

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY 1801.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

BRYAN O'LYNN.

**B**RYAN O'LYNN, of which a PLATE is here given, was got by Aston; his dam by Le Lang; grand-dam, by Regulus; great grand-dam, by Partner,—Greyhound,—Curwen's Bay Barb.

This horse has been celebrated for his performances in Scotland, particularly at Ayr, where he last year, at four years old, won several Matches and Sweepstakes.—He is the property of Mr. Graham; and his name has been changed to BONAPARTE.

## RANELAGH MASQUERADE.

**T**HIS Entertainment (on Tuesday, January 20) was attended by a numerous and very genteel company. So many beautiful women have seldom appeared together.

The characters were much in the usual stile; *Housemaids, Footmen, Shepherdesses, Harlequins, Fruit Girls, &c. &c.*

Mr. D. and Mrs. E. of the Theatres, appeared as two *Quakers*: the male Friend was loquacious enough, but sister Ruth had not a word to say in support of her character. Three *Tinkers* sang many glees in the stile of Professors. An *Indian* was very well dressed, and acted his part with much judgment. A *Mad Tom* was a good emblem of the rest of the company, and raved with characteristic propriety. A beautiful *Diana* was one of the best dressed characters in the room. There were several *Harlequins*, but only one who displayed much agility: another of them wore a very rich dress, spangled with silver.

The noise was equal to that of any former Masquerade, and the wit and good-humour of the company made the hours pass off quite agreeably.

Grimaldi, in throwing a sun-merset, severely sprained three of his fingers, the pain of which made him faint. A surgeon, one of the company, immediately gave his assistance. Grimaldi was supporting the character of a *Clown* with much humour.

The wines were of the best quality; and the supper was far beyond what could have been expected for the price, in these times.

The entertainment, altogether, went off with great glee, and detained a number of the visitors till a late hour.



## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## SALE OF MR. COOKSON'S STUD.

THE late Mr. Cookson's Racing Stud has at last apparently found its destination. The following are its changes and chances since the death of its master:—

The advertisement for its sale reached Colonel Arthur Hyde, of Castle Hyde, near Kilworth, in the county of Cork, only the Wednesday preceding the day fixed for the auction at Tattersall's. He instantly dispatched a favourite groom with positive instructions to make his way to London, without a moment's delay, and to purchase *Sir Harry*, *Scrub*, and *Diamond*; the last at all events. The groom set out instantly for Dublin; but, not having a favourable passage, the day fixed for the sale had expired before he reached Holyhead. Not wishing to return an unsuccessful ambassador, he continued his journey in spite of the disappointment, and having arrived in town, communicated his mission to Mr. Tayler, in Warwick-square, his master's agent in London. An inquiry was immediately instituted for the purchasers of the horses, and *Diamond* was fortunately found in the possession of Mr. Thrupp, a dealer, in Bishopsgate-street, from whom he was bought on Colonel Hyde's account, for six hundred guineas. He was sold at Tattersall's for five hundred and twenty. —Mr. Thrupp had not had him many minutes in his possession, before he felt considerable alarm on his account: as the boy was bringing him home, he took fright in St. James's Park, and ran off at the top of his speed, down the Mall to the Horse Guards, where he stopped of his own accord, without meeting any accident.

Such was the fear of crossing or jockeying on the way, in case it was known when he should set out for Ireland, that both the time of his departure and his route were managed with more privacy than even a secret expedition. He went by way of Holyhead, as affording the shortest sea passage, and was insured before he was put on board. The little boy who attended him in Mr. Cookson's lifetime rode him down; but, notwithstanding the mutual attachment that subsisted between him and the horse, Mr. Hyde could not prevail on him to settle with him.

About one thousand people came to see the horse while he remained at Mr. Thrupp's; and very few in London but would have followed the example, had they supposed they could have got a sight of him.

The fate of the other two horses is also fixed: the one goes to the West Indies, and the other to Scotland.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH,  
Wednesday, Jan. 28.

## PROTHEROE v. JONES.

THIS was an action to recover a compensation in damages, for a breach of promise of marriage.—The Defendant is a Methodist Preacher, and is about sixty years of age; the plaintiff about twenty-eight.

It appeared, that, in the year 1799, the Defendant had paid his addresses to the Plaintiff, and, from a variety of letters (which were read in evidence) had promised her marriage; that, in the Spring of 1800, he had been on a journey into Denbighshire, but on his return refused to perform his promise, saying that his friends were averse to the match, and that a creditor, to whom he



was indebted fifteen pounds, had threatened to arrest him, unless he gave up all thoughts of his "dear Winifred;" and that he could not marry her unless he sold all his houses, which in time of war would not fetch so much as in time of peace. This, however, appeared to be all a scheme in order to break off this intended match, as he soon after was married to another person. Upon his marriage he wrote to her, stating what he had done, and saying, "It was by command of God and his people."—It appeared also, that the Plaintiff had been seduced, prior to her acquaintance with the Defendant.

The letters were all written in Welch, and afforded much entertainment to a crowded court.

The Jury, after retiring near two hours, found a verdict for Plaintiff.  
—Damages *Fifty Pounds*.

PUBLIC OFFICE BOW STREET,  
*Wednesday, Jan. 28.*

#### DOG STEALING.

**T**HIS day *Jane Sellwood* and *Thomas Pallett* were brought before R. Ford and T. Robinson, Esqrs. on suspicion of having stolen and killed a great number of dogs for the sake of their skins.

Robert Townsend, one of the patrols, said, that he went yesterday morning (on information) to the house of the prisoner Sellwood, in St. George's Fields, and in a back room found about thirty carcasses of dogs, without their skins, piled one on another, and many more under the floor, most of them in a putrid state. Those in the back room appeared to have been lately killed, by being beat on the head with a hammer, as all their skulls were broken; and in the back room he found the hammer now produced, which no doubt had been used for

the purpose, being covered with blood and dog's hair. In the front room he found the prisoners, whom he took into custody.

William Bagshaw, of Earl-street, London Road, deposed, that on the 14th of December last, he lost a pug bitch, and which he had every reason to believe was stolen from him; that on hearing yesterday morning of a number of dead dogs being found in the prisoner Sellwood's house, he went there, and among the carcasses discovered that of his pug bitch, which he was enabled to swear to from a particular mark in its mouth, and being with pup at the time.

The prisoner Sellwood is an old woman, Pallett is a boy; neither of them having any thing satisfactory to urge in their defence, were committed for further examination.

During the time the prisoners were at the bar, a man came to give them a character, when three dogs in the Office immediately fondled about him; and had they not been prevented, would have followed him away, from which, and his appearance altogether, there was every reason to suppose he was one of the gang. Mr. Ford therefore ordered him out of the Office, or he should be taken into custody as a party concerned.

#### SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.

**T**HE following is copied verbatim, from a sign over the door of a good house at Whalley, in Lancashire—in gold letters.

Clegg—Surgeon, Apothecary, and Bone-setter—cures all sorts of cancers, wens, and wolvcs—old ulcers and the ague—Farrier and Cow Doctor—and drinks to be given to young Calves for striking of the Hyen. Also Colts and Pigs Gelded.

LAVATER.



## LAVATER,

THE celebrated Physiognomist, who lately died at Zurich, has been, for many years, one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country-clergyman of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. His perspicuity of intellect was associated with weaknesses of sensibility and imagination, not a little a kin to those of J. J. Rousseau.

In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health; &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in his way, much farther than any other person had before advanced. Success inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every one was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the Physiognomical Science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many additions. In the enthusiasm with which they were studied and admired, they were thought as necessary in every family, as even the Bible itself. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language; and, as the insight into character and secret intention which it promised, was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty: and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

But, even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples. He continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious Jesuit, who, under pretensions about physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His Theological Opinions, took a colour from his Physiognomical ones; and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great Physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

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He was, at the dawn of the French revolution, not at all adverse to it. Even when it began to penetrate into Switzerland, he did not passionately declare against it; but when he saw his native country become a prey to the excesses of Jacobinism, his indignation was earnestly roused, and he wrote some eloquent pieces against the oppressions of the French. He favoured the momentary counter-revolution. He was cruelly attacked and wounded by the French soldiers when that counter-revolution was suppressed. His death was in consequence of those wounds. It may revive his fame, and excite a new curiosity for the perusal of his works.

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HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF THE  
DEATH AND EXECUTION OF  
A CORN BUYER.

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Extract of a Letter from Arundel, dated  
January 23.

THE following singular occurrence took place here, yesterday:—A lady passing along one of the bye streets, was greatly shocked on observing a man, decently apparelled, lying along, motionless, by a heap of rubbish. Conjecturing that he had fallen in a fit, the lady, who is philanthropy personified, caused the body to be immediately conveyed to a neighbouring house, and sent for a Surgeon to breathe a vein. The practitioner having prepared his lancet, and the lady in the hurry and alarm of the moment, having loosed her garter for a bandage, the disciple of Esculapius lifted up the arm, which fell again without sense or motion, and having in vain felt and refelt for a pulse, which was not to be found, declared, with an emphasis, "That it was no use at all at all! (for he

is an Hibernian) for him to take blood from a man who had none in his veins; for sure enough the gentleman was no longer a member of our sublunary system!" The lady enquiring how long he supposed his patient had been dead, he replied, with great sagacity, "that he was pretty certain he had ceased to exist from the moment the breath had gone out of his body." Having returned his lancet to its case, taken his fee, and made his bow, the Undertaker was sent for to perform the funeral obsequies, who, on going to measure the corpse, observed something sticking out through an opening in the waistcoat, which he immediately applied his hand to and dragged forth, exclaiming, "that the deceased had certainly been turned out to browse in the meadows, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, and that the heat of the stomach had turned the grass he had eaten into hay!" In a word, the poor gentleman, the subject of so much commiseration and alarm, proved to be no other than the effigy of a certain Corn Buyer, which had, in the fore part of the day, undergone the discipline of a patibulary suspension on a gallows, erected in the market-place, with a placard, informing of the nature of the offence, viz. raising the price of corn at the market, by giving a greater price for what was offered at a less. This figure, after hanging for several hours, was ordered by the Magistrates to be cut down, and being thrown into a bye lane, gave rise to the foregoing ludicrous circumstance.—In the evening, a great number of boys and others, with lighted torches, resembling, both by their appearance and horrid yells, a legion of imps from the regions below, claimed their destined prey; which having carried in procession through all the streets in the town, consigned it finally to the flames in the



the market place, amidst the execution of numbers of poor people, and, it being market day, in the presence of numerous Corn Buyers and Jobbers, on whom it is to be hoped it may have operated as a salutary admonition.

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BIOGRAPHY OF SIR EDMUND  
MASON,

The Rival of Don Quixotte, and of the  
Emperor Paul.

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**D**IED lately, at Leominster, in Herefordshire, Edmund Mason, a man remarkable, as being in spirit, integrity, disorder of imagination, and even a ray of intellectual ability, the living representative of the inimitable hero Cervantes. Though perfectly harmless, he was constantly accoutred in arms. He fancied himself the greatest General of the age; related deeds achieved by his arm in battle which no other mortal could equal: believed that Kings and Emperors—not excepting the Emperor Paul—had vied in conferring on him, every imaginable title and badge of honour. Mason supposed, that he had enjoyed the confidential friendship and admiration of the late Great Frederick of Prussia. From his foreign correspondents, he told that immense remittances were sent for the support of his dignity; yet, he was ever without money—from the difficulty, as he told, of cashing bills of exchange for millions.

He was decorous and dignified in manners, cleanly in his person, temperate in his diet.

In love with the fancied Princess of some *undiscovered island*, he would not suffer one of the fair sex about him to touch even his little finger. His bed was a roomy wooden chest, from which his musket was constantly levelled. He was in his

latter years confined; but the confinement was reconciled to his mind, by the persuasion that he resided in it as the Governor of the Castle.

He was the author of the original plan for draining and enclosing the common of Widemarsh, near Hereford. He was by birth a gentleman.

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THE HARE IN ITS FORM,

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**T**HE present Month's Number will be found ornamented with two Copper-plates. That which is to be placed to face this page, is, *The Hare in its Form*. The manner in which this animal places itself to repose in the day, has always been noticed as singular; for he sleeps in his form or seat all day, and feeds and copulates in the night. In winter, he chooses a form exposed to the South, and in summer to the North. In summer a Hare will not sit in bushes, but in corn fields and open places: in winter they sit near towns and villages, in tufts of thorns, brambles, &c. The Hare though ever so frequently hunted, seldom leaves the place where she was brought forth, or even the form in which she usually sits. The Hare is supposed to emit very little scent, whilst quietly sitting in her form, as dogs have been known to jump over, and even tread upon her. The lips of the Hare continually move sleeping and waking, and the eye is too big and round for the lid to cover it, even when asleep; so that the creature sleeps, as it were, on the watch. In truth, the Hare is endowed with all those instincts which are necessary to its own preservation, and evince the wisdom and goodness of the Creator of all things.





H. Russell sculp.

*The Hare in its Form.*

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NECESSARY CAUTIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

[In a Letter to a Friend.]

Learn to be wise from others harms,  
And you will do right well!

The writer of the following Letter might, perhaps, have made it more impressive, if he had collected into one view a number of the accidents which have happened, from the ignorance, or negligence, of those who take guns in hand; but he fears that any deficiency, on this melancholy head, will be but too readily supplied by most of his readers!

He has introduced the name of only one person, and that for the purpose of recording the good judgment of a keen and high-spirited Sportsman, whose apprehensions were well founded, as appears by one of the few accidents alluded to. That which relates to the blowing up of a powder-flask, in the act of loading, points out a source of danger seldom taken into consideration.

DEAR SIR,

IN answer to your questions on the subject of SHOOTING, and particularly referring yourself to my opinion on *double-barrelled Guns*, I shall endeavour to give you such hints as my experience may render of any service to you.

Whether a sportsman, who has the perfect management of a *double gun*, can kill more game with it in a season, than he or another person, *ceteris paribus*, can with a *single*, is not here the question; but, whether the many circumstances of inconvenience and danger attending the *double*, do not overbalance the advantages, admitted to their fullest extent; and whether, upon the whole, it is desirable for a young, or indeed any, sportsman, to use one.

You are aware that we adopted the double Gun from the French;

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among whom the few who, under the old government, had the liberty of shooting, frequently got more shots in one day than you do in a month. From the abundance of game, they had the opportunity of picking their shots, which made very small charges answer their purpose; besides that, their shoulders could not have supported such as we find more effectual. The smallness of the charge required, admitted of the French guns being made so slight, that many persons in this country have supposed their iron of a quality superior to ours; but many of them have been burst here, with very moderate charges. I shall mention one instance of their extreme thinness—that I had once a double gun from the reputed best maker in Paris, in which the pattern of the ornaments chased on each side of the sight were distinctly seen indented, on looking through the barrels. Because the French guns are usually made too slight for our purpose, it does not follow that we cannot make them safe; but the fact is, that, from fear of over-weight, and of the breech being made so wide that the left cock should be reached with difficulty, we have made them so slight, that, I am sorry to say, I could furnish you with a well-attested catalogue of double guns, of English make, burst within these few years, attended with various injuries. It must, however, be acknowledged, that the objection of the locks being too far separated, is entirely removed by one of the patents now in force, by which the utmost strength required may be introduced at the breech.

That you may not suppose I recommend high loading, I must explain myself more fully, by observing that, if a man expects to get fifteen or twenty shots in a day, it will be of no advantage to him to



use such a charge as would be more agreeable to his shoulder, in case he should get two hundred; and that one ounce and three quarters, or seven-eighths, of shot, will tell better in the field than the Frenchman's charge-meagre of one ounce. Two ounces of shot is the charge proposed in Page's ingenious treatise on "Shooting Flying;" you will therefore hardly think that my using one ounce and three quarters, can class me with those shooters against whom the following severe restriction was levelled, at the foot of an advertisement for pigeon-shooting, at Billinge Warren-house—*N. B. No person to be allowed to load with more than four ounces of shot!*—A gamekeeper, to whom I mentioned this, laughed, and said, he thought it a pretty fair allowance. On my asking him what weight of shot he himself used, he answered, that he divided one pound into five charges.

A friend of mine, seeing his keeper equipping himself for a pigeon-match, was curious to examine the terrors of the prepared charge, and trying it with the rammer, expressed his surprize at finding it rather less than usual:—"Oh! Sir," replied the keeper, "I have only put in the powder yet."

Of this school are the wild-fowl shooters; in one of whose guns, of six feet barrel, I lately measured a charge to the height of eleven fingers.—"Sir, I likes to give my gun a belly-full."

He who gives a double gun the greatest advantage, has both locks cocked when he prepares to shoot, and discharges each barrel in succession, either at separate objects or the same, as circumstances may require, without removing the butt from his shoulder. Should only one trigger be drawn, there remains one lock cocked; and though there

may be shooters who have never once omitted to let down the unused cock to the half-bent, I appeal to numbers, whether they have not, at some time or other, detected themselves in having loaded one barrel while the lock of that which remained undischarged was still cocked?—On making this discovery, in his own case, the late Sir George Armitage immediately laid aside the double gun. But there is a noted sportsman still fortunately alive, in Yorkshire, who discarded it on still stronger ground; for, while he was loading one barrel, the charge of the other passed so near his body as to tear his waistcoat!

Though there may be some advantage in having both locks cocked, it is very practicable to take the gun down from the shoulder, on having missed a bird with the first barrel, cock, and kill the same bird with the second barrel.

