

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.
FOR NOVEMBER, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. A Portrait of Badger, the property of Lord Jersey; an elegant Engraving by Scott, from a Painting by Marshall—II. A beautiful Engraving of Swans Disturbed.

LONDON:

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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of Poetical Communications are only delayed on account of temporary matter.

Several Prose articles are in a similar predicament.

The Correspondent who has sent us several Accounts of Boxing Matches, &c. in various parts of the country, we apprehend has *uncommon*, means of information, as we have no confirmation of them from any other quarter.

Disher's hand writing we are not able to decypher with due accuracy. The Love letter he alludes to, we have not seen.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Badger the Property of Lord Tennyson.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR NOVEMBER, 1805.

BADGER, THE PROPERTY OF
LORD JERSEY.

*Painted by Marshall, and engraved
by Scott.*

THIS exquisite engraving it may be said, will lose nothing of its merit for the want of an explanation; we, nevertheless cannot but express our wish, that every artist who favours us with a subject, would oblige us at the same time with a description of it. In short, the Proprietor of the Sporting Magazine begs it may be the invariable rule of artists who procure designs or paintings from their own friends and connections, to obtain circumstantial accounts of the subjects, to be sent home with the Plate.

We last month were promised the particulars of Will Dean, Huntsman to Mr. Mellish, but they are not yet come to hand.

We should be sorry to use high and lofty language to men of taste and genius, but it is the condition in which we shall receive Plates from Artists in future.

MATT. HORSLEY.

MR. EDITOR,

A SHORT time since was carried to his grave, the celebrated farming foxhunter of the East-Riding of Yorkshire, at the advanced age of nearly ninety. It

would be a kind of treason against sporting, not to rescue in some sort his memory from oblivion; for if ever a man loved hunting "with all his soul, and all his strength," and died game at the last, Matt. Horsley was that hunter. On a small farm he contrived, from time to time, to bring into the field, to show off there, and to sell afterwards at good prices, as many good horses as ever perhaps belonged to one person; for in the course of nearly a century, he had hunted with three generations. But this was not all his praise. He had a natural vein of humour and facetiousness, which the quaintness of a strong Yorkshire dialect heightened still more; and when some greater men, who were his neighbours, wished to trample him down—poor man! he sometimes put aside the effects of ill-humour, by good-humour of his own. But as the bards from Me-nander down to Oliver Goldsmith, were of opinion that a line of verse was twice as long remembered as a line of prose, I have subjoined, in doggrel rhyme, a sketch of the character of

MATT. HORSLEY, THE OLD
FOXHUNTER.

Matt Horsley is gone! a true sportsman
from birth,
After all his long chases he's taken to
earth;
Full of days, full of whim and good-
humour he died,
The farmer's delight, and the foxhunter's
pride!

H 2

And

And tho' the small comforts of life's private hour
 Were often encroach'd on by rank and by power,
 And tho' his plain means could but poorly afford
 To cope with a squire or contend with a lord—
 Yet Matt the sharp arrows of malice still broke
 In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good-humour'd joke.

Till fourscore and ten, he continued life's course:
 And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,
 From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
 Matt hunted thro' life to the days of Sir Mark*
 With Hummanby's squire† he was first in the throng,
 And with hard Harry Foord‡ never thought a day long;
 If the fox would but run, every bog it was dry,
 No leap was too large—no Wold hill was too high:
 Himself still in wind, tho' his steed might want breath,
 He was then, as he's now, ever "in at the death."
 A tough hearty saplin from liberty's tree,
 If ever plain Yorkshireman lived—it was he.

But at last honest Matt has bid sporting adieu,
 Many good things he uttered;—one good thing is true,
 "That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf—
 No bad thing could ever be said of himself."
 As honest Matt Horsley he's gone to repose—
 And he and the foxes no longer are foes!

* Sir M. Masterman Sykes—whose hounds are almost as popular as the owner of them; and for whom every man, who can, preserves a fox.

† Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. who in his day, and in the days of Isaac Granger who was his huntsman, had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

‡ Harry Foord, a former Vicar of Foxholes on the Wolds, esteemed one of the best gentlemen riders in England—and who preserved that true character in riding, never to avoid what was necessary, or to do that which was not. He therefore rode, through ten seasons, two as good horses as ever went into a field—though riding 14 stone.

