

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR

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

For MARCH, 1801.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of BROOD MARES AND FOALS, by SCOTT, and an Etching of HOG AND MAN RACE, by HOWITT.]

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The cowardly assassin, who, under the signature of *A Sporting Gentleman*, sent us two *ill-spelled* letters, censuring the conduct of our Magazine, may now have a *literal proof* that the 'Cobler cannot go beyond his Last,' without detection,—otherwise he would not have dated from FINSBURY SQUARE, when he might have known that the *Post-mark* upon his letters would have betrayed his real residence, in some alley near BUNHILL Row.—To these objections of disappointed malignity, we urge no other answer than a reference to the increasing patronage and sale of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

G. W. L. is respectfully informed, that an account of the decease of Mr. LAMB, of Gaytonthorpe, in Norfolk, had reached us some days previous to the reception of his friendly communication.

Respecting G. W. L.'s hint for a Plate on the subject of Mr. LAMB's Death, can he procure, or furnish our Engraver, with a Drawing?

The Readers of this Publication are requested to accept our best thanks for past favours, and to be assured of the most determined exertions, on the part of the Proprietors, to render it still more worthy of their patronage.—The consideration, however, of the advance of every article in Printing, will compel the Proprietors, next month, to raise the price of their Magazine to

EIGHTEEN PENCE EACH NUMBER.

This, nevertheless, will not take place without a due attention to improvement in every department of our Miscellany; and which will be better evinced in the performance, than by any professions we may here offer.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH 1801.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

THE subject of the Frontispiece to the Seventeenth Volume, given in the present Number, is Brood Mares and Foals.

SUSSEX SPORTING.

THE Duke of Richmond is forming a Race Course at Goodwood, where it is intended to have three days Racing annually. Cups are already proposed to be run for; and the 7th, 8th, and 9th of April, are said to be the days fixed for the sport.

On Monday, the 9th instant, Lord Egremont's hounds unkenelled a Fox near Muntham, which produced a chase superior to any the Field had before experienced since the commencement of the season. Reynard made complete jades of all the horses, and got safe to earth, after a very hard run of an hour and forty minutes.

The next day a Fox was unkenelled near Bramber Castle, by the Truly Harriers, whose pursuit Reynard so little regarded, that he actually stopped, during the chase, to regale himself with a fowl which he had stolen in the farm-yard of the Rev. Mr. Whistler, of Newtimber. The dogs however, afterwards kept at a less respectable distance from his brush, and followed him almost to Rodmel,

near Lewes, where, being totally exhausted, they left Reynard to exult in his victory, and make the best shift he could for himself; but being seen licking his brush, and gambling on the declivity of the Downs, he had there to engage afresh with two Greyhounds that were brought to course him: they soon drove him into Rodmel Street, where, to escape, he climbed a house; but his cunning did not altogether avail him, as, on his descent, he was taken alive, and reserved for a future day's sport.

SURREY SPORTING.

On Monday, the 23d instant, Mr. Snow's Surrey Fox-hounds had a very fine chase. They cast off at Hockley Wood, where they quickly found *two* Foxes, one of which took directly up the Merstham hills to Ninwood, near Coulsdon: the other ran along the valley, over Tapwood Common, and down to Godstone, where he was killed close to the kennel of his enemies, after a fine run. They then went in search of part of the pack at Ninwood, where, having joined, poor Reynard was driven back, against the wind, down into the valley; and, being very hard run, got into a stone-quarry below Bletchingley, from which the terriers were not able to draw him. It was a very fine day; and there was a most brilliant field of Sports-

men. The hounds were hunted in a capital style by West.

ESSEX SPORTING.

The little pack of Harriers, belonging to Messrs. Davis, Andrews, and Rutland, at Hempstead, which consists of but *six couple*, have lately performed wonders. There wants no greater proof of their being uncommonly staunch, fine-nosed, fast, and well hunted, when we learn that it is no uncommon thing for them to kill a *brace* of foxes, in one day. Tuesday the 24th instant, they found a brace of foxes, and killed, after a severe run of more than twelve miles.

As a proof of the courage of those in the field, nine horsemen started with the hounds, and eight of them were in sight when the fox made his *exit*.

A SUCCESSFUL RACE.

A Few days since, Mr. Robert Tiffin, a respectable Farmer at Outwell, in the county of Norfolk, undertook, for a wager of Twenty Pounds, to run from the toll-gate at Outwell, five miles on the road to Wisbech, and back again, in an hour and an half; which he accomplished, with perfect ease, in an hour and eleven minutes.

SURPRIZING ATTRACTION OF FOWLS.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my attentive perusal of your Magazine, it has surprized me not a little, that I have not seen related a circumstance which now occupies the attention of the inhabitants of the North, and of which their prints are full;—

On the 20th of January last, a violent explosion took place in a mountain at the foot of Skiddaw, which emitted vast columns of fire and smoke, and threw fragments of rock to the great distance of four miles. It continues to burn with the greatest fury, and is a complete Mount Ætna in miniature. The most serious consequence is, that it renders all the adjoining country perfectly uninhabitable. Its suffocating smell has already created the greatest alarm, even to those who live at the distance of twenty miles. But a very curious circumstance, and that which is more especially entitled to your notice, is, that it possesses peculiar attractive powers, and animals of every kind seem allured towards it. Every species of birds, and more particularly Moor-game, have been frequently observed to precipitate themselves into its flames. The most gloomy prospects present themselves to all the Sportsmen, as well as to the other inhabitants of the country; and I understand a Bill is going to be brought into Parliament, for the relief of those who have been ruined by its contagious influence.

If you think this account worth a place in your Magazine, (a publication which I have ever esteemed and recommended, from my considering it to be as necessary to form a true Sportsman, as it is entertaining to the curious observer) you will again oblige one whose communications you have hitherto kindly inserted, and who has now the honour to subscribe himself,

Your most obedient servant,

T. WILSON.

London, March 19, 1801.

We have given place to this letter, but strongly suspect it to be altogether an effort at the MARVELLOUS, and as such we must consider it, until convinced to the contrary.

LAW

LAW CASES.—GAME LAWS.

When men conceive themselves injured, the opportunity of retaliation comes some time or other. From the report of the first of the following Trials, and, indeed, as it is therein hinted, the action was not brought from any enmity in the Plaintiff towards the Defendant, but to pay off an old score to Mr. Thelluson, for his former good offices, in prosecuting the Plaintiff for a breach of the Game Laws;—at least, so we understand it.

SUFFOLK ASSIZES.

ALSTON (*qui tam*) v. the Reverend SAMUEL HENLEY, Rector of Rendlesham.

THIS action was brought for the recovery of eleven penalties for non-residence on his benefice. The learned Defendant pleaded his own cause in a most able manner; but the law on the case being very explicit, a verdict was given for the Plaintiff for One Hundred and Ten Pounds.—This cause was tried at the last Summer Assizes, when the Plaintiff was nonsuited, and took its origin more from a personal dispute with Mr. Thelluson, relative to the Game Laws, than any enmity towards Mr. Henley, Mr. T. having hired the parsonage house of the Defendant, and it seemed to be understood that the damages must be made good by Mr. T.

CLARK v. LEE, *qui tam*.

An action upon the Game Laws, for snaring a hare. The Plaintiff's case was supported by two game-keepers, who swore that the Defendant was the person who took up the snare. The Defendant produced a witness, who swore he himself took it up. The Jury gave credit to the game-keepers, and found a verdict for the Plaintiff for Five Pounds, being the amount of one penalty.

The world has lately been favoured with a Publication in Two Volumes Octavo, of which the following is the Title:

THE LIFE, ADVENTURES, and OPINIONS, of COLONEL GEORGE HANGER. — Written By HIMSELF. To which is added, Advice to the Prelates and Legislators, how to correct the Immorality and Jacobinism of the present age, and at the same time increase the Revenue.

Advice to the lovely Cyprians, and to the Fair Sex in general, how to pass their Lives in future to their better satisfaction, and to enjoy, with discretion, the three Cardinal Virtues.

On Matrimony, Compulsive Wedlock, and on Polygamy.

On the Misery of Female Prostitution.

The History of the lovely Ægyptia, the Pamela of Norwood, and Paragon of the Ægyptian Race; the Author's Marriage with her; and her cruel infidelity and elopement with a Travelling Tinker: and a History of the King's Bench Prison, written by the Author during his Custody under the Marshal of that Prison; descriptive of the miseries endured by the Prisoners, and the extravagant expence incident to their confinement.

*“ Insanire parat, certa ratione modoque
“ Nudus agris, nudus nummis.”*

We have perused a part of the above work, and shall, in our future Numbers, furnish some extracts from it.

SINGULAR MODE employed by the MAHRATTAS for the RECOVERY of DEBTS.

WHEN a Mahratta has tried in vain to obtain payment of a debt, as the last and most effectual expedient, he sits in *Dherna* on his debtor. The consequence of this is, that the debtor, be he

who

who he will, even though the chief man of the state, is not permitted to eat or drink, or wash or pray, is not suffered to remove from the spot where he sits or stands, at the time the Dherna takes place, till the money be paid, or security for payment given.

Sometimes a still more violent method of Dherna is resorted to. The creditor goes to the door of his debtor, and demands payment or security. If neither is given by the debtor, he stands up in his presence with an enormous weight on his head, which he brings with him for the purpose: swearing never to alter his position, or allow the weight to be removed, until satisfaction be given; denouncing, at the same time, the most horrid execrations on his debtor, should he suffer him to expire in that situation. This seldom fails to produce the desired effect; but, should he actually die in Dherna, the debtor's house is razed to the ground, and he and his family sold, for the satisfaction of the creditor's heirs.

A STRANGE KING.

The following very singular event lately happened at Basle:—

IN the wall of the spire, beneath which people pass on the bridge over the Rhine, at Basle, there stood formerly, below the clock, a large opening, in which there was a head, which thrust out its tongue every minute. It was called by a German name, which signifies *King Thrust-out Tongue*. At the beginning of the Helvetic revolution, a patriot of Basle removed this head, by his own authority, and fixed in its place a Tree of Liberty. The Helvetic Government having ordered all the Trees of Liberty to be removed, and only one to be left in each place, this one met

with this fate. The Clock-maker who had the care of the clock then replaced the head. In the morning it was perceived:—a great clamour was raised, that *King Thrust-out Tongue* had re-appeared. "It is a sign of counter-revolution," said some. "There is a wish to re-establish the ancient order of things," said others. "Surely it is by order of the Municipality! Can it be done in concert with the Oligarchists?"

The clamour became so great, that the Prefect gave notice to the Municipality of their responsibility, and that it was in agitation to call in the military. At last, after a long examination, the Head of the King was taken away for ever, and all the heads of the people of Basle were set at rest.

ANOTHER HUNKS.

A Few days ago, as the workmen were unflooring an old house in Capel-court, Bartholomew-lane, (the spot on which the new Stock Exchange is to be erected) they discovered a small box, containing upwards of two hundred and ninety guineas, half-guineas, half-crowns, and shillings, wrapped in pieces of rag, and tied in the feet of old stockings, supposed to have been accumulated by an old man, who died about two years ago on the premises, and who, for some years previous to his death, lived in the most abject state of human wretchedness, allowing himself barely sufficient of the coarsest food to support his body. It is believed he actually died for want of the support he was so well enabled to provide himself with, as he was one morning found dead in his bed, having gone to it, on the preceding evening, very much enfeebled, from the want of nourishment.

NATHANIEL

NATHANIEL BENTLEY.

An Eccentric Character.

THIS inhabitant of a well known dirty shop in Leadenhall-street, has for many years past excited the surprise and risibility of passengers in general, and the inhabitants likewise. Every mouth is filled with enquiries, why and wherefore, there should be such an uncommon appearance of plenty and parsimony?—A number of ridiculous stories it is certain have been fabricated, about his being bound down by his father's will never to have his house repaired, &c. However, as the following is the best account we can collect of him, we submit it to our readers, together with an Ode addressed to him by some Wag, whose observation he had drawn upon him in common with the rest.

Nathaniel Bentley, (son of a respectable hardwareman of that name, who died about 1770) resides at the corner of the Old Crown Tavern, Leadenhall-street, and is one of the most eccentric characters this day living. His father, who kept a carriage, and lived in stile, gave him a good education. It is said, indeed, that he speaks not only French, but Italian, fluently. Previous to his father's death, and for several years after, he was called the Beau of Leadenhall-street, and was seen at all public places dressed as a *Man of Fashion*. He attended, in a most elegant suit, the Fete at Ranelagh, given by the Spanish Ambassador on the King's recovery. His manners in company, in short, bespeak the Gentleman; yet his appearance in business is little short of disgusting.

Many anecdotes are, of course, circulated about this phenomenon,

and many of them, no doubt, illiberal and unfounded; but on the truth of the following circumstances we believe the reader may rely:—

Mr. Bentley has not had a female servant in his house for more than twenty years past.

When any of his windows are broken, he places an old japanned waiter against the aperture; remarking, that it is the cheapest method of repairing the damage.

His answer to a gentleman who ventured to give him advice for correcting the slovenly appearance of his person, was, "It is of no use, Sir; for if I wash my hands to-day, they will be dirty again to-morrow."

It has been said, that his neighbours, particularly those opposite to his house, have frequently offered to defray the expence of painting and white-washing the front; but this he constantly refuses; alledging, that his shop is so well known abroad by the denomination of *The Dirty Warehouse*, that it would ruin his trade with the Levant, &c.

His expence in coals must be very trifling; for, except when absolutely indispensable, he considers fires as extravagant: but as his feet, from age, or other circumstances, are chilly in the winter season, he fills a box with straw, and stands in it.

He keeps no servant; but when he goes out in the day-time, he fastens the door, and gives a poor woman a trifle to wait *outside* till his return.

His favourite dress in his beauish days was blue and silver, *chapeau de bras*, &c.

We believe the house will soon be pulled down, to make way for India warehouses. Mr. Bentley has had offers from the India Company, who wish to purchase it; what his determination is, has not transpired.

ODE, to the INHABITANT of a well-known DIRTY SHOP in LEADENHALL STREET.

WHO has not seen (if he can see at all)
'Twixt Aldgate's well-known pump
and Leadenhall,

A curious Hardware Shop, in general full
Of wares, from Birmingham and Pontipool?—

Begim'd with dirt, behold his ample
front,

With thirty years' collected filth upon't:
See festoon'd cobwebs pendant o'er the
door,

While boxes, bales, and trunks, are strew'd
around the floor.

Behold, how whistling winds, and driv-
ing rain,

Gain free admission at each broken pane,
Save where the dingy tenant keeps them
out

With urn or tray, knife-case, or dirty
clout!

Here, snufflers, waiters, patent screws for
corks;

There, castors, card-racks, cheese-trays,
knives and forks!

Here, empty cases, pil'd in heaps on
high;

There, packthread, papers, rope, in wild
disorder lie.

O say, thou enemy to soap and towels!
Hast no compassion lurking in thy bow-
els?

Think what the neighbours suffer by thy
whim,

Of keeping self and house in such a trim!
The Officers of Health should view the
scene,

And put thy Shop and Thee in quaran-
tine.

Consider thou, in Summer's ardent heat,
When various means are tried to cool the
street,

What must each decent neighbour suffer
then

From noxious vapours issuing from thy
den?

When fell disease, with all her horrid
train,

Spreads her dark pinions o'er ill-fated
Spain,

That Britain may not witness such a scene,
Behoves us doubly now to keep our dwell-
ings clean.

Say, if within the street where thou
dost dwell,

Each house were kept exactly like thy
cell,—

O say, thou enemy to brooms and mops!

How long thy neighbours could keep open
shops,

If, following thee in taste, each wretched
elf,

Unshav'd, unwash'd, and squallid, like
thyself,

Resolv'd to live?—The answer's very
plain!

One year would be the utmost of their
reign;

Victims to filth, each vot'ry soon would
fall,

And one grand jail-distemper kill them
all.

Pers'ns there are, who say thou hast
been seen

(Some years ago) with hands and face quite
clean;

And, would'st thou quit this most un-
seemly plan,

Thou art ('tis said) a very comely man,
Of polish'd language, partial to the fair—
Then why not wash thy face, and comb
thy matted hair?

Clear from thy house accumulated dirt,
New paint the front, and wear a cleaner
shirt!

EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

HOG AND MAN RACE.

(AN ETCHING, by Mr. HOWITT.)

A Wager was lately laid be-
tween a noted Runner and a
Butcher, that the Butcher, on that
day month, should produce a Hog,
which should beat the Runner in a
race of two hundred yards, on the
adjoining common. The Butcher
put his Hog in training, by feeding
him every day at the place agreed
on for the winning-post, keeping
him at the starting-post, till his meat
was ready. The man, who de-
pended on the Hog's natural resis-
tiveness, and that he would never
keep the course, (being previously
unacquainted with the mode the
Butcher intended to pursue) found
himself mistaken, and was fairly
and easily beat.



Hog and Man Race.

Published April 1, 1891, by J. W. Wells, Warwick, R.I.

BADGER HUNTING.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ON reviewing some of the former volumes of your justly admired Miscellany, I was highly pleased with the elegant representation of *Badger Hunting*, in January 1809. —In order to illustrate this beautiful Engraving, I have transmitted you an account of the manner of Hunting that animal, as I have observed it in some of the western counties of this kingdom.

Your's, &c.

J. J. BRAYFIELD.

IN Badger Hunting, you must first seek the earths and burrows where he lies, and, in a clear moon-shine night, go and stop all the burrows except one or two, and therein place some sacks fastened with drawing-strings, which may shut him in as soon as he straineth the bag. Some use to set no more than a hoop in the mouth of the sack, and so put it in the hole; and as soon as the Badger is in the sack, and straineth it, the sack shippeth off the hoop, and follows him into the earth; so he lies tumbling therein till he is taken. —These bags being thus set, cast off the hounds, beating about all the woods, coppices, hedges and tufts, round about, for the compass of a mile or two; and what Badgers are abroad, being alarmed by the Hounds, will soon betake themselves to their burrows:—and observe, that he who is placed to watch the sacks, must stand close, and upon a clear wind, otherwise the Badger will discover him, and immediately fly some other way into his burrow: but, if the Hounds can encounter him before he makes his sanctuary, he will then stand

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at bay, like a Boar, and make good sport, grievously biting and clawing the Dogs; for the manner of their fighting is lying on their backs, using both teeth and nails; and by blowing up their skins, they defend themselves against all bites of the Dogs, and blows of the Men upon their noses. And, for the better preservation of your Dogs, it is good to put broad collars, made of Badgers skins, about their necks.

When the Badger perceives the Terriers begin to yearn him in his burrow, he will stop the hole betwixt him and them; and, if they still continue baying, he will remove his couch into another chamber, or another part of the burrow, and so from one part to another, barricading the way before him, as he retreats, until he can go no farther.

If you intend to dig the Badger out of his burrow, you must be provided with the same tools as for digging out a Fox; and, besides, you must have a pail of water, to refresh the Terriers when they come out of the earth to take breath and cool themselves. It will be also necessary to put collars of bells about the necks of your Terriers, which, making a noise, may cause the Badger to bolt out.—The tools used for digging out the Badger, being troublesome to be carried on mens backs, may be conveyed in a cart.

In digging, you must consider the situation of the ground, by which you may judge where the chief angles lie; or else, instead of advancing the work, you will retard it. In this order you may besiege them in their holds and castles, and may break their platforms, parapets, and casements, and work them with mines and countermines until you overcome them.

Having taken a live and lusty Badger, if you would make good sport,

M m

sport,

sport, carry him home in a sack, and tuff him out in your courtyard, or some other inclosed place, and there let him be baited by your Terriers.

The flesh, blood, and grease of the Badger, though not good for food, is very useful for ointments, salves, and powders, for shortness of breath, the cough of the lungs, for the stone, sprained sinews, colt-achs, &c; and the skin, being well dressed, is very warm and comfortable for ancient people who are troubled with paralytic disorders.

SPORTIVE OBSERVATIONS ON
NATIONAL HABITS.

NEVER did so light a subject excite such grave and general attention. We read arguments *à priori* upon an apron; arguments *à posteriori* upon a train. There is not a plait in a Lady's sleeve that does not produce a conundrum: her very shoes are pointed with epigrams; nor can she even mount a new wig, without bringing down on her head a host of sermons, satires, anathemas, and *bulls*. The true length of her waist induces more learned anxiety than the discovery of the longitude; and her bosom is explored with more optical industry than the milky way. On this part of the subject, every Bondstreet loungee fancies himself a Herschell, and talks of *concave* and *convex lens* with all the gravity of a Newton, or a Gallileo. We never hear of the position of the *zonæ*, but of the place of the *cestus*; nor is it any longer a question, how the planets move in their orbits, but—how a new cap, or a new bonnet, holds its course in the circle of Fashion?—whether that which is the rage of the present, our shall

remain stationary, or quickly pass away?—whether it be a comet or a fixed star? Venus may rise in splendour, and set in clouds, unnoticed and unknown; but no dashing Cypriad can put down her chariot without attracting a thousand eyes, and producing a thousand observations. The elongation of the moon is not half so much thought of as an elopement; a superior conjunction among the heavenly bodies, as a fashionable wedding; and, in the place of constellations, eclipses, the music of the spheres, and the signs of the zodiac, modern conversation has substituted routs, masquerades, operas, and cards.—But, in the midst of this monopoly of learned attention, Female Fashion has much cause for complaint: while it endeavours to dazzle and captivate, by the most enchanting display of natural beauties, all ranks and descriptions of men are unanimous in their hostility; millions of gentle claims and pleas, in mitigation, are lost in unrelenting prejudice, which, like the deaf adder, listeneth not to the voice of the charmer. The paragraph of the Witling, the cruelty of the Caricature, the morality of the Pulpit, the eloquence of the Bar, the wisdom of the Senate, the thunders of the Vatican, are all levelled against Female Fashion's devoted head.—In such a cause, ten thousand pens should leap from their cases, to avenge her wrongs, and to maintain her rights. Let mine be the first. The enterprize could not be undertaken at a more seasonable moment. Spring is the time when all nature begins to assume a new and beautiful livery. What time, then, more proper to bestow our care on the dress of the fairest of her creation.

The grand objection to Fashion is, that it is the child of Whim and Caprice, irreducible to any fixed standard or rule of Reason.—In

answer

answer to this charge, it may be sufficient to cite the new Pope's bull of the 16th of October. In this famous state-paper, we find that the rise and fall of a Lady's petticoat are exactly in the same degree with the morality of the country; that a loose dress is the external symbol of a loose character, and a muslin transparency the clearest evidence of a *faux pas*. His Holiness accordingly calls upon all Tailors, Haberdashers, Milliners and Men Milliners, Hair-dressers (these are the precise words of the Bull) Ladies Maids and Chambermaids, all Priests, Confessors, Overseers, Churchwardens and others, to oppose themselves to the voluptuous tendency of Female Fashions. Nay, he goes farther: he constitutes these heterogeneous particles the *Custodes Morum* of his dominions, and erects them into a Supreme Court of Dress, with power to excommunicate all who shall offend against its ordinances, even to the sticking of a pin, upon the same principle as the English law, which requires (for the benefit of the staple manufacture) that every corpse shall be buried in woollen.

The French, whose sovereignty in the empire of Fashion has never been disputed, having so long made a fool's cap of the Papal tiara, it was natural to expect (and the event has proved it) that the head of his Holiness would have been turned, in the first place, to the important article of Female Fashion. — On this ground alone, we might safely rest the proposition, that Dress, so far from being a matter of whim and caprice, uniformly and strictly accommodates itself to the moral state of the country; but, to preclude all possible scepticism on the subject, one argument more will be sufficient.