If both locks are cocked, it is usual to pull the hinder trigger first. If the forward trigger is drawn first, there is a risk of the finger slipping over it when it gives way, and touching that behind. Whether this sometimes happens, or one is shaken off by the recoil, or the sears are made so long as to touch one another, it is certain that both barrels are sometimes unintentionally discharged by one pull. I was witness to this happening in the hands of a late keeper, in Berkshire, who, twice in succession, fired both barrels at once, at woodcocks. I was at the edge of the cover, and could just perceive an interval between the sound of the two explosions. On taxing him with the fact, he acknowledged it, but could give no account how it happened; and seemed well satisfied on producing his two birds, most completely peppered.



If only one lock is cocked, the wrong trigger may be drawn; and not answering the pull, whatever part of the work is weakest may be strained, or even broke.

From the practice of drawing the hinder trigger first, when birds are wild, and a second shot seldom to be had, I have seen persons shoot for several days together, without firing the right-hand barrel. By this means, it is evident that one barrel and lock will be worn out before the other. When only one half of a gun is thus brought into use, there seems to be no compensation for the extra weight: and surely a single-barrelled gun, with a reasonably larger charge, would make a better figure. Indeed, if your dogs are broke to lie down till you have reloaded, more shots may be frequently got with a single, than, where they are permitted to run in, with a double gun.

Whether the aim of a double or single gun suits your age best, must be determined by yourself. Though a random sight is more readily caught with the former, there seems a confusion in it, from the two muzzles, breeches, and locks, unfavourable to correctness; and it is so different from that of the latter, that, whenever you change from one to the other, you will hardly fail to find an inconvenience.

There is, indeed, a kind of double gun, known by the name of *Turnabout*, which, however little in use at present, has the following advantages over that which is in fashion:—

As there is no lock to be reached on the left side, there can be no plea for weakening the breech, by contracting its width.

There being only one trigger, no mistake can arise from it.

The aim being the same as with a single gun, no inconvenience can

arise in changing, occasionally from one to the other.

The discharged barrel being regularly turned below the other, the two are equally used; as are also the hammers.

Those who never cock their gun till they raise it to the shoulder, cannot be guilty of loading with a lock cocked.

The muzzle of the barrel to be loaded being always uppermost, as the butt is on the ground, there is less probability of a charge being put into the wrong barrel; which, in loading hastily, sometimes happens. And I cannot but think that guns have actually been burst, from this mistake remaining undiscovered; all the blame being unjustly laid on the maker.

If, however, you should not be discouraged by the hazards which I have pointed out, the weight, and two-fold expence of a *double gun*, and its invidious name in case you should be reported to have trespassed on your neighbour with one in your hand, I shall give you a few hints on the management of it, concluding with some more general cautions.

If you have discharged only one barrel, and are reloading it, before you return the rammer be careful to secure the wadding of the unfired barrel, which, from the recoil, usually becomes loose. This is not only necessary, lest the shot should fall out, but for safety; as, in case of a space between the shot and wadding, the sudden resistance which the shot would meet with, on striking the wadding, might endanger the barrel. I know an instance of a hand being injured, a few years since, by a gun bursting, as it was judged, from this cause alone; for one barrel had been fired several times in succession, and this pre-



caution had not been taken with the other, which burst on the first discharge.

Whether you ram the unfired barrel before or after you have shot the other, adopt one regular time for the operation, lest it should be entirely omitted. If you leave the rammer in the unfired barrel till you have poured shot into the other, be careful that none of it falls into that which holds the rammer, as it may jam, so as to give you considerable trouble.

If birds rise together, and near the shooter, it is not uncommon to see him spoil one, with the first barrel, that the other may be shot at a proper distance; and, if the first is shot well, the second has frequently got so far as to be only wounded, or missed. If there is a very small interval between the time of their rising, the *Turnabout* will answer your purpose as well as the common double gun; and I have shewn that it has some advantages over it.

Let me strictly enjoin you to forbear cocking your gun, till you are actually raising it to the shoulder: be assured, that it is perfectly unnecessary; and that, if you are even in expectation of a rabbit crossing a narrow path before you, no advantage will be gained by it. But, if there should be any, a little reflection will convince you that it is too dearly purchased, by a practice which has given rise to so many accidents. I have a pleasure in considering that I have not only trained young sportsmen in the right way, but have reclaimed even old offenders from this dangerous habit.

I have seen a gun fired, unintentionally, by awkwardness in letting down the cock from the whole to the half bent. To avoid this, be careful not to remove your thumb from the cock, till after having let

it pass beyond the half-bent, and, gently raising it again, you hear the sound of the sear catching the tumbler.

On account of guns being usually carried in the field with the muzzle pointed to the left, and the execrable practice of keeping them cocked, if you have occasion to shoot with a stranger, I shall advise you to plead, for the right-hand station, that you *cannot hit a bird flying to the left*. With a game-keeper, take the right-hand without ceremony. In getting over a fence, except you are well assured of your new companion's care, it will be safer to compliment him with the honour of preceding you: an honour which, by the bye, in a thick black-thorn hedge, it may require some little speechifying to force upon his modesty. You will otherwise frequently find, that, while you were passing the hedge, his gun—cocked—had kept guard—with good aim at your back; and, except you file off as soon as you are clear, the same aim will be kept up till he is clear of the hedge likewise. Should you remonstrate, the usual answer is, "My dear Sir, I assure you, I am remarkably careful."

Should he appear to consider a cocked gun as the best tool to beat bushes with, tell him you are too nervous to touch a feather in company, and get out of shot as fast as you can.

When you cross a ditch, be upon your guard, that, in case of falling, your muzzle may be immediately directed upwards. Few persons, indeed, have sufficient practice in falling, to bring this to a regular habit: but, remember that you *may* fall!

If you should think it necessary to put your gun into any attendant's hands, either for a time or to be carried home, let me recommend



to you to secure the flint, or hammer, by some sort of case, which any man may invent and make of leather himself: or go a step farther, and draw the charge. I do not approve of shaking out the priming; in which case the gun will be considered as unloaded, except that the rammer is put into, and left in, the barrel. And it is a fact, that guns have been fired, when no priming has appeared in the pan.

I shall here point out a source of danger to which you are exposed, from the charge of powder which you are in the act of pouring into the barrel being inflamed, either by tow left in it after cleaning, or a part of the wadding remaining on fire within. I can hardly suppose this to have happened where card-wadding was used: it may from paper; but tow seems more hazardous. In some instances, the charge alone has been inflamed, the top of the flask having been removed in time, or the slider preventing communication with its contents. But it has happened that the whole flask has been blown up; and not many months since, in the case of a gentleman in a northern county, attended with the loss of sight. This hazard is easily obviated, by any method of detaching the measured charge of powder from the flask, before it is poured into the barrel.

In drying gunpowder, be careful to separate from your magazine, of whatever kind, the mere quantity which you wish to dry at once, suppose five or six charges: thus, in case of an accident, you may escape, like myself, with burnt eyebrows and eye-lashes. — But, should you pour into a shovel, unfortunately over-heated, from your stock, even of a single pound, however *cerebri fellicem*, nothing will save you.

I remember your laughing at my hyper-caution, when, handling various guns in the maker's shop, I shifted the muzzles, so that, at no one instant, any one was pointed at a limb of the several persons around us. I was not then exerting any particular care: the practice was habitual to me; and I wish to impress upon your mind, that, with respect to the muzzle being suffered, during the fraction of a second, to point towards any human being, *a gun should always be considered as loaded*. How have the numerous accidents happened, from the kitchen wit of terrifying the maids, by threatening to shoot them, but in presuming guns not to be loaded? In some of these cases, the trigger has been drawn unintentionally; — in others, with a view to study the passion of terror in the human countenance, (inexcusable thus, even in a painter) by snapping the lock; — sometimes, in a struggle, from persons interfering. This species of frolic, I fear, has not been totally confined to the kitchen; — but, on this head, I chuse to be silent.

I have not written thus, to deter you from a captivating amusement, but to enable you to enjoy it with greater security. Many of your friends could have told you all that I have done, and much more; but, till they shall take the trouble to do it, neglect not what I have intended for your advantage.

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#### RUSSIAN MANNERS.

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Those who may conceive that the manners of the Russian take a tincture from his constitution, and that he is as rugged as he is hardy, will be astonished at the following account, which is given of them by a resident at Moscow: —

**T**HE gentleness of the Russians is, universally remarked. — Would you believe that, in the Play-



Play-house, the pit never hiss? They content themselves with not applauding bad actors; but, if the Play is not interesting, a conversation is begun, becomes almost general, and so noisy, that what is passing on the stage can no longer be heard; and if every person does not take part in it, those to whom it is disagreeable are too polite to shew their discontent.

I was yesterday at the Play-house. A Play of VISIN's was acted; it is one of the most favourite in the whole Russian collection; it is called the *Nidorost*, that is, "*The Scholar*." I shall not carry you through all the details of this piece, which turns entirely upon the education which certain parents, ordinarily inhabiting the country, and lately arrived at Moscow for the education of their children, wish to give them. All the humour of the piece is founded on the industry of the son, the carelessness of the masters, and the blindness of the parents. The following is the *dénouement* :—

The Aunt, a woman of accomplished manners, arrives to see her Nephew. They inform her of their incredible good fortune, in having found a French Preceptor, who is far above all praise. She wishes to see this admirable man.—He appears.—"What!" cries she; "This is the Coachman I had at Petersburg."—"We are delighted that you know him!" say the parents. "He is then really a Frenchman!" and the latter, without troubling himself, advances to pay his respects to his *old acquaintance*.—"He was, besides," says the Aunt, "a very good Coachman."—"Wonderful!" answered the parents; and, as it is much easier to manage a child than two horses, they are charmed with the acquisition they have made. The whole

concludes with a general conversation, in which the metamorphosed Coachman takes his part, to the satisfaction of every person, &c.

#### RUSSIAN AMUSEMENTS.

*Extract of a Letter from a Traveller, dated from Moscow.*

FOR these three months have I now been traversing Russia, the only country in the world in which a man is worst received for money, and best by those whom he cannot pay; in which the inn-keepers are the most slovenly and inattentive, and private families the most hospitable and kind. I know not well what to say of this contrast: I have found it sometimes just, and sometimes false; but, on the whole, I think that, for travellers, industry will still be better to be met with than hospitality.

At last I am at Moscow. Nothing can be more singular, in every respect, than the aspect of this city. It seems to contain two nations.—The one inhabit Palaces, speak French, converse about fashions and dresses, compose music, train horses to go to the Opera, give a thousand rubles a year for a house, and an hundred for a well-trained Canary-bird.—The other lodge in huts, constructed in the manner of those of savages, wear long beards, know nothing of the Play-house, enervate themselves with drinking spirits, on Sundays quarrel about nothing like children, and are appeased in the same manner, as soon as two or three buckets of water are thrown on the disputants, which are always kept in readiness for this purpose, in the places where the people assemble.—On the one hand is civilization in



all its luxury; on the other, the state which borders on barbarism. The difference of education thus forms the only cause of this most perceptible difference. Whoever he may be that presents himself to a Russian, will be well received, provided he can amuse. But the desire of amusement appears to be most powerful among the inhabitants of Moscow.

On the 1st of May, the whole city is in motion: all the carriages brilliant in appearance, all the liveries new and shewy, are on the promenade, called *The German Pables*, where they eat under tents and under trees. During the remainder of the summer, every person who has not fled from Moscow to the country, is to be seen constantly at the Vauxhall, in the Palace Gardens, in those of Count Orloff, of Paschkoff, &c.—But the winter is the true season of pleasure: on its approach, an hundred thousand persons return to Moscow: the streets, covered with snow, become so much the better: the ice of the Meska affords a new promenade; and the colds here have, as I am assured, a pleasantness altogether peculiar. I can, on Sundays, go and shew myself in a sledge or a carriage, in the street Pokroskaia, or figure away at the courses on the ice of the Meska.—“But take good care,” said a man to me, who understood these things well, “that, if your sledge is drawn by two horses, it is necessary that one of them should always gallop, and that his companion should at the same time trot, without disconcerting him.”

However strange the above may appear to an Englishman, I have found that, if I neglected this generally observed regulation, I would do well, at least for a considerable time, not to shew myself in good company.

## FRENCH THEATRICALS.

A New Play has been lately brought out in Paris, called *The Calvinists*: or, *Villars at Nismes*. The plot is as follows:—

A respectable Merchant, named *Daubusson*, has taken to his house the children of a proscribed Calvinist, and has collected the wrecks of their fortune. His son falls in love with the daughter of the proscribed Calvinist, and joins the troops of *Cavelier*, the chief of the rebels. *Daubusson*, though a Catholic, is exposed to great suspicion, and he is denounced to *Villars* as a favourer of the Calvinists.—This General, who assists with great reluctance in the measures which are taken against the Religionists, wishes to ascertain the truth of the charges against *Daubusson*, and fixes his head-quarters in his house. He immediately perceives him to be an honest man, and offers him his assistance; but *Daubusson*, who is conscious of the rectitude of his motives, persists in avowing all the charges brought against him. *Villars* is at a loss how to act, when the two children of the proscribed Calvinist throw themselves at his feet, and supplicate him in favour of their benefactor. The young girl pleads his cause with great earnestness, and at length succeeds. A perfidious friend, who had carried on a correspondence with the rebels, and who had secretly accused *Daubusson*, is detected by *Villars*, and punished. And, finally, *Cavelier* agrees to the propositions of the Marshal, and young *Daubusson*, who had been taken prisoner, is united to *Sophia*.

This piece was not very favourably received. Indeed, the dreadful persecutions which have of late been experienced, make us feel but little interest in those of so remote a period.



## TRICK OF A FRENCH QUACK.

A Gentleman, after having ruined his fortune by extravagance, bethought himself of turning quack. He attempted at Paris without success, and then directed his views to the provinces. He arrived at Lyons, and announced himself as "*the celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who can restore the dead to life!*" and he declared that, in fifteen days, he would go to the public church-yard, and excite a *general resurrection!*

This declaration excited violent murmurs against the Doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the Magistrate, and requested he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking.

The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *Beaume de Vie*.

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety among the inhabitants of Lyons increased. At length he received the following letter from a rich citizen:—

"The great operation, Doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury; and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. — In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment! — I will give you fifty Louis to keep your secret to yourself!"

In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest applications, entreated the Doctor not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city; as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered

him a fee of sixty Louis; but the Doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the Doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the Doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to "an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the Chief Magistrate of the city waited upon the Doctor, and said—

"Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you *can revive* the dead; and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power."

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other place. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold; where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A Lady, who was a down-right *Charlatan* in love, assisted in reducing him to want; but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.



DIFFERENT OPINIONS ON THE  
SCARCITY.

"Quot homines, tot sententiae."

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

TO you, your readers, and the world in general, I announce, that it was only on Thursday last that I travelled in the stage-coach from Birmingham to London. That in the same coach were six others, namely, a child, two clergymen, a button-maker, an apothecary, and one more, who was neither a divine, nor an apothecary, nor a button-maker, but an old woman. We all appeared to be people of fine speculative dispositions, and deeply interested in what was passing in the world; yet, having nothing more to do with bread than to eat it; with the war, than to support it; with taxes, than to pay them; or with the laws, than to obey them; it will naturally be supposed, that such a party, in times so critical, with an opportunity so short of discussing subjects of importance, did not waste much of our time in silence, or compliments. The preliminaries were soon adjusted. The sun shone too bright to admit of a doubt that it was a very fine day; and the usual resolutions that the road was dull, the coach uneasy, and the driver of it a tiresome dog, were carried with more unanimity than approbation. We then proceeded to take the sense of the coach upon the subject of the Scarcity of Corn. What was said on that occasion, I presume to transmit to you; and begin by informing you, that the conversation arose from one of my reverend companions asking of the button-maker, whether there was now any apprehension of disturbances at Birmingham?

hension of disturbances at Birmingham?

*Button-maker.*—All is quiet, Sir, at present; but God knows how long it may continue so—the price of corn does not fall. Those that have neither money, nor work, nor bread, must needs be poor, idle, and hungry; and if hunger breaks down stone walls, no wonder if it breaks a baker's windows. But as long as the authors of these miseries find their account in the cause of them, the war must continue, I suppose; and the people starve on.

*First Clergyman.*—I am afraid the root of the evil is fixed more deeply than in the war. That, though long, can only be temporary; our's is a chronic disorder, and therefore more difficult to cure. Large farms, and the opulence of our farmers, are the cause of our distress. The quantity of corn in the country should regulate the market, and the market govern the farmer; whereas our farmers are now rich enough to direct the market, and the quantity of corn goes for nothing. The war has no more to do with it than —

*Second Clergyman.*—Your rich farmers! How singular it is, my dear Sir, that you so wilfully shut your eyes upon what forces it upon your observation! In the very nature of things, the rise and fall of corn in the market, must be as sure a sign of the scarcity or plenty of it, as the pointing of a weather-cock is of the quarter from which the wind blows: one would think this proposition of itself sufficiently evident; even were it not supported in the present instance, by what every one who has eyes in his head, and walks about, must see, that the crop has this year been very deficient.