Lay one brush on his grave!—it will do his heart good:
 For so vermin his nature—so true was his blood,
 That but stand o'er his sod—Tally-ho! be your strain,
 Matt Horsley will wake and will holla again.

A SPORTSMAN.

MR. J. WARD'S PAINTINGS; HINT FOR DESTROYING TYGERS, &c.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT first-rate artist, Mr. J. Ward, of No. 6, Newman-street, has lately painted for Lord Somerville, two landscapes, comprising very picturesque views of his lordship's estate in Somersetshire; also two dogs and a puppy of the Dalmatian breed, the property of Captain Basset. This is painted in the manner of Hondius, and is a most spirited performance.

From seeing a very capital picture of a white horse by Vandyke, in the royal collection, Mr. Ward has been induced to paint in imitation of the manner, a portrait of Adonis, his majesty's favourite Hanoverian charger, and we have never seen a more correct and spirited production.

I also beg leave to observe to you, that naturalists have remarked the near affinity between the cat and the tiger; the cat being only a dwarf tiger, or the tiger a gigantic

cat. The cat is powerfully fascinated by valerian, or cat-mint, and on meeting a bed or single plant of it in a garden, or even the dry roots of it in a house, rolls and tumbles over and over on the spot, in all the phrenzy of intoxication.

Has the virtue of Valerian ever been tried upon the larger cat, the tiger? If he be equally as fond of it, as his diminutive cousin, puss, might not the inhabitants of our Indian settlements avail themselves of that circumstance to destroy many of those ferocious animals? A small plat of Valerian, in a convenient spot, to which a centinel might command a sure aim, might enable him occasionally to shoot some of those savage prowlers without danger to himself.

A CONSTANT READER.

ASSAULT AT YORK RACES.

King's Bench, Nov. 25.

THE KING, ON THE PROSECUTION
OF COLONEL THORNTON,
V. FLINT, ESQ.

MR. GARROW.—“ I have humbly to apply to the Court for leave to file a criminal information against Mr. Flint. I move this, in consequence of that sort of conduct, which we have now so frequently occasion to see in consequence of quarrels—I mean a scandalous posting, and afterwards a violent assault; under circumstances, which, I am sure, the Court will animadvert upon with severity. Your Lordship had very lately occasion to state the necessity of protecting places of public amusement, to which persons of the most respectable rank resort, and preventing them from being turned

into bear gardens, by the improper effects of resentment and violence. The gentleman, on whose behalf I move, is Colonel Thornton, and his affidavit states these circumstances. I need not go at length into the whole of the transactions, as I think I can bring the material facts shortly under the view of the Court. Colonel Thornton states, that some time ago, he was informed by Mr. Flint, that Mrs. Thornton had laid a bet of 500 guineas, to ride a race with him. He did not believe it was true; he thought Mr. Flint was in jest, and that the bet could not be seriously intended. Afterwards, having reason to believe that the bet had been made, he adopted it; he had no objection to stand to it. There was besides, a nominal bet of 1000 guineas, to excite the more curiosity, and bring a fuller attendance at the race. I mention this only as leading to the misunderstanding that afterwards took place. Colonel Thornton states, that he found Mr. Flint meant to insist on the bet for 1000 guineas. He wrote to him to know what his purpose was. Mr. Flint returned the letter unopened, writing no sort of answer. Colonel Thornton, on having his letter treated in this manner, determined not to open any letter that should come from Mr. Flint. There was a negotiation between them, and their dispute was referred to some gentlemen. On the 15th of August last, a Sheriff's Officer was directed to deliver to Colonel Thornton a letter from Mr. Flint's Attorney, inclosing one from Mr. Flint, which I shall read; it is the same which was afterwards posted up at the stand at York Races, in order to vilify and degrade Colonel Thornton. It was in the following terms:—

“ COLONEL

"COLONEL THORNTON.—After the numerous letters which I have addressed to you, and which have been returned unopened, relative to the bet of a thousand guineas won by me, and the manner in which I have been treated, I now inform you, that if I do not receive a satisfactory answer by Monday, I shall adopt the plan that Captain Caulfield did, or perhaps the better method of Captain Mays, to enforce the fulfilment of the engagement; and, for the true performance of the above, I pledge you my honour.