The dress of Eve was a leaf. The dress of Europe, new from

the hand of Nature, was a leaf also. This was her primitive state. Kingdoms and realms, empires and principalities, only constitute the various articles of artificial dress superinduced on her person by man in society. A female in sex and form, (as all geographers admit, from Cellarius to D'Anville) it might not be difficult to show that the dress of Europe, and of our females, have had a mutual relation from the beginning; that a change never takes place in the costume of a *fashionable*, without a similar one in the geography of Europe; that the instant Poland was shamelessly torn off her bosom, away went our Ladies neck-handkerchiefs; that the instant our females mount the Union Cap, up starts a Northern Confederacy. This would, however, lead into too wide a field of argument: a more confined sketch will answer the purpose.

To begin, then, with Italy, the *leg* of Europe; when that country was rich, and luxuriously clothed, a peep at a neat English ankle was as difficult to obtain as a peep into the Conclave. Now that it is stripped, and naked to the very Gulf of Venice, what with transparent cloaks and a short petticoat, the female leg is exhibited to the very garter.

France, the *Dicky* of Europe, while that kingdom was confined within its ancient limits, never used to presume much above the hip, or below the knee; but what is the case now? The instant that kingdom, actuated by a spirit of revolution and aggrandisement, overran all the neighbouring states, the Dicky did the same,—threw off all superiority, became one and indivisible, and, to the utter destruction of all other petticoat controul, usurped the *waist*, and encroached upon the *leg*.

In former times, the Ladies

wore a *pad* and *pockets*. What was the state, then, of the seven United Provinces, with which they correspond in local situation? The United Provinces then cut a swelling figure: they were the carriers of Europe, and its most prominent state: they had colonies in the East and in the West; but, the moment the Dutch ceased to be the carriers of Europe, away went the *pad*; and the instant John Bull cut off St. Thomas and Ceylon, away went the *pockets* after it.—It would be an easy task to pursue the parallel much farther:—to shew how Turkey, the *train* of Europe, is liable to be rent and torn in pieces, and more exposed to be tramped on, than any other state:—how Prussia, with its line of demarcation, sympathizes with the *Braces*, in its endeavours to fix limits to its ambitious neighbours, and preserve the due proportions of the body of Europe:—how Russia, extending her views downwards, seeks to exchange her old bear-skin *spencer* for a new-fashioned *Opera coat*:—how Sweden and Denmark have thrown off all disguise, as our Ladies ceased to wear any covering on their bosoms;—and how the kicks and insults of Bonaparte have been directed to Germany, as being the *seat of Honour*.

This statement, however, may suffice for the leading point of this interesting question, and clearly demonstrates that Female Fashions are regulated by great political and moral principles; that there is no whim, no folly, no caprice, in the system; but that a Lady, while choosing a cap or a bonnet, actually holds the balance of Europe in her hands.

————— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse
sororum.

MODESTUS.

ENTERTAINING REVIEW OF A
JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY THOMAS PENNANT, Esq.

ON the 7th of May, 1787, the late Mr. Pennant sailed from the Temple Stairs down the Thames in company with his son, the present David Pennant, Esq. on a voyage or journey from London to Dove. With his wonted vigilance of enquiry, as an Antiquarian, a Naturalist, a Friend to the Useful and Fine Arts, he suffered no considerable object to escape from under his observation, before he had particularly examined it, and noted down his remarks for future use. Many objects of curiosity met his eyes, on both sides of the river, from the very moment of his entering the boat. The flatness of the grounds on the Surrey side suggested the conjecture that these might have been formerly covered by an expansion of the river. Embankments have been, for these four hundred years, necessary, to prevent it from again inundating them. Of the Isle of Dogs, he was induced to note, that it was the scite of the Royal Dog-kennel, when the Kings of England kept their court at Greenwich.—He could not pass Deptford, without recollecting that *Cowley* the Poet, *Evelyn* the Botanist, and the Russian Czar, *Peter the Great*, had honoured it with their residence.—Upon a wager (as he tells us) of 3000*l.* Sir *Packington*, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, engaged to swim from Whitehall Stairs to Greenwich, but was prohibited, by the Queen's command, from making an attempt so perilous. The famous Duchess of Chevreuse, the favourite of the mother of Louis XIV.

of France, actually swam across the Thames, when she was in England, in the year 1638. From the accession of William of Normandy to the reign of William of Orange, Greenwich was a residence of the Sovereigns, or of some part of the royal kindred. Henry VIII. Elizabeth, Anne the wife of James I. Henrietta Maria the wife of the unfortunate Charles I. and her son Charles II. delighted much in Greenwich, and altered or enlarged its buildings, at a great expence. It was appropriated by William III. in the year 1694, as an Hospital for the reception of aged and wounded Seamen.—Of Greenwich, several curious anecdotes were collected by Mr. Pennant and his companion. He remarked, that the convicts at work in chains by the river, and belonging to the hulks, were well clad and well fed, but utterly shameless.—The *white-bait*, which is the joy of the luxurious fill the river in July, and the *sprats*, which are from the beginning of November to March the great relief of the poor, were remembered, as he passed those parts of the river where they are chiefly caught. He learned that, at Dagenham, in Essex, multitudes of Welsh, Scotch, and Lincolnshire sheep, of old Norfolk ewes, of cows and oxen, are fed for the London market from Michaelmas to the end of November.—At Westwood, he saw vast decayed links of chesnut trees. These trees grow not together, in woods, in any English county but Kent: they were common here, before Britain was subdued by the Romans: their timber was much valued by the ancient Britons.—He recollected the insurrection under *Wat Tyler*, at Dartford, where it first began. The cherry-orchards and hop-gardens of Kent engaged much of his notice. Of the uses

of the chalk and flints, so abundant in that county, he was induced to collect the history. At Tilbury, at Rochester, at Feversham, he gathered much information to gratify curiosity. He went on shore at Margate, and learned the history of the house of entertainment named *Dandelion*.—Canterbury presents much to interest an antiquarian. Mr. Pennant's enquiries collected a variety of important anecdotes respecting St. Augustine's monastery, and other objects of that city. Concerning the Cinque Ports, his enquiries were equally diligent and successful. At sight of Dover Cliff, he revered the picturesque power with which it has been described by Shakespare.

From Dover, he proceeded to the Isle of Wight.—Sandgate Castle, Winchelsea, Brighton, Arundel Castle, Carebrook Castle, Yarmouth, &c. were in his progress successively visited by him. Curious anecdotes in history, remarkable appearances of nature, the establishment of the arts, and facts in the biography of eminent men, he every where eagerly gleaned, in this, as in the former part of his tour.

The result of all his enquiries and observations was, with his usual diligence, committed to writing, for publication. He lived not to give them, himself, to the public; but his manuscript was lately put, by his worthy son, into the hands of a competent Editor. It has been made public since the beginning of the present year: we have read it with uncommon pleasure and instruction; and have written the foregoing sketch of its contents, for the purpose of suggesting to the literary readers of the *SPORTING MAGAZINE*, that, in the *Tour* itself, they will find an ample fund of highly amusing information, on the topographical curiosities of one

of the most interesting portions of the British coast. The style and mode of composition are distinguished by all the beauties of Pennant's former writings.

The work is illustrated by two maps, and by a number of other curious and well-executed engravings, &c.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WELSH.

From Bingley's Tour round North Wales
(Continued from page 223.)

AS soon as it is dark, on the evening before Michaelmas-day, the Welsh people kindle great fires near their houses, and generally, where they can have it, on a large stone upon an eminence. These they call *coelcerth*, or bonfires; and Rowlands, in his *Mona*, supposes this custom to have originated with the Druids, and to have been intended by them as an offering of thanksgiving for the fruits of the harvest. The Druids had also another, at the vernal equinox, to implore a blessing from the Deity on the fruits of the earth. On Michaelmas Eve, several hundred of these fires may sometimes be seen at once, round each of which are numbers of labouring people dancing hand-in-hand, "in merry glee," shouting and singing in the most riotous and frantic manner. In many places, they retain the custom of each throwing stones or nuts into the flame, by which they pretend to foretell the good or ill luck that will attend them the ensuing year.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist, they fix sprigs, of the plant called St. John's Wort, over their doors, and sometimes over their windows, in order to purify their houses, and by that means drive away all fiends and evil spirits, in the same manner as the Druids

were accustomed to do with *vervain*.

They have a firm belief in witches! and consequently many old women, merely because they happen to be old and ugly, are forced to bear all the blame of the cows not yielding milk, or of the butter not forming in the churn. They are also believed to possess the power of inflicting any disorder they think proper, on man or beast, and that they never neglected to do it, if they have been offended. There are now living two celebrated conjurors, or fortune-tellers, who are consulted by all the neighbours, when their goods, horses, or cattle, are missing: these are, Sionet Gorn, of Denbigh, and Dick Spot, of Oswestry.

The young people have many pretended modes of foretelling their future sweethearts; but most of these being customary among the peasantry of our own country, it would be useless to repeat them.

I have been informed, that a disorder similar to St. Anthony's fire, called *Yr Eryr*, "the eagle," is supposed by the labouring people to be always cured by the following kind of charm:—a man or woman, whose father, grandfather, or great grandfather, have eaten the flesh of that bird, is to spit upon the part affected, and rub it, and they say it will go away. A servant girl belonging to a friend of mine, who resides in Wales, says she was cured of this complaint by an old man, whose grandfather had eaten of the eagle's flesh; he made use of some words, to assist in the charm, which she did not comprehend.

There is an opinion, very commonly received within the diocese of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, that, a short time before the death of any person, a light is frequently seen proceeding from the house, and

and even sometimes from the bed where the sick person lies, and pursues its way to the church where the corpse is to be interred, precisely in the same track in which the funeral is afterwards to follow. This light is called *Caneyll Corph*, or "the Corpse Candle."

The lower class of people of Carnarvonshire, Anglesea, and part of Merionethshire, have a mode of courtship which, till within these few years, was scarcely ever heard of in this kingdom:—The lover generally comes under the shadow of night, and is taken, without any kind of reserve, into the bed of the fair one. Here, as it is generally understood, with part of his clothes still on, he breathes his tender passion, and "tells how true he loves."—This custom seems to have originated in the scarcity of fuel, and in the disagreeableness of sitting together in cold weather without fire. Much has been said of the innocence with which those meetings are conducted: it may be so, in some cases; but it is certainly not an uncommon thing for a son and heir to be brought into the world within two or three months after the marriage ceremony has taken place. No notice seems, however, to be taken of it, provided the marriage is over before the living witness is brought to light.—As this custom is entirely confined to the labouring people, it is not so pregnant with danger as it otherwise might be supposed; for both parties being poor, they are constrained to marry, in order to secure their reputation, and, by that means, a method of getting a livelihood.

Their weddings are generally attended with noise and riot, being dedicated by the guests to little else than drinking and singing. On the appointed day, as many of the neighbours and friends as can be

collected together, attend the couple to church, and from thence, after the ceremony, home again. Here a collection is made among the guests, to defray the expences of the occasion, and frequently to aid in establishing the new-married couple in the world. At these times they are often so extravagant, that many of them have literally to starve, perhaps for near a month afterwards, in order to make up a sum they thus foolishly expend; and it is from imprudencies of this kind, and the smallness of their earnings, that the people are kept so miserably poor.

In South Wales, previous to their weddings, a herald, with a crook or wand adorned with ribbands, sometimes makes a circuit of the neighbourhood, and makes his *bid-ding*, or invitation, in a prescribed form. But the knight-errant cavalcade on horseback—the carrying off the bride—the rescue—the wordy war, in rhyme, between the parties, &c. which formed a singular spectacle of mock contest at the celebration of nuptials, is now almost, if not altogether, laid aside, through every part of the principality.

The funerals are also attended by great crowds of people, all the relatives and neighbours of the persons deceased being invited. The custom of the congregation making offerings of money on these occasions, is, I believe, peculiar to North Wales, and has, no doubt, been retained from the Roman Catholic religion, where money was given for singing mass for the soul of the deceased. It is now only considered as a mark of respect paid to the clergyman; for, if he is not liked, the offerings are made on the coffin, at the door of the house where the person resided, and distributed among the poor relatives. But, when they are made

in the church, the morning or evening service for the day is first read; the clergyman reading two prayers for the funeral service, and then the general thanksgiving, and the rest of the service, at the altar table. When the prayers are concluded, the next of kin to the deceased comes forward, and puts down sixpence or a shilling, if they are poor; but where they are more opulent, half a crown or a crown, and sometimes even so much as a guinea. This example is followed by the other relatives, and afterwards by the rest of the congregation that are able, who advance in turns and offer. After the offering of silver is ended, there is a short pause, when those who are not able to afford more come forward, and put down each a penny (a half-penny not being admitted). The collections thus made amount sometimes to ten or fifteen pounds; but, where the relatives are indigent, to not more than three or four shillings. If the relatives are poor, but particularly where a man or woman is left with a number of children, the money is usually given to them by the clergyman. After the collection is entirely finished, the remainder of the burial service is read, and the awful ceremony is closed. The offerings at Llanpublic and Carnarvon are said, upon an average, to amount to seventy-five or eighty pounds a year.—I have been told, that it is the intention of the clergy of North Wales to abolish this custom, if possible.

It is usual in Carnarvonshire, and some other parts of North Wales, for the nearest female relative of the deceased, be she widow, mother, sister, or daughter, to pay some poor person of the same sex, and nearly of the same age with the deceased, for procuring slips of yew, box, and other ever-greens, to strew over and ornament the

grave, for some weeks after the interment; and, in some instances, for weeding and adorning it on the eves of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, and some other particular days, for a year or two afterwards. The money is given to the person on a plate, at the door of the house where the body is standing on a bier. This gift is called *Diallys*; for formerly, instead of it, the person used to receive from the hand of the female relative, a cheese, with a piece of mone stuck in it, and some white bread, and afterwards a cup of drink; but this practice is now entirely discontinued: the gift, however, still retains its old name.—When this ceremony is over, the clergyman, or in his absence the parish clerk, says the Lord's Prayer, after which they proceed with the corpse. Four of the nearest of kin take the bier upon their shoulders; a custom considered as the highest respect that filial piety can pay to the deceased. If the distance from the house to church is considerable, they are relieved by some of the congregation; but they again take it, in order to carry it in and out of the church. I have been told, that it is usual in some parts to set down the bier at every cross-way between the house and the church, and again repeat the Lord's Prayer, and to do the same when they enter the church-yard. They generally sing Psalms on the way, by which the still of rustic life is often broke into in a manner finely productive of religious reflections.

In some places, it was customary for the friends of the dead to kneel and say the Lord's Prayer over the grave for several Sundays after the interment, and then to dress the grave with flowers.

Among the Welsh, it was reckoned fortunate for the deceased if it should rain while they were carrying

ring him to church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of heaven.

I have observed, that in many parts of Wales, as well as England, the relations most ridiculously crowd all into that part of the church-yard which is south of the church; the north, or, as they term it, the *wrong side*, being accounted unallowed ground, and fit only to be the dominion of still born infants and suicides.

Mr. Pratte has given us a most accurate and enchanting description of the neatness of the Welsh church-yards, and of the care that is taken, by the relations, of the graves of their kindred: but I am sorry to say, that (if this gentleman has stated facts) they must be, not (as he has asserted) in general, but completely local. I never saw, nor could ever, during the whole of the three months I spent in Wales, hear of the graves being weeded every Saturday; of their being "every week planted with the choicest flowers of the season;" or that, if a nettle or weed were seen on the Sunday morning, the living party, to whom the grave on which it was seen belonged, "would be hooted, after divine service, by the whole congregation."—Mr. P. throughout the whole of the volumes, seems to have mingled too much of the novelist with his observations. To this there would be less objection, if, by some previous hint, he could apprise us of the entire of the former: the characters, which ought never to be confounded, might thus be kept distinct. But when a writer, who seems to think himself entitled to credit, (and in general, perhaps, not without reason) in relating his real adventures, condescends to embellish his account with fiction, however I may admire his abilities, I cannot help reprobating his practice.

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The clergy of North Wales are, in general, very respectable men, and their churches pretty well attended. Their livings are in general rectories, and the incumbents, for the most part, men that have been educated at one of the Universities. These circumstances place them upon a much more respectable footing than those of the southern division of the principality, whose stipends, I have been told, are so slender as to render their situations almost worse than those of the labouring class of the community.

MR. TUFFNEL'S HUNT.

We beg leave to apologize to the Correspondent who sent us the following account, the insertion of his favour having been delayed merely through accident.

ON Saturday, the 30th January, Mr. Tuffnel's pack was thrown off at the seat of Sir H. Mildmay, near Chelmsford. The morning proved rather unfavourable; and the hounds not arriving till near two o'clock, instead of half past ten, as appointed, the consequence was, that the Field was not honoured with the presence of Sir Henry, as was intended. After drawing several fields and hedge-rows round the mansion without a challenge, the hounds were thrown into the Thrift which adjoins Galleywood Common. It was some time ere the musical sound, which elates the Sons of Nimrod, so as to defy their opposers, (hedge, ditch, and gate) greeted the ear: it, however, at last came; and although the hounds have not been accustomed to hunt foxes, yet, too high mettled to lose the opportunity of smelling a brush, a general crack ensued, and Reynard (who had but a few hours before been seen to enter the cover, was at last obliged to quit it, which

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he did with the greater part of the bounds in view, leading them through Stock, and from thence to Cray's Hill, when he headed and came back to Runwell Wood, where he was lost, after near three hours hard breast-high running and when the evening was very far advanced.

BOXING IN GRAIN.

GUILDHALL, LONDON,
FEB. 28.

Present before Lord Kenyon, and a Special Jury of Merchants.

BRICKWOOD v. DUNKIN.

THIS was an action of assault and battery, opened by Mr. Attorney General, who observed, that whatever complaints might be made of our morals and good conduct, yet our manners and improvement in civilization were such, that it seldom happened that a Gentleman had to complain of gross and brutal treatment at the hands of another. The insult exhibited in this case was accompanied with severe bodily injury, which prevented the Plaintiff, for a time, from transacting his business: the insult that had been offered this Gentleman was offered on the public Corn Exchange, in the presence of all his fellow-citizens resorting there on that public occasion, and accompanied with every sort of outrage and aggravation this species of injury was capable of. Mr. Brickwood, he said, had a stand at the Corn Exchange, and was a Gentleman of great respectability. Mr. Dunkin was a considerable dealer, and made purchases at the Corn Exchange for Government. On the 1st of December last, when this assault was committed, they were talking about the price of

peas; which conversation produced the assault, and which we shall state shortly from the evidence of the witnesses.

Mr. Haines, the first witness, said, he was clerk to Mr. Brickwood, who attends the Corn Exchange every day. Mr. Dunkin, the Defendant, on the 1st of December last was speaking to the Plaintiff about peas: they were in conversation about five minutes: he thought they were joking, and took no notice of it. Mr. Dunkin asked Mr. Brickwood, what he meant by bidding for some samples of peas which belonged to Messrs. Sayer and Williams? Mr. Brickwood said, he had only bid for three or four of the best samples, at 5l. 8s. Mr. Dunkin said, he had raised the market, by bidding for the whole. Mr. Dunkin wanted Mr. Brickwood to go to Sayer and Williams, to have this business explained, which Mr. Brickwood refused to do. Mr. Dunkin then repeated again, that Mr. Brickwood had raised the price of the whole market. Mr. Brickwood said the contrary; that he had only bid for three or four of the best samples. Mr. Dunkin had before said, that he bade for the whole. Mr. Dunkin said, "Do you mean to give me the lie?" Mr. Brickwood answered, that he only bade for three or four of the best samples, and did not want the whole. Mr. Dunkin said, a second time, "Do you mean to give me the lie?" Mr. Brickwood gave him the same answer. Mr. Dunkin said, the third time, "Do you mean to give me the lie?" and before Mr. Brickwood could make any answer, Mr. Dunkin knocked him down, and struck him five or six times. He gave him a blow on the nose, three or four on the face and eyes, and one on the side. Mr. Dunkin is a tall man, and of the age of between thirty and

and forty. Mr. Brickwood was much hurt: his face was all covered with blood: he was confined for several days, and could not come out.

On cross examination, the witness said, the Plaintiff dealt in all kinds of corn. It was well known that Mr. Dunkin was an agent for Government. When Mr. Dunkin appeared that the Plaintiff had raised the price of the whole market, the Plaintiff asserted the contrary, and did not say it was false; but the witness thought he said it was untrue.

Joseph Branley was at the Corn Exchange on the 1st of December, when this affray happened, and saw the Defendant strike the Plaintiff, who did not fall, but supported himself by the stand.

On cross examination, he said, there was not a better natured fellow than the Defendant in the whole kingdom.

Mr. Gibbs, of Counsel for the Plaintiff, said, they had to complain of him, that he was too prodigal of his right-hand.

Mr. Jones said, he was a Surgeon, and attended the Plaintiff. He found his face very much disfigured: one of his eyes was almost closed up: the Plaintiff was exceedingly affected with it. He thought he never saw a greater impression made on any man's face: he could not well go out, and was certainly obliged to keep his house. He could not have conceived the injury was done with the fist.

Mr. Erskine made an eloquent speech, on the part of the Defendant, in mitigation of damages, in the course of which he observed,—that Mr. Dunkin was an agent of Government; that he had no personal interest whatever in the rise of the price, as he was paid a commission: that he had been told by Sayer and Williams what had been

asserted to the Plaintiff; and that the market had been raised upon him *six hundred and twelve pounds*: this, as a servant of the public, he resented. This Gentleman was the Captain of a Volunteer Corps; and a more honourable man, or a more faithful servant of the public, did not exist.

The Lord Chief Justice observed, that the Gentlemen of the Jury were in possession of the whole of the case, and would decide it on the evidence they had heard. His Lordship said, he could not forbear just observing, that the first witness seemed to enhance the nature of this assault: he swore that the Defendant knocked the Plaintiff down. In that he was not supported by the rest of the evidence.

Verdict for Plaintiff—Damages
One Hundred Pounds.

FRENCH STONEHENGE.

A traveller in Brittany gives the following account of the celebrated CARNAC, on the coast of Vannes; a relique of antiquity, to all appearance of the same kind with our Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain:—

THIS is an immense colonnade of stone, about four thousand in number, planted in the form of a quincunx, exactly in even parallel lines, and fixed upon the loftiest part of the coast, near the town of Carnac, in full view of the sea, occupying a space of a thousand toises (two thousand yards) long, and fifty in breadth. There are eleven rows, with unequal intervals of two to six toises between them; and the distance between each column is likewise irregular, being from eighteen to twenty-five feet. The height of each varies from a few feet to eighteen or twenty above ground, and the thickness in
N n 2 proportion.

proportion. What is very singular, almost all the columns are somewhat conical in form, and are fixed with the point downward, so as to give the appearance of a vast block of stone resting on a pivot. No inscription is to be found, to give the least information as to the period of their erection, or their designation; nor does history throw any light on the subject: but, from their great antiquity, and the rude method of their construction, they have all the appearance of Celtic monuments.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF THE
PRESENT FEMALE FASHIONS.

By the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have long regretted the abusive language which has been lavishly bestowed on the Fair Sex, in consequence of the present fashionable mode of dressing, or rather of *un-dressing*, prevalent in the metropolis and other parts of the kingdom; and as you have frequently joined in propagating the popular clamour, I hope you will be candid enough to give my defence of them a place in your Magazine. I am induced to take this liberty, because I have my reasons for believing that even you, Gentlemen, secretly prefer a continuance of the present fashion, to the revival of the obsolete method of encumbering the body with a load of useless cloathing, whatever you may aver or insinuate to the contrary.