*Apothecary.*—I must confess, that what the gentleman says of his proposition,



proposition, no more meets my idea of the thing, than the sight, he alludes to, does the eyes, that I walk about with in my head. On the contrary, where I have observed, the corn has grown well, and perhaps was never got in in such good weather: and though the farmers have caught the fashion of complaining of the crop in general, ask them individually, and they will tell you they have no reason to be dissatisfied with their own. But will the gentleman account for the scarcity of other things by his short crop? Or will he say that cattle are scarce, or that feed is scarce? If the evil is general, the cause can never be so partial: and I am convinced, that it will be found to be nothing more or less than the increasing commerce and prosperity of the country, which having thrown an immense quantity of money into circulation, a depreciation of money, or, in other words, a rise of every thing must take place, of course: that rise naturally begins with the necessaries of life; but, in a little time, we shall see the price of labour, of manufactures, and the rent of land advanced in the same proportion; and then what cause will he have to complain, who pays double what he used to pay for his dinner, if he receives double wages for his work? The uneasiness we at present feel, is the sudden flush of health, the beginning of a universal glow.

*Button-maker.*—Say, rather, the spasms of a general debility. It is the war that has given to those that had, and from those that had not it has—they have lost their *nothing*. It has made the poor less able to give a fair price, and the rich more able to ask an exorbitant one. The wealth you speak of, is an imaginary capital of funded

debt, and so far from riches, is real poverty.

*Old Woman.*—My notion is, that till all forestillers are hanged, or, at least, a few for example's sake, we shall never get right again. And my husband says, he does not think the fault is in the farmers; for though they live well, they do not make fortunes, or they would leave off work, and live like gentlemen, as other folks do; but he says, it is the mealmen and corn-factors, who come in between those that grow the corn, and those that eat it, that do the mischief, and so I believe.

*First Clergyman.*—Indeed the farmers would not have it so much in their power to oppress the people, were it not for the country banks. These I look upon as great evils. He, who would otherwise be forced to sell his wheat immediately, to pay his rent, mortgages his stack to the banker and having paid his landlord with the paper, waits till he can sell his corn at an enormous price. And the speedy communication now established between all parts of the country, together with the general diffusion of common learning, which enables farmers to correspond with each other more easily, tend to keep up the price uniformly throughout the kingdom.

*Old Woman.*—Aye: I always said what would come of all this reading and writing.

*Second Clergyman.*—The present distress can never be accounted for by any thing of so long standing as country banks. The sensation which they produced, would have been felt upon their first establishment; the crop of that year might have been delayed for a time; but upon the approach of the next harvest, the farmer must either have carried it there with precipitation, or lost the sale of it; and after



after that, the corn must have made its appearance in a regular manner, though perhaps some months later than before. The same reasoning applies to your other observation, and also to the method of selling corn by sample. No, Sir, it is a real scarcity, arising from a deficiency of two successive years.

*Button-maker*.—It arises from a bloody, expensive, unjust, and unnecessary war.

*Clergyman*.—It is not war, but famine.

*Apothecary*.—It is no famine, nor even scarcity.

*Old Woman*.—Those vile forestallers—

*1st Clergyman*.—Those pernicious country banks—

*2d Clergyman*.—If there was not a real scarcity—

*Apothecary*.—The immense influx of wealth—

*Button-maker*.—To gratify a set of——

*Myself*.—All these, perhaps, may——

But the confusion was now become general; and I could collect no more, for each was determined to discharge himself of his whole system, before he attended to what another had to offer. It is strange, that though all were speakers, no order should be kept; and impossible to say what might have been the issue of the debate, had not the loud cries of the terrified infant caused, perhaps, a very seasonable interruption of it.

H. P.

# THE BAILIFFS BAFFLED.

SOME few months ago a Mr. C. a Frenchman, being much in debt, was beset continually by the Bailiffs; and being, one morning, informed by the maid of the house, where he lodged, that the Philistines were hanging about the door,

he immediately packed up every article he had of apparel, even to his shirt, hastened into bed, and requested the servant to secure his box in her room, telling her, if they asked for him, to say he was at home. They knocked, and enquired; and being answered in the affirmative, were directed to his garret. Tapping at his door, they were told to come in; and, going to the bed-side, they asked if he was Mr. C.?

"Yes.

"Then we have a writ against you, for ——"

"Ha! ha!" said Monsieur.—"Let-a-me see!—Ha! You take my body! your writ say."

"Yes; you must get up, and go with us.—Come, make haste, and dress yourself!"

"Bazar, I have no dress!"

"No dress!—What do you mean by that?—Come, come, we can't loiter here: get up!"

"Upon my word, all my dress at de pawnbroker.—You take my body! your writ say.—No dress." And immediately he sprang from the bed in *puris naturalibus*, and danced about the room. Being a perfect *Esau*, he made a most grotesque appearance.

The myrmidons in vain insisted on his dressing; while he reiterated "Take my body!"

"Why, who will take you in such a state?"

"I cannot tell," said he.—"You take my body!"

"D—n your body!—Come along, Flannagan!—We'll have him as yet, some how or other—D—n his body!" and for that time they left him.

The Frenchman hastily equipped himself, and instantly changed his lodging. In a few weeks after, the powerful arrester of mortals seized him, and for ever freed him from trouble.



## MODERN ARABIAN CARAVANS.

The following account is given by ROSIERÈS, one of the French Scavants, in a letter dated from *Suez*, the 11th of November, of the manner in which the Arabs march and encamp, and of their customs and mode of living in the Desert.

**T**HAT which surprized us most, on our joining a Caravan of Mount Sinai Arabs, was the order with which the Arabs were encamped, which is not usual with the Turkish Caravans. Every tribe, and every section, is encamped separately. Each Camp is divided into small parties of seven or eight Arabs, round a fire, preparing in common the provisions which will be necessary during the march of the next day.

These preparations occupy a part of the evening: they are principally employed in making bread. They mix their flour in a small wooden trough, and make paste without any leaven, with which they make most excellent cakes. In order to dress them, they make a hole in the ground, and, after having heated it, they put the cakes in, and then cover up the hole with camel's dung. They do not use copper plates, as the other Arab tribes do. With this bread they eat a few handfuls of beans, which are taken out of the provisions belonging to the camels, and which they boil in order to soften. This is their only nourishment during their journey. They take coffee regularly twice a day; and the necessary utensils for preparing it form a considerable part of their baggage.

These Arabs appear but little attached to the Mahometan religion: many of them know nothing more of the Koran than the name of Mahomet. Perhaps, when we know them better, we shall disco-

ver more information among them. They are almost all clothed and armed in the same manner: their principal covering is a long large robe, open before, and without any sleeves: there are only two holes, through which they pass their arms. This garment is of coarse wool, and at the top it is striped black and white. The children have no other covering; but the men wear underneath it a kind of shirt of white wool, and about the waist they wear a leathern belt. Their boots are made of buffalo's skin, very clumsily, but they are sufficient to secure their feet from the flints, of which the road is full.—Every one of them, without exception, is armed with a two-edged dagger, very crooked, and some of them are very richly mounted; but the quality of the blades are nearly all alike. Those who have the best arms, are those who defend the Caravans, and they carry a match-lock.

They seemed very contented at our travelling with them over the mountains. Citizen Coutelle and I visited their encampments, and they shewed us the greatest kindness: they gave us coffee, and would force us to eat some bread dressed in camel's dung.—They seem, in general, very much contented with the treatment they experience from the French, and with the protection which is given to their trade. The Sheiks of the different tribes praised the magnificence of the Commander in Chief, who had made them presents of very fine pelices the evening of their departure. We are in as much security among them, as among the French.

In seven days we shall reach *Tor*, which is where we shall rest one or two days, before we set out for Mount Sinai. We are determined, if it is possible, to advance to the Gulf



Gulph of Acaba: if we succeed, we shall be able to obtain pretty authentic information of the whole peninsula between the two gulphs, which terminate the Red Sea in the southern part.

CLERKENWELL SESSIONS.

*Monday, January 12.*

THE business at this place commenced this day, before William Mainwaring, Esq.

CART-DRIVER.

Edward Thornton was indicted for assaulting Captain Durnford.—It appeared that Captain Durnford was in a one horse chaise, on the evening of the 8th of November, near Kilburn Wells: there not being room to pass the cart of which the Defendant had the care, and he not being near it, Capt. D. was induced to touch the fore-horse, in order to be able to pass it. Immediately the Defendant coming up, abused Capt. D. and asked him what right he had to touch his horses. Capt. D. then offered to take his number, but was opposed by the Defendant, who struck him on the shoulder; upon which Capt. D. knocked him into a ditch, and told him he would stand over him until he told him where he lived, and the number of his cart, he having, previous to this, plastered it all over with mud, so that the name or number could not be perceived. Two men came out of a field, to the assistance of the Defendant, and Capt. D. found it necessary to return to the chaise for his sword, with which he kept the assailants at bay until he made the man inform him who he was.

The Jury immediately found the Defendant—*Guilty*.

The Chairman said, the public were much obliged to Captain

Durnford, for having brought the Defendant's conduct before the Court; that drivers of carts had no right to prevent any person from looking at their number, whether they had been acting amiss or not, but in the present instance, the Defendant had acted in a very culpable manner. The Court therefore sentenced him to be imprisoned in the House of Correction for one month.

POACHERS.

Francis Mattenly and James Mattenly were indicted for assaulting William John Arabin, Esq. on the 15th of July, at Drayton, in Middlesex.

The Prosecutor stated, that, knowing the Defendants to be poachers, and seeing them, on the day stated in the indictment, with an unlawful net, fishing in a small river near Drayton, he immediately went up to them, being a Magistrate, and in the King's name demanded them to deliver up their net. They refused so to do, at the same time damning him and the King; on which he endeavoured to lay hold of the net, in order to wrest it from them, when he was immediately struck by the father, Francis Mattenly. He still persevered in endeavouring to obtain the net, but was unsuccessful; when the young Mattenly came to his father's assistance with a long pike, and made a thrust at the Prosecutor, in the same manner as a soldier does when he charges with fixed bayonet, and he was obliged to relinquish his purpose.

A witness was called to substantiate General Arabin's testimony. He stated, that he was upon a haystack at the distance of near a hundred yards, and that all he knew of the matter was, that they all appeared to be in a *humbug*.

For the Defendants, Richard Bennet



Bennet was called, who said, that he was in company with them when fishing; that General Arabin came up, and caught James Mastenly by the collar, saying, "You rascal! what business have you here?" To which he replied, "I hope I have not done any wrong! I did not mean to offend you."—The Prosecutor then said, "If I had my pistols, I would shoot you."—He then told his son, who was present, to fetch his pistols: they, however, were not brought.

This witness's testimony was confirmed by two other witnesses, with the addition of a Mr. Rolfe, who stated the water where they were fishing to be on his grounds; and that he had given permission to them to fish in it.

The Jury found the Defendants *Not Guilty*.

#### WESTMINSTER SESSIONS.

##### ASSAULT.

**L**AST month, *Dalleway, Clarke, and King*, three roaring sons of Bacchus, were indicted for an assault upon a sentinel in St. James's Park. It appeared these dashing heroes, one of whom is a Banker's clerk, one the mate of an Indiaman, and the other a tradesman in the city, had indulged in copious libations at the shrine of the jolly god, and, hot with the Tuscan grape, were proceeding through St. James's Park in their way to their head-quarters. It was at that hour when night is at odds with morning; and their noisy revelry rent the spheres, and awoke even the sober inhabitants of the Royal Palace. The sentinel, astounded at the unexpected invasion of these vociferous knights, or rather knights-errant, retarded their progress with fixed bayonet, and was preparing to convey them to *durance*

*vile* till morning; but they, nothing dismayed, threatened to divest him of his arms and accoutrements, and exhibit him *in puris naturalibus*.—They would have carried this threat into instant execution, but that they were prevented by the arrival of the guard. The Ensign who commanded it was at a loss how to deal with such determined opponents, and referred to the Serjeant for advice. They told the Ensign, they had bravely stood volleys of grape-shot the whole evening, and did not care for any he could fire at them: they added, he was a s—y nose boy, and advised him to go to school again. They were, however secured, and delivered over to the secular arm.

These facts were all proved; but, as the delinquents had not exceeded threats, they were dismissed with a suitable lecture.

##### ANECDOTE.

**A** Person happening to call one day upon an acquaintance, found him exercising his wife with that discipline that *Jobson* tries in the Farce of the *Devil to Pay*; and, being hurt at the ungenerous task undertaken by his friend, he begged of him, by all the ties of honour, to forbear, at the same time asking him the occasion of such severe treatment.

"The occasion is," said the enraged husband, "that she will not be *Mistress in her own house*."

His friend expressed great astonishment at the answer, and remarked, "that the omission was such as, he believed, no woman ever gave her husband occasion to thrash her for before."

"Ah! but, by G—d," said the husband, "my wife won't be *Mistress*, because she wants to be *Master*!"

EXTRAORDINARY



## EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

*Memoirs of Lord Rokeley.*

MATTHEW Robinson Morris, eldest son of Sir Septimius Robinson, Knt. was born at Mount Morris, at his father's house, in Horton, near Hythe, in the county of Kent, in the year 1712. His early years were spent in this place, till he went to Westminster School, whence he was admitted at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, a pensioner, where he took his degree of bachelor of laws, and was soon after elected a fellow of the society, a place which he retained to the day of his death. It is not unusual at Trinity Hall, for men of large fortune to retain their fellowships. The society consists of twelve fellows, two of whom only are clergymen, and perform the regular and necessary duties of the college, such as those of tutor, lecturer, dean: but the other ten fellows, seldom or never make their appearance in Cambridge, unless at the twelve days of Christmas, at which time the usual hospitality of that season of the year is conspicuous in the college, and the lay-fellows having enjoyed good eating and drinking, and examined the college accounts, return to Doctors' Commons, the Inns of Court, or their country seats. Mr. Robinson, in the early part of his life, used sometimes to be of these parties, where his company was always acceptable, and his absence always regretted. As heir to a country gentleman of considerable property, he was not compelled to apply his abilities in the usual pursuits of a laborious and now almost technical profession; he enjoyed an introduction to the higher circles of life, and being possessed of the advantages of a liberal education and accomplished manners, he

united the studies of the scholar with the occupations of a gentleman, and divided his time very agreeably between Horton, London, Bath, and Cambridge. In this period of his life, the celebrated peace of Aix-la Chapelle attracted the attention of Europe; and the place appointed for negotiation, at all times, from its waters, of great resort, was more than usually filled with good company. Soon after the ambassadors had here taken up their abode, Mr. Robinson escorted Lady Sandwich to this grand scene of gallantry and politics, where the classical taste of Lord Sandwich, the eccentricity of Wortley Montague, among his own countrymen, the prudence of Prince Kaunitz, the solidity of the Dutch deputies, and the charms of their ladies, for the Dutch belles carried away the palm of beauty at this treaty, afforded him an inexhaustible fund of instruction and entertainment. Having no official employment, and appearing in that once envied character of an English gentleman, his company was generally sought after, and the ladies of the higher class thought their parties incomplete without his presence, and the *corps diplomatique* bowed to his credentials.

Among the women none more sprightly, none more ready to join innocent mirth, or to be the subject of it, when a mistake in his language might give occasion to pleasantry; but foreigners admired the strength of his character, when his conversation was suited to graver subjects, and no man presumed to laugh at his mistakes, without repenting of his temerity. Respected by the men, and acceptable to the women, he was noted here for a singularity which he retained during his whole life, a remarkable attachment to bathing. He surprised the medical men by the length of his



his stay in the hot-bath, very often two hours or more at a time, and by going in and out without any of the precautions which were then usual, and which future experience has proved to be unnecessary. On his return to England, nothing particular happened to him till his election to Parliament by the city of Canterbury, which place he represented, and, we may add, really represented, for two successive Parliaments. His neighbourhood to Canterbury, had naturally introduced him to some of the higher classes of that city; but he had no idea of a slight acquaintance with a few only of his constituents, he would know and be known to them all. His visits to Canterbury gratified himself and them. They were visits to his constituents, whom he called on at their shops and their looms, walked within their market-places, spent the evening with at their clubs. He could do this from one of his principles, which he had studied with the greatest attention, and maintained with the utmost firmness, the natural equality of man. No one was more sensible than himself of the advantages and disadvantages of birth, rank, and fortune. He could live with the highest, and he could also live with the lowest in society; with the forms necessary for an intercourse with the former class, he was perfectly well acquainted, and he could put them in practice; to the absence of these restraints, he could familiarize himself, and could enter into casual conversation with the vulgar, as they are called, making them forget the difference of rank, as much as he disregarded it; hence, perhaps, there never was a representative more respected and beloved by his constituents, and his attention to the duties of Parliament entitled him to their veneration. Independ-

dent of all parties, he uttered the sentiments of his heart; he weighed the propriety of every measure, and gave his vote according to the preponderance of argument. The natural consequence of such a conduct was, in the first Parliament, a disgust with the manners of the house; and he would have resigned his seat at the general election, if his father had not particularly desired him to make one more trial, and presented him at the same time with a purse, not such as has lately been thought necessary, for the party to pay his election expences. Mr. Robinson was re-elected, and what will astonish the generality of members, made no demand on his father for election bills; for, after paying every expence with liberality, he found himself a gainer, in a considerable sum, by the election. Corruption had not then made such dreadful havock in the mind, as it has been our destiny to lament in a subsequent period, yet Mr. R. found himself uneasy in the performance of his duty. He conceived that a Member of Parliament should carry into the house a sincere love of his country, sound knowledge, attention to business, and firm independence.—That measures were not to be planned and adopted in a minister's parlour, nor the House of Commons to be a mere chamber of Parliament to register his decrees.—That in the House of Commons every member was equal; that it knew no distinction of minister, county-member, city-member, or borough-member. That each individual member had a right to propose, to assist in deliberation, aid by his vote in carrying or rejecting a measure, according to the dictates of his own mind; and that the greatest traitors, with which a country could be cursed, were such persons as would enter into Parliament without any intention



tion of studying its duties, and examining measures, but with a firm determination to support the Minister or his opponents, according as the expectation or actual enjoyment of a place, pension, or emolument derived from administration, led them to enlist under the banners of one or the other party. Even in his time, he thought he saw too great confidence placed in the heads of party—too little reliance on private judgment—too little attention to parliamentary duties. The uniform success of every ministerial measure did not accord with his ideas of a deliberative body, and he determined to quit a place in which he thought himself incapable of promoting the public good; and where he was determined not to be aiding or abetting in any other measures. To the great regret of of his constituents, he declined the offer of representing them at the next election; and no future entreaties could induce him to resume an occupation in which, as he told them, better eyes were required than his to see, better ears to hear, and better lungs to oppose the tricks of future ministers.