T. FLINT."

"After this period, the Colonel attended the York August Races; and, while he was sitting among a numerous company of Ladies of fashion, the defendant came up to him, and said to him in an authoritative tone—"Colonel, I wish you to go out with me."—Mr. Thornton, not desiring to have any intercourse with the defendant, said to him—"You know I referred you to my attorney, and you have mentioned yours, and no answer being returned to my letter, you have precluded me from having any communication with you."—Mr. Flint immediately, with a view of provoking the Colonel, called him a scoundrel and a coward; and, not perceiving that this had any effect, he struck him across the head and shoulders with a horse-whip. Owing to the violence of his proceedings, he injured, in a very severe manner, the ladies by whom the Colonel was surrounded. In consequence of this affray, Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint were bound over to keep the peace by a neighbouring magistrate. To shew the malicious spirit with which this assault was committed, and that it was not done at the moment of irritation, by the affidavit

it appears, that the defendant, previously to committing this offence, went to a whip-maker's, and required to be shewn some whips. On some being produced to him, he said that he wanted to see some that were stronger and heavier, as it was for the express purpose of thrashing Colonel Thornton. By this circumstance, the case is considerably aggravated, and calls loudly upon the court for interposition.

Lord Ellenborough.—"What is Mr. Flint? Does it appear by the affidavit that he is in the condition of a gentleman?"

Mr. Garrow.—"By the affidavits it appears, that he is a gentleman of fortune, he is called Flint, Esq."

Lord Ellenborough.—"You may take a rule to shew cause."

Mr. Garrow.—"I am afraid, my Lord, that there will not be time to serve it, so that cause may be shewn against it before the last day of term."

Lord Ellenborough.—"It must be drawn up and served in this term, and cause can be shewn against it in the next. Why are you so late in your motion?"

Mr. Garrow.—"The truth is, my Lord, that the case has been some time before me, but on account of a press of business, I was unable to move it earlier, and therefore I have been the real cause of the delay."—Rule granted to shew cause.

SENTENCE FOR A CHALLENGE.

THE KING V. THORNHILL.

THE defendant, Richard Badlam Thornhill, Esq. Captain tain of the Mendip Cavalry, was brought up for judgment, for sending

ing a challenge to Thomas Champness, Esq. It appeared that the challenge arose out of an attempt of the prosecutor's game-keeper to prevent the defendant from shooting on his manor. After counsel had been heard on both sides, the sentence of the Court was, that the defendant should be fined £50, imprisoned three months, and give security for his good behaviour for three years.

MALTON COURSING MEETING

BEGAN on Monday, Nov. 4, a large party of members having met on that evening, after hunting with Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's fox-hounds in the morning.

Tuesday, as the first coursing day, had the following dogs started for the Cup, who came in as under, after five severe Courses :

Major Bowers's red bitch,	
Violet	0 0 0 0 1
Major Topham's bl. bitch,	
Beauty	0 0 0 0 2
Mr. Lee's brindled dog,	
Oyster	0 0 0 0 3
Mr. Slingsby's bl. bitch,	
Serpent	0 0 0 0 dr
Mr. Plumer's brind. bitch.	0 0 0 0 dr

About 18 matches were run; and the number of hares, owing to the excellent preservation of the ground, was greater than ever was known. The day being uncommonly fine, added very greatly to the sport. Mr. Chalou, the animal painter, was upon the ground, for the purpose of taking sketches of greyhounds, &c. &c. and for making a picture on the subject.

Wednesday.—Sir M. Masterman Sykes's fox-hounds hunted Hous-

holm woods. Ran two foxes to earth, after severe runs.

Thursday being a very misty day, not so many hares were found as were expected. About twelve matches were run over Duggleby Wold.

Friday, from the number of matches unrun, was a public coursing day. A Sweepstakes of Plate, value 20gs, was won by Mr. Croft, and two matches were won by Mr. Henry Boynton, on which there was a good deal of betting, by two very beautiful young bitches, got by Snowball. They were run against the Derbyshire breed, which had distinguished itself very much.

Sir M. Masterman Sykes's fox-hounds had a very good run on the same day.

The meeting was very numerously attended, and the accommodations at Smith's excellent.

INGLEWOOD HUNT,

AND

PENRITH RACES,

INGLEWOOD Hunt commenced on Tuesday, the 15th ult. on which day there was buck-hunting; and on the day after, fox-hunting. On the Friday, a stag-hunt, which afforded considerable amusement. The meeting, upon the whole, was supported by the neighbouring gentry, in a very spirited and superior manner; and the balls were attended by more beauty and fashion, than was ever known at Penrith on any former occasion. The weather, altogether, was very favourable and pleasant, and the politeness and affability of the Stewards, E. Houghton, and R. Lowthian Ross, Esqrs. greatly added to the diversions.