The principal design of dress is, I conceive, Gentlemen, to display the beauties of the person to the greatest advantage; and not, by an old fashioned attention to what goes under the name of *Modessty*, to conceal those exquisite graces and

perfections which Nature has so lavishly bestowed on the Female Sex. If experience, therefore, has proved, to the satisfaction of the Ladies, that an unreserved disclosure of their charms ensures them a greater degree of admiration and homage, it would be arbitrary, in the highest degree, to endeavour to oblige them, either directly or indirectly, to adopt a different line of conduct.

Man unanswerable arguments might be urged in support of the reigning fashion; and, in point of economy in particular, it seems to deserve universal encouragement. But a still more honourable motive has been assigned for its prevalence. My friend *Jack Rattle*, who is intimately acquainted with several leaders of the mode, assures me, that they are actuated solely by a desire to relieve the wants of their distressed fellow-creatures, by a sacrifice of their own superfluities; and that they thus voluntarily discard the parade and expence of cloathing, in order that their interiors may be enabled to perceive its inefficacy and inutility.—Although, without any irony, Gentlemen, I am fully persuaded of the benevolence of our fair countrywomen, I am scarcely inclined to credit my friend's account; yet, surely, the bare possibility of its being accurate, ought to put a stop to the licentious declamations of their enemies.

If we view the subject in another light, we may consider the conduct of the Ladies as an incontestible proof of their candour, and detestation of hypocrisy. Personal defects are very frequently hidden from the world by means of artificial disguises; and nothing, in my opinion, more evinces the fortitude and noble-mindedness of our Females, than their contempt of the sneers and sarcasms of the world at their

their publicly exposing blemishes of this kind; when put in competition with the benefits likely to result from their conduct, to society at large.

Hoping these hints may prevent any future insults being offered to the sex, I remain, your's, &c.

TOM PAIM.

NEW PANTOMIME,

THE DESOLATE ISLAND.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

OF the new piece produced this evening, (February 25) the celebrated and unfortunate French Navigator, *PEROUSE*, furnishes the name, but nothing more. With a few exceptions, the incidents are neither such as his history does, or could furnish.

The scene opens with a view of *Perouse* making his escape from a wreck, on the shore of a luxuriant but desolate country. Here he meets a species of Ouran-Outang, or Wild Man of the Wood, with whom he becomes familiar, and whose fidelity and attachment constitute the principal interest of the piece. Shortly after, a canoe full of Savages comes on shore, and *Umha*, the mistress of their Chief, falls in love with *Perouse*. A battle ensues, excited by the jealousy of the Indian Chief, in which the savages, defeated by *Perouse*, fly to their native island, leaving *Umha* behind. In their absence, a French man of war arrives, and sends its boat on shore, with Madame *Perouse* and her infant son, in search of her husband. A meeting shortly after takes place between them: but its joy is on the eve of being destroyed by the return of the savages with

fresh forces, thirsting for revenge, when their designs are interrupted, by the address of the Wild Man of the Wood, and finally defeated by the arrival of the crew from the French ship.

In the conduct of this piece, there is much to remind the audience of *Robinson Crusoe* and his man *Friday*. In the present story, the Ouran-Outang occupies the same place as *Friday*, in relation to *Perouse*; and by his activity, ingenuity, and various tricks, constitutes a substitute for the mechanical devices and changes which generally form the most important part of this species of entertainment. What, therefore, the present piece may want in those artificial devices which astonish and surprise, it makes up in interesting views of nature. The effect of the one is produced on the mind; of the other, in the heart.

The little *Wild Man of the Wood* was admirably sustained by Master Menage; and Mrs. Mills (who is the life of every piece in which she performs) displayed much attitudinarian grace, and in every other respect portrayed *Umha* in a most capital style.

All these particulars, however, are only subordinate in the description of this Pantomime. Its *forte* principally lays in the scenery, which is extremely rich and luxuriant. The perspective of the coast, with the French vessel in full sail, is beautifully painted. The internal views of the island, of which there are many, are also finely conceived, and well executed. The dresses and decorations are in a corresponding style of splendour.

The piece was received throughout with applause; but its effect would be rendered much stronger, and more impressive, by a little retrenchment.

The

The following is a specimen of the poetry:—

SONG—(*Umbo*)—Mrs. MILLS.

MY name be *Umbo*—you shall hear
How true me love a comely stranger:
My native island, parents dear,
Me leave to watch white man in danger.
Sweet as the morn his face to me,
Wild mountain-berries when me bring
him;
And while the sun sinks under sea,
On this fond breast to sleep me sing
him.

Sing tira la, my true love
Sing tira la.

But oh, my *Umbo* sometimes sigh;—
For some of me be hard to smother;
For some stay for whom me gladly die,
For some I country love another!
For some of me he often speak—
For some he speak my heart to hear him;
For some he tear steal down my cheek,
For some he smile, and sing to cheer him.
With tira la, my true love! &c.

NONE OF US CAN TELL, HOW THINGS HAPPEN!

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT has been asserted, by ill-natured people, that mankind in general are backward in confessing their ignorance. However true this may prove on some occasions, I have met with many instances of a most engaging ingenuousness, which do infinite honour to the parties concerned. I have often admired the candour with which very sensible persons, when stating a fact, have acknowledged their inability to account for it, by saying, “*I don’t know how it happens!*”—Thus a toping fellow, whom I have met with, protests that he *does not know how it happens*, that he has always such a dismal head-ach.—My neighbour, the Silk Mercer, who

has long been in the habit of keeping a country house, driving a curicle, and washing down a dinner of two courses with claret, does *not know how it happens*, that he is under the necessity of becoming a bankrupt.—My maiden aunt, who has seen the wrong side of fifty, does *not know how it happens*, that the Gentlemen of this age are less civil and attentive to her, than those of the last; and her pretty niece, (my cousin Caroline) who fully conforms to the present fashion of scanty dress, does *not know how it happens*, that she has always a violent cold, and feels chilly from morning to night.—I correspond with a most worthy and pious Curate, who, after passing forty years at the foot of one of the Welsh mountains, in a patient performance of the duties of his function, does *not know how it happens*, that he has never been made a Bishop, not even presented to a living.—I have seen a country Apothecary, who, though ignorant of the first rudiments of the medical art, does *not know how it happens*, that all his patients die before he has time to cure them.—I know the Landlord of a public house, who is always swallowing his own fat ale, yet does *not know how it happens*, that he grows as large as his biggest beer barrel;—and I have heard of a light-fingered fellow, who, after picking pockets for ten years with impunity, wondered *how it happened*, that he came at last to the gallows.

I might illustrate the position which I set out maintaining, by producing other instances; but these will probably be sufficient for my purpose. I therefore shall conclude with adding, that, though I *know not how it happens*, I am,

Your very obedient servant,
TAUTOLOGUS.

THE KING'S CROWER.

TO THE EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE was, till within the last century, retained within the precincts of the royal palace of Westminster, a solemn officer, stiled the King's Cock-crower; whose duty, during the whole season of Lent, was to *crow* the hour, instead of ringing it, as is the present practice of Watchmen.

The institution of crowing the hour of the night was, undoubtedly, so framed waking sinners of the august effect the third crowing of the cock had on the guilty apostle St. Peter; and the limitation of the custom to the season of Lent was judiciously adopted; as, had the practice continued throughout the year, the impenitent would become as habituated, and as indifferent to the crowing of the mimic cock, as they are to that of the real one, or to the cry of the watchman.

The adaptation to the precincts of the Court seems also to have had a view, as if the institutor (probably the Royal Confessor) had considered that the greater and more obdurate sinners resided within the purlieus of the Palace.

Many reasons concur for restoring the office of Royal Cock-crower.—One is, that it would not now be a sinecure. As we have turned night into day, the officer in question could not sleep on his post; and, as courtiers do not at present retire to rest till morning, the Cock-crower would have much more chance of striking terror into their guilty minds, (as happened to Saint Peter) than by giving his warning to men fast asleep:—the only mistake which the institutor seems to have made in so religious an establishment! How awfully would it

strike a Noble Lady, as passing through the streets to a Rôut or a Gaming-table, with a row of footmen and torches, to hear a chan-ticler; of sonorous lungs, crow "Past four o'clock, and a cloudy morning!"—Peter wept; her Ladyship might drop a tear.

As the national concerns, too, are often agitated in the Senate after midnight, might not the venerable Senators themselves receive devout mementos of their mortality, on meeting, in the Broad-way at Whitehall, as they return from their duty, a body of Cock-crowers iterating the past hour; could we suppose that any of those Legislators had, like St. Peter, been denying their master, or, like his comrade Judas, been selling their conscience for a bribe?—But I recollect that the office remained in force long since debates lasted past midnight, and even since Bribery and Corruption had taken root; and yet it is not recorded that any Member, of either House, ever imitated St. Peter, at the voice of his Majesty's Cock-crower, and repented.

I am founded in this bold assertion, by an anecdote dated soon after the accession of the present Royal Family:—On the first Ash-Wednesday, as his late Majesty George II. (then Prince of Wales) sat down to supper, a person advanced, before the Chaplain said grace, and crowed "Past ten o'clock!" The astonished Prince, not understanding English, and mistaking the tremulation of the crow for mockery, concluded that this ceremony was an insult, and was rising from table in great heat, till informed that what his Royal Highness took for an affront, was nothing but an etiquette of the Palace, which had been practised in the presence of all preceding princes, Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts.

Stuarts.—The practice, however, was discontinued, from that time, within the walls of St. James's, and no other part of the ceremony observed, than that of our Sovereign's washing the feet of the poor, on Maundy Thursday, in person.

J. J. BRAYFIELD.

Charles Street, March 9.

NATURAL HISTORY, FOR
SPORTSMEN.

To the Editors of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

THE two following instances of the extraordinary perseverance and courage of animals of the Weasel and Stoat kind, may contribute to the amusement of some of your Readers, and may also tend to shew them why they frequently miss the Game, where they are confident it could not have been shot or netted, I shall be happy to see the publication of them in your next Magazine. You may insert them in any shape you please; and I beg to assure you, that you may depend on their authenticity.

Expect to send you, in a little time, the particulars of two days Racing, &c. &c. on the Hanaways, which is countenanced by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, and which will happen in April. I have been so much employed lately, as to prevent me the pleasure of handing you any thing; but for the future, whatever occurs, I shall be happy to forward it, if I think it worth your notice. Your's, &c.

J. C.

Chichester, March 6, 1801.

A few weeks since, as Mr. Clarke, of Horndean, was going a few miles on foot, in the forest of Bere, to

visit a friend, he observed a Hare come into the green road before him, which seemed to be listening, and looking back for something which pursued her. He stood still, and hearing no dog, was curious to discover the cause of her alarm; when, to his great surprize, he discovered the object of it to be a small yellow-red and white Stoat, which hunted her footsteps with the utmost precision. He, wishing to know if so diminutive an animal could have a chance of coping with the great speed of the Hare, retreated to a holm-bush yard by, where he was an attentive observer of this silent hunt for nearly two hours, during which he is certain to have seen both Hare and Stoat at least forty times. They were frequently gone for five or ten minutes; but the Hare, still unwilling to leave the place where she was found, came round again, and her little pursuer sometimes, close at her heels. Toward the end of this remarkable chase, which became uncommonly interesting, the Hare took advantage of the thickest covert the place afforded, and made use of all her cunning and strength to escape, but without effect; till at length, wearied out by the perseverance of the Stoat, Mr. C. heard her cry for some time. At last, the cries coming from one point, he concluded she was become the victim of the chase; on which he went to the spot, where he found the Hare quite dead, and the Stoat so intently fastened on her neck, as not to perceive his approach. The Stoat, in its turn, now fell a victim to Mr. C.'s stick; after which he proceeded, with both Hare and Stoat, to the house of his friend.

Mr. K. C. of Hunston, looking over his ground, he observed a large brown Hawk to pounce a Black-bird,

bird, and fly with him into a hedge. Mr. O. who was about an hundred yards distant, immediately ran to the spot, where he found the Hawk had already become the prey of a Stoat, which had seized him by the shoulders, and was at that moment smothering him with the utmost violence; but being disturbed by Mr. O.'s appearance, the Stoat made off.—Mr. O. has affixed the Hawk and Blackbird at the end of his barn, as a memento of the circumstance.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

COURSING.

FLIXTON WOLDS.

THE extremely bad weather having delayed this Meeting for nearly a fortnight, the Cup was not run for till Tuesday, March 3.—Twenty of the best Greyhounds, that money or interest could procure, were entered for it; which, being divided into five classes of four dogs each, were started according to ballot. The five winning dogs, after five most severe courses, were declared to be as follow:

Major Topham's black dog *Snowdrop*, a son of *Snowball*.

Mr. Best's black bitch *Young Snowball*, a daughter of ditto.

Mr. Hart's blue bitch *Delia*, (winner of the last Flixton cup) a daughter of ditto.

Mr. Dade's black and white bitch, *Eagle*.

Mr. Darley's brindled and white bitch, *Dent*.

On the above five dogs being started for the cup, Mr. Darley's bitch was the favourite, both from the extreme speed she discovered, and from her having had a much less severe course than the others.—If any doubt could have been entertained of the immense superiority

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of the Flixton hares, it would have been made certain on this occasion, as, before five of the best dogs that England, perhaps, ever produced, the hare ran above three miles and a half!

The tryer then declared them as below:

Mr. Dade's <i>Eagle</i>	1	(winner of the cup)
Major Topham	- 2	
Mr. Best	- 3	
Mr. Darley	- 4	
Mr. Hart	- 5	

Mr. Dade's bitch was so overcome when she killed the hare, that she lay for many minutes to all appearance dead, and was, with great difficulty, so far recovered as to be carried off the field alive.

The numbers on the ground were not so great as at the last Meeting, and much more orderly and regulated; so that every course was well seen, and none of the horsemen crossed on the dogs. On the whole, it was allowed to have been a day of the best sport ever seen in the country; and it was observed, that there had been more great matches of Greyhounds this year than ever had been known.

Mr. Watersworth was the winner of the cup at Market Weighton; and two or three of the best dogs of that country were brought to Flixton.

FOX AND HARE HUNTING.

AT the beginning of this month, Major Wilson's fox-hounds were hunting the country in Cambridgeshire, formerly licensed by Mr. Panton. Their head-quarters were at Linton, where they had very excellent sport.—The hounds, which are said to be the handsomest in the kingdom, have proved themselves entitled to equal credit for their excellence.

The Sporting Gentlemen at Pelvoir Castle sprung abundance of game

game in that neighbourhood, and the chase has been attended by some serio-comic events.

On Tuesday, March 3, a bag-fox was turned out before the Brighton hounds, on the Downs, near the Race-Course, which afforded a most excellent chase, being killed in an osier-plot near Lewes.

On Wednesday the 4th, a bag-fox, saved by the Brighton Hunt, and reserved for a future day's sport, was again turned out, and killed, after a chase of about fifty minutes.

On Friday the 6th, another fox was turned out before the same hounds, and, after a chase of some hours, Reynard was taken alive, and reserved for a future day's sport.

The Prince's harriers, on the same day, hunted a hare so gallantly to the edge of Lewes river, near Landport, that poor Puss, to escape them, found herself compelled to cross the water; but, being followed by the Huntsman, and some others of the field, she at last fell a victim to her keen pursuers.

The same day the Brookside hounds killed a leash of hares, and ran a fourth so hard that she was taken up alive, and is now in keeping for the diversion of pedestrian hunters, before whom she is shortly to be turned out on the Downs.

NEW GAME - LAWS AT THE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

PROCLAMATION,

By his Excellency the Governor.

NOTICE is hereby given, that, notwithstanding the orders contained in the Proclamation of the 15th of July last, respecting

Game, by which it is strictly prohibited and forbidden to take, kill, or destroy, any Hares, Deer, or Antelopes, between the 1st of September and the 1st of January, his Excellency the Governor and Commander in Chief is graciously pleased to grant permission to the Farmers residing in the districts of Roggeveld and Bokkeveld, to protect their corn and pastures from the damages they may otherwise sustain from the vast herds of Spring Bocks and other Deer, that, owing to the drought which has prevailed in those parts, have been forced to seek for food in the cultivated lands of the colony: they are therefore hereby permitted, for this season only, to shoot, kill, and destroy, the said Spring Bocks, whenever they either have sustained, or are likely to sustain, any damage from the same.

Leave is likewise hereby given, to the Farmers in the neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay, and in that part of Swartzland adjoining to it, to take, kill, or destroy, any Hartebeests that may be found in their corn; but not to hunt the same for their diversion, until the time fixed by the proclamation before alluded to.

In consequence of the vast numbers of Wild Peacocks which have unexpectedly made their appearance in the colony this year, (which was otherwise ordered to have been a jubilee one, in which none were to have been killed) it is now to be considered as an open one; and leave is hereby given, as soon as the season commences, to shoot the same, as well as other game.

By command of his Excellency
the Governor and Commander
in Chief.

(Signed)

A. BARNAD,
Secretary.

Castle of Good Hope,
6th Nov. 1800.

DIAMOND

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND;

Or, *An Anecdote of the late Mr. Muilman and Constantia Phillips.*

IN the early part of Mr. Muilman's life, he became enamoured with Constantia Phillips; and, finding he could not procure her as a mistress, resolved to venture upon her as a wife. They were accordingly married; but, as their dispositions were not *exactly* similar, they were not *superlatively* happy.

"Mr. Muilman," said Constantia, after they had been married about three months, "Mr. Muilman, I believe you are heartily tired of me, and I am heartily tired of you; so, if you will settle five hundred pounds a year upon me for life, I will put you in a way of dissolving our marriage."

He eagerly embraced this proposal, and gave her his bond for performance of the contract; when she produced a certificate of her *previous* marriage with a Pastrycook, who lived in Maiden-lane, Covent-Garden. This point being ascertained, Mr. Muilman refused to pay her the promised annuity; and, to her sorrow, she found that there was a flaw in the drawing up the bond, which put it out of her power to compel him to pay it: she therefore told him, that, unless he entered into a new and legal engagement to pay it, she would take a step that would render her marriage *with him* perfectly legal.—He laugh'd at her; but she performed her promise, by bringing a certificate, and producing a register, by which it appeared that the Maiden-lane Pastrycook, *previous to his marriage with her*, had married *another woman*, who was still alive.

This disconcerted the Merchant, who, however, got quit of her

importunities, by giving her a considerable sum on condition of her going to Jamaica, where she settled as keeper of a coffee-house, and died soon after.

A MODERN PROTEUS;

Or, *An extraordinary Instance of the Flexibility of the Human Frame.*

JOSEPH CLARK, a well-made man, and rather stout, exhibited, in the most natural manner, every species of deformity and dislocation to which the human form is liable. He frequently diverted himself with the Taylors, who came to measure him for clothes, by changing his posture, and apparently his shape, when the clothes were brought home.

He could dislocate the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of his body, and resume their proper form, at his pleasure. He once presented himself in this situation, as a patient, before Molins, a famous Surgeon, who, shocked at his appearance, refused to attempt the cure.

He often passed for a cripple, with persons who had but a few minutes before been conversing with him. Upon these occasions, he would not only change the position of his limbs, but alter his features and countenance.

He could assume all the professional, characteristic, and singular faces, which he had observed at the Theatre, at the Quakers Meeting, or any other place of public resort.

He was, by profession, a Posture Master, and died about the commencement of the reign of King William.

SUPERNATURAL DOGS, ASSES,
&c. IN BRITANNY.

The following are some of the oral and written Traditions which are current among the Bretagneis:—

AT the castle Roche Maurice, a dragon devours men and animals. King Bristonus pacifies him, by delivering to him, every Sunday, one unfortunate victim, on whom the lot has fallen.

The celebrated Saint Gueuriè takes his sister's eye from the stomach of a goose which had swallowed it, and replaces it in its socket, without its beauty or lustre being diminished.

The necklace of Saint Sanè strangles on the spot those who are guilty of perjury.

St. Vincent Ferrier, who is saying mass at Vannes, searches for his gloves and his paraplen in Rome, without his absence being observed.

A wolf had devoured the ass of a poor man. St. Malo forces the glutton to perform the work of the animal which he had eaten.

Jon Gaut Y Tan (John and his Fire) is a kind of dæmon, who in the night carries five lighted candles on his five fingers, and whirls them about with great rapidity.

The repeated cry of the cuckoo indicates the year of marriage.

They dip the shirts of children into certain wells. If the shirt sinks to the bottom, the child infallibly dies before the expiration of a year: if it swims, it is a sign that the child will live a long time; and the wet shirt is put on the poor creature, to preserve it from every kind of evil.

In one place, a number of stories are told about a small staff, which is changed into a black dog, an eagle, or a lion: in another, they believe that eagles, by the com-

mand of a geaius, carry men up into the air.

A sudden noise, three times repeated, foretells an impending misfortune. The nocturnal howling of a dog is a certain fore-token of death.

In the roaring of the distant main by night, and in the whistling of the wind, they hear the voice of drowned persons demanding a grave.

Subterraneous treasures are guarded by giants, ghosts, and fairies: some of these hobgoblins are called *Jeuss*.

The *Jeussanpouliè* appears in the shape of a dog, a cow, or some other domestic animal, and performs all menial services.

The blood freezes at hearing the dreadful tales about the cat of Death, (*cariquel Ancou*) which is covered with a winding-sheet, and drawn by skeletons. The rumbling of its wheels is heard when a person is on the point of dying.

Under the castle of Morlaix there are a number of little mannikins, not above a foot high, who from time to time dry a large quantity of gold in the sun. Whoever modestly approaches them, receives as much as he can hold in one hand; but he who comes with a sack to fill it with gold, is ill-treated, and sent away empty-handed.

LIONESS AT PARIS.

THE Lioness in the National Menagerie having lately whelped three living cubs at her full time, an opportunity has been afforded of observing several particulars, relative to the propagation of this animal, with more accuracy than has been done hitherto.—Both the parent animals were taken by the Arabs, between Bonn and Constantine

Constantine, when only six months old, and were believed to be of the same litter. They were brought into France by C. Felix, one of the keepers of the Menagerie. By his great attention to them, they are now in perfect health and vigour; and the male is, perhaps, the finest of this kind in Europe. They are at present six years and a half old. The female has been pregnant once before, but being irritated in her den by some imprudent visitors, she hurt herself, and miscarried. The *foetus* were then only two months old, and were without hair. Fifteen days afterwards, she became in heat, and received the male several times. As the last time was the 23d of July, it is probable that the time of conception may be dated from this period, and this fixes the time of gestation at one hundred days, and not six months, as Buffon has mentioned from the authority of Philostratus and Wredt.

On the day of her delivery, the Lioness appeared languid, and dragged her food within her den without tasting it. However, she made no kind of cry, nor appeared less mild to her keeper than usual. She dropped her first whelp on the evening of the 9-10 November, at ten o'clock; the second, three quarters of an hour after; and the third, two hours after midnight. When first born, they were as big as full-grown cats (and not six or seven inches in length, as some have pretended); their head, however, was larger in proportion. They differ much from full-grown lions: their skin is of a red-brown, marked with blackish spots and bars; the tail is marked with black rings on a tawny ground: the males have no mane; their eyes were open from the first, and they walk dragging their legs: their cry is a loud mew-ing, like a cat when irritated.

The mother takes the greatest care of them, carries them in her mouth when she wants to change their place, licks them constantly, and takes great care not to trample on them when she is moving.

A COUNTERFEIT DRAGON.