By the death of his father, in the second period of his parliamentary life, Mr. Robinson came into possession of the paternal estate, and had now a full opportunity of realizing his own schemes of life.—About twelve miles from Canterbury, on the ancient Roman road leading to the *Portus Lemannus*, the present *Lympe*, by turning a few paces to the left, the walker, who has been fatigued as much by the uniformity as the roughness of the road, feels on a sudden his heart expanded by a most extensive prospect, which he commands from a lofty eminence. Before him, and under his feet, at a distance of five or six miles, commences the vast flat, known by the name of *Rombey*

Marsh, which, with the *Weald* of Kent, is bounded to his eye by *Dugeness*, *Beachy Head*, and the hills of *Sussex* and *Surrey*, and the ridge of hills on a part of which he stands, and which runs through nearly the middle of the county of Kent into *Surrey*. Turning eastward, he perceives the sea, and has a glimpse of the coasts of France. His view is bounded by hills still higher, as he turns to the north; but from the top of these hills, at half a mile distance from the spot on which he stands, he commands the same extensive prospect over the Marsh and West Kent, which is enriched on a fine day by the view of the coast of France from *Boulogne* to *Calais*, seeming scarcely to be separated from the island. At the bottom of these hills stands the family mansion, a substantial brick house, with offices suited to the residence of a man with four or five thousand a year. When Mr. R. came to the estate, there were about eight hundred acres round the house, partly in his own occupation, partly let out to tenants: they were allotted into fields of various dimensions, bounded by the substantial hedges so well known to be the ornament of Kent, but cutting the ground into too many minute parts for picturesque beauty. There was a garden walled in, and suitable roads to the house. Mr. R. took the whole of this land into his own occupation as soon as possible; and nature, with his occupancy, began to resume her rights. The only boundaries on his estate were, soon, only those which separated his land from that of his neighbours. Adieu to the use of gates or stiles in the interior; they were left to gradual decay. The soil was not disturbed by the labours of horse and man; the cattle had free liberty to stray wherever they pleased; the trees were no longer dishonoured



noured by the axe of the woodman; the pollards strove to recover their pristine vigour; the uniformity of hedges and ditches gradually disappeared; the richest verdure clothed both hills and valleys; and the master of the mansion wandered freely in his grounds, enjoying his own independence and that of the brute creation around him.

The singularity of this taste excited naturally a great deal of curiosity, and, as usual, no small degree of censure. But, whatever may be objected on the score of profit, it is certain that the gain on the scale of picturesque beauty was, we might almost say, infinite. In a national view, the subject admits of much discussion; but the question has seldom been fairly stated and argued. The point is, could these acres have produced so much food, and cloathing, and implements for manufactures, if they had been subject to tillage and the usual mode of agriculture? In these times of agricultural curiosity, the question becomes interesting; but the present limits do not permit us to enter into the whole of Mr. R.'s views in the management of his affairs. But the gaps in the hedges, the growing up of the pollards, and the verdure of the grounds, might have been supportable, if the coach-roads also had not disappeared, the coach-house become useless, the gardens been trodden under foot by horses and oxen, and the hay-lofts superfluous. At the same time that nature resumed her rights over his fields, she took full possession of the master, and gave him the active use of his limbs. The family coach stirred not from its place to the day of his death: he seldom got into a chaise, and performed long journeys on foot. Naturally of a tender and delicate constitution, he thus became hardened to all weathers, and enjoyed

his faculties and spirits to the day of his death. Indulging himself in these peculiarities, in which by the way, to say the worst of them, he was no man's enemy but his own, he kept up a considerable intercourse with his neighbours, and a correspondence with characters eminent in the political world: he published a pamphlet in the American war, replete with sound sense, and which procured among other marks of respect, a journey from London to Bath, by a person with the express view, and extreme desire, of conversing with its author. He reprobated, during the whole of that unnatural contest, the conduct of administration; and the men of Kent, who were not at that time subdued by ministerial influence, listened with pleasure to its firm opponent, at their county meetings.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

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On Monday, the 5th inst. the following very extraordinary incident occurred at St. Ive's, in Cambridgeshire.

A Bullock walked into the passage of the Royal Oak public-house, in that town; and the stair-case door being open, it went up stairs into the dining-room, and ran with such violence against the front window (which was a sash) as to drive the whole of the window-frame into the street, where the animal fell also, (the height of more than ten feet) but, apparently, without receiving any material injury, although so much terrified that it ran with great precipitancy down to the bridge; and being stopped there, it leaped over the side thereof into the river, when it was carried down the current so rapidly, from a very high flood, that it has never since been heard of.

*For*



For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## THE EQUESTRIAN PHILOSOPHER

A Philosophical traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend Jack Easy — Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been properly broke in: he cantered over the plains of Fandy, went off in a full gallop to the road of *Dissipation*, and leaped over all the five-barred gates of *Advice* and *Discretion*. It may naturally be supposed, that, before long, his filly gave him a fall: poor Jack came down, sure enough; but he only shook himself, brushed off the dirt of the road, and mounted again in as high spirits as ever, excepting that he now began to sit firmer in the saddle, and to look about him. This, however, did not hinder him from getting into a swamp called a *Law-Suit*, where he remained a considerable time before he could get out. His fortune was now reduced from some thousands to a few hundreds; and, by this time, no man better knew the way of *Life* than my friend Jack Easy. — He had been through all the dirty cross-roads of *Business*, *Money-lending*, *Bankruptcy*, and *Law*; and had, at last, arrived at a *gaol*.

My friend Jack, however, did not despond. He consoled himself with the reflection that he was a single man: some of his misfortunes were the consequences of his own imprudence, others of unforeseen accidents, and most of them originated from his good-nature and generosity. He, however, never excused; he lumped them all together, took them in good part, and blamed nobody but himself: he whistled away his troubles, and repeated —

I am out of Fortune's power!

He, who's down, can sink no lower.

The Goddess, however, put on her best smiles, and paid Jack a visit in the King's Bench, in the shape of a handsome *legacy*. Jack smiled at the thing, being, as he called it, so extremely *apropos*, and once more mounted his nag. He now rode more cautiously, turning into the road of *Economy*, that led to a comfortable inn with the sign of *Competency* over the door. He had borrowed a martingale from an old hostler, called *Experience*; and he now, for the first time in his life, used a *carb*. He began already to find, that, though he did not gallop away as formerly, yet he went on his journey pleasantly enough. — Some *dashing* riders passed him, laughing at his jog-trot pace: but he had no occasion to envy them long; for, presently, some of them got into *ruts*, others were stuck fast in *bogs* and *quagmires*, and the rest were thrown from their saddles, to the great danger of their necks. Jack Easy, mean while, jogged on merrily: hot or cold, wet or dry, he never complained: he now preferred getting off, and opening a gate, rather than leaping over it; and smiled at an obstacle, as at a turnpike, where he must necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented, either to walk, trot, or canter, through *Life*, has by much the advantage of his fellow-travellers: he suits himself to all paces, and seldom quarrels with the tricks which the jade *Fortune* is sometimes disposed to play him. You might now see Jack Easy walking his hobby along the road, enjoying the scene around him, with contentment sparkling in his eyes. If the way happened to be crowded with horsemen and carriages, you might observe him very readily taking his own side of the road, and letting them pass. If it began to rain, or blow, Jack only pulled up the collar of his great coat,



flapped his hat, and retreated to the little hedge, that *Philosophy* afforded him, till the storm was over. — Thus my friend, Jack Easy, came in with a jog trot to the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him, for the good of other travellers, as a kind of *finger-post*.

### EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING INTELLIGENCE, &c.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

**I**F you think the following Sporting Occurrences worthy of insertion, by giving them a place in your entertaining Magazine, you will oblige, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

“On Wednesday the 24th of December, the hounds of Mr. Loder threw off at Eaton Furzes, and after drawing a large scope of heath country, were proceeding to Wyt-ham Woods, (belonging to the Earl of Abingdon) when they found an out-lying Fox, near Whitby Farm, who, upon being roused, went off in high stile, the hounds close at him, over Cummer Meadow, Farnover Common, and through Stroud Coppice, to Wyt-ham Great Woods; thence through Murley Wood, and across the open country to Stone's Heaths; thence through Bruncomb Coppice, to Foxcomb Hill, and into those large extensive coverts known by the name of Bagley Woods. Refusing the shelter this covert offered, (the earth not being stopped) he boldly passed through, and taking the open country again, made through the village of Wootton on to Besselsleigh, towards Tubney Wood, nearly reaching which, he was headed by some Woodmen, and bent his course to Appleton Com-

mon; leaving which, he made again to Besselsleigh, and making for Tubney Warren, was run into, in a most gallant stile, near a farm-yard, after a most severe chase of two hours and three quarters, and supposed to have run at least thirty miles. — Only eight of the original field in at the death.”

### DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

Monday, January 5, 1801.

“FOUND at fifteen or twenty minutes past twelve, P. M. Unkennelled at Fakenham Wood, skirted Sapiston Groves, through Bardwell, to the left for Stanton Groves; through Dovehouse Wood, skirting Wicken, crossed the Grindel for Stanton High-wood, Hepworth North-common End, and Barningham Heath, in a line for Fakenham Wood; then turned short to the right, through the inclosures between Coney Weston and Barningham, to Market Weston Fen. He was then headed up to Weston church, and made from thence, round by Thelnetham, to Hopton Common. He then made away for the south end of Garboldisham Common, across the river to Garboldisham Old Plantation, skirted all the covers, and made the point to East Harling steeple: turned sharp to the right, and away by Uphall for the borders of Lop-ham Common: headed, and crossing Harling-hill Heath and Field, made for Quiddenham High Grove through Mr. Gooch's meadows, over the bridge between Eccles and Quiddenham, up to Wilby, over the warren to Buckenham-mill; then pointing to Banham church, turned to the left for Buckenham New Inclosures. There tally-hoed, and ran him into a field to the east of Buckenham town, in Norfolk, and killed at half past four o'clock.”

On



On the Monday following, the same hounds unkenelled a fox at Pakenham Wood; which, after a chase of two hours and three quarters, they killed in Hengrave Park.

### THE MARQUIS OF EXETER'S STATE BED.

A subject of general conversation, among the higher circles is, Lord Exeter's Bed, which is extraordinary for stile and elegance. The following particulars may not be unacceptable to our Fashionable Readers:—

THE bedstead is, with a canopy top, at least eighteen feet high: the dome is of crimson velvet, the hangings of crimson satin lined with white satin, and a correspondent fringe of crimson and silver. Three fluted columns, with very highly finished Corinthian capitals, instead of a single pillar, appear at the foot of the bed, three on each side. The family arms are placed on the head-board, richly carved and gilt. On the returns of the cornice are likewise the arms; and the coronet is in the centre, in raised gold. The coverlet is of white satin, with a very magnificent embroidery in gold; the blankets of the finest swansdown, and the mattresses are finished in the same stile as the bed. The height is six feet, and the ascent is by steps affixed on each side. The bed is upon a retiring principle: by means of swivels, the whole paraphernalia of a *sanctum sanctorum* disappears, and then it exhibits a throne or state drawing-room, where the Marchioness may receive the Sons and Daughters of Fashion in appropriate costume.—The expence of this superb bed is said to be nearly three thousand pounds.

### MRS. CHAMPNEY'S MASQUERADE.

AN elegant suite of apartments were thrown open at Orchardleigh-house, Bath, for the reception of masks, who, to the number of two hundred, assembled at an early hour. In order to heighten the hilarity of the entertainment, all dominos were excluded. The characters were numerous; and these, by their frequent change of dress, added apparently to the catalogue of merry mortals. Among the most prominent were

A Jeffery Wild-Goose, in search of his daughter.

An Owl.

A lame Fiddler.

Punch.

A most beautiful figure, in the dress of a Christ's Hospital Boy.

A Fury, clothed in the terrors of infernal paraphernalia, pursuing an Orestes.

Two chattering Barbers.

A Dancing Bear.

A pretty milk-maid.

An elegant representative of a Fille de Patmos; and

A French Taylor, *bien habille*, galloping on a very magnificent goose.

The last mask was exquisite; and, by the drollery of its appearance, and the novelty of its accoutrements, preserved its fascination throughout the whole of the entertainment.

### MIRTH IN A MASK.

AN original and comical scene, at the masked ball given on occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin to the Archduchess of Austria, afforded much diversion to Louis XV.

A beaufet, splendidly furnished, offered refreshments in profusion to the



the company at the ball.—A mask, in a yellow domino, came there frequently, and made dreadful havock among the cooling liquors and exquisite wines, and all the solid provisions. No sooner did this mask disappear, than he came back again, more thirsty and more hungry than ever. He was observed by some masks, who shewed him to others: the yellow domino became the object of universal curiosity. His Majesty wishing to see him, and anxious to know who he was, had him followed. It was found that this was a domino belonging in common to the Hundred Swiss, who, putting it on alternately, succeeded each other at this post, which was not the worst in the room.

It is well known, that one of the Hundred Swiss, who is equal to three or four men in corpulence, devours full as much as ten: so that it was just as if a thousand mouths had been fed at the banquet.

LETTER from THREE WORKING  
TAYLORS to their MASTER, re-  
specting an Advance of Wages.

SIR,

WE begs leave to say as how that your letter of *half a yard* long won't do. Your proposal is out of all *measure*. We are half starved, having nothing but *shreds* and *patches*, from Butchers stalls and Cooks shops, to maintain ourselves and little *minikin* babes. We should deserve a strait *waistcoat*, if we was to agree to what you have *cut out* for us. You may put yourself in a *pucker*, and make as great a *piece of work* as you please; but it won't mend matters, for we are resolved to remain stiff as *buckram* to our cause, even though not a *remnant* of us should be saved. We know

you to be as *sharp as a needle*, and that you have not the heart to give us the value of a *skan* to eat, nor a *thimble*-full to drink, though we *pin* our *skirts* to your shop-board at least fourteen hours in the day. Once, indeed, you did give poor old Cuddy a drop of beer, when his fingers were bit by the *goose*; but it was so sour, that it gave the poor fellow a *stitch* in his side, and such a *twist* in his guts, that he has been ever since as thin as a *bodkin*. The Doctor thinks it has bred a *tape*-worm in him; but you laugh in your *sleeve* at his sufferings.

You say, that there *seams* to be a conspiracy among us. We have nothing to do with any such *seams*, but we are determined not to live in such *sheer* distress as we have done; and you shall find you may chance to *prick your fingers*, if you think it *fitting* to attack our *pockets* any further. Our *collar* is raised, and we would rather come to *cuffs* than give up a *needle*-full of what we have asked. If it *suits* you to give enough to *line* our bellies properly, well and good: if not, we shan't care a *button* for your threats, though you tell us our existence hangs on a *thread*, and that you will have us *gather'd* in a prison.

So, Sir, being *all of a cloth*, we find ourselves, your humble servants,

PETER CREAPER,  
CUTHBERT CABBAGE,  
NEMO NINTH.

ATTEMPT TO COMMIT A RAPE.

Hicks's Hall, Clerkenwell, Jan. 13.

FREDERICK Sedgmond was indicted for an assault upon Elizabeth Bramwell, a young girl, apparently about fifteen years of age. The circumstances of this case, which excited a considerable degree



degree of sympathy towards the Prosecutrix, were there;—

She had for three years lived as servant in the family of the Earl of Besborough; and, during the whole of that period, her conduct had been modest and exemplary in every respect. The Defendant had been employed in the service of the same Nobleman, as porter, for the space of five years; and, till the present transaction, had deported himself with regularity and propriety.

On the 2d of November last, Lord and Lady Besborough were out upon a visit, and had most of their servants with them. Such female servants as were left behind had gone out, and left the house with no other persons in it than the Prosecutrix and the Defendant. The former had remained at home, because she expected some friend to call and drink tea with her.

About one o'clock she sat down to dinner by herself, when the Defendant entered the room. She was somewhat surprized at his intrusion, and asked him what he wanted. He made no reply, but seized hold of her, and was proceeding to take most unwarrantable liberties with her. Dreadfully alarmed at the dangerous situation she was in, she immediately lost all recollection, and fell into violent fits. How long she continued in them, she knew not; but, when she in some degree recovered, she perceived the Defendant close by her; and, from the disordered state of her own dress, as well as his, was but too well persuaded of the iniquitous purpose he had in contemplation.—He dragged her to a room in the back part of the house, and, holding a knife in one hand, and throwing his arm about her neck, threatened to take her life, if she refused to submit to his wishes.

Terrified at this action, she again relapsed into fits. When she had a second time recovered herself, she, by a violent effort, disengaged herself from the prisoner, and rushed up stairs to her room, where she locked herself in.—She looked out of the window, and in a short time saw the friend she expected at the door; upon which she went down, and let her in. Her agitation, at this time, was beyond all description. She related the cause of it to her friend, who remained with her until some of the servants returned.

