme want impelled him to come over the iron rails to get a good meal; the servant forgave this species of theft, but on searching him, found he had stolen
a silver

a silver spoon. He was secured, and conveyed to the Compter to be examined.

On the first dull day we have had this month, five *Bond street Beaux*, who dined together, cast dice which of them should *shoot himself*, each binding himself on his *honour* to abide by the cast. The lot happening to fall on a well-known *swaggering Lobby-Lounger*, he blubbered and wept, and actually promised a rump and dozen to be let off!

On Saturday, November 8, died, at the Upper Ha'e Park, near Newmarket, aged 27 years, the celebrated stallion Potse's, the property of Mr. Wm. Golding. He was got by Eclipse, out of Sports-mistress, and was unquestionably one of the best-bred sons of that *memorable horse*. His performances on the turf are too well known to amateurs, to need a repetition here.

It is with much concern, we announce the death of Mr. Thomas Carter, on Saturday, November 8, at his house in Thornhaugh street—a victim in early life to the fatal ravages of the liver complaint. This gentleman, in whom the *harmonists*, and various musical societies, have lost the "choicest feather of their wing," was, perhaps, better known as the inseparable companion of Sam Maynard, of Doctor's Commons. Those who have had the good fortune to hear their duets, may well boast of having been regaled not only with the *flow of soul*, but the *perfection of harmony*. Mr. Carter, who had only attained his 32d year, has left an amiable widow to lament his loss.

A letter lately received from a gentleman in the East-India Company's Civil service at Bencoolen, contains a remarkable account of a Malay fisherman having brought in his prow, from Buffalo Point,

one of the largest sharks ever seen in that part of the world, which attacked the Malay as he was swimming round the head of his prow to clear his tackle, and was killed by the man's dexterity. It measured near nine feet in length, and was an old shark, which had been remarked by the fishermen. The Malays, when provided with their weapons, are so fearless, from being injured to the water in their infancy, that some of them will voluntarily attack this formidable creature, and seldom fail to subdue him in his own element.

A Yorkshireman, a noted poacher, was carried before a meeting of Justices in that county, on a charge of seditious words, in saying, that he wished the French would land in Filey Bay. The chairman asked the fellow in an angry tone, how he could be so wicked as to wish for the landing of the enemy, and particularly in a place where he had himself a family and relations, to be sacrificed to their fury—"No," said the culprit, scratching his head, "I did not mean that, your worship; all the reason I had for wishing the French to land was, that your worship might take their guns from them, as your worship knows you have done to me more than once."

The poet Kotzebue, though now flattered by the Emperor of Russia, seems not inclined to trust himself in his dominions.—This reminds one of the *monkey* belonging to a King of Spain, and a great favourite, that had his head broke for beating his master at a game of chess.—The wise beast would never after venture to beat his master, who felt himself much mortified at not being able to obtain a confidence which he had deservedly forfeited.

Clap-dropping at the theatres is become the fashionable *divertissement* between the acts, in the upper boxes.

boxes. It is an admirable device for drawing the attention of the house, and displaying the female form in a new attitude. A loose fish at Drury-lane, lately observing a lady angling in this new style, with a rod composed of a long arm, and a line of handkerchiefs, exclaimed, "I wish I could catch my cloak so easily, which I dropped last night at the *Three Blue Balls*."

A young man going into a place of public entertainment, was told that his dog could not be permitted to enter, and the latter was accordingly left with the guard at the door. The young man had scarcely entered the lobby, when his watch was stolen. He returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as through his means he might discover the thief. The dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the faithful animal that he had lost something: the dog set out immediately in quest of the strayed article, and fastened on the thief, whose guilt on searching him was made apparent. The fellow had no less than six watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he distinguished his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

They were audacious rogues who robbed the *butteries* of a college at Oxford, and it is wonderful how they found their opportunity—Had they broke into the library, or the chapel, one would not have wondered!

The King has declared his determination not to hunt the *tigers* sent by the Marquis of Wellesly, for fear of their attacking his subjects.