MR. Jacob Bobart, formerly Botany Professor, or keeper of the physic garden, at Oxford, found a dead rat, to which, by altering its head and tail, and distending the skin on each side by sharp taper sticks, to resemble wings, he gave the appearance of the common picture of Dragons.—Having left it to dry hard, it was produced, and immediately pronounced by the learned to be a Dragon. An accurate description of this phenomenon was sent by one of them to Dr. Magliabecchi, Librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Several fine copies of verses were written in honour of so rare a production; till at length Mr. Bobart owned the cheat. The Dragon was, however, deposited as a master-piece of art, in the Museum, or Anatomy School, where it remained many years.

SINGULAR METHOD OF PLAYING AT SHUTTLECOCK IN COCHIN CHINA.

SEVEN or eight young men, standing in a circle, were engaged in a game of Shuttlecock. They did not employ the hand or arm any way in striking it; but, after taking a short race, and springing from the floor, they met the descending shuttlecock with the sole of the foot, and drove it up again with force high into the air. It was thus kept up some time, the players seldom missing their stroke, or failing to give it the intended direction.

SWINDLING

SWINDLING FEMALES.

TWO fashionable Females, who, for upwards of twelve months, lived in the most dashing style of elegance, in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, have disappeared within the last three weeks, leaving their several trades-people unpaid. One of the artful Fair Ones bears the appropriate name of *Sharp*; her partner in dexterity is a Miss Robinson. Their debts are supposed to amount to little short of Fifteen Thousand Pounds. All the articles which they left upon the premises have been sold by auction. Some of their gowns were of so rich and elegant a description, as to sell, at second-hand, for Thirty Pounds a-piece; and the looking-glasses alone, which they obtained upon the credit of their appearance, were worth upwards of Fifteen Hundred Pounds. They constantly rode about in a very fashionable carriage, and lived in every respect in a most extravagant style. They originally kept a boarding-school on Blackheath, but that concern not answering their dashing purposes, they invented a story of an immense East India fortune, and thus succeeded in establishing, for a considerable time, an extraordinary system of deception.

All that can be learnt respecting these Female Swindlers is, that the principal of them is a Miss Robertson. This impostor had a boarding-school, on Croome-hill, two years, during which time she kept her carriage, and represented herself as heiress to several large estates, particularly to that of an uncle in Scotland, on whose demise she should come into possession of One Hundred Thousand Pounds.

Under the impression of these high-sounding appearances, she assumed all the consequence attached

to birth, fortune, and expectations; and, from the manner of address, and the lofty stile which she assumed, the people in the neighbourhood of Blackheath and Greenwich, really believed every thing she thought proper to advance.

In May last, she sent to a Mr. Creasy, of Greenwich, a man of property, by trade a currier, whom she informed, that her uncle, Alexander Stuart Robertson, of Fascally, was dead, and begged he would accompany her to a respectable attorney, in Crane-court, Fleet-street, to arrange matters preparatory to her taking possession. Mr. Creasy complied, and went with her to the gentleman's house in question; Miss R. in stating the business to the attorney, desired he would make out a factory (the usual process for conveying Scotch property) for Sixteen Hundred Pounds a year, on the estate of her late uncle, Alexander Stuart Robertson, of Fascally, and a bond for Five Thousand Pounds, to be drawn on the agent who had the superintendance of the estate, and who she said had been appointed to receive her rents. A few days after this transaction, she again sent to Mr. Creasy, and knowing him to be a man of property, asked him to lend her Two Thousand Pounds, until the settlement of her affairs at Fascally. Mr. Creasy not having the slightest suspicion of any part of what had been advanced being untrue, readily complied, and likewise recommended her to all the trades-people in the town. Desirous of an elegant house, she fixed upon a very handsome one in the Paragon, which was in an unfinished state: this house she purchased on credit: and, through the recommendation of Creasy, engaged bricklayers, carpenters, and painters, to finish the premises in the most expensive stile imaginable; and ordered Mr. Driver,

Driver, the nurseryman, to spare no expence of planting the shrubberies, and improving the pleasure grounds.

While these improvements were going forward, Miss Robertson, set up three carriages, a coach, sociable, and post-chariot; and, while the house and grounds were finishing, she, and her sister, Miss Sharp, (who lived with her) continued at Croome-hill, from whence they made frequent excursions to London.

The latter end of June, they set off for Brighton, where they figured away with four horses and outriders. The horses they had on job from a stable-keeper at Greenwich, and the carriages from different coach-makers in London.

On their return in August last, Miss Robertson went to Hatchett's, and desired him to make her an elegant chariot, with silver mouldings, and raised coronets of the same. Mr. Hatchett treated his customer with much respect, and hastened to complete the order by the time promised, the Queen's Birth-day, her cousin, Mr. Secretary Dundas, intending, on that day, to introduce her at Court.

About this time, the house was finished, but not furnished: having heard that Mr. Oakley, in Bond-street, was remarkable for the elegance of his ware-rooms, she applied to him, through the medium of a man of respectability, at Blackheath, and, from the representations made to Mr. Oakley, he agreed to furnish the house for Four Thousand Pounds. Things then went on in a flourishing way; the drawing rooms were painted in wondrous colours by one of the first artists in the kingdom; the walls in landscape, and the ceiling composed of clouds, and appropriate devices. The looking glasses to the floor were in burnished gold frames,

richly carved, with statuary marble slabs, and or-molu ornaments. These six mirrors came to Eleven Hundred Pounds. On the marble slabs in the principal drawing-room were placed a pair of Egyptian candelabras, the price of which was Two Hundred Guineas; the principal bed Five Hundred Pounds, and every other article equally magnificent.

During the three months that the furnishing of the house was going forward, Mr. Oakley had frequent conferences with his employer, Miss Robertson, when she frequently mentioned that she had great expectations from rich relations in India, and was continually receiving presents of great value. Among the number lately arrived, was a marble chimney-piece, then lying at the India House, worth, in that country, Eleven Hundred Pounds, and added, that it was her intention to build a room on purpose to erect it in, adapted for ball or music. Mr. Oakley, not being perfectly satisfied with appearances, requested, when half the order had been completed, the sum of One Thousand Pounds. Miss Robertson felt herself hurt, and said, if he had any doubts of his having his money, when her affairs were settled at Foscally, he might apply to her sister, Lady Paget, or to her cousin, the Bishop of London.—“If you have any further doubts (added Miss Robertson), apply to Sir Richard Hill, who has known me from infancy, Sir Edward Law (the present Attorney General) can speak to my respectability.”—From these bold assertions, Mr. Oakley proceeded with the order, but when nearly completed he judged it proper to wait upon the Bishop of London, and Sir Richard Hill; both those gentlemen said they had no farther knowledge of a Miss Robertson, than by a card, which

which a person of that name had been in the habit of leaving at the houses of persons of distinction.

Upon this discovery, in February last, Mr. Oakley took out a writ, and with proper officers, his own men, and several carts, went down to Blackheath, and laid in wait till nine o'clock (being informed that Miss Robertson dined out), when the carriage came home, but no Miss Robertson. From this circumstance it appeared that she had received intimation of what was going forward, and would not return. Mr. Oakley, finding he could not take the body, contrived to get into the house, and let in his men, who robbed the mansion of its furniture by six o'clock the next morning, having worked hard all night. At nine o'clock in the morning came in an execution, under virtue of which, the remaining part of the property was sold by auction on the premises.

No discovery has yet been made as to the place of residence of this swindler. Mr. Pearse, haberdasher, of St. Paul's Church-yard, met her on Saturday, the 14th instant, in Bishopsgate street, dressed in man's clothes and boots, with Miss Sharp leaning on her arm.—The following persons have been defrauded to a large amount:—At Greenwich, the Carpenter, of Fourteen Hundred Pounds—the Bricklayer, of Nine Hundred Pounds—the Painter and Glazier, of Seven Hundred Pounds—the Stable-keeper, who lent the horses, of Three Hundred Pounds.—The Nurseryman, for lawns and pleasure-grounds, of Four Hundred Pounds.—Mr. Clark, of Fleet-street, silversmith, a superb side-board of plate.—Messrs. Ord and Morris, and Mr. Pearse, of St. Paul's Church-yard, are among the number defrauded.—A Milliner, in Bond-street, for dresses and laces, of Two Hundred and Sixty Pounds.

This female Proteus pretended to great sanctity in religion, with a devotee, and attended several Presbyterian and other meetings, where she worked upon the Christian bowels of the compassionate and liberal, by borrowing money in the way of loan, representing herself as a person of family in distressed circumstances. In person she is plain, much marked by the small-pox, about five feet two inches in height, insinuating in her manners, and speak in an elevated tone of voice.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

DETAILED account of what has been called in the newspapers, the famous Match of Pigeon Shooting, at Wrotham, on the 5th of March, 1801, by — Barton Esq. and — Myers, on the one side, and the Hon. W. Coventry and — Robinson, the cricketer on the other, for the sum of One Thousand Guineas. Each person had twelve shots, and the birds were liberated from him at the distance of eighteen yards only.

MYERS'S SHOTS.

- 1st shot.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.
- 2d do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.
- 3d do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.
- 4th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.
- 5th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.
- 6th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.
- 7th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.
- 8th do.—Did not kill, but slightly wounded the bird.
- 9th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.
- 10th do.

10th shot.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

11th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

12th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

Total killed by Myers, agreeable to the rules, is six birds.

— BARTON, ESQ.'S SHOTS.

1st shot.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

2d do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

3d do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

4th do.—Did not bring the bird to the ground, but slightly wounded it.

5th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

6th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

7th do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

8th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

9th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

10th do.—Did not bring the bird to the ground, but slightly wounded it.

11th do.—Did not bring the bird to the ground, but slightly wounded it.

12th do.—Did not bring the bird to the ground, but slightly wounded it.

Total killed by — Barton, Esq. is six birds.

— ROBINSON'S SHOTS.

1st shot.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

2d do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

3d do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

4th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

5th do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

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6th shot.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

7th do.—Did not kill, but slightly wounded the bird.

8th do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

9th do.—Did not kill the bird, but wounded it so as to cause it to fall to the ground, soon after which it rose again and flew away.

10th do.—Did not kill, but slightly wounded the bird.

11th do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

12th do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

Total killed by Robinson, agreeable to the rules, is seven birds.

HON. W. COVENTRY'S SHOTS.

1st shot.—Did neither kill, nor wound the bird.

2d do.—Did neither kill, nor wound the bird.

3d do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

4th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

5th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

6th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

7th do.—Did not kill, but only slightly wounded the bird.

8th do.—Did not kill, but only slightly wounded the bird.

9th do.—Brought the bird to the ground by pinioning it.

10th do.—Did neither kill nor wound the bird.

11th do.—Did not kill, but slightly wounded the bird.

12th do.—Brought the bird to the ground dead.

Total killed by the Hon. W. Coventry, is three birds.

The abstracted account of the number of birds killed by each party will be as under:

— Myers, 6; — Barton, 6; — Total, 12.

— Robinson, 7; Hon. W. Coventry, 3; — Total 10.

P p

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The difference will be two in favour of — Barton, Esq. and Myers.

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT

From an Edinburgh Paper.

TO SPORTSMEN.

GLENDYE Shooting Quarters to be Let from Whitsunday first, for such a period as may be agreed on. The house consisting of four rooms and a kitchen, is new, substantially built, and neatly fitted up; stands nearly in the centre of a meadow, surrounded on one side by a bank covered with wood, and on the other by the Water of Dye, which passes along the margin of the meadow, in a course nearly semicircular almost touching the house, at the point, where it runs through the arch of Bridge of Dye, and having its banks fringed with birches, the whole lying near the base, and having the high-featured mountain of Clock-na-Baine in full view: forming, altogether, something not a little picturesque; situated almost in the middle of that district of the Grampion Mountains about twenty-five miles from Aberdeen, but not exceeding twenty from either of the market towns of Montrose or Brechin, and only five or six from a post office at Brauchory. The military road to the North, over the Cairn of Mount, passes very near the house. — Within less than a mile of the quarters, in each of three different directions, commences an exclusive privilege of grouse shooting, extending all around for many miles, and such as to afford, even to a middling shot, opportunity of killing from ten to twenty brace a-day.

The water of Dye affords excellent trout fishing: on the Teugh, about three miles distant, grilising in

July, August, and September; and a little farther on the river Dee, what is reckoned among the best stations in Scotland for killing salmon with the rod. The proprietor's exclusive property extends, including the forestry of Blackhall, over a surface of from nine to ten miles square, comprehending the whole course of the water of Dye, nearly that of the Teugh, and above six miles of the south bank of the river Dee, all conterminous.

To a gentleman sportsman will be made over, not only the exclusive right of shooting and fishing on the whole property, and of hunting and killing deer and roe in the forest of Blackhall, but also of protecting the game of all kinds, with the exception of a very few privileged friends of the proprietor's, whose society in sporting, and aid in protecting, will be found equally pleasant and useful, &c. &c.

A BOISTEROUS SPORTSMAN.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

OF all the various characters delineated in your entertaining Miscellany, none, I believe, for extravagance, can equal the following, I mean the latter of the two. The first I choose to call Sophronius, for his prudence; the second, or my principal hero, I call Orson, for his rude manners. I must own I had devoted a day to quiet enjoyment; and therefore you will guess what my feelings must have been, not being acquainted with Orson before, after having met with Sophronius, a man the most congenial to my own cast, of any that I know. But now to my narrative.

I could

I could not have wished for a better opportunity than I have had lately, of seeing how differently two people, of pretty equal fortunes, contrive to make use of them. — I dined at Richmond, with the celebrated Sophronius, a man of good sense, affability, and good nature, every thing about him, his house, his garden, and furniture, all constructed in the most elegant and refined taste, gave me a secret pleasure, which the bare appearance of wealth and grandeur can never bestow: there is nothing superfluous in his whole system of domestic economy, and yet not a jot wanting of real magnificence; his business is the enjoyment of life, and his pleasures the means of that enjoyment, none of which are inconsistent with reason, humanity, and benevolence. His knowledge of mankind makes him seldom misapply his favours, and his studies are sweetened with the pleasures of having discovered how to be more useful to others. — His intimate acquaintances are select, and his distant ones universal. — He makes no man his confidant, nor lays himself under obligations to any, lest he should be angry with them for deceiving him, as he is not willing to forfeit a friend, because subject to the failings of human nature; and has too much spirit to let an injury pass unresented. Thus lives Sophronius, master of himself and his fortune, deserving well of all; and, in return, meeting with no enemies but such as envy to his superior merit, or are hated to virtue itself raises him.

Orson, with whom I supped, is strangely reversed to this my host at noon. — I had no sooner alighted from my horse, at his gate, and was walking up the *æra* to the door, but, coming behind me, he saluted me with the most violent slap on the back, seizing instantly hold of

my hand, and shaking my arm as if he intended to separate it from my body. He had, it seems, been lounging, if I may use the expression, round about his house and garden walls, as if he had entertained some felonious intent of breaking in at night, and was looking out beforehand for a convenient place to execute his design. His observations, however, were disturbed by my arrival, and he immediately ran to receive his visitor. We went into a parlour—the servants were summoned with great clamour—in an instant the table was covered with glasses and bottles, and I was commanded to drink. — I obeyed, and after having been asked for news, and returning the common answer, there is none stirring, we fell into discourse upon indifferent subjects; in which, happening to ask my friend how he diverted himself, or spent his time in the country, he began to give me a detail of his exercises; at most of which, I expressing some dislike, he told me, he was sure my disapprobation could proceed from nothing but my ignorance of them, and, therefore, he insisted upon my taking a *smack*, as he called it, of one or two of them. I would gladly have been excused, but that availed little—he had said I should, and so I should.

Orson's favourite sport, it seems, was ringing, which I was first to see; he, therefore, dispatched a servant to Tom Spade the sexton, bidding him order Dick Skittle, Tom Ding, Will Clapper, and Harry Bellmettle, to meet him at the Church, to join in a peal with him; telling me, at the same time, they were five as clever fellows as ever pulled a rope; and, together with himself, could tip you a bob-major as clean as any fellows in England. — The coach was next ordered out, and we drove away for the belfry; where Dick, Will, Har-

ry, and the two Toms, were already assembled over a gallon, which, it seems, was their allowance for attending his honour.

They all stripped immediately, and to work they went: his honour, out of a bravado, because I was witness of it, taking on himself alone the management of the tenor or largest bell. After being stunned with the most confused and hideous noise I had ever heard, for about an hour, they gave over, and we returned home. Orson all the way endeavouring to give me, but in vain, a good opinion of this manner of diversion, and telling me, he had made the Parish a present of those Bells, chiefly for his own amusement. Not omitting, at the same time, to mention the necessity and the use of bells to parishes in general.

We had not sat down above five minutes before a servant entered with word, that Mr. Rubbadub, of Barbican, had brought home his honour's drum. It was ordered to be sent in; and, notwithstanding I told him several times, I had an utter aversion to such kind of musick, he persisted in making trials of its goodness, beating the "Grenadier's March," "Drunk or sober go to Bed Tom," "Round-about Cuckolds," and several other elegant pieces of the same stamp.

After this, protesting the drum had a good sound, he laid it down, and began to inform me of the proficiency he had made in drum-musick, assuring me he could make it speak as plain as a Christian; and that I should attend him to his summer-house, in the garden, looking on to the Thames, where I might hear it.

We presently went thither, where I had a fresh instance of the improvement of my Friend's taste; for, since I had been there, he had got this little saloon painted, in the

imitation of the gayest-coloured marble all over, wainscot, window-shutters, and even the ceiling not excepted. This he much boasted of, asking me if I thought there was such another room in England, to which I replied, *I really believe not*; an answer that gave him a great deal of satisfaction, as he thought it a mark of distinguishing approbation.

Here he new braced the drum, and after many significant dubs, first with one end of the sticks, and then the other, he gave a flourish, and asked me if I knew what it said.—I protested I did not, as was really the case; at which, with evident tokens of surprize, he cried, *No! I wonder at that—you are thick of hearing sure!*—I told him no, I was not quite so happy at that instant. He looked at me as if he did not understand what I had said; then crying, *now*, gave another flourish, and asked me, if I did not hear it say, *King George the Second.*—I still maintained my inability of comprehending it so; which somewhat disgusting him, I began to acquiesce in the probability of the resemblance of its sounds, which, however, I denied were to be distinguished articulately. He repeated the word, articulately, and, with a loud laugh, asked me, if I expected the drum to talk grammar; upon which, giving another flourish, he swore it spoke as plain and as sensibly as he could himself, in which I did not think proper to contradict him.

The drum was now laid aside, and we amused ourselves in looking across the Thames, over the beautiful prospects on the opposite shore, where a fisherman having placed himself by the side of the river, took a pipe and tabor out of his pocket, and began a very sprightly air. My friend, Orson, was at this highly displeas'd, and immediately hallooed

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halloed out and bid him be quiet with his tooting.—The fisherman did not hear what he said, or would not regard him, and therefore played on; upon which, calling out for two of his servants, he ordered them to launch the punt into the river, and he himself would go over and make him quiet.—The fellows obeyed the orders, but gave notice to the piper, by some means or other, to desist; so that before we were half over the river he put up his musick and walked away; at which my friend's choler in some degree abated; and he observed it was very well for the fellow, that he went away before he came up to him, or else he would have taught him to pipe with a devil to him. All this while Orson was pushing a flat-bottomed boat upon the water, by means of a long pole which reached to the bottom of the river, while his servants, among other people, were staring at us from the Banks. Having now no business across, he put his pole into the boat, which letting float along the stream, he sat himself down, and pulled a black shaggy dog, of the bear kind, that was swimming after us, into the boat; who, as soon as ever he found a resting place for his feet, began to shake himself, and besprinkled us all over; for which breach of ill manners, Shock was thrown again into the river, and made to dive for pebbles; at which kind of business he was very ingenious; when, upon testifying my satisfaction of his performances, Orson, without delay, called to his men to throw in the speckled duck, and to turn loose Diver and Dash after her.—Hereupon followed an elegant scene of duck-hunting, to the infinite satisfaction of my friend, who kept us still upon the river, varying our situation, with wonderful ease, for the more commodious prospect of the game. After the

duck was pretty well tired, Orson ordered her up; and we adjourned to the house, followed by all the company of dogs, who, with much ado, I prevailed on him not to permit in company any longer.

I staid to sup with him, and it being a fine evening, rode home to bed, not a little admiring the contrast of the two characters I had visited.

DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

ON Saturday, Feb. 28, died, in the 25th year of his age, Mr. John Lamb, late a very considerable farmer, at Geyntonhorpe, in Norfolk.

The circumstances incidental to the death of this much respected and lamented young man, are peculiarly, and almost beyond precedent, poignant and afflicting.—On Friday, the 20th ult. he went out to course in Geyntonhorpe Fields, in company with his neighbour Mr. Kendal, jun. whose humane offices towards, and deep concern for the melancholy fate of his friend, are pointed testimonies of his sensibility and goodness of heart. In the heat of the chase, Mr. Lamb's mare plunged her off fore foot into a sand-gall, and instantly fell with such aggregated violence and impetuosity, as to be forced fourteen yards on her knees before her unfortunate rider came to the ground, when the animal doubled upon him and crushed him in a manner too horrible for description! In this dreadful state he languished nine days, when it pleased God to call him to "another and a better world!"

The person whose painful office it is to record this tale of woe, had long been on terms of friendship and intimacy with the deceased; and, conscious of his innate worth, and exemplary

exemplary conduct, feels himself assured that there is no one who truly knew him, but must ever retain the most affectionate respect for his memory, and sometimes shed a friendly tear of regret at the recollection of his premature and melancholy fate!

FESTIVAL OF THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS.

Our Readers know that the present is the time of the Carnival at Paris: dances, illuminations, masquerades, *jeux d'esprit*, plays, operas, vaudevilles, &c.—The present Carnival has been rendered more gay than usual, by the peace with Austria, the intelligence of which arrived just at the commencement of it.

“FOR ten years,” says one of the Paris Journalists, “the Carnival had lost its powerful dominion. Revolutions and Gaiety seldom go hand-in-hand; but the Revolution is at an end, and Gaiety again makes her appearance. Never did the *Rue Honoré* afford so animated a spectacle of what is called Masquerade: the balls were numerous and brilliant, and no event happened to disturb the joy of the people. At the beginning, however, of the Carnival, Deshayes got a terrible sprain in dancing, in the ballet of the *Noces de Gomache*: he is now much better. Never was there a greater affluence seen than at the Opera. The last masked ball was as numerous attended as the famous ball last year, the first that had taken place for some years. If a stranger were to enter Paris now, for the first time, he would think that all the inhabitants had nothing to do but *vivre, chanter, boire, et s’amuser*.”

Some lively and pleasant adventures have taken place at the Carnival:—Many of the officers returned from the army to Paris during the Carnival, and were

resolved to try the affections of their mistresses. The following event actually occurred at a celebrated house near the *Rue Honoré*:—A young officer had formed the determination of trying the constancy and the affections of his mistress. The lady, by some means or another, became acquainted with his determination, and resolved to punish him for his injurious doubts. The lover appeared in masquerade, with a letter from himself, in which he informs her, that he has found a fairer and a dearer mistress in Italy, and takes his leave of her for ever. He expected that this news would have affected the lady: no such thing—she smiled, said it was a strange coincidence, declared that her affections had also undergone a change, and presented him a letter for her former lover, announcing the intelligence. The officer immediately threw off his disguise, to upbraid her with perfidy. The fair one laughed—the lover stormed—till at length an explanation took place, in which he found out that his mistress had adopted this expedient only to punish him.

This adventure has been made the subject of a song, and the officer has not escaped without some pretty severe jokes, upon having the tables so turned upon him.