WORKINGTON

WORKINGTON HUNT.

WHICH commenced on the 22d ult. was attended by a very numerous and respectable party of gentlemen. Owing to the dryness of the weather, on Tuesday

and Thursday, Mr. Curwen's excellent pack of harriers did not afford so much sport, as otherwise they might; but this disappointment was counterbalanced by the excellent coursing on the other days of diversion. The assembly, &c. were very fashionably attended,

A LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FOR 1805.

*The Horses, &c. were of the ages mentioned in this List, on
May-Day, 1805.*

<i>Years Old.</i>	<i>By ABBA THULLE.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
3	B AY Filly, (dam by Carbuncle) Mr. Bell's, a Match of 50gs at York Spring Meeting.....	1
3	Ches. Filly, (out of Barnaby's dam) Mr. Robinson's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Beverley.....	1
	<i>By ALEXANDER.</i>	
3	Bucephalus, Lord Grey's, a 50l. Plate at Newton; and a Subscription Plate at Knutsford.....	2
	<i>By ARCHER.</i>	
	Ches. Horse, Mr. Mason's, the Lambton Hunt Stakes of 60gs at Durham.....	1
	<i>By ASPARAGUS.</i>	
7	Toy, Mr. Hawkes's, received 30gs at Bibury.....	1
4	Two Shoes, Mr. T. Fisher's, a match of 100gs at Newmarket; a 50l. Plate at Stamford; two 50l. Plates at Huntingdon; and a 50l. Plate at Leicester.....	5
	<i>By BENINGBROUGH.</i>	
3	Bay Filly, (dam by Young Marsk) Mr. T. Robinson's, a 50l. Plate at Malton in October.....	1
6	Bay Mare, (dam by Escape) Mr. Lockley's, a Cup, value 50l. for Hunters, at Oswestry; Mr. Cholmondeley's, two Stakes at Holywell Hunt.....	3
6	Brandon, Lord Belhaven's, a 50l. Plate at Lamberton, and the King's Plate at Edinburgh.....	2
4	Firelock, Sir H. Williamson's, a Stakes of 200gs at Newcastle..	1
6	Harefoot, Mr. Howorth's, a 50l. Plate at Canterbury.....	1
3	Hippolitus, Mr. Wentworth's, a Match of 200gs at York Spring Meeting.....	1
5	Lady Mary, Lord Belhaven's, a 50l. Plate at Newcastle; a 50l. Plate at Morpeth; the King's Plate at Richmond; received a 10gs Premium, and walked over for a 50l. Plate at Ayr; won two 50l. Plates, and received 20l. at Stirling; walked over for the 50gs and 50l. Plates at Kelso.....	10
	(To be continued.)	RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

FARNHAM TO PORTSMOUTH.

The Rural Sportsman—Cocking—Origin of Cockfighting—On Gaming—Boiled Milk—Warrford—Porchester Castle—Address to the Ruins, and my At down at Portsmouth.

Forgive my flying thus from theme to theme,

New objects rise, and novelty's supreme;
No settled subject can my muse embrace,
But little facts we gather as we trace:
Fancy, for moral ends, asserts controul,
Truth binds the wreath, and dignifies the whole.

So maids cull flowrets down the rural way,

Bind all in one, and form the rich bouquet.

THE late turbulent weather for some days has impeded my pedestrian exertions, and though at some distance from the great waters, it may be said with truth I have been wind bound at Frensham; however, I do not regret the detention so much as may be expected, for it has given me an opportunity to observe the economy of one of the best regulated families in all England. The master of this little community is so worthy to be imitated, that I have described his manners on my tablet, and you will find them pretty correct in

THE RURAL SPORTSMAN.