A Cork Paper informs us, that *horse-stealing* in the neighbourhood of that city, is become a common practice among the *light-fingered* gentry.

The *soi-disant* Captain, the terror of the *Nursery Maids* and young *Misses* of Brighton, has taken the hint given him by *Mrs. Smoaker* and Co. the bathing nymphs, at his last public exhibition, and has fallen in love with retirement; *alias*, does not shew his face.

On the night of November 1, as three of the King's keepers were traversing the New Forest, in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst, as is customary, they discovered two dogs pursuing a deer, both of which they shot, when immediately five men, armed with fire-arms, came up within a short distance, and, after discharging their pieces, ran away. They were pursued, and one of the miscreants was taken. Mr. Allen, one of the keepers, received two slugs in the middle part of his thigh.

A ludicrous incident is related in the last *Paris Papers*, of a citizen of some respectability being taken up by the patrol, rather intoxicated, and conveyed to the guard-house, having been found *whistling* at the corner of a street, at two o'clock in the morning, and calling violently, *Bacchanal! Bacchanal!* These were deemed sufficient proofs that he was a house-breaker, found in the act of inviting his accomplices. The citizen was held in close custody, and even treated with contumely, until his dog *Bacchanal*, who was rather more *sober* than his master, found his way into the *corps de garde* covered with mud, and, by explaining the circumstances, effected the release of his master.

At a village near the metropolis, on Sunday, the banns of marriage were published; but as soon as prayers were over, the couple, who were in church, marched up to the altar, and desired to be married. The clergyman assented, and the infant was just born in *wedlock*.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A SONG AND RECIPE, FOR KILLING A WIFE.

By J. BISSET, *Museum, Birmingham.*

OH! now botheration to all your fine singing,
Your Fortes, Pianos, your quick time and slow,
Attend to my Song, and I'll after be bringing
A grand secret out—for the *Bon Publico*.
Tis a secret so great, that a *patent* should follow,
That after you're dead, will make blessed your life:
For I swear by the beard—of the beardless Apollo,
I've found out the secret—of killing a wife.

Of RUMFORD's fam'd stoves, with his *patent* prevention,
For curing of chimnies that us'd for to smoke,
It cannot come up to my famous invention—
Oh, no, botheration—'tis all a mere joke.
Smoky houses, they say, is a cursed vexation;
But that's a mere flea-bite to conjugal strife,
And can't be compar'd to that cursed taxation,
A man surely finds with a shrew of a wife.

A house that is smoky, with ease you may cure it;
As easy as twisting a bit of thin wire;
Because do ye see—if you cannot endure it,
You've nothing to do, but to set it on fire!
But wives that love scolding—oh bless the dear creatures—
They make you unhappy the whole of your lives.

But I've found out a secret—will alter their natures,
A Grand Panacea—for killing of wives.

Thro' all parts of Europe, I'll send my prescription;
East, West, North, and South—round the world shall it sail:
All mortals shall know it—I'll have no restriction—
I'm sure 'tis an antidote—never can fail.
My name, soon will top all the famous empyrics,
Your Solomons, Brodums, Chings, Leakes, Hills, and Clives;
Their Lotions and Potions, may cause them hysterics,
But a dose of my secret, will kill all your wives.

My secret is this then, not founded on fiction;
For deep penetration, of this makes me sure,
That women can't live long, without contradiction.
Give your wives then their way, for their life there's no cure.
If you think they have faults, sure it must be your blindness;
The sweet lovely creatures know better than you.
If you wish to kill wives, let it be by your kindness;
This is the grand secret you all should pursue.

PICCADILLY'S COMPLAINT.

NO more the wheels quick rattle thro' my street,
No more pedestrian's blazing flam'beaux meet:
Fled is all fashion, spirit, life, and ton,
Since their great leader, lovely Gordon's gone.

Oh!

Oh! then, ye World of Fashion mourn,
And pray for Gordon's quick return.

No more smart Jchu's smack the sound-
ing thong,

And now the hack moves undisturb'd
along:

No more do powder'd footmen crowd the
stairs,

No more's the street blockaded up with
chairs.