As the evening advanced, she grew worse, and at length gave way to such strong hysterics, that it was with difficulty she could be held. She was conveyed to bed, and watched the whole night by one of the female servants. Till two o'clock she continued raving, calling upon her parents, and Mrs. Peters, (the Lady who was Lord Besborough's housekeeper) to save her. In her delirium, she repeatedly called upon them to keep Frederick away, who, she exclaimed, intended to murder her.

The woman who was with her having occasion to leave the room, in order to get a pillow to raise her head, found the Defendant at the door of her chamber. He enquired how the Prosecutrix was; and, upon being told her life was in danger, manifested the utmost degree of terror, and absconded from the house.—The prosecutrix continued so ill, that she could scarcely be moved in her bed. She received every necessary advice of the faculty, but it was near a fortnight before she perfectly recovered.

The evidence did not go the length of inferring that the last outrage had been committed on this unfortunate girl; on the contrary, the probability was, that the sufferings she experienced, after she  
lad



had been put to bed, were the result of the violent agitation of spirits, while she was under the dominion of phrenzy. Such were the leading features of this case.

The defence consisted merely of such arguments as the ingenuity of the Defendant's Counsel could urge. The nature of the transaction did not admit of any witnesses being called in his behalf.

The Jury pronounced him—Guilty,—and the Court sentenced him to one year's imprisonment.

#### FRENCH DEXTERITY.

SOME months ago, Mr. C——, a Frenchman, being much in debt, was beset continually by the bailiffs: and being one morning informed by the maid of the house where he lodged, that the Philistines were hanging about the door, he immediately packed up every article he had of wearing apparel, even to his shirt, hastened into bed, and requested the servant to secure his box in her room, telling her, if they asked for him, to say he was at home—they knocked and inquired—and being answered in the affirmative, were directed to his garret: tapping at the door, they were told to come in, and going to the bedside, they asked if he was Mr. C——. “Yes,”—“Then we have a writ against you for”——“Ah! ha!” said Monsieur—“let-a-me see—ha! you take my *body*! your writ say.”—Yes, you must get up and go with us—come, make haste and dress yourself.”—“Begar, I have no dress.”—“No dress! what do you mean by that?—come, come, we can't loiter here; get up.”—“Upon my vard, all my dress at de pawn-broker—you take my *body*, your writ say—no dress.”—and immediately sprang from his bed in *puris*

*naturalibus*, and danced about the room, being perfect *Esau*, he made a most grotesque appearance. The myrmidons in vain insisted on his dressing, while he reiterated, “take my body!” “Why, who will take you in such a state?” I cannot tell, (said he) you take my body.”—“D—n your body—come along Flannagan, we'll have him as yet some now or other—D—n his body;” and for that time they left him. The Frenchman hastily equipped himself, and instantly changed his lodgings; in a few weeks after, the powerful *arresters of mortals* seized him, and for ever freed him from trouble.

#### TURKISH CEREMONY OF LAYING A FIRST STONE.

THE town of Jaffa, in Syria, becoming a great depôt for the Ottoman army, on account of the French in Egypt, and otherwise, of the utmost consequence to the Turkish government, his Highness the Grand Vizier embracing the opportunity of British officers serving in his camp, to further fortify and secure this important town against every future attempt, gave directions that plans to that effect might be prepared; which being done and approved, Saturday, the 30th of August, 1800, was fixed for laying the first stone of a large bastion, with all the pomp usual on great occasions in the East; and for which purpose, his Highness the Grand Vizier gave it every *clat*, by honouring the work and its projectors, in laying the first stone himself, with the following ceremony, viz.—The Grand Vizier, with all the great State officers and attendants, guards, &c. came to the foundation of the new bastion about six o'clock in the morning, where they were met by Brigadier General



General Koehler, and all the other British officers. The salient angle stone being prepared to be set, it was done in his presence by one of the British Royal Military Artificers; when solemn prayers were performed by one of the Ulema, and parts repeated by all the Turks present, in a most devout manner; when a mallet, covered with blue velvet, was handed to the Grand Vizier, with which he struck the stone three times, saying a short prayer, which in like manner was repeated by all the great officers according to their ranks. During this part of the ceremony, five sheep were sacrificed, and the stone sprinkled with their blood. His Highness then retired with the State officers to a superb tent, pitched near the work for the occasion, where Brigadier-General Koehler, who commands the British military mission in the dominions of the Grand Signior, was invested with a sable pelice of the first order; and Major Holloway, the chief engineer, (who planned the bastion, as part of a system of works intended for the defence of the important *depot* at Jaffa and its environs) with a pelice of ermine; Major Fletcher, the second engineer, with a silk robe of honour; and some interpreters, &c. with castanes. Then the foregoing officers, being seated near his Highness the Grand Vizier, were served with coffee, &c.; after which the Grand Vizier, with the State officers, British officers, and all the attendants, who were very numerous, returned on horseback, sumptuously caparisoned, and with great dexterity riding, and throwing *d'feris* in front.

Thus ended this memorable event; which, probably, is the first military work that ever was planned, and commenced by Englishmen in the Holy Land.

VOL. XVII.—No. 100.

## SALES OF A STATE STUD.

TO be Sold, on Thursday the 22d instant, (unless before then disposed of) in Palace-yard, the following well-known hacks, being the remains of a stud lately broke up in Ireland:—

Lot 1. DICK, a short-legged bitten hack, Galway bred; has had the mange, but is now recovered of it; stands fire well, but has a trick of braying like an ass, on which account he will be sold cheap. Sound.

Lot 2. SLOB, a large lobb-ear'd thick-hamm'd, heavy-quartered horse: has a blemish in his eye, which can be concealed by a winker; and has had a bad cold, which has brought on a *great discharge* from his mouth, on which account he will be sold cheap.—Not warranted.

Lot 3. KNIGHT, known to some by the name of School-Boy.—This hack, when very young, promised well; but is now, it is supposed, from having been kept on *too high feed*, become very skittish and vapourish. It was at first supposed he would answer for a Lady, but he cannot now at all be recommended for that purpose. Carries his head high.

Lot 4. HEARTH-MONEY.—This is the worst lot in the sale: he is a heavy, stumbling, and (to make use of an Irish expression) a thorough bred garron. He was a long time in training for the Patriot Stakes; but on the day of trial, in running over the Course, he started at a bit of paper, (proved after the Race to have been a Treasury Order) by which he threw his rider, and wheeled about. He has had the mange, but is sound.

Lot 5. BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—This hack is only recommended

A a

to



to Pig-drivers, and to such as require to be carried low.

Lot 6. Is a tight-made black poney, called PETULANT.—No certain account can be given of the origin of his breed; but it is supposed to have been of Limerick. Having gone through much dirty work and drudgery, he will be sold cheap.

COOKE, Dealer in Hacks in Ireland, has consigned the above to his friend ROSE, for sale in London; of whom further particulars may be had.

#### SUPERNATURAL CAMPANOLOGY

A letter from Cambridge, dated the 29th ultimo, contains the following curious Article:—

FOR some time past, the family of Dr. Apthorpe (resident in the house formerly occupied by the Bishop of Llandaff) has been much alarmed by the bells in the different rooms ringing without being pulled by any visible being. Every enquiry into the cause, that Reason and Philosophy could suggest, has been made, but to no purpose.

On Thursday evening, Dr. Cory, Master of Emanuel, and Mr. Dineaster, Fellow of Christ's College, were at the Doctor's, when the same merry inclination seized them again. These Gentlemen examined, with peculiar attention, the wires, cranks, and the appendages to these moving instruments, but could not discover by what means they had been set to work. A particular friend of mine called lately on some business, when one solitary bell began its usual frolic, without any response from the rest; for, in general, they strike in concert.—The wire of one was cut, to prevent its joining the others; but that could not hinder its adding to the

general chorus: another had neither pulley nor wire, yet that also refused to remain silent. Only last night the whole were very busy; but one, more noisy than the rest, rang with uncommon violence. I dare say some of your readers will be so sceptical as to laugh at and disbelieve his account; *but it can be attested, by the most indubitable evidence.*

Something similar to the above is stated to have lately occurred in the mansion-house of a Gentleman in the country—where strange noises have been heard. The stove and fire-irons, indignant at confinement, have leaped from their recesses, and danced *corillons* in the room—unasked—and unassisted, at least by any visible means: though strict search and anxious watching have been used to discover the cause, which, we will venture to say, is not preternatural.

#### RUSSIAN MANNERS.

*Extract of a Letter from a Traveller, dated from Moscow.*

I Have discovered a remarkable propriety in the Russian language. It is singularly adapted for the eloquence of popular disputes: there is not a term of infamy which has not its appropriate name; there is not an abusive idea which may not in it be expressed with energy, and without circumlocution. Hence, when you see two men disputing in the streets of Moscow, apostrophes crowd on each other—their voices are elevated, animation is in every gesture; but, they will not pass a certain limit. In every country, the first blow is never given till the last abusive epithet is exhausted; and in this the vocabulary of the Russians



Russians is inexhaustible.—If, on the other hand, you attend to two beggars accosting one another, you will hear them mutually compliment each other on their health, and on their affairs: they will not forget any of the ceremonies of politeness, nor the forms of good manners; whereas, all the world knows that the Spanish beggars never accost each other without asking, “Has your Lordship taken your chocolate?” And, at Paris, I have seen a beggar give alms to another, and the latter take off his hat to him.

I have been introduced into the best houses of Moscow; but it is in vain to look for any particular national character. A genteel Moscovite is a compound of all the nations of Europe. The French is his usual language: it is frequently a Swiss who has taught it him. His clothes are made by a German tailor. It is an Englishman who owns the Play-house, at which he spends many of his hours. The tales with which he amuses himself, are those of Marmontel, and his theatrical pieces are translated from Kotzebue. Kotzebue is the object of the enthusiasm of the Russians, and the Play the object of their ruling passion. There is scarcely a great Lord who has not in his castle his Theatre, and his company of Actors composed of his vassals, trained and formed for his own use. But this constitutes almost the whole of their taste for Literature. Karamsin (a young author at present fashionable) gives, indeed, every year, an Almanack of Fashions; but he wished to set up a Journal, and his attempt did not succeed. The inhabitants of Moscow content themselves with reading twice a week a newspaper, in which Authors sometimes insert advertisements of their works, with an extract made by themselves, and

an eulogium, which the Bookseller takes care to add.

Without Journals, without new Romances, and without Translations, you will, perhaps, find it difficult to know how the Moscovites fill up their time, and contribute to habitual conversation; but play and the table supply every thing. It is a great merit, at Moscow, to keep a good table, and even to be able to speak scientifically on the subject; but it is a talent infinitely agreeable to play at Whist, and to be able to give an account, with extreme exactness, of the party of the preceding evening. I gained myself singular credit the other day, by correcting the recital of the facts of an important blow. I observed that the narrator must have mistaken the nine for the ten of Clubs, which made a great difference. The person whom I had set right thanked me for my information.

I think I shall soon leave Moscow. I shall carry with me a very pleasing idea of the happiness which strangers of every description enjoy there, with a very lively remembrance of the magnificence of some Moscovites, and of the air of grandeur which prevails in the use which they appear to make of their riches. If I have not always been equally struck with the delicacy of their taste—if I cannot reconcile myself to the *schelken*, (that is to say, to a glass of spirits, accompanied with dried herring, and smoked meat, which is every afternoon served to the Russian ladies in place of tea) it still appears to me wonderfully pleasant to call to mind what it was in this country, that, scarcely a hundred years ago, Peter the Great was obliged to publish a decree, which prohibited Ladies in genteel life from getting drunk on assembly-days, and the men from being tipsey before nine o'clock in



the evening, provided the assembly was to terminate at ten. But what, above all, I love to retrace, are the ancient Chronicles, in which I read that, even at the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the Czar intended marrying, the most beautiful women of his kingdom were assembled in his palace, where the Prince assisted at their games, at their conversations, and, attentive to every thing, carried (depend on the truth of it) his caution so far, as to go at night, and examine which of his subjects slept most gracefully, &c. &c.

#### SCARCITY AND PLENTY.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

**T**HERE are so many mistaken opinions, which obtain very general credit, that you and I shall not be able to set the world right, upon all points, however earnestly we may wish and labour to do so. Nevertheless, as I am very ambitious to "deserve well of my country," (as they say in France) I am determined, when a gross error falls in my way, to attack it with all my might.

For some time past, I have not been able to pop my head into a Bookseller's shop, cast my eye upon a newspaper, or pay a morning visit to a friend, without meeting with doleful declarations that "Every thing is so scarce!"—Now, Gentlemen, I do aver, that the complaint is for the most part groundless. True it is, that we have a *scarcity* of corn, a *scarcity* of good news from abroad, and a *scarcity* of good people at home. But then, how many things are abounding, and even overflowing,

among us? We see *plenty* of room in our churches, *plenty* of people at the Play-houses, *plenty* of young ladies of age to be married, and *plenty* of young gentlemen very ready to marry them. We find *plenty* of new books to be bought, and *plenty*—no, no,—I forget myself,—we do not find *plenty* of money to buy them. Then, who does not know that there are *plenty* of patriots, willing to represent us in Parliament; and *plenty* of poor curates, ready to take charge of the rich livings?—if they could get them!

But, it is not only of *plenty* that we can boast; in many instances we have an *excess*. For instance, our Literary Reviews exhibit *too much* partiality, and our Newspapers (no offence to the Gentlemen concerned) contain *too many* lies. Our Tradesmen have *too many* bad debts upon their books, and our Bankers issue *too many* bills. Doctors Commons has *too many* suits, and Jack Ketch has *too many* jobs. There are *too many* in gaol, that would be glad to get out; and *too many* out of gaol, that ought to be put in.—In short, Gentlemen, (for I don't know when I should have done, if I went through the whole catalogue of our *profusions*) we have *too much* trust in Providence to be afraid of the French;—our sailors have *too much* courage, to strike a flag to less than five times their force; and I have *too much* respect for you, to omit subscribing myself, your very humble servant,

QUADIAH OVERPLUS

P. S. If you think the above worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, by giving it a corner, you will much oblige a constant Reader, and may induce him to communicate with you at some future period.



## ON THE UTILITY OF THE COW.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the "Cow!"

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU cannot render a more important benefit to the public, and more especially to the lower orders of society, than by directing the serious attention of the Land-Owners of this country to a disposition which, at this time, strongly manifests itself, amongst the principal occupiers of land, to banish that most valuable animal, the Cow, from their estates.

It is impossible to have observed, without concern, the numerous advertisements which have of late appeared for the sale of Dairies of Cows. Not in consequence of a change of occupiers; but because the occupiers prefer the Grazing to a Dairy system—In the vicinity of a considerable market town in Norfolk [Fakenham, it is supposed] no less than five dairies, consisting, together, of upwards of *one hundred Cows*, have been lately annihilated! And various other instances, in different parts of the country, might also be mentioned.

Whatever motives may induce this change of system, whether proceeding from a prospect of present advantage—the trouble attending Dairy farms—the refinement of the sex—or to whatever cause it is to be imputed, its baneful effects to the public are the same; and though it is an evil which may, perhaps, in time effect its own cure, yet it is lamentable to observe, that it appears to increase, and to go hand-in-hand with the increasing wealth and prosperity of the Farmer!—Let those, however,

who are disposed to commence Graziers, by the sacrifice of their dairies, be well aware (if the example they hold out should be generally adopted) how much they will be subjecting themselves to the exorbitant demands of the Scotch Drovers!—And, should the contagion of dropping Dairies extend itself throughout the kingdom, it may be asked, What, then, will they have to graze?

It is impossible to enumerate the various advantages we derive from this valuable creature, the Cow. There is hardly an article of human subsistence that does not partake of her. In infancy, and in old age, the Cow best furnishes that kind of support which the weakness and infirmities of our nature then require; and at all times, and in all seasons, to the family of a poor man, the relief and comfort she affords are past all description. By an act of Providence it is, that, for a season, we ought cheerfully to submit to the scanty loaf; but let not the caprice or short-sighted policy of Farmers deprive the labouring poor, and others who have no convenience of keeping a Cow, of all possibility of obtaining either cheese or butter—or even a little skimmed milk, to moisten their rice and potatoes.

To rescue this animal from banishment (though well worthy the attention of the Legislature) is peculiarly the province of Landlords. They most certainly possess the means; but without their interference, to object most likely to contribute, in its effects, to restore plenty in the land, will not be accomplished.

It is far from my wish to shackle occupiers with restrictions and stipulations, which may break in upon the general system and conduct of their farms; but the necessities, without adding the comforts, of the community,



community, call aloud for a check to be put to this serious grievance. To which end, it seems extremely desirable, and it is meant here to be particularly recommended, that Landlords should, in future, introduce a covenant in their leases, obligatory on their tenants to keep a certain number of Cows upon their respective farms. The number may, in general, be proportioned by the rent; and in large farms there should, I think, be kept at least five Cows for every hundred pounds a year. The occupiers of small farms will most readily subscribe to a much higher proportion. I am, Gentlemen, your's &c.

J. D.

#### STYLISH PICKPOCKET.

AT the late Old-Bailey Sessions, *Joseph Perry*, a gay dashing Minion of the Moon, who, previous to his nocturnal depredations, occasionally sported his figure in the lobbies of the Theatres, was indicted for labouring in his vocation, by picking the pocket of Captain George Walsh of a gold watch.