If I were called upon to describe a state of terrestrial felicity, I would delineate the life and manners of the rural sportsman, whose income is equal to his necessities, and whose prudence never suffers him to break through its annual bounds; by this conduct he keeps at a distance the dun; the tradesman never meets him with a frown, nor the law bailiff with brutality; his mind is a capacious kingdom, of

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which he is the sole sovereign; he is kind to his wife, affectionate to his children, and gentle to all his dependants; he is friendly to his neighbours, and whenever distress claims his pity, is always ready, to the best of his ability, to stretch out the hand of beneficence. Such a man I conceive, must be happy, for his conscience is clear, and merits the approbation of his heart. The land around him is his great theatre; the choristers of nature are his minstrels, and the economy of the whole animal world his continual amusement; he rises with the day star, and seeks his stables in quiet, and having prepared his couples for the field, takes up his gun and steadily hies him to the place of his pleasures—the stubble ground, or where lately the clover and the sainfoin diffused their incomparable fragrance. His raptures begin as his well trained pointers distribute themselves over the wide expanse, and when they point to the clustering covey, he loses not a single thought on the pride of cruel tyrants, or on the pomp of kings. The beauty of the scene gives new vigour to his judgment, and as the game rises on the noisy wing, he selects his object, and with the lightning of his tube, brings it again to the soil that gave it nourishment. Fatigued with the pursuit, for even pleasures make us faint, with his distended net he quits the scene, and turns him, full of health, whistling with the companions of his toils, towards his peaceful habitation; distributes some to cheer the aged parson, or his nearest friend; the rest his constant housewife dresses for the table crowned with generous beverage, and the smiles of those the happy owner holds most dear and tender. If some familiar neighbour

I

comes

comes to hob or nob, he scorns the fires of party rage, and most of all avoids ungracious politics. His country's good he wishes from his heart, and where the ruling powers oppress, he marks them with a sigh, and all his hope implores a speedy change. His land, his corn, his cattle, most engross his talk; not like the miser, to heap gold on gold, but for the good of others less fortunate than himself: at early eve he seeks repose, and finds it in the virtuous arms of her he values more than all the world beside. Thus, day succeeding day, the rural sportsman shapes his course, till age with silver hairs, conducts him to the grave; and when he is gone from hence, the tongues of all the village shall be his loud epitaph. Such is the rural sportsman, and such to imitate, let all the rural throng be passing proud, nor leave a churlish name behind; for such are faithful subjects to the king, the kindest neighbours, husbands, and the best of friends.

Yesterday morning, when the weather became brighter, our Farham friend called upon me at my inn, to accompany him to

A COCKING,

A sport for which Mr. W. entertains a particular affection, and who is, as he assured me, an adept in all its mysteries. In our way he promised to bet low, and I was prevailed on to go shares in his fortune. For want of knowledge of the terms used in this art, I fear I shall not be able to make you well acquainted with the nature of my entertainment. Suffice it to say, the two principal champions were designated by the names of Shagbag and Ginger-rump, and possessed every property required in a fighting cock, that is to say, shape, colour,

courage, a small head, and a sharp heel. The company was very numerous, among which some of the highest titled characters in the county presided. As we entered the place, we found it particularly noisy, bets ran pretty high, and there appeared great plenty of the Eldorado metal. The birds were now turned out of their envelopes. Shagbag was of the right Norfolk breed, and Ginger-rump from Lincoln. They were full of strength and high in spirit; they began to eye each other for the first time with some indifference, till the Norfolk cock gave the crow of defiance, and the Lincoln prepared for battle; they both whet their angry beaks for a moment, and then began the fray—

Not like the dunghill cock, a coward
breed,

But such as better know to fight than
feed.

Their fury was great, their eyes seemed to dart sparks of fire, their wings struck quick as lightning, and with a brisk sound: yet so equally were they matched, that success for a long time hung doubtful, the blood spun out apace, but their courage did not appear to abate; however, the strength of the Lincoln cock seemed to give way, and Jockey of Norfolk, with a tremendous blow, laid his enemy prostrate at his feet: and now the sounds became like the roaring of many waters; dreadful imprecations were mingled with horrid murmurs, while Mr. W. took the long odds against the Lincolnshire cock, which, before it was possible for the knowing ones to tell him out, received, like Anteus of old, new vigour from his mother earth, and by an exertion the most unexpected, sprang again to the charge, and with one fatal blow, struck his spur through

through the brain of his mighty antagonist—

Who fell upon him with a goary head,
And made his conqueror's wing his feather bed.