Oh! then, ye World of Fashion, mourn,
And pray for Gordon's quick return.

No more the drawing-room's strew'd o'er
with flow'rs,

No more the vase it's od'rous incense
show'rs;

No more the patent lamp sheds dazzling
light,

And Piccadilly's wrapt in sombrous night.

Oh! then, ye World of Fashion, mourn,
And pray for Gordon's quick return.

The hall which echo'd with the footman's
knock,

Witnesses now the ticking of the clock;
The moaning cricket chirps the night
away,

And rats, and mice, have now free room
to play.

Oh! then, ye World of Fashion, mourn,
And pray for Gordon's quick return.

Clos'd is each window; in sepulchral
gloom

Are wrapt the splendours of each gorgeous
room;

And to keep out th' effects of sun and air,
Each chair and sofa's cover'd o'er with
care.

Oh! then, ye World of Fashion, mourn,
And pray for Gordon's quick return.

When shall I hear the rattling sounding
noise,

The harbinger of wit and sportive joys?

When will the steeds with dirt all cover'd
o'er,

Dash thro' Hyde Park, and stop at Gor-
don's door?

Oh! then, ye World of Fashion, mourn,
And pray for Gordon's quick return.

PICCADILLY.

STANZAS ON POACHING.

I.

O Ye Poachers beware,
How is catching an hare,
Ye offend the irascible Squire;
For if you are caught,
O then you'll be taught,
What it is to lay snares made of wire.

II.

For the Forests afford,
Both to Peasant and Lord,
All food of most exquisite flavour;
And 'twill plainly appear,
That woodcocks and deer,
Sunt boni with sauce of rich savour.

III.

But Poacher shew thy sense;
And take out a licence,
And let honour reign in thy mind;
For the Law has much force,
Man's schemes to divorce,
And with fetters all villains to bind.

OLLA PODRIDA.

AN ENIGMATICAL EPITAPH.

HERE lie entomb'd
the ashes, earthly parts, and remains
of a bright and aspiring genius;
who,
in his youth, it must be confessed,
discovered some *sparks*
of a light and volatile nature;
but was, in maturity,
of a steady, grateful disposition,
and diffusive benevolence.
Though naturally
of a *warm* temper,
and easily *stirred up*,
yet was he a most shining example
of a fervent and unreserved benignity.
For though he might have been
the most dangerous and dreadful
of enemies;
yet was he the best and kindest
of friends.

Nor did he ever look *cool*,
even upon his enemies;
Though his friends too often,
(And shamefully indeed!)
Turned their backs upon him.
Oh! undiscerning and incendiary times,
when such illustrious examples,
such resplendent virtues,
are thus wantonly made *light of*,
thus basely *blown upon*!
Though rather the promoter
of a cheerful glass in others,
and somewhat given to *smoking*,
yet was he himself never seen
in liquor,
which was his utter abhorrence.
Raking, which ruins most constitutions,
was far from spoiling his;
Though it often threw him into
inflammatory disorders.

His days, which were short,
 were ended by a gentle gradual decay.
 His strength wasted, & his substance spent,
 a temporal period was put
 to his finite existence;
 which was more immediately effected
 by his being seized with a severe cold,
 and no help administered,
 in some of the warm days
 in the fatal month of May.
 His loss and cheating influence
 is often feelingly regretted,
 by his sincere admirers;
 who
 in grateful remembrance
 of the benefits received
 from his endearing virtues,
 have erected this monument
 to his memory.

A CAMBRIDGE SONG.

COME ye good college lads, and attend
 to my lays,
 I'll shew you the folly of poring o'er
 books;
 For all ye get by it is mere empty praise,
 Or a poor meagre fellowship and sallow
 looks!

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never
 repine;
 And cram not your attics
 With dry Mathematics—
 But moisten your clay with a bumper of
 wine!
 The first of mechanics was old Archi-
 medes,
 Who play'd with Rome's ships as he'd
 play cup and ball:
 To play the same game I can't see where
 the need is—
 Or why we should fag Mathematics at
 all.