In addition to this slight sketch, we beg leave to present our Readers with the following more elaborate and circumstantial account of these holidays; not taken from books, but from a Gentleman who was an eye-witness to what he relates.—Our Readers, however, should recollect, that it is a Country Carnival here described; and it may therefore differ as much from the refinements of Paris, as the humours of old morrice dancers, or those of a country fair, in comparison, with a ball at St. James’s.

“CARNIVAL begins in France and Flanders the week before Lent.”

Lent; but *Dimanche gras*, *Lundi*, and *Mardi*, as they are called by the French, (which signify, in English, fat Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday) are the days peculiarly consecrated to the celebration of this festival: upon other days, it is only celebrated in private families, by way of recreation and amusement, those principal days being for the populace, and such as choose to be seen in public.

"The Carnival, or Carnaval, is a scene of mirth and rejoicing, observed with great ceremony by the Italians, particularly at Venice. At the last mentioned city, it is so pompous and fine a sight, that strangers of the first quality flock thither to see it from all parts of Europe. It was not my good fortune ever to see this ceremony celebrated at Venice:

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire
Corinthum. Hor.

"But, if I may be allowed to form an idea of it from what I have seen in this country, it is a sight which, to use an expression of Shakespeare, 'beggars all description.' Carnival time, in these countries, commences from Twelfth Day, and continues till Lent. It is a time when all people indulge their genius, and give their souls a loose to joy and merriment. It is a season which, to use the expression of one of the English poets, 'seems to be marked for triumphs and rejoicing;' and at this time the maxim of Horace, *Dulce est decipere in loco*, seems to be adopted by people of all ranks; for, upon this occasion, none choose to be grave, or too severely wise. Treats, balls, operas, concerts of music, intrigues, marriages, &c. are chiefly celebrated in Carnival time, so that we may not improperly apply to it the expression of Mr. Rowe:

"Happy lovers ever keep it sacred,
Chuse it to bless their joys, and
crown their wishes."

"The word is formed of the Italian *carnavale*, which, according to the opinion of M. du Lange, is derived from *carn-a-val*, which etymology denotes that the flesh then goes to pot, to make amends for the season of abstinence ensuing: he observes accordingly, that, in the corrupt Latin, it was called *Carnelevamen*, and *Carnisprivium*; and the Spaniards at this day denominate it *Carnes tollendas*, which implies that meat is then to be taken.

"There is not one circumstance relating to the Carnival, which renders it more amusing, than that of the various disguises worn upon this occasion. A Carnival may be properly considered as a general masquerade of the whole species, and a city where it is celebrated has some sort of resemblance to a theatre, where every individual acts his peculiar part, and assumes a habit suited. Such a variety of different disguises and personages does a Carnival afford, that, when I saw it, I was tempted to exclaim, with Shakespeare,

"All the world's a stage,

"And all the men and women mere
players."

"Notwithstanding all the boasts of antiquity concerning the Olympic games, the Pythian games, the Floralia, and many more, I do not apprehend that any of them surpassed a modern Carnival.

"In the convents, monasteries, &c. but particularly in the former, they will not suffer any boarder, or any person under the roof with them, to put on any mask; as they look upon it as a heinous sin, and consider all such disguising as defacing the image of God: however, upon the three last days already mentioned, they will allow of changing dresses, as French for English, and English for French; and in some convents, they indulge their

their boarders so far as to allow them the nuns habits to disguise themselves. During the grand and public days of Carnival, people are at liberty to mask themselves, and assume any disguise they think proper, in order to prevent their being known: nor is any body to be seen walking the streets without a masking-dress; even children of two or three years old have some sort of disguise upon them. Dresses are to be hired for the Carnival, from three livres (about two shillings and seven-pence halfpenny) to as many guineas. When a stranger receives a dress, he is obliged to deposit the value of it in money at the place where he hires it; and, at the same time, he must give an account where he lodges, and with whom. This precaution is always thought necessary, except where the landlord of the stranger accompanies him, or sends a person with him. When an inhabitant of the town hires a habit, these precautions are not observed.

“ At the time of Carnival, it is dangerous for a person to be seen walking the streets without some disguise or odd habit. Those who walk the streets without a disguise are sure of receiving some insult, and having their clothes spoiled; so that a disguise, upon this occasion, is as necessary as a wedding garment was formerly to those invited to a wedding. Those whose ill fortune it is to be insulted, or to have their clothes spoiled, do wisely to pocket the affront and walk off, as it is not customary to resent it upon any account.

The time of Carnival is a time of general hospitality, as every one is at liberty to go into any house he thinks proper, without exception, and, if in a genteel dress, is sure to be made welcome, and en-

tertained as a friend, with wine, sweetmeats, and other good things. This they never fail to do, if they suspect who you are, or have any knowledge of you; and at some houses which I have gone to, though they were entire strangers to me and my company, they sent for music, and danced with us. It is customary for people at a Carnival, just as with us at a masquerade at the Haymarket, to disguise their common tone of voice: this is a custom, you are under an indispensable obligation of complying with, otherwise you are soon known: and if they discover who you are, they immediately depart the house, or pull your mask off, which I observed to be customary upon such occasions. If there happen to be any eatables or liquor in your way, you may carry them off, if you have a mind to play the rogue: if you should, they dare neither stop you, nor pull off your mask; if they do, they are liable to a penalty of six hundred livres. However, none but blackguards are guilty of the scandalous meanness of keeping any thing taken in this manner. These jocose thefts are intended solely to create diversion; and those that have taken any thing in this merry way, immediately return it. If they happen to catch a person at dinner or supper, he is sure to have his plates, dishes, &c. according to the number of the company, taken away: these they keep as long as they think proper, but not so long as to prevent your eating your victuals with satisfaction, except they happen to be persons of no principle or honour. I must, however, frankly confess, that I have seen the jest carried too far; and the tricks played upon these occasions were sometimes too like plundering in good earnest.

(To be continued.)

GRAND MAIN OF COCKS.

ON Monday, March 2, a grand Main of Cocks was fought at Hallion's Tennis-court, Rose-street, Edinburgh, between the Hon. Mr. Maule, and Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive. The following is a statement of the different battles:—

Forty-one pair of cocks, out of which 38 pair fought; and 10 bye battles.

Feeders—Sunly, for Mr. Maule; Sinfall, for Mr. Oswald.

		Mains.	Byes.
Monday,	- Mr. Maule	1	2
	Mr. Oswald	4	0
	One drawn battle.		
Tuesday,	- Mr. Maule	4	1
	Mr. Oswald	2	1
Wednesday,	- Mr. Maule	3	2
	Mr. Oswald	3	0
Thursday,	- Mr. Maule	3	0
	Mr. Oswald	3	2
Friday,	- Mr. Maule	5	1
	Mr. Oswald	2	0
Saturday,	- Mr. Maule	3	0
	Mr. Oswald	4	1

Mr. Maule winning by one battle, and the byes by two.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE bet between Mr. Barclay, of Ury, and Mr. Fletcher, of Ballingshoo, so much talked of, was lately decided. Mr. Barclay had wagered two thousand guineas, against the like sum from Mr. Fletcher, that he would walk ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half. He accomplished sixty-seven miles in about thirteen hours; but, having exerted himself too much at first, he became so much fatigued that he was obliged to give it up: of course, he lost the wager. At setting out, the general opinion was in favour of Mr. Barclay.

A few days since, Mr. Fletcher walked, on Doncaster Race-ground, sixty miles in sixteen hours and a half, being within the time betted.

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ANECDOTE.

FARINELLI, the celebrated singer, who made so much noise in this country about half a century ago, having acquired a very considerable fortune here, settled in Spain, where he became so great a favourite with the Queen (consort of Ferdinand) that he for a while not only governed her councils, but, at her intercession, was made a Knight of Caravalla.

The Spanish Nobles felt this disgrace so much, that on the day of installation, while the *gold spurs* were putting on *Farinelli*, a Grandee asked Lord Stair, who happened to be present at the ceremony, "Whether it was the fashion in England to do so much honour to their *castrato* singers?" Upon which his Lordship (who felt, by sympathy congenial to great minds, the indignity put upon the Spanish Nobles) quickly replied, and loud enough to be heard, "No, my Lord. We put *spurs* on our *Game-cocks*, 'tis true, but never on our *Capons*!"

HORSE WITHOUT HAIR.

Citizen LASTERIE has just published a description of a Horse, (taken from the Turks, and purchased at Vienna) apparently about twenty years of age, which he considers as forming a variety in the species, and whose state is neither the effect of art nor of disease.

HE eats the same food, and about the same quantity, as other horses; is lean, and very easily affected by the cold. There is not upon the whole body any hair, except the eye-lashes of the lower eye-lids. His skin is black, bordering upon grey, with some white spots under the fore-shoulders and in the groin, soft to the touch, glossy, and a little uctuous. The bones of the nose are depressed, which embarrasses his respiration, and produces a noise each time that he takes in or emits air.

Q q ECCENTRIC

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

OF AN ARMY IN GENERAL.

AN army is the very reverse of a church; and, as we learn piety in the one, 'tis ten thousand to one, but we are taught profaneness in the other. As all religions concur, and meet in Amsterdam, so all vices center in an army. The oaths of the private men rattle louder than their drums, and may be heard almost at as great a distance as their cannon.

But, hold! the devil is not so ugly as he is painted. An army is an hospital, where you may certainly meet with a cure for the wounds of the mind, however you endanger the body. Are you troubled with an undutiful parent, with a relation who lives longer than he should do, or with a termagant devil of a wife? here's a remedy. Are you plagued with wants, bailiffs, and lawyers? here's a cure for them too; a brace of pills, and a little gun-powder, will effect the business better than all the prescriptions of Rock, or Ratchiff.

They cannot be reckoned among the children of Rechab; for though they pay obedience to their general, who ought to be looked on as their father, and live in tents, yet they drink abundance of wine.

'Tis a rendezvous of beasts of prey; and as the ark contained creatures wild and tame, so you have here variety of the first; but if you expect any of the other sort, you may be mistaken, unless a few female warriors, that come now and then to visit an uncle, brother, or cousin-german, may be reckoned in that number.

The scholars will have it, that an army is *ultima ratio regum*, the last reason which kings usually offer; and that when other arguments fail, they make use of this, as most

irresistible and convincible. But the politicians may talk what they will of the matter, if a plundered boor was to preach of reason to his landlord, a dragoon, Lord bless us! how the landlord in red would lay him over the noddle! Or suppose a gentleman of the long robe should cant of reason to a carcass piping-hot from that terrible engine a mortar-piece, I cannot but think what a dash in the chops 'twould give the poor fellow; 'tis ten pounds to a shilling, 'twould so spoil his countenance, he'd never look like an honest man afterwards.

'Twould be a good whim for some fearful fellow to talk of peace over his cups at a sutler's; he might chance to meet with a good drubbing for his folly. For my part, I'd no more be in his case, than in that of a saucy rascal's, who should have the impudence to offer a reference, or arbitration in Westminster Hall.

'Tis a sanctuary for insolvent debtors, where an honest fellow, over a glass of gin, may laugh at the several colleges of the King's Bench, Fleet, and Newgate; and no more value an escape warrant, though granted by my Lord Chief Justice himself, than the scoundrel did the Lord Mayor of this honourable city, whom he bid kiss his a—, when he had got upon Highgate Hill.

An army is the true resemblance of the lion's den in the fable; 'twill puzzle the mathematical head of a Flamstead, to tell you the number that go thither; but a crop-hair'd school-boy, who has learned but three months to write, and cast accounts, will easily reckon the numbers which return, without endangering his hand by the *ferrula*, *Restigia pauca retrorsum*.

It resembles, in one sense, the pool of Bethesda, mentioned in the holy gospel; there's abundance of cripples to be found there, but with

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this difference, to those unhappy wretches; from the first they drew their cure, and the last reduced them to this maimed condition.

This, like all other great bodies, moves heavily; but if you attack it with a superior force at the postern gate, it will march as nimbly as an overseer of the poor to a parish collation.

Though the army deals in wounds and bastinadoes, sorts of scurvy commodities, yet they are a civil, courteous people, in one respect, for they seldom refuse any body into their society; and you need no other qualifications to rig you out with, than want, impudence, and folly. But the devil of it is, a man often pays too much for his *sex partite* alcove; and if he escapes with his head, and a brace of members, from the fortune of war, he has a good title to Chelsea College, or to demand contribution from well-disposed Christians; and despise at once both constables and beadles.

It is true, they are not the best Christians; but no men follow the rule of not providing for to-morrow, better than themselves; and to speak the plain matter of fact, they are in the right of it; for to-morrow takes care of them, and either provides them with plunder, and other appurtenances of war, or shovels them amongst that mass of matter, where they have no occasion for their daily bread.

They say, no grass grows wherever the Grand Seignior's horse sets his foot; if so, our squadrons have much the better of it; for no sooner are our inquisitive dragoons in an enemy's country, but they can raise, as it were out of the dust, corn, hay, and all manner of contributions.

The inhabitants towards the West of England, have an odd way of burning their ground to make it fruitful. I verily believe,

they have communicated their secret to our armies; for no sooner are forty or fifty acres of corn set on fire by one modern Sampson, but there ensues an immediate plenty in the camp, and the farmers in red always reap an extraordinary harvest.

Astræa, they say, is banished from the court, bench, and bar; from gentlemen, traders, and physicians; but if you are at a loss for the sculking maid, you may meet with her in a camp; for, from high to low, they deal justly, curse themselves, and each gives the devil his due.

It was a pleasant sort of a battle, when the giants and Jove pelted one another with hills and vallies. —Here an earth-born monster snatched up a town, people, and all, and swung it at the head of the tyrannical thunderer. Jove, in a passion, returned the compliment, by throwing back an island at the rebel. But if those unexperienced warriors had known the use of cannon, they might have laughed at the thunder of their enemy, and have served him as Saturn did his father, have deposed him first, and afterwards cut off the representatives of his manhood.

Yet as terrible as the cannon is, the smoak of it is very fructifying; and a Burgher's wife, who goes two or three times a week to smell gunpowder, is as sure of a receipt against barrenness, as a good woman who makes a journey to Tunbridge, Epsom, or the Spaws in Yorkshire.

Juno kept her chariot at Samos. Venus her magazine of love's artillery on the delicious plains of Cyprus; but the devil builds his arsenal of death in an army, and from thence shoots far and wide his destructive arrows.

Our men at arms are mightily changed from the knights of antiquity.

quity. In those fighting days, the sons of Mars never minded their bellies, and we never read of the least provision that they carried with them over barren sands and deserts, whilst they were in search after their glorious adventures. Alas! those good men had no stomach, but to fight; and our modern blades perfectly reverse the scene, and have little stomach but to eat.

After all, it must be acknowledged, that, since cannons, bombs,

carcasses, and red-hot bullets have been in fashion, a soldier has but a scurvy time of it. Before, a two-handed fellow, such as Achilles in Homer, had nothing to do, but to implore some divine blacksmith to make him a suit of armour; with the assistance of which impenetrable steel, and a scull as impenetrable, the heroic lubber would make no more of breaking through a regiment, than a modern soldier would of devouring a capon.

FEAST OF WIT ; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Person lately mentioning that a new set of philosophers had risen up, remarkable for their silence, replied, "Well, and what do they hold?"—"Hold," said the relator, "why they hold their tongues!"

A person methodistically inclined lately left a favourite preacher, merely through learning where he resided, which till then had been a secret: but hearing that this dear good man resided in *Rotten Row*, he determined upon leaving him, observing, "that living in *Rotten Row*, he was afraid he did not preach sound doctrine."

Of the Female Swindlers at Blackheath, it has been wittily observed, that they *paid nothing but visits*.

One of the Morning Papers, a few days since, after stating that a fine gelding had been stolen from a certain stable, very reasonably presumed, that the robbery had been committed by some *horse-stealer*!

Focus of Ennui!—A respectable

Evening Paper, lately mentioned, that from the moment the Grand Fleet assembled at Yarmouth till its departure, that town has been the *focus* of all the fashion, curiosity, and *ennui*, of the district for several miles round.

An unlettered gentleman stood up to preach in a country meeting-house, and in reading the chapter from which he took his text, came to that passage, "I am that I am." The first part of the sentence, viz. "I am," happened to be at the bottom of the page; unfortunately, in turning over, the leaves stuck together, and the first words on the second leaf were, "an ass," which he very innocently repeated; but immediately perceiving his mistake, he hastily separated the leaves, and finished the first sentence, so that the whole ran thus—"I am an ass that I am."

Our dramatic authors give their works a title, that seems an appeal to the *humanity* of the public. We have a *Poor Gentleman*; and there

is in preparation at one House, "The Blind Girl," and at the other, the "Deaf and Dumb."—It is impossible to reject the claims of such candidates!

The following spirited and whimsical letter was written by the Captain of Hume Castle, to Colonel Fenwicke, who summoned it in the name of Oliver Cromwell:

"Right Honourable—I have received a trumpeter of yours, as he tells me *, to render Hume Castle to the Lord General Cromwell. Please you I never saw your General, nor know your General. As for Hume Castle, it stands upon a rock.

"Given at Hume Castle this day before seven o'clock. So resteth, without prejudice to his native country, your most humble servant,
JOHN COCKBURN."

A young clergyman, of great modesty, preaching before Charles II. took for his text the 13th verse of the 139th Psalm—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."—Apprehension, rather than the warmth of the weather, having caused him to perspire, he had, just before naming the next, wiped his face with one of his hands, on which was a new black glove, and the consequence may easily be imagined. The Duke of Buckingham, one of his audience, on comparing the words of the text with the figure of the preacher, was seized with a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by Sir Henry Bennet and several of the courtiers, nor was the King, who loved a jest, to the great discomfiture of the preacher, able to resist the contagion.

Dulkhuk, a celebrated droll of the court of Sultaun Mamhood, had been guilty of a crime. The Sultaun commanded him to be ex-

* The trumpeter had left his pass behind him.

ecuted in his own presence. The executioner waved his scymetar round the head of the criminal, who trembled with apprehension; on which some pert Lords of the Court said, "Thou wretched coward, man came into the world in an instant, and must go out of it as suddenly."—"That is very true," said poor Dulkhuk, "but as I am just now not prepared for my exit, and your Lordships are, suppose one of you take my place." The Sultaun could not help laughing, and pardoned poor Dulkhuk.

A loose fellow was brought as an evidence in a Court of Law, on a point of religion. One of the Judges asked him if he knew any thing of religious ceremonies. "Yes," replied he, "I understand them all."—"Well," said the Judge, "didst thou ever wash a corpse for the burial?"—"My profession is that of a washer of the dead," said the man.—"What dost thou repeat in prayer, whilst thou art dressing the corpse?" rejoined the Judge.—"Why I always first say to the corpse, Happy fellow, thou hast now escaped the chance of being cross-questioned before a Judge."

A covetous, but very vain nobleman, employed an architect to erect for him a splendid mausoleum.—When it was finished, he said to the builder, "Is there any thing wanting to complete it?"—"Nothing but your Lordship's corpse," replied the architect.

A pretended wit was very free in playing his tricks upon a modest man, who told him, that he would do well not to make himself ridiculous.—"My friend," said the wit, "the materials of my composition are such, that I cannot help being so."—"No," replied the other, "thou art formed of good materials, but they want to be well beaten into decent form."

An importunate beggar went to a miser, and asked for a garment, saying, that his object was to have something to remember him by.—“My friend,” said the miser, “as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing; for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift.”

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, “I have a boon to ask.”—“So have I,” said the miser; “grant mine first, then I will comply with thine.”—“Agreed,” said the petitioner.—“Well, then,” said the miser, “my request is that thou ask me nothing.”

Mr. Burr, who is spoken of as likely to succeed to the Presidency of the United States of America, is so little known in this country, that a North Country Gentleman, on being asked the other day, who he

was, replied, that he knew nothing at all about him, unless he was one of the *Burrs of Newcastle!*

Discoveries—Among the inventions of the present period, are those of two Hair-dressers of this Metropolis, one of whom has obtained a Patent for his *Spring Perukes*, and the other for his *Transparent, Elastic, Fur Friz Tetes*. An improvement in placing the garter has been made by the Ladies, who now pin it close under the left ear; and an Irishman has just found out a new mode of furnishing the Nation with *news!* He has published his proposals for printing a Newspaper near the Land's End; says he is situated at the very fountain head of intelligence, and will circulate his news *backward*, for the benefit of the Cornish.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Thursday, March 12, Major Wilson's hounds unkennelled a bitch fox in a wood near West Wrattling, Cambridgeshire, which went off in a fine style through the different woods and fields; when, after a hard run of one hour and thirty-five minutes, the fox was so fatigued that she laid down in a ploughed field, and, being taken up by a labourer, died in his arms.—Between eighty and ninety horsemen started from the cover, but very few were in at the death.

On Friday, March 27, another grand match of Pigeon Shooting was to take place at Foot's Cray, in Kent, the Hon. T. W. Coventry and Robinson the cricketer, against — Barton, Esq. and Fry, (Myers having declined the match) for two hundred guineas a side.

Wednesday, March 12. Mr. John Kett, a Butcher, of Norwich, rode his own horse from St. Stephen's Gate to the twenty-five mile stone, on the Newmarket Road, and back again for a bet of one hundred guineas. He was to perform the journey between the hours of twelve at noon and four in the afternoon; he, however, completed it in three hours fifty-nine minutes and five seconds, with apparent ease to horse and rider.—From a miscalculation of the time with the rider, the horse had only ten minutes to go the last three miles.

There are at this time more horses in training for the ensuing Spring Meetings at Newmarket, than have been seen for some years; amongst which are some from Yorkshire, Cheshire, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire,

Oxfordshire, and Surrey. Great sport is expected.

A few days since a valuable coach-horse was stolen out of the stables of Dr. Cline, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; it is supposed by some Horse-dealers, who have of late committed similar robberies in London and its environs.—It frequently happens, that the very thief himself, confident in his own art, is the first to avail himself of the reward offered in these cases.

A catastrophe of a very singular nature lately happened to a respectable Farmer in the neighbourhood of Woodton:—As he was offering his daily sacrifice in a temple dedicated to *Cloacina*, which was built over a pond, he, being a very corpulent man, and the foundation of the structure being rotten, was suddenly immersed into an excrementitious element; and, had it not been for the timely assistance of his servants, he must inevitably have perished.

Noverre, the celebrated Ballad Master, who is now said to be reduced to a state of indigence in France, was once in the highest repute in his profession.—He possessed the mind of a poet, and was profoundly learned in every subject that related to his art. Voltaire thought highly of his talents, and paid many a flattering tribute to his genius and learning. The great fault of Noverre was his prodigality in bringing forward his Ballads, for the honour of which he thought no expence was excessive. Therefore, notwithstanding all their beauty and interest, they never indemnified a Manager for the expence of preparing them, and hence the Conductors of Theatres were afraid to employ Noverre, with all his acknowledged skill in his art.

The following are the particulars of the death of a Gentleman, near

Mallow, in the County of, Cork, which we insert as a warning to others.—As he was leaning over the pallisades adjoining his house, and his cattle were driving into the place where they were usually kept, a favourite bull happened to strike him in the soft part of his hand, near the thumb, with his horn, which gave him some little pain, but not perceiving any inconvenience from it, he went to a fair the next day, when he felt it painful, and applied to a physician, who saw that there was a mortification, and amputated the thumb; but the mortification communicated to his arm, and appeared likewise in his throat, in consequence of which death ensued in the course of six or seven days after the accident.

In a house in Paris, the first floor is dedicated to a *Gaming Club*: on the ground floor is a *Parvnbroker's shop*; and on the second floor, a *Maker of Pistols*. The coincidence is curious.