The Prosecutor had been to Drury-lane Play-house, and had called a coach at the corner of Brydges-street. He had a Lady with him, and had just handed her in, and was stepping in himself, when he felt his watch pulled from his fob. There was no person near him, who could have taken it, but the prisoner: he immediately laid hold of him, and accused him of the theft. The prisoner protested he was mistaken, advised him to be cautious how he imputed such a charge to a Gentleman, and expressed his readiness to be searched, observing that, if he had taken his watch, he must certainly have it about him.

Some of the Bow-Street Police

Officers came up, and, having heard the accusation, took the prisoner inso curtsy, conveyed him to the watch-house, and searched him; but the watch was not found.

The prisoner was next morning taken before Mr. Ford, the Magistrate, who, after duly weighing the evidence of the prosecutor against the prisoner's protestations of innocence, was of opinion there was not sufficient ground for submitting the matter to the investigation of a Jury, and accordingly the prisoner was on the point of being discharged; but, unfortunately for him, one of the Officers had been told, by somebody, that a link-boy had been heard to say, he had picked up a watch which a Gentleman had thrown away. The Officers, finding the Magistrate did not think the evidence of the prosecutor was sufficient, without its being corroborated by that of the link boy, immediately proceeded in search of him. These useful ferrets of Justice, with no other clue than that instinctive sagacity which seems peculiarly their own, scented their game, and unkenneled him, where he lay *perdue*, in a two-penny lodging, in Dyot-street, St. Giles's. He was committed to the safe keeping of the Governor of Newgate, in order that he might be forthcoming to throw a light upon the business.

Upon his being produced as a witness, he declared that he knew the prisoner perfectly well by sight, having frequently seen him at the Theatre. He was quite positive he was the person who took the prosecutor's watch: he observed him fling it away, and he immediately took it up.

The prisoner, in his defence, argued the inconsistency of the evidence of the prosecutor, contrasted with that of the link-boy. If it were true, that the prosecutor, the moment



moment he felt his watch go, seized him and pinioned his arms, (as his evidence stated) then it was impossible he could have been capable of the action of flinging it away, as the link-boy had described. He declared his innocence, and contended that the link-boy had been tutored by the Officers to swear in the manner he had done; and, therefore, he confidently looked forward to the acquittal of the Jury.

The Jury, however, gave a verdict of—*Gilty*.

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SPEECH of a CREEK INDIAN,  
against the Use of RUM, or other  
SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

*Oh! Countrymen,*

I Will spare myself the ungrateful task of repeating, and you the pain of recollecting, those shameful broils, those unmanly riots, and those brutal extravagances, which the unbounded use of this liquor has so frequently produced among us. I must, however, beg leave to assert, that our prevailing love, our intemperate use, of this liquid, will be productive of consequences the most destructive to the welfare of the public and the felicity of every individual offender. It perverts the ends of society, and unfits us for all those distinguishing and exquisite feelings, which are the cordials of life, and the noblest privileges of *humanity*.

I have already declined the mortification which a detail of facts would raise in every breast, when unpossessed by this *demon*. Permit me then, in general, only to appeal to public experience, for the many violations of civil order, the indecent, the irrational perversions of character, which these inflammatory draughts have introduced amongst us. 'Tis true, these are past; and

may they never be repeated!—but tremble, O ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears this denunciation—That, if the cup of Perdition continues to rule among us with sway so intemperate, *ye will cease to be a nation!* Ye will have neither *heads* to direct, nor *hands* to protect you!

While this diabolical juice undermines all the powers of your bodies and minds, with inoffensive zeal, the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow, or launch the spear, in the day of battle. In the day of council, when national safety stands suspended on the lips of the hoary *Sachem*, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drivel the babblings of a second childhood.

I hope I need not make it a question to any in this assembly, whether he would prefer the intemperate use of this liquor, to *clear perception, sound judgment, and a mind exulting in its own reflections*.—Yet there is not, within the whole compass of nature, so prevailing, so lasting a propensity, as that of associating, and communicating our sentiments to each other. And there is not a more incontestible truth than this—that *benignity of heart, the calm possession of ourselves, and the undisturbed exercise of our thinking faculties, are absolutely necessary to constitute the eligible and worthy companion*. How opposite to these characters Intoxication renders us, is so manifest to our own experience, so obvious to the least reflection, that it would be impertinent to enlarge farther upon it.

And now, O ye Creeks! if the cries of your country, if the pulse of glory, if all that forms the *hero* and exalts the *man*, has not swelled your breasts with patriot indignation against the immoderate use of this liquor;—if these motives are insufficient



insufficient to produce such resolutions, as may be effectual—there are yet other ties of humanity, tender, dear, and persuading.—Think on what we owe to our children, and to the gentler sex!

With regard to our children,—think how it must affect their tenderness, to see the man that gave them being, thus sunk into the most brutal state, in danger of being suffocated by his own intemperance, and standing in need of their infant arm to support his staggering steps, or raise his feeble head while he vomits forth the soul debauch!—Will not this gradually deprive us of all authority in the families which we ought to govern and protect? What a waste of time does it create, which might otherwise be spent round the blazing hearth, in the most tender offices! It perverts the great designs of Nature, and murders all those precious moments in which the warrior should recount, to his wondering offspring, his own great actions, and those of his ancestors!

But farther, besides what we owe to our children, let us think on that delicate regulation of conduct, that soul-enobling *love*, which it is at once the happiness and honour of *manhood* to manifest towards the gentler sex. By the *love* of this sex, I do not mean mere desire of them. Those amiable creatures are designed not only to gratify our passions, but to excite and fix all the kind and sociable affections: they were not meant to be the slaves of our arbitrary wills in our brutal moments, but the sweet companions of our most reasonable hours and exalted enjoyments.—Heaven has endowed them with that peculiar warmth of affection, that disinterested friendship of heart, that melting sympathy of soul, that entertaining sprightliness of imagination, joined with all the senti-

mental abilities of mind, that tend to humanize the rough nature, open the reserved heart, and polish the rugged temper, which would otherwise make men the dread and abhorrence of each other.

Thus were women formed, to allay the fatigues of life, and reward the dangers we encounter for them. These are their endowments, these their charms. Hither Nature, Reason, Virtue call.—And shall they call in vain? Shall an unnatural, an unreasonable, a vicious perversity of taste, be preferred to those heaven-born joys of life? Will you treat the *Sovereign Principle of Good* with a thankless insensibility, and offer libations to the Spirit of all Evil? Will any Creek henceforth dare to approach those lovely creatures with unhallowed lips, breathing the noisome smell of this diabolical juice, or roll into their downy embrace in a state inferior to the brutes, losing all that *rapturous intercourse of Love and Friendship*, all those most exalted of human pleasures, which *they, they only*, are formed capable of communicating to us?

Let me conjure you, by all these softer ties and inexpressible endearments—let me conjure you, as you yet hope to behold the *Tree of Peace* raise its far-seen top to the sun, and spread its odorous branches, watered by the dew of Heaven, over all your abodes, while you rejoice unmolested under its shade; and as you yet wish to behold the nations round about you, bound with the sacred *chain of Concord*, every hand maintaining a link:—by all these ties, by all these hopes, I conjure you, O Creeks! henceforward let the cup of *Moderation* be the crown of your festivities!—Save your country! maintain and elevate her glory!—Transmit to your posterity, *Health, Freedom, and Honour*!—Break not the great chain



of Nature; but let an honest, rational, and delicate intercourse, be the the plan of social joy!—Let each domestic bliss wreath the garland of connubial love!—Let truth and friendship sanctify the lover's wish, and secure to the brave, wise, and temperate man, a felicity worthy his choice and his protection!

• A DASHING IMPOSTOR.

*To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

The following may be depended upon, as it recently happened to a respectable Counsellor in the neighbourhood of Gloucester street, a friend of whom now requests you to insert his communication, as a warning to others to be aware of

*An Impostor who now infests Town.*

A Few nights ago, as Mr. — was sitting in his study, reading some papers on which he was requested to give an opinion, the servant announced an unknown Gentleman, with some papers, which he had brought from a client of Mr. — for his perusal. By the time that the stranger had drawled out his pretended message the servant had retired, when instantly the bundle of law was changed into more forcible arguments, and a pistol presented at Mr. —'s head extorted from him his money. The sharper was civil, and prepared to take his leave, prudently walking off with one of the silver candlesticks, to light himself down stairs. No sooner was he out of the room, than the Gentleman rang the bell violently, and a servant running up to answer it, met the Impostor, who, with infinite presence of mind, told him

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that it was only to let him out, but that to save him (the servant) the trouble, he had taken the candle to let himself out; but that there was no farther occasion for it, and he would therefore put it down. The servant let him pass, and he made his escape.

A FEMALE SWINDLER.

A Few weeks since, a woman of genteel appearance, about thirty-six years of age, middle sized, with a claret mark on her face, dressed in a dark riding-habit, and black beaver hat with a gold band, arrived at an inn in Salisbury, and afterwards took a lodging, where she ordered various articles of different tradesmen, some of whom incautiously sent them in: but it soon appeared that she had neither the intention nor the ability of paying any one; and, after a trifling bustle, she decamped on the Wednesday, having artfully engaged a post-chaise for Romsey, where she prevailed on an Inn-keeper to satisfy the driver, and forward her immediately in another chaise for Gosport, where she said she had urgent business, and from whence she would send back the money for both.—She called herself Mrs. Adams, widow of an Officer, and had a maid servant with her; and, as she usually drank a bottle of wine a day, and lived otherwise in a similar stile, though so early detected, she defrauded different persons at Salisbury to the amount of fifteen pounds, or thereabouts.

Some time since she was three months at Dorchester, with her servant, whence they decamped in the night, without paying either for lodging or subsistence.

B b      PORTRAITS



## PORTRAITS OF HORSES.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Had great pleasure in seeing, in your excellent Magazine, the horse Dungannon; and I hope you will favour me, as soon as you can make it convenient, with an engraving of a son of Dungannon, and also of a mare, which you will find to have won many plates.—They at present belong to the Earl of Stamford, viz.

The horse George, a chesnut horse, got by Dungannon.

The mare, Petrina, a black mare, got by Sir Peter.

Your's, &c.

J. HARDY.

Manchester, Jan. 17, 1801.

P. S. You will find that, at Lincoln Races, in the year 1798, Petrina, by Sir Peter, (then four years old) beat several capital horses; and you will find George to have been a capital horse.

## ON BOXING ATTITUDES.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING a young Academician at this famed University, and at the present time ignorant and unskilled in the different avocations of life, &c. necessary for a Buck; and my father being a lover of the Pugilistic Science, I am quite at a loss to resolve a question put to me (at the coffee-house) on the origin, utility, &c. of the seconds, at all first-rate boxing matches, standing on each side the champions, in like attitude, as though they were likewise going to set to,

with their arms extended, and squaring. Now I hope those lovers of the pugilistic science, who have the good-will of some good fellows at heart, will resolve me (in your next) the above; flattering myself that, from the edification I shall receive, I shall not appear (when I attend boxing matches, or boxing conversations) so totally ignorant as at present.

I am, your's, &c.

E. L. C.

Oxford, Jan. 14, 1801.

N. B. A few evenings ago, two ladies of the Cyprian corps, having met by accident a certain gallant blade, and each being jealous as to the other, after letting flow a tolerable share of oaths, plentifully intermixed with words equally applicable, they (Belcher and Gamble like) stripped, and set-to. After half an hour's hard fighting, victory seemed doubtful, and they mutually agreed to put it off till the next morning, and then to fight it out for five shillings each. One of the championesses appeared on the ground at the appointed time; but the other, who had sacrificed too much at the shrine of jolly Bacchus, complained of incapability that day. Victory, of course, was declared in favour of a well known sporting female, Miss Diana Grey.

## THE MAID OF THE HAY-STACK.

LATELY died in Guy's Hospital, the once unfortunately celebrated Loisa, or *Lady of the Hay-Stack*; who, about eighteen years ago, was found to have taken up her residence under that shelter, in the parish of Bourton, near Bristol, in a state of melancholy derangement. She then appeared to be under twenty years of age.—This very extraordinary woman, whose



whose "*Tale of Woe*" was first told to the public by Miss Hannah More, has naturally ceased, for a considerable time past, to interest the general curiosity.

During several days of her abode under the Hay-stack, (from which she at last permitted herself to be removed with reluctance) she was visited, and irregularly fed, by the country people, till the hand of more happy sympathy and compassion provided her better protection. As her name was unknown, she was immediately distinguished by that of Loisa. It may be gratifying to many on this occasion to learn, that during a considerable interval, in which she afterwards remained in retirement, and before she was admitted, as incurable, into the asylum in which she died, she was chiefly supported by a voluntary subscription, under the management of Miss Hannah More and her sisters. Those active advocates of humanity, who never yet began a good work and grew weary of well-doing, having lost the pecuniary assistance of most others, continued to supply the extra wants and accommodations of the poor solitary stranger, at the expence of more than ten pounds *per annum*, till her decease. They would be the last to wish that such an instance of benevolence should be publicly mentioned; but it is a tribute due, not less to them, than to the interests of society.

The same kind, and much the same degree, of mental derangement, which the "*Tale of Woe*" described, remained with Loisa to the last. In her general conduct, she exhibited the various common evidences of the most confirmed insanity; which, in addition to the contraction of her limbs, from her exposure to cold in the open fields, and her future propensity to remain inactive, rendered her an

object of the strongest pity. But her insanity was uniformly remarkable in this—that, however disordered and childish her affections and resentments, she never could be drawn into any explanation respecting her family, her connections, or her country: however affable and unguarded she might sometimes appear, the moment any person put a question, directly or indirectly, relative to those topics, or made any allusion to them, however distant, she always changed countenance, assumed an air of suspicion, grew grave and inflexibly silent, or would instantly touch on some other subject. From her *accent*, she was undoubtedly of German origin; but, though she knew little of English, she avoided conversing in any foreign language. Her manners and occasional movements indicated superior rank; and her frequent exclamations of "*Dear papa!*" and "*Dear mama!*" in connection with ideas of equipage and ornaments, led to that conclusion.

Many endeavours were used, on the continent, to trace her family, by circulating her description and story in the public prints, but without effect. The mystery of this silence was too remarkable, not to confirm the first opinion of her being a person above the common classes, with the additional probability of some unhappy and treacherous seduction. This last opinion, from the whole of the distressful evidence, inclusive of the personal part which poor Loisa sometimes involuntarily furnished, is not doubted by those who, with the writer of this article, early saw and closely observed her.—The conviction that it is possible for any man, making pretensions to honour, or even of distinction, from a brutal nature, so to betray and so to abandon, in a foreign land, youth, beauty, the



strongest sensibility, and perhaps the most engaging innocence, fills the mind with horror of the deed, and with shame and indignation for the character. Such profligacy, in this instance, may have been of foreign production; but comparatively happy would it be for *this* country, also, if instances did not abound, among us, of similar atrocity in those who, on inferior occasions, will make high pretensions to honour and principle, but who seek every opportunity of seducing from the abodes of paternal affection, or of innocent employment, whatever is the most fair and inexperienced,—rioting in its ruin for a short season, and then committing the greater crime of abandonment to infamy!—The theme is unhappily too common to need proof, and too mournful to dwell on.

The poor departed Child of Misery, whose story is here again revived, is too strong an instance of suffering, and excites too much feeling, to be permitted to pass, in the common course, to oblivion, if it could be avoided. Under this impression, permit me to attempt something in the character of an EPIGRAPH.—But, alas! poor Loisa's Tablet of Remembrance may only be found in the sympathetic bosom of a few surviving friends!

In yonder dust—unmark'd for public fame,  
Low rest the relics of Loisa's frame!

Poor hapless sufferer, of the Maniac line!  
Thy wrongs no more a tortur'd breast confine!

Enough for thee, that ling'ring Sorrow's  
breath

Found final rescue in the boon of Death!  
Consol'd be they, who sought thy soul's  
relief;

Tormented they, who overwhelm'd with  
grief!

Accurs'd the crime, that 'rest thy reason's  
ray,

Though thou be ransom'd for eternal day!  
And where frail Innocence would Vice  
repeal,

May guardian angels thy sad story tell!

Bath, Jan 20, 1801. W. M.

# DESPERATE ENTERPRIZE.

ON Sunday, the 1st November, a daring attempt was made by the convicts in the State Prison of New York, to effect an escape. Their plan was conceived with ingenuity, and conducted with a promptitude and boldness that surprised the caution, and rendered ineffectual the resistance of the keepers.

It originated with the Shoemakers in the fourth wing, who, first having seized the assistant keeper, and Noah Gardner, who had charge of them, broke the bars across the chimney, and, after ascending to a certain height, knocked the bricks through, and thus made an opening into one of the front rooms on the second floor. This room being appropriated to one or two of the keepers, as a lodging chamber, was unguarded, and opened a passage to the whole building. The first thing they did, was to cut the bell-rope, to prevent any alarm being given: they then descended the stairs, rushed suddenly on the keepers, disarmed them, and seized their keys; after which, they secured all the arms they could possibly find.

—Meantime Capt. Pray, the keeper of the prison, apprised of the circumstance, ran in, and attempted to seize some of them, but was himself knocked down, stabbed twice, and severely bruised. They then proceeded to the front gate, seized the keeper, wrested from him the key, opened the gate, sallied into the road, and even huzzaed as they proceeded to the shore. Having seized a boat, they rowed across the river, and landed a little above the Houboken Ferry-house, whence they proceeded forward in a body, setting the civil power at defiance.