Chorus—Then lay by your books, &c.

Great Newton found out the Binomial
 Law,
 To raise $x-y$ to the power of b ;
 Found the distance of Planets that he ne-
 ver saw.
 And which we most probably never
 shall see.

Chorus—Then lay by your books, &c.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing en-
 joy,
 And taste all the sweets Mathematics
 can give;

Let us for our time find a better employ;
 And, knowing Life's sweets, let us learn
 how to live!

Chorus—Then lay by your books, &c.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may
 draw;

Perpetual Motion they never could
 find:

Not one of the set, lads, could balance a
 straw—

And Longitude seeking is hunting the
 wind!

Chorus—Then lay by your books, &c.

If we study at all, let us study the means

To make ourselves friends, and to keep
 them when made;

Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven
 ordains—

To make other men happy, let that be
 our trade.

CHORUS.

Let each day be better than each day
 before;

Without pain or sorrow

To day or to-morrow,

May we live, my good lads, to see many
 days more!

BLESS^d MY HEART! HOW HOT
IT IS!

LET the Sage look around him, he'll
 speedily trace,

With the folks of our isle, a rude mur-
 muring race,

Discontented and peevish, and always
 inclin'd,

Whatever falls out, to receive it unkind;
 They pine at our Winters, too cold and
 too long,

And when Summer revives us (attend to
 the song)

Then in courts and cottages,

With low and high,

This is the cry,

Bless my heart! How hot it is!

When Sirius attends on the Chariot of
 Day,

And the earth yields its tribute to make
 the heart gay;

When beneath the deep shade, by the
 spring in the grove,

Young Damon learns Phillis the lessons of
 Love;

When the Wren o'er the stream sings her
 lay on the reed,

And the rest of Creation is charming
 indeed,

Then in courts and cottages,

With low and high,

This is the cry,

Bless my heart! How hot it is!

When

When balloon-belly'd Cits about noon get
astride,
And the fam'd Cuckold's-round*, for
fresh appetites ride.

While the pigs and the poultry fly out of
heir wa/,

Like fear, apprehensive of falling a prey;
At this brow-tanning time, while a las-
situde reigns,

Over cities, farms, hamlets, vales, moun-
tains, and plains,

Then in courts and cottages,

With low and high,

This is the cry,

Bless my heart! How hot it is!

When the lady in lawn, that out-silvers
the swan,

Sits incessantly courting the zephyrs to
fan;

When windows are open, and fires are put
out,

And green rushes thick scatter'd the
chimnies about;

When the wasp hunts for sweets, and in
every room

The bow-pot refreshes with matchless
perfume,

Then in courts and cottages,

This is the cry,

With low and high,

Bless my heart! How hot it is!

When the Kine stand breast high in the
slow gliding brook,

Where the Angler all indolent hangs o'er
his hook;

When the stream tempts the Schoolboy all
hazards to run,

And Ephemeron rises and dies with the
Sun;

When the ripe clust'ring vine tempts each
lip that it meets,

And the lap of Pomona runs over with
sweets,

Then in courts and cottages,

This is the cry,

With low and high,

Bless my heart! How hot it is!

In this sultry season, Fate, be it my lot,
While the woodbine and jessamine shelter
my cot,

No comfort to lack, and be lib'ral to yield
To the wants of the rustic that toils in
the field;

May the bounty of Heaven still add to
my store,

To cherish the stranger that faints at my
door,

* From London to Highgate through
Hampstead to London again, so called
time immemorial.

All in courts and cottages,

Show'd cool the lip,

Of such a trip,

When ere they cry, How hot it is?

May my mind be resign'd to the fortune
that's sent,

Be it good let me smile, be it evil content,
Tho' Summer assails with the heat of the
line,

Or the Winters be long, let me never re-
pine,

But rail at impatience, and teach it in song,
That gratitude ever should govern the
throng—

Hence in courts and cottages,

Go take what's sent,

And live content,

Nor marmur once,—How hot it is!

EPIGRAPH ON THE LATE HODGES,

A well known Sportsman.