The Boston Gazette, of the 8th January, says, "A few days since passed through Holden, to a new settlement, from Portland, a gentleman and his wife, with twenty sons, born at eight births, viz. fifteen at the five first, four at the two next, and one at the last.

There are now at Boddlewiddan, in Flintshire, three oxen, bred by Sir John Williams, Bart. which are supposed to be the largest of the Welsh breed that have been seen for some years past. One is fifteen hands two inches high, and nine feet six inches round; another, fifteen hands two inches high, and nine feet seven inches round; the third, sixteen hands high, and ten feet round.

On the 27th of February a match was run in Dallingham-field, Cambridgeshire by a brace of greyhounds, for one hundred guineas, one the property of Mr. Margetts,

sen. of Hemmingford, near Huntingdon; and the other belonging to the Rev. J. Stevenson, Fellow of Trinity College. The course was clearly decided in favour of the former. The winning dog was bred by Mr. T. Ind, of Chester-ton, in that county.

Recipe to disperse Rats and Mice.—

Throw a quantity of the parings of the hoofs of mules, cut off in shoeing, on burning coals, so as to excite a strong fumigation; and vermin will fly the place.—N. B. This recipe is given in the *Moniteur and Citoyen Françoise*: but it may be asked, Why the hoofs of mules are necessary to the scent? Would not parings from the hoofs of horses be equally efficacious? and will any scent long avail? We believe that nothing but an incessant hunt by dog, cat, ferret, poison, and gun, will keep them down, much less extirpate them, in the country.

A few days ago, a man in Glasgow undertook, for a bet of ten guineas, to run ten miles in one hour, upon the Greenock road; which he performed, with great ease, in thirty-two seconds less than the time.

The three young lion-whelps in the Menagerie at Paris continue to grow fast: they have already got their cutting teeth, and jump and play round their dam. No change has yet taken place in the marks of their skin. The mother has so much confidence in C. Felix, the keeper, as to allow him to take them from her, and to convey them out of her sight.

A recent Advertisement.—Lost, a dark Tortoiseshell Cat, spotted with black and yellow, with a white breast and black face. Whoever will bring the same to Berkeley-street, shall receive One Guinea reward, and no more.

The Lady of a Suffolk Squire has lately quitted her home, in consequence of a *sincere regard* for a certain Military Officer. The subject of this elopement is expected to afford a plentiful harvest to the Gentlemen of the Long Robe in Westminster Hall.

Celestial Intelligence, from a Morning Paper.—Dr. ———, New Compton-street, Soho, having given the greatest satisfaction in all astrological enquiry, may be consulted on Planetary Influence, *gratis*. He teaches Astrology, and the whole art of calculating Nativities, in the most compendious manner, at 2s. 6d. per lesson. Likewise instructions in an advantageous mode of speculating in the Lottery.—In answer to the Gentleman who wrote to me in the signature of G. L. desiring to know when a *General Feast* would be proclaimed; for the resolve of his problem, I refer him to those who proclaimed the *Fast*.

Extraordinary Race against Time.—A few days ago Mr. Alexander Bulloch, Flesher in Glasgow, undertook for a bet of thirty guineas to ride fifteen miles in an hour with his face to the horse's tail, which he performed with astonishing ease. He started from the first mile-stone leading to Kilmarnock, and rode sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes. A considerable number of other bets were also gained by him. He rode without spurs, had a cloth in place of a saddle, the bridle round his waist, and a belt fixed to the crupper to hold by. Several other horses started; but only one rider, although he had three different horses, could keep sight of Mr. Bulloch, and he arrived even two minutes behind him. The road upon which the bet was decided is very rugged and mostly up and down hill.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE AGRICULTURIST'S LAMEN- TATION.

YE powers above, who feel for human
woe,

Look down with pity on my griefs below;
Ten Thousand Pounds is all my store of
gold,

Three Thousand Acres all the Land I hold!
Two Thousand Sheep along my pastures
feed,

My Stock of Cattle very small indeed.
One Pipe of Port is all my winter's stock,
I've Twenty Dozen of the best Old Hock,
I'm fore'd to purchase Butter, Milk, and
Cheese,

(For keeping Cows would much my wife
displease)

How much it would conduce to make me
warm,

Would my kind Landlord leave me one
more Farm.

Oh! when I join the splendid troop, I
ride—

(My massy sabre rattling by my side)
Heavens! how I tower above the vulgar
throng,

As my bay Charger bears me swift along!
Aye, let the rabble murmur, let 'em grin,
While Silver shines without, and Gold
within.

Oh! how I'd seek the Church, and pray
and fast,

Could I sell Wheat an Hundred Pounds at
last.

Vain hope! alas! Associations spread,
And aim their spleen on my devoted head.

Unhappy! I must sell my hoarded store,
Monopoly's sweet gains are mine no more;

The Miller buys his Corn beyond the sea,
And gives the hungry, Bread, in spite of
me.

Oh! Britons! had I power to burn thy
Mill,
Bid the Wind cease to blow, the Stream
stand still,
Then would I hoard up mighty heaps of
Grain,
And every Market should be mine again!

G. GRASPALL.

FASHIONABLE RIDING.

"The *fashion* of the new Chariots is mean
"and contemptible

"The shape is exactly like a *Tub*—"

Vide NEWSPAPERS.

NOW ponder well, ye Censors grave,
Who make this strange hubbub,
Because, forsooth, our *Belles* and *Beaux*
Go riding in a *Tub*.

Let each forbear, nor clamorous be,
Nor tasteless as a scrub,
As if they never yet had heard,
Of good things in a *Tub*.

The Conqueror of the World, we know,
Received a moral tub,
When wise Diogenes of old,
Preach'd to him from a *Tub*.

"What can I do," the Conqueror cried,
"For thee, thou snarling scrub?"—
"Hide not from me the Sun," said he,
"Nor come too near my *Tub*."

"Tis all the favour thou canst grant,
"For thou art but a grub,
"And soon like me shall find thy home
"Within a little *Tub*!"

Fair Virtue in a cottage bides,
Beneath the flowery shrub;
Truth's residence they say's a well,
Philosophy's a *Tub*.

And now our Dukes, and Lords, and
Squires,
Quick eels, or dull as chub,
Before they're worms, themselves confine
Within a little *Tub*.

And when the King, for service meet,
A worthy knight dorb dub,
That worthy knight, 'tis ten to one,
Begins to roll his *Tub*.

Wine, brandy, rum, and sugars sweet,
For which we gayly club;
And brilliant beauty, fair and kind,
Came to us in a *Tub*.

Then he for whom a *Tub's* no charms
Is but a silly cub;
And sure his head's no better thing
Than is an *empty Tub*.

When in her teens, Miss rakes about,
Mama begins to snub;
But she with Bob to Gretna Green
Goes rolling in a *Tub*.

When I see Stanhope* in a cask,
Like a sweet syllabub,
I'd give the world to be within
That pretty little *Tub*.

But let it not forgotten be,
That froth's no syllabub;
And nought but *foam* is sometimes seen
Within a painted *Tub*.

Full well we know a cask conceal'd
The projects of a Club;
And *meal* and *treason* once were mix'd
Within a *silent Tub*.

And now, in later times we find,
An Anti-Tyrant Club
Reveal their private sentiments,
From a loud *thundering Tub*.

Because the Corsican, they say,
Is an usurping scrub,
They thought that he was proper stuff
To pickle in a *Tub*.

The cunning Corsican, in wrath,
Doth kill, transport, and dub
The men that chose to speak their minds
From that *infernal Tub*.

* Lady Anna Maria.

May British casks *good things* contain,
Or else sound a dub-a-dub
To Loyalty—and Honour grace
The *fashionable Tub*.

TRIM.

A BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ.

HOR. Ode I. Ad Venerem.

(Concluded from page 260.)

SHE calls on men for love's devotion,
And all her atoms are in motion;
She's got a farm and land, I hear,
Besides three hundred pounds a year;
Some oxen too, in wild Kentucky;
But horns, in marriage, are unlucky;
She's plump and buxom, rich and glowing,
But then your widows are so knowing,
They'll have the payment, when they've
said it,
Young traders, take a bill on credit!—
Kitty has wit, but what of that,
I'll have no witty wife, that's flat:
I have but little Heaven knows,
And e'en that little's made me foes!—
Delia, ah Delia, she's my choice,
When she appears the lads rejoice;
She does not pout, because she knows,
It lays the germ of unborn woes;
She views life, as an April day,
That's partly stormy, partly gay!
And when she gets a sweet ingredient,
Will make the most of joys expedient:
Delia's good humour'd, ev'n when warm,
Good humour rides out many a storm;
Should care assail in ruin's garb,
She'd search my soul and draw the balm;
To peace she dedicates her youth;
Her faith to God—her love to truth:
Infuses balm to the distress,
And is divine, and pure and blest;
Now social charity is blind,
I'll leave this burning world behind,
To policy I give her umps,
That vile, perturbed haggard limps;
In shades to Delia, I'll incline,
Be comfort and the muses mine;
Bring me the Zone from Nepthe's side,
Sweet Hebe's vest—the Persian's pride;
The lucid gem—the sapphire plume;
A mantle from the Tyrian loom;
Yet this is frivolous and vain,
Delia's most charming when most plain.
Too good to hate, or to be hated,
'Tis piteous such a girl's not mated:
Hith

Hither then Hymen, with your suite,
I'll lay my fortunes at her feet;
I'll have her (tell the gods) with glee,
That's *entré nous* if she'll have me!
New York, April 1, 1799.

THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

*An Imitation of the Splendid Skilling,**Written by J. PHILLIPS.*

HAPPY the School-girl, who exempt
from cares
That cloud each future project, and elate
With present blessings, heedless of the
morrow,
Boasts in the corner of her pocket hid
In ribbon purse, or that y'clept balloon
Of red Morocco, and with clasp of steel,
A Crooked Sixpence. She with pleasure
hears
At Evening's closing hour, the punctual
call
Of Cake and Tart-women; if here indeed
Within these gloomy walls, where beauty
buds
Like blushing roses in the desert air
A Tart-woman admittance finds; nor
fear'd
As vent'rous Knight disguis'd in mean at-
tire.
If such her cruel fate, how doubly blest
To watch the happy moment when un-
barr'd
The massy gates grate harsh discordant
sounds,
And steal unseen and silently along
To where the well-known shop inviting
spreads
Its varied treasures; here with eager eye
She views the sweet assemblage, doubtful
which
To call her own, or where to fix her
choice.
Whether the Macaroon more charms can
boast
Prop'd on it's silv'ry base, or Ratafia
Call'd Matrimony, as uniting in itself
The bitter with the sweet; or Custard rich
With luscious cream, and India's choicest
spice
Thickly o'erspread; whose high indented
walls
Look like a mural crown; on all she
dwells
With rapture, and enjoys the quick repast.
Whilst such her stol'n delight, how diff-
'rent far
My hapless fate, compell'd by adverse
fates

To try my aching grinders 'gainst the
strength
Of dry and tasteless Cod, or else to dine
On hard-boil'd dumplings of coarse-sifted
meal.
Nor this my sole complaint, for whilst I
sit
Beneath my humble roof, and court the
Muse,
(The Muse who smiles with pity on the
poor,
And scorns the pride of riches) or indite
Epistles breathing forth a Brother's love;
As thus intent I write, quick rushes in
With grisly beard, and filthy unkempt
hair,
A lounge, worst of thieves, the thief of
time,
And this the worst of loungeers; down
he drops
On the first vacant seat, and thence begins
His ceaseless senseless prattle. How of
late
Wheat had advanc'd, what crops of peas
he grew,
How much his bullocks cost, and how he
hoped
A London market amply would repay.
Next he enlarges on his wondrous feats
Perform'd in early youth; what leaps he
took
Before th' astonish'd field, and how he
left
The proudest Hunters lagging far behind.
Stunn'd by his thund'ring voice I answer
nought—
But umph! and ah! and with averted
eyes
Now ken the fire, and now direct my looks
To the unfinish'd paper. Not a hint
Alas he takes, but scrapes his dirty shoes
Upon the polish'd fender, nor regards
A Housewife's cleanly care; he cocks
his hat
In careless stile, and launches out again
On prodigies perform'd; what miles he
rode
(More to the credit of the beast than him)
Without a pause. Exhausted I mean-
while
Cease to attend, and give my thoughts full
play.
At length, each subject to the very diags
Drawn out, wearied, or anxious to retail
again
His vast achievement at another's door,
He spits, and cleaves his throat, and then re-
tires.
So pass my morning hours—nor happier
seems
The howling mungrel to whose tortur'd tail
Q q z Some

Some wick'd wit a cannister has hung,
 Or puff'd up bladder fill'd with ratt'ling
 peas,
 When first a friendly post, or pointed nail,
 Or deeply-piercing thorn affords relief,
 And frees him from th' incumbrance.
 Quickly round
 He turns his head with sharp erected ears
 And looks of gratitude; but nought de-
 scribes,
 No cause of joy or torment; yet he barks
 A note of extacy, rolls o'er and o'er,
 And wonders greatly at this sudden
 change.
 Just so reliev'd, I quit my elbow chair
 With sudden spring, and pace my humble
 floor
 With many a giant stride; I seem to
 breathe
 A purer air, and feel myself again
 A free-born man, and Monarch of a shed.

But when calm Evening o'er the wearied
 world
 Unfurls her dusky veil, bids labour cease
 And whispers comfort to the poor man's
 heart,
 Then, when 'midst higher orders lustrés
 glare,
 When Play-houses and Operas abound
 With all the charms that art and nature
 boast
 I strive to husband well my frugal fire
 With gather'd chips, and sifted cinders
 heap'd.
 Around my little family are plac'd
 With looks of joy, nor murmur when I
 cut
 With sparing hand from off the coarse
 brown loaf
 (Ah! now how dearly priz'd) th' allotted
 share.

Retir'd to rest, (and slumbers soon o'er-
 take
 The tranquil mind) I then begin to feel
 A new existence. Fancy, wont to play
 The flatt'rer's part, then quickly conjures
 up
 A different scene of things. Fresh honours
 rise.
 Instead of dead small beer, I deeply drink,
 Forgive, O Pye, the thought! thy gen'-
 rous sack.
 I feel myself a Poet, and aspire
 E'en at thy envied crown; but when I
 thus
 In agitation seized the proffer'd boon,
 Away the phantoms flies, the thread is
 snapt,
 I grasp at air, and finds the whole a dream.
 So (as those tales record which when a
 boy

I read with ceaseless rapture and delight)
 Some simple maiden in her frothing pail
 Sees all her future greatness, skips with
 ease
 O'er intervening years, to when she hopes
 Th' accumulated gain must surely bring
 A lady's title, and a lady air;
 Exulting at the thought, she apes too soon
 Each proud demeanour, and with scornful
 foot
 O'erthrows the source whence gilded pros-
 pects rise.
 Aghast she views the milky deluge spread
 It's foaming tide around; and, dire mis-
 chance,
 Sees honours, titles, fortune, vanish all
 In smoke, and irretrievable despair.

PADDY'S PURCHASE.

IT chanced, on a time, that an Irish
 Dear Honey,
 Who had lately received a "small trifle"
 of money,
 Took it into his head to dispose of his
 riches,—
 In what he much *wanted*—a good pair of
breeches;
 In these *modish* days they've acquired a
 new name;
 But *breeches*—or *small clothes*—why, sure,
 they're the same.

Hi purse stuff'd with chink, (and his
 heart full of glee)
 Pat so'n found a shop to his mind, do you
 see.
 On a *prime* piece of stuff, now his eyes
 quickly casting,
 And asking the name, he was told "*ever-
 lasting*,"
 "If it be *everlasting*, (quoth Pat with a
 stare)
 "Then—Erin go-brach!—'faith, I'll
 purchase *two pair*!"

THE ESSEX MAN'S APOLOGY FOR BEING A CALF.

IN every quarter of this world so wide,
John Bull means Englishman—this
 same world's pride;
 Proud may an Essex Calf then surely be;
 A true descendant of *John Bull* is he.

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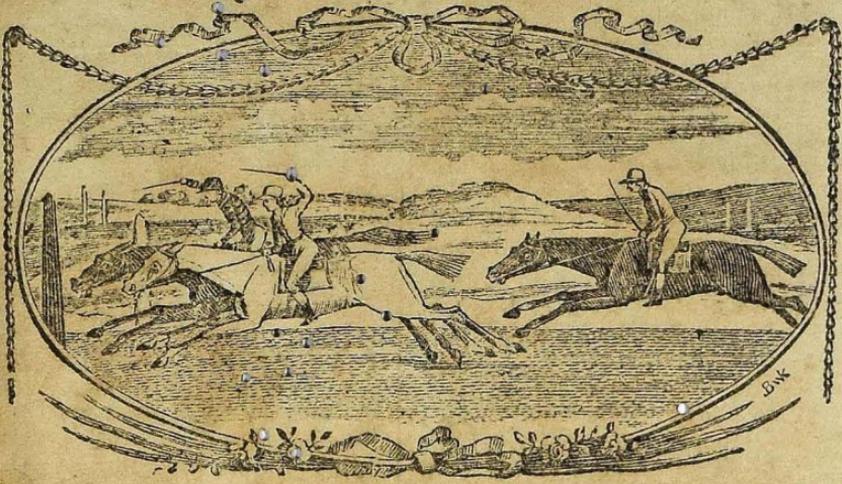
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RACING CALENDAR at the end.



RACING CALENDAR.

SHREWSBURY.

ON Tuesday, September the 16th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages; four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. —4-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's b. c. Alfred, by John Bull, 4 yrs old	1	1
Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. c. Doctor O'Liffey, 4 yrs old		2 dr

Sweepstakes of 10g. each, for three and four yr olds. (4 Subscribers).

Mr. Heming's br. c. Kill Devil, 3 yrs old, walked over.

On Wednesday the 17th, 50l. given by Sir W. Pulteney, Bart. and the Hon. W. Hill, free for any horse, &c.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's b. h. Slo- ven, by Alexander, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Saunders's br. f. by Cœur de Lion, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb.	1	2	3

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Mr. Heming's b. h. Flo- ro, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	4	3	2
Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. c. Doctor O'Liffey, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	5	4	4
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Chicken, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb.			3 dr

On Thursday the 18th, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—heats, twice round.

Mr. Heming's Kill Devil, by Rockingham, 3 yrs old, 8st.		1	1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Heart's Ease, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	2	

STOCKTON.

ON Wednesday, September the 17th, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—two-mile heats. (9 Subscribers.)

Sir H. Williamson's b. f. by			Sir
------------------------------	--	--	-----

Sir Peter, out of Mother Red Cap	1	1
Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. Mary	2	2
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. by Delpini, dam by Garrick	3	3
Mr. Baker's br. c. Sowerby, (lame)	4	4

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 10lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Cornforth's ch. c. by Pipator, dam by Le Sang, 3 yrs old	1	1
Sir R. Winn's br. c. Bilham, by Clown, 3 yrs old	2	2
Mr. Hopper's ch. c. Hazard, by Windlestone, 3 yrs old	3	dr

On Thursday the 18th, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. that never won above that value at one time. A winner of one fifty, 3lb. extra, of two or more, 5lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Walnut, 3 yrs old	1	3	1
Mr. G. Bamler's b. c. Coniac, four yrs old	4	1	3
Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Jemmy, 4 yrs old	2	4	2
Mr. L. Seymour's b. f. Hyale, 3 yrs old	3	2	4

On Friday the 19th, 50l. free for any horse, &c. except the winner of a Great Subscription at York, or the Cup at Richmond.

No race, for want of horses.

BURFORD.

ON Friday the 19th of September, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for five yr olds, carrying 9st.—3-mile heats.

Sir F. Poole's b. h. Worthy, by Pot80's	1	1
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. h. Knowsley	2	2

2 to 1 on Knowsley.

The Cup, a Subscription of 100gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—New Course. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hallett's bl. f. Wowski, by Mentor, out of Waxy's dash	1
Mr. Coventry's br. c. by King Fergus	2
Mr. Snell's b. c. Gallant Sidney, by Fortunio	3

NORTHAMPTON.

ON Tuesday, September the 23^d, 30l. for three yr olds;—heats, about a mile and half each.

Mr. Bettison's br. c. by Rockingham, 8st. 5lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Heming's br. c. Kill Devil, 8st. 9lb.	0	4	2
Mr. Hallett's bl. f. Wowski, 8st. 3lb.	4	2	dr
Mr. Bott's b. f. Miss Totteridge, 8st. 7lb.	0	3	dr

On Wednesday the 24th, the Town Plate of 50l. free for all horses;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's br. g. Cockboat, by Overton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	4	1	1
Marquis of Donegall's br. h. Trifle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Bettison's ch. c. by Erasmus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	3	3
Major Snell's b. h. Eyford, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3	dis	

AYR.

ON Tuesday, September the 23^d, 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 3st. 10lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of one 50l. this year, carrying

carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's Plate, 6lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Graham's b. h. Duncan, by Stride, 5 yrs old 2 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Master Robert, aged 2 2 2

Mr. Baird's c. yrs old 3 3 dr

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr olds, st. lb. and four yr olds, st. lb.—2-mile heats. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Cunningham Graham's b. c. Buonaparte (late Bryan O'Lynn) by Aston, four yrs old 1 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's ch. c. Logie O'Buchan, 4 yrs old 2 2 2

Mr. Kincaid's Master Bagot, yrs old 3 3 3

Mr. Boswell's c. yrs old 5 4 4

Mr. Oswald's f. yrs old 4 dr 4 dr

On Wednesday the 24th, 50l. on the same terms as the Tuesday's Plate.

Mr. Fletcher's Logie O'Buchan, walked over.

On Thursday the 25th, the Ladies Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, carrying a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 7lb. and aged, 8st. 10lb. —extra. weights as on Tuesday. —4-mile heats.

Mr. Graham's Buonaparte, 4 yrs old 1 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's Master Robert, aged 2 2 2

Mr. Boswell's br. h. Pensioner, 5 yrs old 3 3 3

On Friday the 26th, the Handicap Plate, 10gs entrance, making in the whole 80gs.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Kincaid's Master Bagot, 8st. 2lb. 3 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's Rosalind, 8st. 10lb. 1 2 3

Mr. Graham's Wirley, 8st. 4lb. 2 3 2

Mr. Baird's colt, 8st. 2lb. 4 4 dr
Major Cathcart's Star filly, 7st. 7lb. 5 dr

Besides the above, there were five Matches, of which we expect to be able to give the particulars in our succeeding number.

DONCASTER.

ON Tuesday, September 23d, a Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—four miles. (3 Subscribers.)

Ld Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Idler, by Overton, out of a Phœnomenon Mare, 8st. 2lb. 1
Mr. Wentworth's Roxana, 8st. 2

The St. Leger Stakes of 250gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (17 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Champion, by Pot80's, out of Huncamunca 1

Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. Rolla, by Overton 2

Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Walnut, out of Skelton's dam 3

Ld Darlington's br. c. Agonistes D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Walnut, out of Tickle Toby's dam 4

Mr. J. Lonsdale's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab 5

Mr. G. Crompton's c. Lignum Vitæ 6

Mr. Heming's ch. c. Sir Sidney 7

Sir T. Gascoigne's gr. c. by Delpini, dam by Garrick 8

Mr. T. Robinson's b. f. Bellefile 9

2 to 1 agst Champion, 2 to 1 agst Agonistes, 5 to 1 agst Sir H. Vane's Walnut colt, and 6 to 1 agst Rolla.