ADVENTURES



ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELLER.

Among the literary productions of the last Leipzig Fair, in August, were the adventures of a German Traveller, which are curious and interesting.

C. F. Damberget, a poor German, a carpenter, and a fugitive soldier, was, in the year 1781, trepanned at Amsterdam, into the service of the Dutch East-India Company, as a common soldier. On account of illness he was detained a while at the Cape of Good Hope, though enlisted and sent out from Holland, to serve in Batavia. Refusing to gratify the few desires of the wife of one of the Officers commanding at the Cape, he was, in consequence of her artifices and feigned complaints, ordered for Batavia a second time. He had been, ere this time, informed of the unwholesomeness of the climate of Java, and dreaded it as if he had been ordered for execution. He deserted; and as his desertion could not otherwise be concealed, took the desperate resolution of advancing into the interior wilds of Africa.

A carbine, a few pounds of gunpowder, some balls, a small sum of money, and a few other articles of indispensable necessity, were his only apparatus for the enterprize. He journeyed north east from the Cape; passed onwards without interruption through the country of the kind, simple, and hospitable Hottentots; even among the fiercer and less humane Caffrarians, met with much more of gentle beneficence than of injury. With the narrative of the travels of Le Vaillant, he was before acquainted; and as he went on, he found continual occasion to detect the errors and fictions of that traveller.

He observed, among other things, that the Caffrian matrons had the privilege of not being liable to be struck by their husbands; and yet,

that married pairs lived there in enviable unanimity and peace. From the country of the Caffrees, he turned westward, and continued his journey in a north-west direction till he arrived in the kingdom of Angola. Among the Muhotians, a race, not more savage, but more egregiously vicious than any horde he had before visited, he discovered the bodies of five Europeans, who appeared to have been cruelly massacred; and was himself exposed to danger, from the unnatural lust of some wretches of that community.

He, however, escaped from their brutality, and, after long wanderings, came to Malemba, a walled town on the river Congo. Its King treated him at first with kindness; but was afterwards persuaded by the Prime Minister to reduce him to the condition of a slave, and use him cruelly. He at last escaped out of that King's service, travelled eastward, and then again backwards to the north-west, in a line of journey contiguous to those which are called by geographers, the Mountains of the Moon. After dangers almost incredible, he was made a slave by the Moors. A merchant of Mezzabeth, whose property he had become, sold him to another who was returning to Morocco with a caravan, from Mecca. He was carried by this man to the seaport town of Azaffe, in the Moorish dominions. A Mr. Vanderhaff, a Dutch gentleman, there ransomed him from servitude. He was brought on board a Dutch merchant ship to Amsterdam. The interposition of a Prussian ship-captain rescued him from detention in Holland. He took his passage with that Captain to Dantzick, and soon after arrived, in the year 1797, at his native town in the Prussian dominions, from which he had been more than sixteen years absent.

SPORTING



## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

SEEING, a short time since, an interesting account of the Laws of the Chase, as they respected coursing in earlier days, probably the following ancient recommendatory document on the "Choice of Greyhounds, &c." written about the same period, may afford some useful information to the amateurs in the breed of Long Dogs. Your's, &c.

AN OLD COURSER.

ON THE CHOICE OF GREY-  
HOUNDS.

"Touching the shapes of Greyhounds (hope you will take the best collections for their goodness) they are certain and most infallible! therefore, touching greyhounds when they are puppies, or young whelps, those which are most raw-boned, lean, large made, fickle, or crooked hought, and generally un-knit in every member, are ever likely to make the best dogs, and most shapely; but such as in the first three or four months are round, and close lust, fat, strait, and as it were full sum'd and knit in every member, never prove swift, good, or comely.

"Now after your dog comes to full growth, as at a year and a half, or two years old, he would then have a fine, long, lean head, with a sharp nose, rush grown from the eye downward, a full clear eye, with long eyelids, a sharp ear, short and close falling, a long neck a little bending, with a loose hanging wizard, a broad breast, strait foreleg, side hollow, ribs strait, a square and flat back, short and strong filets, a

brad space between the hips, a strong stern or tail, a sound foot, and good large clefts. Now for the better help of your memory, I will give you an old rhyme, left by your forefathers, from which you shall understand the true shape of a perfect greyhound. Thus it is,

"If you will have a good pike,  
Of which there are few like,  
It must be headed like a *Snake*,  
Neckt like a *Drake*,  
Backt like a *Beam*,  
Sided like a *Bream*,  
Tailed like a *Rat*,  
And footed like a *Cat*."

"These being the principal members of a good greyhound, if they resemble the proportions of the things above-named, the dog cannot chuse but be most perfect."

A waiter at one of the gaming houses in St. James's-street, got, in Christmas boxes of the established clubs, above five hundred pounds. A nobleman who in the course of the week had won eighty thousand pounds, gave him one hundred pounds of his winnings. Early one evening, the Peer lost all his money, and, as is not unusual, borrowed a sum from the waiter to begin again, and, as has been said, afterwards won the above sum.

A few days ago an over-drove ox entered the back yard of Brown's hotel, in Abbe-street, Goodman's fields, when the family were just going to sit down to dinner; several persons endeavoured to turn him out, but in spite of every effort, he forced himself into the house; the passage being narrow, he could not be turned out.

The



The affrighted animal, seeing an opening before him, which descended into the cellar, went on, when he tumbled head foremost to the bottom, with a dreadful noise by the breaking of the stair-case and the roaring that the poor creature made. The alarm of the people of the house was beyond description terrific: some butchers arriving, allayed their fears, by haltering the beast and craning him out of the cellar.

*Anecdote of the Emperor Paul.*—To prove his knowledge of Scripture, he employed a singular expedient! Without any cause or preliminary, he gave a gentleman a violent blow on the face with his hand, and said to the astonished sufferer, "This salutation by the hand of me, Paul!"

Signior Pascal Carillez, the first violin at the Madrid Opera-house, lately performed at the Theatre de la Republique, in Paris. It was a concerto of Mestrino, which he attempted for his first essay; but he was so much hissed, that he ran away from the orchestra.

A simple fellow, who took Lord Hawkesbury's assertion, in the House of Commons, in a literal sense, "that Herrings were an excellent substitute for Bread," observed, that he had eat them, as such, with a buttock of beef, and, in his opinion, they did not *answer at all!*

A bet of one hundred guineas was made at the Duke of Bedford's sheep-shearing, at Woburn, in June last, that his Grace would shew a bull of the Hereford breed against one of the Leicester breed. The decision took place at Shiffnal, in Shropshire, last month, before a very numerous assemblage of Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Graziers, from all parts of the kingdom. The beasts were both remarkably fine; but the judge (Mr. Pistor, of Somersetshire) decided in favour of the Hereford bull, which was the property of Mr. Gwillam, near Ludlow. Mr. Honeybourne was the owner of the other bull.—Each of the beasts is supposed to have produced one hundred guineas, by being shown at one smiling each person.

Some cattle, we understand, have been introduced into Bengal from the island of Tinian, one of the Marianas to the east of Canton. They are of a very singular and remarkable species, being all milk-white, except their ears, which are either brown or black. It is asserted, that there are ten thousand cattle of this species on the island of Tinian; nor can one be found to differ from the above description.

*Longevity.*—There is now living in Aberfeldy, Perthshire, one John Stewart, who has lived in three centuries, being 108 years old.—He was visited by a Gentleman from England on the 31st of December, who spent the evening, and brought in the new year and century with the old gentleman, much to his satisfaction.

*Extraordinary shooting.*—Colonel Thornton made a bet that he killed 400 head of game at 400 shots.—The result was, that in the year 1800, he bagged 417 head of game (consisting of partridges, pheasants, hares, snipes, and woodcocks) at 411 shots. Amongst these were a black wild-duck, and a white pheasant cock; and at the last point he killed a brace of cock pheasants, one with each barrel. On the leg of the last killed (an amazing fine bird) was found a ring, proving that he had been taken by Colonel Thornton when hawking, and turned loose again, in 1792.

A few days ago, as the Earl of Shaftesbury was passing through Salisbury, on his way from Saint Giles's



Giles's House to visit the Earl of Newburgh, in Sussex, having changed horses at the Antelope inn, the new-mounted drivers mistook the shutting of the carriage-door for a signal that all was ready, and drove off full speed with the empty carriage, his Lordship being in the house. A servant on horseback was dispatched after them, and his Lordship, laughing heartily at the mistake, followed in a post-chaise; but so assiduous were the drivers to forward the noble Earl on his journey, that they drove eight miles before the servant could overtake them, and he had then some difficulty in getting them to listen to his account of their mistake.

An affair of honour took place a few days ago, at Enniscorthy, between John Tottenham, Esq. commander of a yeomanry corps in the county of Wexford, and John Colclough, Esq. of Dublin, of the Attorneys corps, in which the latter gentleman was unfortunately shot in the first fire.

The fantastic shape of some of the fashionable carriages, from their being so round and small, has obtained them, in compliment to the Union, the appellation of the *Potatoes*.

A quadruped has lately been taken in the kingdom of Candy, of a most remarkable and extraordinary species. The animal is no larger than a common hare, but perfectly resembles a deer. It is delicately formed, and surprisingly fleet.

A few afternoons since two gentlemen in a gig, from Worthing, were, owing to the unruliness of the horse, overturned near Ashcombe turnpike-gate, but received no personal injury, though the carriage was broken to pieces. The horse, by plunging, disengaged himself, and, with one shaft hanging to the trace, galloped on, in

the face of a whole regiment of soldiers, on their march from church to the barracks, whom he charged furiously in different directions, and put fairly to the route; after which he pursued his course to the town, where he placed several persons in great peril, till he was stopped by a projecting house, against which he ran with violence, and stunned himself.

A Correspondent tells us, that, "being at Kedlestone some years ago, nothing pleased him more in that beautiful house of Lord Scarsdale's, than the words *Waste not! Want not!*" painted in large letters over the fire-place in the kitchen." Words which, he thinks, ought at this time to be put up in every kitchen and dining-room; for all kinds of provisions are so very scarce and dear, nothing should be wasted; and every body, of what degree soever, that wastes, ought to want. —Our Correspondent adds, that "dining a few days ago in a large company, he observed that some of them were particularly saucy, taking and tasting of every thing on the table, but sending away on their plates more than they eat, which probably would go to the dogs or swine." —As this Correspondent seems to be a good-natured Quiz, we have inserted his remarks.

*Another Jane Gibbs.* — A woman lately appeared at the Police Office, Whitechapel, to present a charge against two soldiers of the Tower Hamlet militia, for having violently assaulted her, and carried off from her person a considerable quantity of wearing apparel. In the course of the examination, however, it having appeared that this same woman had several months ago lodged a similar complaint against a respectable tradesman in Hackney parish, which turned out to be utterly malicious and false, the two soldiers



soldiers were acquitted, and the accuser dismissed with a severe reproof and admonition to amend her conduct.

Among the many instances that have been given of the prolific nature of hogs, the following is, perhaps, the most extraordinary.—Mr. Baker, farmer, of Spray's Bridge, in the parish of Westfield, has now a sow fourteen years old, which has produced him *five hundred pigs!*

*Caution.*—Last week two valuable horses, the property of Mr. Owen, of Pennant, Shropshire, were found dead in their pasture.—On opening their stomachs, which were much swelled, and had a slight appearance of inflammation, a large quantity of the small sprigs of yew-tree were found, which was the cause of the death.

*Colonel Pelham's Cup.*—This silver vessel, lately presented to Mr. John Ellman, of Glynde, in Sussex, value thirty pounds, was purchased, not from the general fund of the Sussex Agricultural Society, but by a voluntary subscription entered into by its members, at the head of whom stand engraven on the cup, His Grace the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Egremont, Lord Pelham, Lord Viscount Gage, Lord Sheffield, &c. &c. who presented it to Mr. Ellman, in token of the merit they ascribe to him for his successful exertions in the improvement of the breed of South-down Sheep. It is a handsome piece of plate, very neatly wrought, and exhibits on one side the figure of Mr. Ellman's prize ram, engraved from a drawing of Scott's; and on the other, an appropriate inscription, ornamented with a pretty device, containing, in oblique compartments, the names of the donors; names that, no doubt, will for ages to come, be drank with grateful remembrance, whenever the cup shall be brought forth with its beverage

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sparkingly alive, to glad the eyes and cheer the hearts of Mr. Ellman's posterity, and their friends.

Captain Aylmer, of Rye, has now in his possession a fine Ostrich, lately landed from Africa. This bird stands upwards of six feet high, though only ten months old, and is in excellent health, and beautiful plumage. The extraordinary digestive powers of this species of the feathered race are daily exemplified by this bird, which swallows numerous iron nails, pieces of broken crockery, and other hard substances, without the least apparent injury.

Among the higher circles, there are three head-dresses in vogue—The *Tiara*, worn by ladies, who wish for three strings to their bow; the *Diadem*, by those who aspire to royalty; and the *Grecian*, by those who are deep in the *Aristotelian philosophy*.

Died lately, aged fifty, Mr. Isaac Ferrings, of Manchester, engine worker.—A man, who to a lion-like strength of body, united the disposition of a lamb. Ferrings will be remembered from the circumstance of his having fought, for a considerable sum, the late well-known Johnson, the pugilist, a battle that engaged the attention of the amateurs more than any other ever fought in this kingdom. He fell, by the hand of that prime pugilist, Death, a sacrifice to cold and fatigue, brought on by overstrained exertions at the late dreadful fire in that town.

*Sporting.*—The Bradwell and Tillingham Coursing Club, in Essex, had their first meeting this season, on Monday, the 12th instant, when the following matches were run, which afforded excellent diversion, viz.

1. Mr. Dudley's *Madam*, beat Mr. Wakefield's *Dellilah*
2. Mr. C. Parker's *Pizarro*, beat Mr. Pattison's *Twiss*.

C c

3. Mr.



3. Mr. Dudley's *Friday*, beat Mr. P. Wright's *Crazy*.

4. Mr. C. Parker's *Dashaway*, beat Mr. J. Tuffnell's *Catch*.

5. Mr. Dudley's *Miss*, beat Mr. Wakefield's *Norfolk*.

6. Mr. Pigott's *Driver*, beat Mr. Wakefield's *Sampson*.

7. Mr. Dudley's *Terling*, beat Mr. Wakefield's *Sweepstakes*.

8. Mr. Bawtree's *Cayan*, beat Mr. P. Wright's *Scurvy*.

9. Mr. G. Bird's *Crazy*, beat Mr. P. Wright's *Katterfelto*.

10. Mr. G. Wright's *Teazer*, beat Mr. Pigott's *Primrose*.

11. Mr. Wakefield's *Quiz*, beat Mr. Dudley's *Trull*.

12. Mr. J. Tuffnell's *Playmate*, beat Mr. Cawston's *Slut*.

After the above Subscribers matches were run off, several others succeeded. The hares ran stoutly, and gave a fine day's sport to a numerous field.

## FEAST OF WIT ; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE Hyde Parker, which recently brought to the Onslow frigate by a connubial shot, though one of our old *sixty-fours*, is stout in her timbers, and well manned. The Onslow is only pierced for a *twenty-four*, and was *armé en flute* when she struck.

Forty-three years is rather a long period to intervene between the age of a husband and his wife, but in the case of a gallant Admiral, it is quite in character, who regards the *superior force* of the enemy!

Some idea of the population of London may be formed from the immense number of taylor's in the metropolis, even upon the computation of *nine to a man*.

During Lord Malmesbury's negotiations at Lisle, there was published in a Manchester Paper an advertisement of the sale of an estate, in which the advertiser announces—"That he is appointed *plenipotentiary to treat* in this business; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers*; that he will enter into *preliminaries* either on the principle of the *statu quo*, or *uti possidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous of making a purchase or

exchange, and to deliver his *contre projet* and *sine qua non*, and even at once to give his *ultimatum*, assuring the public, that as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be *concluded*, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and *duly guaranteed*."

Two honest tars were conversing the other day on the foreign places they had visited, and the various customs that prevailed. One of them said, "I have been five or six times in France, but I never knew how many *saints* they had:—they say they have *none* now."—"Not know that! (said the other)—why, you lubber, they had *one* for every day in the year, and *one to spare*;—and they called him *All Saints*."

*Anecdote*.—While a carpenter and a taylor were exercising their political abilities, upon our rupture with Russia, the carpenter observed, "There is not the least doubt but we would soon beat the Russians at sea, but the great difficulty lies in bringing them into action." To which the taylor boldly replied, "You know nothing of the matter.—After the brave Lord Nelson passes the Darnin'-needles (meaning the Dardanelles), and gets fairly



fairly into the Black Sea, it will be ALL over with them."

A correspondent observes, that the public have, perhaps, as great a right to complain of the present combination among the journeymen *taylor*s, as the masters of those obstinate *heroes of the goose*. The cessation of the *needle* has caused such general inconvenience, that most people begin to call aloud for *redress*.

*A bad memory*.—A man was lately tried at the Old Bailey, for *privately* stealing a pint pot, by *hiding* it in his *breeches*. In his defence he assured the Court, "that he did not know, at least could not *remember*, how the pot got into that part of his dress." One of the counsel observed, "that it might have got in by *mistake*." "True," added the prisoner, with the most sedate and unaltered countenance, "it *might*."