ON Virtue, Birth, and Fame, this
marble's dumb;

Of Wealth, he'd more than you by half
a plumb.

All days, e'en Sabbath he profan'd, save
one day,

This selfish care was to provide for Mon-
day*:

In riches great, ungrateful to mankind,
One mark of gratitude in *grav'd*, we find.

By *Turf maintain'd*, he courteously retort'd,
And Atlas like, he now the *Turf sup-*

ports.
On friends he call'd, to ward Death's fa-
tal blow,

Crying, *Bar Eb*: then *sinking*, cry'd,
Bar Ob†.

* His name was, Munday Hodges.

† He was a well-known E O Table-
keeper, and spoken of as a man that is
called (in the flash way) a *known sinker*.

On the Death of the FLYING BARBER.

WEEP, Barbers, weep, your mutual
loss deplore,

The good, the skilful Foster shaves no
more:

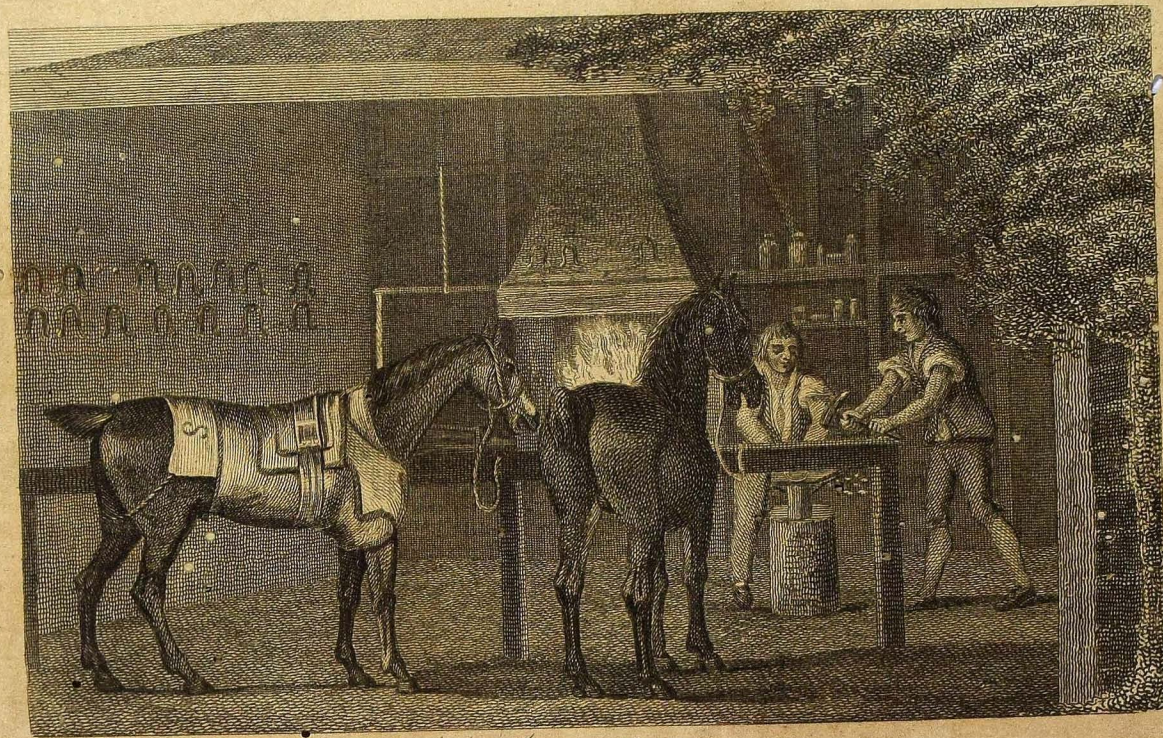
Neglected now the silver bason lies,
To worth like his, a just, a well-earn'd

prize.
Men of Clare-hall, your chins with sor-

row tell
That Peers and Briggs will ne'er shave

half so well,
Though they the Razors use, so often tried

By Barber-Surgeon Foster, e'er he died,



Farriers Shop.