The Corporation Plate of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages; three yr olds, 5st. 2lb. four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 2

2

olds,

olds,

RACING CALENDAR.

olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. Maiden horses, &c. allowed 3lb. The winner of any of the Subscription Plates at York this year, to have carried 4lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

- D. of Hamilton's b. m. by Walnut, five yrs old 1 1
- Mr. Johnson's b. c. Sir Solomon, 4 yrs old 2 2
- Mr. Hewett's ch. h. Wonder, 6 yrs old 3 dr

Mr. Hewett's Wonder, by Phenomenon, 8st. beat Mr. Wentworth's Tartar, 8st. 3lb.—four miles, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. P. G. Burk's gr. h. Win if he Can, by Snake, dam by Blank, beat Mr. T. Raywood's b. m. by Ruler, 9st. each, one mile, 100gs, h. ft.

On Wednesday the 24th, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, free for any horse, &c. Three yr olds, to carry 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of any Subscription Plate at York this year, to have carried 4lb. extra. of any two, 7lb.—four miles.

- Mr. Garforth's b. h. Dion, by Spadille, 5 yrs old 1
 - Ld Darlington's b. c. Hap-hazard, 3 yrs old 2
 - Ld Fitzwilliam's br. f. Fanny, 4 yrs old 3
 - Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Walnut, 3 yrs old 4
- Even betting, and 5 to 4 on the field agst the Walnut colt.

The second year of the renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for any horse, &c. bona fide the property of a Subscriber, or his declared confederate; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.—four miles. (14 Subscriber).

- Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. Cock-fighter, by Overtop, 4 yrs old 1
 - Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Hyacinthus, by Coriander, 3 yrs old 2
- 10 to 1 on Cockfighter.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr olds,—the last mile and three quarters; 8st. each.

- Ld Darlington's ch. c. Muly Moloch, by John Bull, out of Misseltoe 1
 - Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Dotterel 2
 - Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. Doodle, by Restless, out of Tippet 3
- Muly Moloch the favourite

On Thursday, the 25th, One Hundred Pounds for three and four yr olds; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. Maiden colts allowed 2lb. Maiden fillies, 3lb. The winner of any Subscription or Sweepstakes, 4lb. extra—two-mile heats.

- Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Chance, by Lurcher, 3 yrs old 1 1
- Mr. Johnson's b. c. Sir Solomon, 4 yrs old 5 2
- Ld Darlington's b. c. Hap-hazard, 3 yrs old 2 3
- D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, 4 yrs old 7 4
- Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old 4 5
- Ld Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Idler 4 yrs. old 6 6
- Mr. Hewett's b. c. Commodore, by Admiral, 3 yrs old 3 dr

10 to 1 agst Chance.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three yr old fillies, carrying 8st.—two miles. (9 Subscribers)

- Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. Anni-seed, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer

Ld Fitzwilliam's

RACING CALENDAR.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Lap-wing,
by Overton 2
D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Wal-
nut, out of Tickle Toby's
dam - 3
Mr. Alderson's b. f. Vanguard,
by Walnut, dam by Young
Marske - 4
Even betting between Anniseed
and the field.
Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for
hunters, carrying 12st. each;—
four miles. (5 Subscribers)
Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h.
Collector, by Spadille, out
of Rosalind, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. J. S. Foljambe's b. g. Pro-
teus - 2
4 to 1 on Collector.

MORPETH.

ON Tuesday, the 23d of Sep-
tember, 50l. given by the
Earl of Carlise, for three yr old
colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 11lb. A
winner of Plate or Stakes since
the first of March, carrying 3lb. of
two or more, 5lb. extra.—2-mile
heats.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by
Walnut, 3 yrs 1 1
Capt. Lidderdale's br. c. John
O'Groat - 4 2
Sir H. Williamson's b. f. by
Sir Peter, 3 yrs old 2 3
Mr. Hopper's ch. c. Hazard 3 4

On Wednesday, the 24th, 50l.
for four yr olds, 7st. 3lb. five yr
olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 5lb.
and aged 8st. 7lb. A winner of
Plate or Stakes, since the first of
March, carrying 3lb. of two or
more 5lb. extra. Mares allowed
3lb. geldings 2lb.—4 mile heats.

Mr. Wilson's ch. h. Apple-
garth, by Stride, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. W. Fletcher's Camper-
down, 5 yrs old 2 2
Sir H. Williamsou's ch. h.
Stripling, 5 yrs old 3 3

Mr. Elliott's b. c. 4 yrs old
(fell) - dis
On Thursday, the 25th, the
Members' Plate of 50l. for all
ages; three yr olds to carry 6st.
4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr
olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds and aged,
8st. 9lb. A winner of Plate or
Stakes, since the first of March,
carrying 3lb. of two or more, 5lb.
extra.—Mares allowed 3lb. gel-
dings, 2lb.—3-mile heats.
Mr. W. Fletcher's Cam-
perdown, by Delpini,
5 yrs old 3 1 1
Mr. Wilson's Apple-
garth, 5 yrs old 1 2 2
Mr. Ilderton's ch. g.
Bashful (late Billy)
aged - 2 3 dr

Mr. Hopper's ch. m. Lit-
tle Betsy, by Comet,
out of Magpie's dam,
4 yrs old, fell and
broke her neck in run-
ning.

The Hunters' Sweepstakes of
10gs each, 12st.—3-mile heats. (6
Subscribers.)

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. h.
Sling, by Highflyer 1 1
Mr. Hunter's br. h. Hutton 3 2
Mr. Davison's ch. h. High-
flyer - 2 3

NEWMARKET.

ON Monday, the 29th of Sep-
tember, the Sweepstakes of
200gs each, h. ft. for three yr olds,
carrying 8st. 3lb. Across the Flat.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by John
Bull, out of Nimble 1
Sir F. Standish's b. c. brother
to Spread Eagle 2
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by John
Bull, out of Kiss my Lady pd ft.
Mr. Cussans's b. c. by Pegasus,
out of Sweetheart pd ft.
Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. by
Whiskey, out of Grey Do-
rimant - pd ft.
5 to

5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Ld Grosvenor's colt.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. f. Georgiana, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 8st. beat Mr. Panton's gr. c. Grey Falcon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

5 to 4 on Grey Falcon.

Mr. Adams's b. f. Cuckoo, by Woodpecker, 7st. recd. 20gs from Mr. Heathcote's b. f. Lady Jane, 8st. 2lb. Two yr old Course, 100gs. h. ft.

Mr. Cockson's br. h. Diamond, by Highflyer, 7st. 13lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Heathcote's b. Warter, 8st. 6lb. B. C. 500gs. h. ft.

Mr. Howard's br. f. by Whiskey, out of Sybil, 7st. 10lb. recd. 70gs. from Mr. Perrin's br. f. by Trumpator, out of Cinderella, 8st. Two yr old Course, 100gs.

Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Pet, by Buzzard, 8st. agst Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. Popinjay, 7st. 5lb. Ab. M. 100gs.— Off by consent.

On Tuesday, the 30th, Ld Clermont's b. c. by Meteor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Wilson's b. c. Surprize, 3 yrs old, 8st. R. M. 20gs.

6 to 4 on Surprize.

Mr. Heathcote's gr. h. Symmetry, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. beat Sir C. Bunbury's bl. c. Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. Across the Flat, 500gs, h. ft.

5 and 6 to 4 on Symmetry.

Fifty Guineas, free for any horse, &c. four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged 9st. B. C.

Mr. Adams's b. c. Humbug, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Cookson's br. h. Sir Harry, 5 yrs old	2
Sir C. Bunbury's bl. c. Sorcerer, 4 yrs old	3
Mr. Lake's b. h. by Spadille, dam by Mungo, 5 yr old	4

D. of Grafton's b. f. Hornby Lass, 4 yrs old	5
Ld Clermont's b. c. Cadet, 5 yrs old	6

13 to 8 agst Sir Harry, 5 to 2 agst. Sorcerer, 5 to 1 agst Hornby Lass, and 50 to 6 agst Humbug.

On Wednesday, the 1st of October, Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. f. Georgiana, by John Bull, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Adams's ch. f. Ephe-mera, by Woodpecker, 7st. 10lb. both three yrs old, Ab. M. 50gs.

2 to 1 on Georgiana.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. D. I.

N. B. The late Mr. Penram, by his will, directed his Executors to pay 30gs to the winner of this Plate.

Mr. Heming's br. c. Kill Devil, by Rockingham	1
D. of Grafton's b. c. First Fruits	2
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Surprize	3
Mr. Dawson's b. f. Canary	4
Mr. Cookson's ch. c. Scrub, by Pot80's	5

6 to 5 on First Fruits, 5 to 1 agst Surprize, 5 to 1 agst Scrub, and 6 and 7 to 1 agst Kill Devil.

On Thursday, the 2d of October, Mr. Ladbroke's bl. c. Whiskerandos, by Whiskey, 7st. 11lb. beat Ld Clermont's f. Noisette, 7st. 5½lb. Two yr old Course, 25gs.

3 to 1 on Whiskerandos.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Thais by Trumpator, 7st. 11lb. beat Mr. Windham's br. c. by Fidget, 8st. Two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

7 to 4 on Thais.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, carrying 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb. R. C.	
Sir F. Poole's b. h. Worthy, by Pot80's, 5 yrs old	1

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RACING CALENDAR.

Sir C. Bunbury's bl. c. Sorcerer, 4 yrs old 2
 Mr. Adams's b. c. Humbug, 4 yrs old 3
 Mr. Golding's b. h. Boaster, 5 yrs old 4
 2 to 1 on Worthy, 9 to 2 agst Humbug, 7 to 1 agst Sorcerer, and 10 to 1 agst Boaster.

A Handicap Plate of 50l. D. I.

Mr. Howorth's gr. h. Trust, by Pilot, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1
 Mr. Lake's b. h. Quatorze, by Spadille, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2
 D. of Grafton's b. f. Hornby Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 3
 Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Gig, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 4
 Ld Clermont's b. h. Cadet, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5l. 5
 6 to 4 agst Truss, and 3 to 1 agst Quatorze.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. m. Hippona, by King Fergus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Windam's ch. c. by Woodpecker, out of Platina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. R. M. 300gs, h. ft.

7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Hippona.

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, October the 1st. a Sweepstakes, of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles.—(5 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. Anrseed, by Coriander 1
 Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. by Coriander, dam by Magnet 2

The Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 19lb. and aged, 8st. 12lb. A winner of one 50l. Plate this season, carrying 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Hutton's b. c. Heart of Oak, by Windlestone, 4 yrs old 1 • 1
 Mr. Coulson's gr. g. Pushforward, 5 yrs old 3 2
 Sir H. Goodricke's b. m. Stella, 5 yrs 2 3

On Thursday the 2d, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st 10lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 8lb. The winner of one 50l. this season, carrying 3lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Ambo, by Overton, 3 yrs old 3 1 1
 Mr. Bamlett's b. c. by Coriander, 4 yrs old 2 3 2
 Sir H. Hoghton's ch. c. by Buzzard, 3 yrs old (fell lame) 1 2 dr

On Friday the 3d, a free Plate of 50l. for all ages, Not run for, for want of horses.

ENFIELD.

ON Monday, the 22d of September, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—heats, two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Durand's bl. f. Ram-choondra, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 1 1
 Mr. Hallett's ch. c. Provisional, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 3 2
 Sir F. G. Smyth's br. c. Omen, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 3
 Mr. Goodisson's ro. c. Silver-tail, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 4 4

On Tuesday the 23d, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, by horses that never won above the value of 25l.—3-mile heats. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Fletcher's b. g. Magog, by Magog, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 1 1
 Mr. Munslow's b. m. Tamer-Collin, by King Fergus, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 3 2
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Mr. Webb's b. m. Country-
wench, by Meteor, aged,
9st. 4lb. 2 3
Mr. Ridout's br. h. Fox, by
Highflyer, aged, 9st. 7lb. 4 dis
Mr. Johnson's b. g. Sprightly,
by Jubilator, 8st. 11lb. dis
Mr. Goldham's br. h. Tal-
ly-O! by Satellite, aged,
9st. 7lb. dis
On Wednesday the 24th, the
Ladies' Plate of 50l. for all ages;
—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's b. f. by Sir
Peter Teazle, out of the
Yellow mare, 3 yrs old,
5st. 11lb. 1 1
Mr. Bartley's b. h. Play or
Pay, aged, 8st. 7lb. 2 2
Mr. Edwards's b. m. Du-
chess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 6 3
Mr. Abbey's ch. h. Com-
modore, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 5 4
Mr. Whaley's b. c. Tea-
boy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4 5
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Sweet-
lips, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 dis

MALTON.

ON Tuesday, October the 7th,
a Sweepstakes of 20gs each,
for all ages; three yr olds, 7st. four
yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st.
4lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.
Mares allowed 2lb.—two miles.
(5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Peirse's b. h. by Walnut,
dam by Young Marske, 5 yrs
old 1
Capt. Pigot's ch. c. Slap-bang,
4 yrs old 2
6 to 4 on Mr. Peirse's horse.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for
three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and
fillies, 8st.—two miles—(9 Sub-
scribers.)

Ld Darlington's c. Agonistes,
by Sir Peter 1
Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Wal-
nut, out of Little Scor's dam 2

Mr. Garforth's ch. c. by Cori-
ander, out of Rosalind 3
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Belle-fille 4
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. by Cori-
ander, out of Matron 5
7 to 4 on Agonistes.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs
each, wt. 12st. three miles. (5
Subscribers.)

Mr. Parkhurst's b. h. by Jupi-
ter, dam by Leviathan 1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. h.
Sling 2
Mr. Lamley Savile's b. m. Sa-
bella 3
2 to 1 on Sling.

On Wednesday the 8th, a
Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for
three yr old fillies, carrying 8st.—
two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. Anni-
seed, by Coriander 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. by Cori-
ander, out of Matron 2
Very high odds on Anniseed.

Fifty Pounds for all ages; three
yr olds, 6st. 6lb four yr olds, 7st.
6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 1lb. six yr
olds, 8st. 7lb. and aged, 8st. 9lb.
A winner of one 50l. in Plate,
Match or Sweepstakes, this year,
carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's
Plate, 5lb. extra. Mares allowed
2lb.—3-mile heats.

Sir G. Armytage's ch. h.
Tartar, by Phœnomenon, 1 1
6 yrs old
Mr. G. Crompton's b. m.
Stella, 5 yrs old 2 2
6 to 4 on Tartar.

On Thursday the 9th, a Sweep-
stakes of 20gs each, for two yr
old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 11lb.
—the last mile. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Robinson's b. f. Swallow,
by Weasel 1
Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Dot-
terel 2
2 to 1 on Dotterel.

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds, 7st. 11lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. winners carrying extra, as on Wednesday;—2-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Walnut, out of Scot's dam, 3 yrs old 1 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. Hazard, 3 yrs old 2 2

PENRITH.

ON Thursday, the 9th of October 50l. given by the Gentlemen of the Inglewood Hunt, for three and four yr old colts, &c. that never won more than the value of 50gs, in Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes; three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. A winner of fifty pounds, or guineas, carrying 3lb extra.—2-mile heats.

Ld Belhaven's ch. c. by Star, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 1 1

Mr. Hutton's b. c. Coniac, 4 yrs old (1 Plate) 8st. 5lb. 1 2 2

Mr. Lucock's ch. f. Rebecca, by Walnut, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3 dr

On Saturday, the 11th, 50l. given by the town of Penrith, for horses, &c. of all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. A winner of 50l. in the present year, carrying 2lb. of two, 4lb. and of three or more, 6lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. P'Anson's b. c. John O'Groat, by Overton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 1 0 1

Mr Lucock's b. c. Richard Hughes, by Windlestone, 4 yrs old (two Plates) 7st. 11lb. 2 0 2

Mr. Hutton's b. c. Coniac, 4 yrs old (1 Plate) 7st. 9lb. 3 dr

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NEWMARKET.

ON Monday, the 13th of October, Mr. Cookson's ch. c. Scrub, by Pot80's, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. beat Ld Clermont's Meteor c. 4 yrs old, 8st. Ab. M. 2 5gs.

5 to 4 on the Meteor colt.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. by three yrs old colts and fillies (warranted totally untried at the time of naming) colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. Across the Flat.

Mr. Watson's br. c. Triumver, by Volunteer 1

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Lazarus 2
Mr. Heathcote's c. by Pegasus, out of Cinderwench pd

Ld Clermont's b. c. by Trumpator, out of his youngest Highflyer mare, out of his Othëa pd

Sir F. Standish's brother to Spread Eagle pd

6 to 4 on Lazarus.

Sir C. Bunbury's bl. c. Sorcerer by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Wilson's b. c. Surprize, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. D. I. 200gs, h. ft.—13 to 8 on Sorcerer.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. Popinjay, by Buzzard, 8st. recd. ft from Mr. Adams's b. f. Cuckoo, 7st. 12lb. R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. R. Heathcote's Hippona, 8st. 9lb. agst Mr. Howorth's Truss, 7st. 2lb. Two yr old Course, 300gs.—Off by consent.

On Tuesday, the 14th, a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for two yr-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Two yr old Course. Those out of untried mares allowed 2lb. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca, an untried mare) 1

Ld Clermont's br. c. by Volunteer, bought of Mr. Kingsman 2

b Ld

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. by John Bull, out of Maid of all Work - 3

4 and 5 to 1 on Sophia.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Surprize, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st. beat Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Pet, 4 yrs old, 8st. Ab. M. 25gs.

5 to 4 on Surprize.

Fifty Pounds, for two yr old colts, carrying 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st. Two yr old Course.

Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, by Buzzard - 1

D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau 2

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by John Bull, out of Ariadne 3

Mr. Sitwell's ch. f. Harpy, by Phenomenon, out of Hor-net - 4

Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, out of Mouse's dam 5

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Jack Chance, by Fortunio, out of Brandy Nan 6

Mr. Panuwel's ch. c. by Rock-ingham, out of Miss Dun-combe - 7

5 to 4 agst Sophia, and 13 to 8 agst Flambeau.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, Two yr old Course.

Mr. Hallet's bl. f. Wowski, by Mentor, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1

Mr. Ladbroke's bl. c. Whis-kerandos, two yrs old, 6st. 2lb. - 2

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Fidget, 2 yrs old, 6st. 3lb 3

Even betting and 5 to 4 on Whis-kerandos, 2 to 1 ags Wowski, and 3 to 1 agst the Fidget colt.

On Wednesday, the 15th, Mr. Cookson's br. h. Diamond, by Highflyer, beat Mr. R. Heath-cote's ch. m. Hippoaa, 8st. each, the last three miles of B. C. 200gs.

11 to 8 on Hippoaa.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. f. Geo-riana, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. beat Mr. Howorth's Truss, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

5 and 6 to 4 on Truss.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st 4lb. four yr old, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 11lb. six yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb. Two Middle miles of B. C. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 53gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Adams's ch. f. Ephemera, by Woodpecker, 3 yrs old 1

Mr. P. Heathcote's b. h. Picca-dilly, 6 yrs old 2

Mr. Goodisson's ro. c. brother to Admiral, 3 yrs old 3

Mr. Watson's br. c. Gloucester, 3 yrs old - 4

13 to 8 agst Ephemera, and 5 to 2 agst Piccadilly.

The first year of the renewal of the October Oatlands Stakes of 30gs each, B. M. (18 Subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's bl. c. Sor-cerer, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 9st. - 1

Mr. Cookson's ch. m. Scrub, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb. 2

Mr. Howorth's Truss, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. Mr. Lake's Quatorze, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. Ld Cler-mont's Cadet, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Mr. Adams's Humbug, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Mr. R. Heath-cote's Georgiana, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. D. of Grafton's First Fruits, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. and Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. also started; but the Judge could place only the first two.

11 to 5 agst Sorcerer, 4 to 1 agst Georgiana, 5 to 1 agst Humbug, 7 to 1 agst First Fruits, and 8 to 1 agst Scrub.

The

The following having declared ft. within the time prescribed, paid offily 100gs each.

Mr. Heathcote's Symmetry, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. Mr. Golding's Boaster, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. Mr. Howorth's Chippenham, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. Sir F. Standish's b. c. Eagle, brother to Spread Eagle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. Mr. Howard's Weymouth, aged, 7st. 11lb. Ld Clermont's Meteor c. 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. Mr. Watson's Triumvir, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. Mr. Norton's c. Mitimus, by Ruler, 3 yrs old, 7st. and Mr. Cuslans, who did not name.

Mr. Norton's b. c. Mitimus, by Ruler, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. beat Ld Clermont's Noisetta, 2 yrs old, 7st. Two yr old Course, 25gs.

5 to 1 on Mitimus.

On Thursday the 16th, Mr. Parkhurst's b. h. Welter, by Jupiter, beat Sir Wheeler Cuffe's br. h. Old England, 13st. each, B. C. —Mr. Parkhurst staked 200gs to 150gs.—13 to 8 on Welter.

Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and three yr olds, 9st. Two yr old Course. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, &c.

Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, out of Mouse's dam, 2 yrs old 1

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Gig, 3 yrs old 2

Mr. Sitwell's ch. f. Harpy, 2 yrs old, 3

Even betting on Mr. Bullock's filly, and 2 to 1 agst Gig.

Mr. R. Heathcote's Hippona, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Howard's Weymouth, 6st. Ab. M. 50gs.

5 to 2 on Hippona.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. Across the Flat.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. Popinjay, by Buzzard, 7st. 9lb. recd. ft. from Sir H. T. Vane's c. by Coriander, 8st. 11b. and Mr. Ladbroke's Lazarus, 8st.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

ON Tuesday, October the 14th, Sir T. Mostyn's f. Hedera, by Creeper, 8st. 10lb. beat Sir W. W. Wynn's c. Doctor O'Liffey, 9st. two miles.

2 to 1 on Hedera.

Mr. E. L. Lloyd's Highflyer mare, 12st. beat Sir W. W. Wynn's Volunteer mare, 10st. two miles.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each.

Sir E. Lloyd's Chicken, by Microscope, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1

Mr. E. L. Lloyd's c. by Symmetry, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2

Sir W. W. Wynn's Llangedwyn, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. pd

The second year of a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 7lb.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. g. Alexander the Great, by Alexander, out of Medea, walked over.

The Plate was not run for, Mr. Cholmondeley's br. m. Roaring Meg, by Highflyer, being the only one entered.

On Thursday the 16th, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs each.—(8 Subscribers.)

Mr. E. L. Lloyd's c. by Symmetry, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 1

Sir W. W. Wynn's Volunteer, aged, 9st. 10lb. 2 2

Mr. Cholmondeley's Devil among the Taylors, aged, 10st. 4lb. (bolted) dis

Sir E. P. Lloyd's Chicken, 3 yrs

3 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.
(bolted) - dis

NORTHALLERTON.

ON Thursday, the 16th of October, a Sweepstakes of 100g each, with 30g added, for all ages; two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Harrison's b. h. by Trumpator, aged, 9st. 1
Mr. J. Ackers's br. c. Benlevane, by Soldier, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2
Mr. P'Anson's ch. h. Applegarth, five yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 8lb.—two-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. by Coriander, 3 yrs old 4 1 1

Mr. Alderson's f. Vanguard, three yrs old 1 2 2

Mr. Hullock's ch. c. by Antæus, 3 yrs old 5 3 3

Mr. Fenton's b. f. by Lurcher, 3 yrs old 2 dr

Mr. Dodsworth's gr. f. by Walnut, 3 yrs old 3 dr

On Friday the 17th, 50l. for three and four yr olds, that never won above that value, at any one time;—3-mile heats.