Lately died, at his house at Ringmer, in Sussex, Mr. Thomas Pain, a considerable farmer, of that place. Had the majority of our farmers, entertained the same sentiments which influenced the conduct of the deceased, we should have had a famine indeed, for he held it a *sin* to waste wheat by throwing it into the ground, when it bore such an extravagant price, and was so much wanted for food; he, therefore, would not the last or present year, sow a single grain, though he had in his possession several hundred *aces* of good land, a considerable portion of which he suffered to remain uncultivated, rather than to burthen his conscience with such a crime!!

The appearance of the ship's names, suggests the idea, that the number of *Saints* in the Russian fleet, and a war with Paul, will not be a war for religion, but *against* it.

A Genoese Journal, contains a most violent philippic against Eng-

lish country dances, and denounces such persons who so amuse themselves as *being sold to England*, and enemies to their country and to liberty. Its patrons have not confined themselves to mere declamations against English country dances, but went to the *bal de Torre*, threatening to throw the dancers out of the window if they did not desist from English country dances. Some of the ringleaders, however, have been arrested, and their journal suppressed.—Punch also being an *English liquor*, it is added, that some of these patriots could not drink it without *horror*.

*An Irishism*.—George Faulkner.—This was one of the worthy Alderman's remarks on the weather.—"*There is a fine day, this evening*. I thought, it would have been snow *to-morrow*: but it has turned out quite different:—very *fine* indeed."

Is it possible, says a wit, that foreigners will think us *starving*, when they shall hear that the Countess of Clonmell has one *sheaf of wheat* that would sell for five thousand pounds?

Some military gentlemen, a few Sundays since, having found the pews in S———m church very difficult of access, took under their arms their camp stools, and seated themselves in the aisle during the whole time of divine service. We know not whether the inhabitants took this as a gentle rebuke, for their want of politeness to strangers, but we understand the gentlemen have never since been under the necessity of loading themselves with their seats!

The *mitre*, the *sheaf of wheat*, &c. hitherto the favourite signs for *inns*, are now the *signs* worn by our fine women, and with the same signification—"Good entertainment for man, &c."

Sir Hyde Parker's appointment to a command in the North Seas,



has converted his *honey-moon* into a sort of *ague*; a complaint always attended with a sudden transition from a *hot* to a *cold* fit.

*Conundrum*.—One of the most ridiculous, and therefore best things of this sort, is the following:—What Tradesman is he, that is most likely to set the alphabet a galloping? Answer, The *Glass-blower*; for he makes the *D* canter.—But what Tradesman is he that shall stop them? Answer, The *Hair-dresser*; for he ties up the *Q*, and puts the *Taco P's* in irons!

Previously to the last rhodomontade of *Russian* insanity, Paul actually returned, unopened, the dispatches sent to him by our Government, containing terms of conciliation, after piercing them in many places with the *Imperial pex-knife*.

*Moorfields*, according to the History of Tournaments in this country, was formerly a great theatre of action; and if the Emperor Paul should persist in his challenge, a more appropriate place for the decision of the contest could not well be chosen, for his accommodation!

The French author St. Pierre, now an old man, lately married a young girl of twenty. The following compliment, by a young widow of his acquaintance, was on that occasion presented to him, on a visiting card:—"Long shall his children know a mother's tenderness. The person, like the works of the immortal author of *Paul and Virginia*, remains for ever in its prime. Nature owes new youth and beauty to his pencil; and, in return, she commands Time to flutter over him with light downy pinions, and to strew only roses on his head. To explain the flux and reflux of the tides, he imagined mountains of ice at the poles.—Life, too, has its poles; but, for ST. PIERRE, those poles are without ice!"

A punster who frequently sees omens and dire potents in names, assures us, that the embargo laid by Russia on the English shipping, is a much more serious evil than we at first imagined. From a list of the vessels, 't appears, the Emperor has by it provided himself with *Admiral Nelson*, *Lord Rodney*, *Earl Howe*, and several others of our best Admirals. Thus supported, no wonder he has taken from us our *Commerce*, our *Prosperity*, our *Perseverance*, *Industry*, and *Resolution*; leaving us without *Fortune*, *Friendship*, *Union*, *Concord*, *Peace*, *Amity*, or *Hope*. He has parcelled out all *Albion*, and possessed himself of *Manchester*, *Bedford*, &c. deprived us of the *Prince of Wales*, *Lord Carrington*, and a long train of fashionable *Nymphs*, *Berseys*, *Annes*, *Fannys*, and *Marys*.—Even the winds of heaven are not suffered to visit us, as he has seized upon *Zephyr*, *Boreas*, &c. In this situation we are left without *Expedition*, *Enterprise*, or *Chance*.

Among the motely groups at the Ranelagh Masquerade, there were but few parts ably supported; there were, indeed, men of all characters, and women without any character at all—several Harlequins, one of whom was lame—savages out of costume and language, except in a brawl—and a fat-headed butcher, who was not aware that he ought not to be "as dull as *Leaderhall*," but that to support his dress at a masquerade, his wit should have been as polished as keen; as cutting and as pointed as his own knife—while he thought it enough merely to

Hang a calves skin on his recreant limbs.

A wit has observed, since her Majesty's birth-day, that the mutiny among the *taylors* had its effect on the birth-day gala. Some gentlemen actually appeared with coats that had been *turned*!

POETRY.



# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING  
MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

Should the following attempt be thought  
worthy a place in your Magazine, I  
shall be happy to exert my feeble  
powers, at any future period, for the  
amusement of your numerous readers.

I am, most respectfully, your's,  
A SUBSCRIBER.

### PARODY,

On "ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK."

ERE the sinewy shank, that supports  
my brown Mare,  
The fierce iron had dar'd to embrace;  
Ere the ring-bone had first laid her coronet  
bare,

Or a wind-gall her tendons had grac'd;

Could I number the *brushes* by her borne  
away,

Or the deeds in the field she has done!  
E'en the cup I now drink from, in life's  
early day,

Her fam'd grandsire at Doncaster won.

To his son he transferr'd all his beauty and  
speed,

Which next by my mare were pos-  
sess'd;

For her colt they're preserv'd, and by Fate  
'tis decreed,

He with victory oft shall be blest.

Cambridge, Jan. 20, 1801. A. W. W.

### BAYSWATER; OR, THE WHIM.

WHILE some post to Brighton to  
take a salt dip,  
And others at Cheltenham the fam'd waters  
sip,

Give me the delights which our good *Lon-*  
*don* yields,  
Give me the delights of gay Paddington's  
fields!

For there 'tis my pleasure on Sundays to  
stray

Through fields clad with corn, and thro'  
sweet-scented hay;

Each passer looks cheerful, each lassie so  
fain,

Complacency smiles on her youth debon-  
naire.

But when with my ramble I 'gin to grow  
tir'd,

My pipe, ale, and biscuit, are always re-  
quir'd;

I haste to regale me, retir'd from Sol's  
gleam,

Beneath the green willows of *Bayswater's*  
stream,

Rich men may boast of a Summer's retreat,  
Each Noble may vaunt his old family seat;  
I envy them neither their riches nor power,  
So I smoke my pipe beneath *Bayswater's*  
bower.

There, smiling, the married take coffee  
or tea,

While children, well pleas'd, climb the  
lov'd parents knee;

The bachelor quaffs the enlivening glass,  
While others breathe love to the listening  
lass.

Some skittles delight in, some quoits,  
some the bowl—

I view all their pastimes, then with joyful  
soul,

At eve homeward stray, and there, on my  
pillow,

I dream of *Bayswater's* pure ale and cool  
willow.

CONTENT.

SONNET



## SONNET TO PEACE.

**F**RRIEND of Mankind! by whose indulgence train'd,  
 The softer virtues blossom into life;  
 At whose approach, ambition, mortal strife,  
 And havoc, with the blood of nations stain'd,  
 Back to their native Hell desponding fly.  
 Friend of Mankind, return!—the widow's cry;  
 The wailing peasant, stinted of his bread;  
 The Lazar's inmost groans; the virgin's sigh  
 For her lov'd hero, number'd with the dead,  
 Or wasting life in far captivity.—  
 These are the ills that on thy absence wait!  
 That Season and the virtues all deplore;  
 O! come again! Bind round the brows of Hate  
 Thy flowers.—O come, fair Peace, to part no more!

## LOUDHON'S ATTACK.

A HUNGARIAN WAR SONG.

**R**ISE, ye Croats! fierce and strong,  
 Form the front, and march along!  
 And gather fast, ye gallant men  
 Of Nona, and of Warrasden;  
 Whose sunny mountains nurse a line  
 Generous as her fiery wine.  
 Hosts of Buda, hither bring  
 The bloody flag, and eagle wing!  
 And ye that drink the rapid stream  
 Fast by walled Salankeme!  
 Ranks of Agna, head and heel,  
 Sheath'd in adamant steel!  
 Quit the woodlands, and the boar,  
 Ye hunters wild, on Drava's shore!  
 And ye that hew her paken wood,  
 Brown with lusty hardihood;  
 The trumpets sound, the colours fly,  
 And LOUDHON leads to victory!

Hark! the summons loud and strong—  
 "Follow, soldiers—march along!"  
 Every Baron, sword in hand,  
 Rides before his gallant band:  
 The vulture, screaming for his food,  
 Conducts you to his fields of blood,  
 And bids the sword of valour seek,  
 For nurture, to his gory beak!

Men of Austria! mark around,  
 Classic fields and holy ground;

For here were deeds of glory done)  
 And battles by our fathers won—  
 Fathers who bequeath'd to you  
 Their country, and their courage too!  
 Heirs of plunder and renown,  
 Hew the squadrons—hew them down!  
 Now ye triumph!—Slaughter now  
 Plows the fields with bloody plough;  
 And all the streamy shore resounds  
 With shouts, and shrieks, and sabre wounds!  
 Now your thunders carry fate—  
 Now the field is desolate—  
 Save where Loudhon's eagles fly  
 On the wings of Victory!

This is glory! this is life!  
 Champions of a noble strife,  
 Moving like a wall of rock  
 To stormy siege, or battle-shock!  
 Thus we conquer might and main,  
 Fight, and conquer o'er again.  
 Grenadiers, that, fierce and large,  
 Stamp like dragons to the charge—  
 Foot and horseman, serf and lord,  
 Triumph now, with one accord!  
 Years of triumph shall repay  
 Death and Danger's troubled day;  
 Soon the rapid shot is o'er,  
 But glory lasts for evermore—  
 Glory, whose immortal eye  
 Guides us to the victory!

## HARVEST HOME,

(From BLOOMFIELD'S FARMER'S BOY)

A RURAL POEM.

"A Shepherd's Boy—he seeks no better name."

**N**OW, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,  
 And winds blow keen, where late the blossom grew,  
 The bustling day and jovial night must come—  
 The long-accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.  
 No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,  
 Can give the philosophic mind delight;  
 No triumph please, whilst rage and death destroy:  
 Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.  
 And where the joy, if rightly understood,  
 Like cheerful praise for universal good?  
 The soul, nor check, nor doubtful anguish knows,  
 But, free and pure, the grateful current flows.

Behold



Behold the sound oak table's massy  
frame  
Bestride the kitchen floor! The careful  
dame,  
And gen'rous host, invite their friends  
around;  
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd  
the ground,  
Are guests by right of custom.—Old and  
young,  
And many a neighbouring yeoman, join  
the throng;  
With artizans, that lent their dext'rous  
aid,  
When o'er each field the flaming sun-  
beams play'd.

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her bound-  
less hoard  
(Tho' not one jelly trembles on the board)  
Supplies the feast with all that Scase can  
crave—  
With all that made our great forefathers  
brave,  
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours  
try'd,  
And cooks had Nature's judgment set  
aside.  
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic  
lore,  
The mansion echoes, when the banquet's  
o'er:  
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,  
As quick the frothing horn performs its  
round;  
Care's mortal foe, that sprightly joys im-  
parts,  
To cheer the frame, and elevate their hearts.

Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's pro-  
duce lies  
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter  
rise;  
And crackling Music, with the frequent  
Song,  
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here, once a year, Distinction low'rs its  
crest,  
The master, servant, and the merry guest,  
Are equal all; and round the happy ring  
The Reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,  
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his  
place,  
With sun-burnt hands, and ale-enliven'd  
face,  
Refills the jug, his honour'd host to tend,  
To serve, at once—the master and the  
friend:  
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his  
tale,  
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

POOR TOM.

'T WAS for a crime, no matter small  
\*or great,  
Whether against the people or the state,  
Poor Workhouse Tom got into dismal  
limbo.  
Thomas, like other Britons, hated chains,  
And much about disgrace and wrong com-  
plains;  
When, with a surly air, and arms a-  
kimbo,  
Thus spoke the tender-hearted Gaoler—  
“How!  
“Why what an empty-pated rogue art  
thou,  
“To think a chain the badge of igno-  
miny,  
“When the Lord Mayor, and the Shrieves,  
i'fecks!  
“Wear chains themselves, and even round  
their necks;  
“But thou wear'st thine upon thy leg,  
thou ninny!”

Tom thought their Honours had a curious  
turn,  
To bend their necks to what he'd gladly  
spurn;  
Nor thought their wearing chains made  
his less galling.  
“Besides,” cries Tom, “they walk about  
at will,  
“But poor Pill Garlic lies in prison still;  
“Which, I confess, I see no fun at all  
in!”

At length Tom's tried, and sentenc'd to  
be hang'd;  
When, with much logic, thus his friend  
harangued,  
'Gainst Tom's unwillingness to wear a  
halter—  
“Halters no more than *beemen* collars are,  
“And collars, Lords and Courtiers gladly  
wear!  
“Why, therefore, let thy noble courage  
falter?  
“Alas!” sigh'd Tom, “thy far-fetch'd  
comfort cease,  
“Nor seek, by nominals, my woes to ap-  
pease!  
“'Tis not the *rope* I mind, to that I'm  
callous;  
“But 'tis the *death* it brings!—Ah! could  
I change  
“My collar for a Courtier's, then 'twere  
strange  
“If I, altho' a *rogue*, should fear the  
gallows!”

NEMO.

FANTOCCINI.



## FANTOCCINI.

## PROLOGUE TO THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

*Written by one of the Company, and delivered by Harlequin, at the Taylor's Hall, Tuesday, 20th January.*

LADIES and Gentlemen!—'tis some-  
what queer,  
That such a motley fellow should appear,  
And thus with heart o'erflowing come be-  
fore ye,  
To tell a true though lamentable story.  
But first, my worthy patrons! bending  
low,  
I greet you all with my best dancing bow.

[Bows.

You smile—and I perceive that each one  
feels,  
My genius lies not *here* [*pointing to his*  
*head*] but in my *beels*.

Yet there's no help for't; so, to be explicit,  
I'll tell you all the cause of this odd visit.  
Little Rebecqui was in anxious doubt  
How you would like the piece that's com-  
ing out,

And look'd so sad, that we perceiv'd his  
pother,  
And held a consultation with each other.  
Each wish'd to serve him, if he knew the  
way,

But *how* to do it—not a soul could say.  
At length cried one, "Let some bold  
dashing dog

Step forth and speak a Pro- or Epi-logue!"  
But next arose *this* question—"Who  
should write it?"

Or, what was worse by far—"Who  
should indite it?"—

For though we have amongst us Queens  
and Kings,

We are not much accustom'd to these  
things.

Some thought the Conjuror, demure and  
tragic,

Ought to enchant the audience with his  
magic.

"Och, blood and 'ounds—cried Darby—  
how you'd wonder

If I should hit it off without a blunder!

Arrah! send Pat the soldier on the stage;  
He's the dear Boy to please this warlike  
age:

Besides, 'tis known to all the world, his  
trade is

Not to fight only—but to court the Ladies."

Others said, "Push out great *Abomeliq*,  
And let old Blue Beard for the puppets  
speak."

But this was over-ru'd, lest, like his  
wives,

The maidens should all tremble for their  
lives.

Three Tails propos'd to send out old *True*  
*Blue*,

(Knowing he was a favourite with you;)   
And thus all eyes were fix'd on Heart of  
Oak;

But honest Jack did not admire the joke.  
"Avast! avast!—shall I, like a land-  
lubber,

Cringe, bow, talk nonsense, pipe my eye  
and blubber?

No, dam'me if I do!—I love my wench,  
And hate the Dutch, the Spaniards, and  
the French;

And since the Danes and Swedes will  
make a rout,

We'll pepper well their jackets *north about*!  
*D—n their Neutralities!* Let's drink and  
sing,

True to ourselves, our Country, and our  
King!!!"

Thus, though each wish'd him well,  
each little elf

Cunningly push'd the burthen *from himself*;  
And poor Rebecqui, 'midst his odds and  
ends,

Was like Gay's Hare, "among her many  
friends."

What, then, if I turn champion to the  
cause,

And boldly dare to ask for your applause?  
Plead for the blunders that may hap' to  
night

Among our wooden actors in the fight?—  
Consider, Sirs! my master needs your aid  
To fortify and to maintain BELGRADE.

Pray do not let him, then, at any rate,  
First slacken fire—and then capitulate;

For if you do—there is not half a doubt  
But garrison and all *will be starv'd out*;

For though *we* *Liliputians* do not mind  
Being on *short allowance*, yet you'll find

*Others behind the scenes*, who cannot bear,  
Like your *cameleon*—to live on air.

Come, then, my friends! bring succour to  
the town,

Nor let the critics' cannon hear it down—  
Look on our faults with a forgiving eye,

And let our errors, with the moment, die!

[Bows and is going—returns.]

One gentle hint, good folks! before I go!  
Now and then join your hands together,  
so—

[Claps.]  
You take the joke, I see—aye *that's* the  
way

To make us "push on" briskly through  
the Play.