Mr. Cornforth's colt, by Pipator, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 3 1 1

Mr. Riddell's c. by Walnut, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 1 2 3

Mr. Fenton's b. f. three yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 3 2

On Saturday the 18th, 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Mares allowed 2lb. A winner of one fifty since the first of

March, carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's Plate, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Sir G. Armytage's ch. h. Tartar, by Phœnomenon, 6 yrs old 4 4 1 1

Mr. J. Ackers's br. c. Benlevane, 3 yrs old 1 5 6 2

Mr. Milbank's b. c. Takamahaka, 3 yrs old 5 1 5 3

Mr. Harrison's b. h. by Trumpator, aged 6 2 2

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Ambo, 3 yrs old 2 3 3

Mr. Fletcher's gr. h. Camperdown, 5 yrs old 3 6 4

IRELAND.

CURRAGH SEPT. MEETING, 1800.

ON Monday, September the 8th, a Sweepstakes for two yr olds, 50g, h. ft.—Two yr old Course.

Mr. Hamilton's b. c. Sweet William, by Tugg, on St. Bridget, 8sr. 1

Mr. Kirwan's gr. c. by Master Bagot, on York's dam, 8st. 2

Mr. Whaley's br. c. Abomelique, by Fennelly's High-flyer, on Struggler's dam, 7st. 13lb. 3

Mr. Taylor's ch. c. by Tugg, on Conductress, 7st. 13lb. 4

Mr. Daly's c. by Chanticleer, on a Mambrino mare, 8st. pd ft

Even betting Abomelique agst the field, who lost ground at starting.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. m. Lady Sarah, by Fidget, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Whaley's gr. m. Duchess of York, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. four miles, 200g, h. ft.

Both

Both horses having run on the wrong side of a post, the race and all bets declared void.

5 to 4 on Duchess of York.

Mr. Kirwan's b. c. brother to Toby, 5 yrs old, beat Mr. Daly's ch. c. Chicken, by Chanticleer, 5 yrs old, 8st. each, over the course, 100gs each, p. p.

2 to 1 on Toby.

Mr. Whaley's ch. h. Challenger, by Tugg, 5 yrs old, 8st. beat Mr. Daly's ch. h. Dawdle, by Master Bagot, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb. Red Post, 100gs, h. h.

3 to 2 on Challenger.

On Tuesday the 9th a Handicap Plate, 50gs;—Post on the Flat, home heats.

Mr. Ormsby's br. h. Cornet, by Tugg, aged, 8st. 9lb. 1 1

Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Peewee, by Tom Turf, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 2 2

Mr. Hamilton's c. Little Bowes, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. 3 dr
5 to 2 agst Cornet, 2 to 1 agst Peewee, and 5 to 4 agst Little Bowes.

On Wednesday 10th, the King's Plate of 100gs, for any horse, carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Kelly's b. m. Katty Flanagan, by Queensberry, aged 1 1

Mr. Whaley's gr. f. Duchess of York, by Delpini, 5 yrs 2 2
Ld Barrymore's gr. h. Warrior, by Chocolate, 6 yrs 3 dr

Mr. Daly's ch. h. Jonquille, by Master Bagot, 6 yrs old (restive) dis

Even betting Katty Flanagan agst the field, 4 to 1 agst Duchess of York, 5 to 2 agst Warrior, and 7 to 4 agst Jonquille.

On Thursday the 11th the King's Plate of 100gs, for three yr olds,

8st. each,—one 2-mile heat, 3lb. to mares.

Mr. Kirwan's ch. c. Traveller, by Chanticleer 1

Mr. Hamilton's gr. c. George, by Armstrong 2

Mr. Edwards's c. Bagatelle, (late Little Jemmy) by Douglas 3

Col. Lumley's gr. c. Selim, by Honest Tom 4

5 to 4 on Traveller, 3 to 1 agst George, 4 to 1 agst Bagatelle, and 5 to 2 agst Selim.

On Friday the 12th the King's Plate of 100gs, for mares, 10st each—4-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. m. Lady Sarah, by Fidget, 6 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Kelly's b. m. Katty Flanagan, by Queensberry, aged 2 2

At starting, 5 to 4 on Katty Flanagan; after the heat, 3 to 2 on Lady Sarah,

On Saturday the 13th, the Lord Lieutenant's Plate of 100gs, wt. for age, viz. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 1st. 8lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st.—one 4-mile heat.

Mr. Daly's b. h. The Hank (late Sir Horatio) by Master Bagot, 5 yrs old 1

Mr. Kelly's ch. c. Honest Ralph, by Master Bagot, 4 yrs 2

Mr. Whaley's b. c. Swordsman, by Prizefighter, 4 yrs old 3

Mr. Kirwan's b. c. Toby, by Chocolate, 4 yrs old 4

2 to 1 agst The Hank, 2 to 1 agst Ralph, 2 to 1 agst Swordsman, and 4 to 1 agst Toby.

Tit Stakes (first year, renewed for three years) for two yr old colts, 7st. fillies. 6st. 10lb. the present Two yr old Course, 25gs each; 15 forfeit.

Mr. Kelly's b. c. Peter, by Master Bagot, on Courtezan 1
Mr.

Mr. Hamilton's b. c. Sweet William, by Tugg, on St. Bridget. 2
 Mr. Edwards's b. f. sister to Commodore 3
 Col. Lumm's ch. c. by Honest Tom, on Lady Mary. 4
 Mr. Daly's b. c. by Chanticleer, on a Mambrino mare pd
 Mr. Daly's ch. f. by Chanticleer, on Bess pd
 Mr. Kirwan's b. c. by Ploughboy, dam by Aurelius, on Drone's dam pd
 5 to 4 on Peter, 6 to 4 agst Sweet-William.

Mr. Whaley's br. c. Abomelique, by Fennelly's Highflyer, 7st. beat Mr. Kirwan's c. by Ploughboy, on Ophelia, 7st. 2 1/2 lb. 5ogs, h. ft. Two yr old Course. 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Abomelique.

On Monday the 15th, (after the Meeting) a Sweepstakes, 15gs. each;—Red Post, home.

Mr. Daly's ch. h. Dawdle, by Master Bagot, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 1
 Col. Lumm's gr. c. Selim, by Honest Tom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2
 Ld Barrymore's gr. h. Warrior, by Chocolate, 6 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 3
 Mr. Whaley's ch. f. Peewee, by Tom Turf, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 4
 Mr. Taylor's ch. f. Little Pickle, by Chanticleer, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. 5

Little Pickle came in fourth, but ran the wrong side of a Post.—Even betting the field agst the fillies, 3 to 1 agst Dawdle, 4 to 1 agst Selim, 7 to 1 agst Warrior, 3 to 1 agst Peewee, and 3 to 1 agst Little Pickle.

On Thursday the 18th, Mr. Da-

ly's ch. h. Dawdle, by Master Bagot, 5 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. beat Mr. Whaley's ch. h. Challenger, 5 yrs old, 8st. over the Course 5ogs. each.

5 to 4 on Challenger.

CARLISLE.

ON Tuesday the 14th of October, 50l. given by the Esq. of Carlisle, for all ages.

No race, only one horse being entered.

On Thursday the 16th, 50l. given by J. C. Curwen, Esq. and Sir F. F. Vane, Bart. Members for the City, for three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. A winner of one fifty pounds or guineas, since the first of March last, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three or more fifties, 7lb. extra, a Sweepstakes considered as a fifty;—2 mile heats.

Ld Belhaven's ch. c. by Star, 4 yrs old (1 plate) 1
 Mr. Lucock's b. c. Richard Hughes, 4 yrs old (2 plates) 3
 Mr. P'Anson's b. c. John O'Groat, 3 yrs old (2 plates) 2

John O'Groat the favorite.

On Saturday the 18th, 50l. given by the Members of the Cumberland Hunt, &c. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged horses, &c. 8st. 12lb.—extra weights as on Thursday;—3 mile heats.

Ld Belhaven's ch. c. 4 yrs old (2 plates) 1
 Mr. Lucock's b. c. Richard Hughes, 4 yrs old (2 plates) 2
 2 to 1 on Ld Belhaven's colt.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

[CONCLUDED]

ON Saturday the 18th of October, Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. Alexander, the Great, by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 10st. beat Mr. E. Lloyd's b. m. by Highflyer, aged, 12st.—two miles, for 100gs.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Hedera, by Creeper, 4 yrs old, 10st. beat Sir W. W. Wynn's m. by Volunteer, aged, 8st. 9lb.—two miles, for 100gs.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 100gs each;—two miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. E. Lloyd's b. m. by Highflyer, aged, 8st. 12lb.	1
Mr. W. W. Wynn's Alexander the Great, 5 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. T. Mostyn's Heart's-ease, 4 yrs old, 9st.	3
Mr. E. Lloyd's c. by Symmetry, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

AT HAMILTON.

ON Monday, the 20th of October, Mr. Fletcher's Delamere, by Highflyer, aged, 13st. beat Mr. Graham's Duncan, 5 yrs old, 12st. 8lb.—two miles, 500gs, 100 ft.

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Duncan.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs given to the Caledonian Hunt, see for any horse, &c. carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hopp's Delamere, by Highflyer, aged	3	1	1
D. of Hamilton's m. by Walnut, 5 yrs old	1	2	dr
Mr. Fletcher's Master Robert, aged	2	dr	

On Tuesday, the 21st. the Gold Cup, value 100gs, the residue in specie, being a Subscription of 25gs each (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Graham's Bonaparte, by Aston, 4 yrs old, walked over.

Fifty Pounds given by the Hunt, for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hopp's Delamere, aged, 9st. 9lb.	1	1
D. of Hamilton's gr. c. by Walnut, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	2	2
Mr. Boswell's Pensioner, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	3

On Wednesday the 22d, a Sweepstakes of 200gs each, n. fi. four yr olds carrying 8st. five yr olds 8st. 12lb.—four miles. (4 Subscribers)

Mr. Graham's b. h. Duncan, by Stride, 5 yrs old	1
Mr. Graham's Bryan O'Lynn, 4 yrs old	2
Mr. Fletcher's Logie O'Buchan, 4 yrs old	3

4 to 1 on Bryan O'Lynn, and 11 to 1 agst Logie O'Buchan.

Fifty Pounds given by the Caledonian Hunt.

D. of Hamilton's b. c. Little Bob, by Spadille, 4 yrs old, walked over.

Mr. Oswald's Phlegon, beat Mr. Maxwell's Brown Jug, 12st each, four miles, 100gs.—Rode by the owners.

On Thursday the 23d, Fifty Pounds, the gift of his Grace the D. of Hamilton;—four miles.

Mr. Hopp's Delamere	1
D. of Hamilton's c. by Spadille	2
Mr. Fletcher's Logie O'Buchan	3

Capt. Maxwell's Brown Jug, beat Mr. Graham's horse, 12st. each, four miles, 200gs.

NEWMARKET

THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

ON Monday, October 27th Mr. Heathcote's gr. h. Symmetry, by Delpini, beat Mr. Cookson's br. h. Diamond, 8st. each, Across the Flat, 200gs.

5 to 4 on Diamond.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. Popinjay, by Buzzard, beat Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Woodpecker, out of Platina, 8st. each, R. M. 200gs.

4 to 1 on Popinjay.

D of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, by Skyscraper, or Grouse, 2 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. beat Mr. R. Heathcote's Georgiana, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Two yr old Course, 200gs. h. ft.

11 to 8 on Georgiana.

Mr. C. C. Smith's b. h. Florist, by John Bull, out of Florella, 9st. beat Lord Milskintown's White-thorn, 10st. 7lb. D. I. 50gs.

6 to 4 on Florist.

Mr. Howarth's gr. h. Truss by Pilot, 8st. 2lb. recd. from Ld Donegall's Flögelman, 8st. 7lb First three miles of B. C. 50gs.

Mr. Turnor's br. h. Oscar, by Saltram, 7st. 3lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Heathcote's Waver, 8st. 8lb. Across the Flat, 500 h. ft.

Mr. R. Heathcote's Georgiana, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Adams's Lazarus, 7st. 12lb. Two yr old Course, 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

On Tuesday the 28th, Mr. Wilson's b. c. Surprise, by Buzzard, 8st 7lb. beat Mr. Norton's b. c. Mittimus, 8st. Ab. M. 50gs.—Even betting.

Mr. Hallett's bl. f. Wouski, by Mentor, 3. yrs old, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, 2 yrs old, 6st 3lb. Two yr old

Course, 50gs, h. ft.—6 to 4 on Mr. Bullock's filly.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Fidget, out of Cælia, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Perren's br. f. by Trumpator out of Cinderella, 7st. 7lb. both two yrs old, Two yr old Course, 100gs.

11 to 8 on the filly, who ran out of the Course.

Mr. Panton's b. c. Snuff-box by Poaso's, 7st. 7lb. beat Mr. R. Heathcote's Piccadilly, 8st. 8lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

9 to 4 on Snuff-box.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. m. Hippona, 8st. 9lb. and Ld. Clermont's Paynator, 7st. 7lb. Two yr old Course, 100gs, ran a dead heat.

5 to 2 on Hippona.

Fifty Pounds for two yr old carrying a feather; three yr old 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. six yr olds, 9st. 7lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb. the last three miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded &c.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Fidget, out of Cælia, 2 yrs old

Mr. Girdler's b. h. Capricorn, 5 yrs old

Mr. Lockley's ch. f. Rushlight, (late Ephemera) 3 yrs old

Mr. Panton's b. c. Snuff box, 3 yrs old

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Jack Chance, 2 yrs

Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, out of Mouse's dam, 2 yrs old

Mr. Golding's b. c. Skyrocket, 3 yrs old

5 to 2 agst Snuff-box, 5 to 2 agst Skyrocket, 3 to 1 agst Rushlight, 8 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's colt, and 8 to 1 agst the Javelin filly.

RACING CALENDAR.

17

On Wednesday the 29th, Ld Clermont's b. c. by Meteor, 8st. beat Mr. Hart Sitwell's Huntingdon, 8st. 3lb. R. M. 25gs—2 to 1 on the winner.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. f. Georgiana, by John Bull, 8st. beat Mr. Hallett's bl. f. Wowski, 7st. 1lb. both 3 yrs old, Ab. M. 50gs.

6 to 4 on Wowski.

Mr. Howorth's b. c. Chippenham, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. R. M. 50gs.

2 to 1 on Chippenham.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. Popinjay, by Buzzard, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Adams's Lazarus, 8st. Two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

3 to 1 on Popinjay.

Mr. Heathcote's gr. b. Symmetry, by Delpini, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Adams's Humbug, 7st. 9lb. D. I. 50gs.—5 to 2 on Symmetry.

D. of Grafton's b. c. First Fruits, by Grouse, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 8st. B. C. 50gs.—11 to 10 on First Fruits.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. f. Georgiana, by John Bull, 8st. 3lb. recd. 75gs from Mr. Whaley's b. f. Tuneful, 8st. Two yr old Course, 200gs. h. ft.

On Thursday the 30th, Mr. Norton's b. c. Mittimus, by Ruler, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb. beat Mr. Perren's br. f. by Trumpator, out of Cinderella, 2 yrs old, 7st. Two yr old Course, 50gs.

6 to 4 on Mittimus.

D. of Queensberry's ch. h. Eggham, by Diomed, 5 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. beat Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. m. Hippona, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. Clermont Course, 50gs.

3 to 1 on Hippona.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, Two yr old Course.

Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Woodpecker, out of Platina, 8st. 7lb. 1

Ld Clermont's c. by Volunteer, 6st. 12lb. 2

Mr. Norton's b. c. Mittimus, 7st. 8lb. 3

6 to 4 on the winner, 5 to 2 agst Mittimus, and 7 to 2 agst Ld Clermont's Colt.

Mr. Panton's b. c. Snuff-box, by Parso's, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Ladbroke's bl. c. Whitekerandos, 2 yrs old, 7st. The last three quarters of a mile of Clermont Course, 50gs.

11 to 8 on Snuff-box.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, carrying 5st. 2lb. three yr olds, 7st. four yr. olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 13lb. D. I. —With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Jack Chance, by Fortunio, 2 yrs 1

D. of Queensberry's ch. h. Eggham, 5 yrs old 2

Mr. Giraler's b. h. Capricorn, 5 yrs old 3

Mr. Golding's b. h. Boaster, 5 yrs old 4

Ld Clermont's br. c. Carlo, 4 yrs 5

6 to 4 agst Capricorn, 5 to 2 agst Eggham, 3 to 1 agst Carlo, 6 to 1 agst Jack Chance, and 6 to 1 agst Boaster.

Mr. Howorth's b. c. Chippenham, by Trumpator, 7st recd. from Mr. R. Heathcote's Hippona, 8st. 11lb. R. M. 200gs.

On Friday, the 31st, Mr. Delme's bl. m. Gaylass, by Gay, 8st. 5lb. beat Ld Milsintown's White-thorn, 8st. 7lb. D. I. 200gs.

4 to

4 to 1 on Gaylass.

Sir Wheeler Cuffe's b. c. Huntingdon, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, beat Mr. Parkhurst's b. h. by Jupiter, dam by Leviathan, 6 yrs old (rode by the owners) 13st each, Across the Flat, 100gs.

5 to 4 on Huntingdon.

Ld Milsintown's b. c. Folly (late Mittimus) by Ruler, 7st. 11lb. beat Mr. Delme's Gaylass, 8st. 5lb. The two yr old Course, 25gs. 5 to 2 on Gaylass.

LINCOLN.

ON Thursday the 30th of October, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs, for four and five yr old mares; four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. and five yr olds 8st. 7lb. A five yr old mare having won a Royal Plate at four yrs old, and not started since, carrying 4lb. extra. but but if started this year, and not won a Plate of 50l. value, no extra. weight. Winners of a Royal Plate this year, carrying 4lb. of two, 7lb. extra. Any mare that has not won a Plate of 50l. this year, but has started for a Plate, and been once beat, allowed 3lb. if twice beat, 5lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. G. Crompton's Stella,		
by Phenomenon, 5 yrs	1	1
Mr. Hutton's b. f. by Windlestone, 4 yrs old	2	dr
Mr. T. Fisher's Duplicity,		
4 yrs old	3	dr

CARLISLE.

ON Thursday the 6th of November, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for five yr olds, carrying 10st. each; —3-mile heats.

Mr. Lidderdale's ch. h. Applegarth, by Tride	1	1
Mr. Graham's b. h. Duncan	2	2
Mr. Fletcher's gr. h. Camperdown	3	3

5 to 4 on Duncan; after the heat even betting between Applegarth and Camperdown.

TARPORLEY HUNT,

ON CHEARTREE-GREEN.

ON Thursday, November the 6th, a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, for all ages; five yr olds, carrying 11st. 9lb.—heats, twice round. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h. Collector, by Spadille,		
5 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Langford Brooke's b. g. by Drone, 5 yrs old	2	2

Sweepstakes of 50gs each—heats once round. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Cholmondeley's b. g. Cheshireman, by Drone, 5 yrs, 11st. 12lb.	4	1	1
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Col. Broughton's br. c. Moberly Crab (late Vanguard) 4 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.	1	3	4
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Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. g. Alexander the Great, 5 yrs. 11st. 12lb.	2	4	0
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Mr. E. Lloyd's b. m. by Highflyer, aged, 12st. 2lb.	3	2	3
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Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, thrice round. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Collector, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. walked over.

EXTRA

Intelligence Extra.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1801.

MONDAY.—Col. Mathew's Folly (late Mittimus) 8st. agst Mr. Cox's Cocoa Tree, by Woodpecker, 7st. 11lb. D. I. 100gs. h. ft.

Sir C. Bunbury's Sorcerer, 8st. 8lb. agst Mr. Concannon's Richmond, by Walnut, 7st. 7lb. B. C. 100gs. h. ft.

SATURDAY.—Sir C. Bunbury's Sorcerer, 8st. 10lb. agst Mr. Concannon's Richmond, 7st. 5lb. Two middle miles, 100gs. h. ft.

Major Rooke's Dick Andrews, 6st. 4lb. agst Mr. Heathcotes's Popinjay, 8st. D. I. 200gs.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1801.

MONDAY.— Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. Across the Flat.

	st.	lb.
Mr. Heathcote's Symmetry	8	9
Mr. Concannon's Richmond	7	6
Mr. Cox's Cocoa Tree	6	8

Mr. Watson's Triumvir, 8st. 1lb. agst Col. Mathew's Folly, 6st. 6lb. Across the Flat, 100gs. h. ft.

JULY MEETING, 1801.

MONDAY.— Mr. Heathcote's Parter, 8st. agst Major Rooke's Dick Andrews, 6st. 13lb. First three miles of B. C. 200gs. h. ft.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1801.

Mr. Elton's gr. c. by Pot80's,

out of Brighton Belle, agst Major Rooke's b. c. by Precipitate, dam by Mercury, out of Wren, 8st. each, Across the Flat, 100gs. h. ft.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1803.

MONDAY.— Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts carrying 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st. now foals, R. M.

D. of Grafton's ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Garland

Mr. Watson's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Dugannon, out of Rutland's dam

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. by John Bull, out of Esther

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. by John Bull, out of Tulip

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. by John Bull, out of Dido

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. by John Bull, out of Olivia

Sir F. Standish's brother to Spread Eagle

Sir F. Standish's brother to Stamford

Mr. Whaley named Ld Camelford's own sister to Allegranti

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Herschell, by Telescope, out of Maid of Ely

JULY MEETING, 1803.

TUESDAY.—The Produce of Mr. Bullock's dam by Ralpho, covered by Buzzard, 8st. 2lb. agst the Produce of Ld Camelford's Nelly, covered by Pegasus, 7st. 12lb. Two yr old Course, 200, h. ft. no produce, no forfeit. Notice

tice to be given to Mr. Weatherby, within a month after foaling, or forfeit 25gs.

* * * Besides the Oatland Stakes there will be three Handicaps, on the same plan as last year; viz. one for three yr olds, Across the Flat; one for four yr olds, D. I. and another for five years old and upwards, D. C. the particulars whereof will be sent to the proprietors as soon as the weights are fixed.

EPSOM, 1801.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for fillies, then two

ysr old, 7st. 5lb. each, the dam a mile: the winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

H. R. H. the R. of Wales's b. f. by Volunteer, out of Trumpet
Mr. Whaley's f. by Sir Peter, out of Editha
Ld Egremont's b. f. by Woodpecker, out of Albatross's dam
The M. of Donegall is a Subscriber, but did not name.

MONTROSE, 1801.

FIRST DAY.—Mr. Graham Willey, agst Mr. Barclay's Tally-ho, 12st. each, ten miles, 4000 h. ft.

Races to Come.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1801.

MONDAY, APRIL 6.

THE Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages; two yr olds carrying 6st. three year olds, 8st. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 1lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Across the Flat.

Sir F. Standish's sister to Stamford, agst Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Delpini, out of Faunus's dam, 8st. each, Across the Flat, 200, h. ft.

Mr. Heathcote's Warter, 8st. 7lb. agst Sir H. T. Vaue's Cock-fighter, 8st. Two middle miles of B. C. 1000gs, h. ft.

Ld Sackville's Expectation, 7st. 10lb. agst the Marq. of Donegall's Flugelman, 7st. 3lb. B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Marq. of Donegil's Fortitude, agst Major Rooke's Dick Andrews, 8st. each, D. I. 1000gs, h. ft.

Mr. O'Kelly Wrangler, 4lb. against Major Rooke's Andrews, 8st. Three last of B. C. 1000gs, h. ft.

Mr. Heathcote's Popinjay, 6lb. agt Mr. Whaley's Tun 8st. Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY.—The Oatland Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. except declaring forfeit to Mr. Weatherby, at Newmarket, or in Olden-street, on or before the 1st of January, 1801, who are to run for only 10gs. each. To run from Ditch-In.

Sweepstakes of 2000gs each, 8st. 4lb. B. C.

Mr. Dawson's Jack-a-Lanter
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by Bull, out of Nimble

Mr. Cussan's b. c. by Pegasus of Sweetheart
Sir F. Standish's brother to P...