All bedlam was again broke loose, and the exultations of the successful parties were beyond description vociferous, while silent and collected I sat amidst the tempest. Of the rejoicing number was our friend W. who often highly extolling his own judgment, and the exertions of Ginger-rump, collected his winnings, and we left the cockpit together, each of us finding our pockets heavier by fifteen half crowns, than when we entered this theatre of blasphemy, brutal bravery, and intolerable riot, amidst which I could not help engendering a disgust that made me resolve on no pretence, to mingle with knowing ones at another cocking.

ORIGIN OF COCKFIGHTING.

How far cockfighting ought to be admitted among our games of sport, I shall not at present attempt to determine; it has its enemies in abundance; its advocates are as numerous; and in the great assembly of the nation, a senator of some eminence lately took upon himself to defend it, and went so far as to assert, that should it be discouraged by the legislature, in all probability the manly spirit so distinguishable in our peasantry, might soon dwindle to the effeminacy of our less favoured neighbours. This I humbly conceive to be erroneous. Mr. Windham, however, is not alone in this sentiment; if we may credit Ælianus the historian, Themistocles was nearly of the same opinion. After their victory over the Persians, the Athenians enacted a decree that cocks should fight on one

day in the year, for the amusement of the people. The occasion of this law, it seems, had in it something singular; when Themistocles was leading out his body of citizens against the barbarians—Persians, as well as all other nations, were so called by the Greeks—that general halted to behold some cocks fighting, and was particularly stricken with their courage: thinking to turn it to his advantage, he thus addressed his army—"Athenians, behold these animals, how bravely they suffer! not for the sake of their country, nor their country's gods, nor for their families, nor for glory, nor freedom, nor children; but each from aversion to inferiority, and from yielding the one to the other." By these observations Themistocles confirmed the courage of the Athenians, and what then was thought an incitement to fortitude, he endeavoured to establish as a stimulus for ever. The martial spirit of the game cock was also the admiration of the Roman people: to improve it, and to keep up the right breed, they spared no expence to obtain the eggs of the game fowl, from their Grecian neighbours, and the chickens were reared by them with as much attention as their children. The Cæsarian legion when in Britain, finding the true spirit improve with the climate, continued the sport with new energy, and soon taught the love of it to the natives with whom they came to mingle. The affection having taken root, quickly spread like a tempest; and it not only continues in vigour to the present day, but, by the attention and cunning of the feeder, and by the artificial assistance of the steel spur, it has become the great delight of our best sportsmen, and the means of floating from hand to hand innumerable sums of treasure.

Our countrymen are not alone celebrated at this day for cockfighting; in every part of the East Indies, where the English name and manners are known, the sport is greatly encouraged.

Mr. Zoffiani, in one of his most approved pictures, has described a cockfighting between the Nabob of Arcot, and the English gentlemen resident in Calcutta, with this difference, the birds are no way trimmed after the British fashion. A friend of mine, who has been frequently at Malacca, Sumatra, and Borneo, assures me from observation, that cockfighting is a prime sport among the natives; and that so infatuated are the Malays, that no consideration can deter them from betting away their hardest earnings at a cocking; that when a Malay has lost his all, he will stake his children, and last of all the wife of his bosom. Our British gamblers, with all their imperfections on their heads, are, I believe, no way emulous to make a sacrifice so degrading and so unnatural. The Malay cock, as I have seen, is of great courage, very strong, and is coveted in most parts of the East-earn world. The egg is in shape and colour unlike ours; it is of a fine bright red, and if carefully preserved will fetch a good price even all along the shores of China.

This morning I arose early, and as I had waited longer for fair weather than suited my inclination, I quitted Farnham without a sacrifice to Ceres; and taking the lower road that leads to Gosport, made the best of my way: my mind was filled with the occurrence of the former day, and to relieve it from the burden of reflections that oppressed it, I entered on my tablet the following strictures

ON GAMING.

They are confirmed by my own observations, and I think may be useful to those who incline to listen to the principles I wish them to inculcate.

Gaming is an enchanting witchery, gotten between idleness and avarice; an itching disease, that makes some scratch the head, while others, as if they were bitten by a tarantula, are laughing and dancing themselves to death.

It is a paralytical distemper, which, seizing the arm the man cannot choose but shake his elbow.

It has this ill property above all other vices, it renders men incapable of prosecuting serious actions, and makes them at all times dissatisfied with their own conditions.

The gamester is either lifted to the very acme of joy with success, or plunged to the bottom of despair by misfortune, always in extremes, always in a storm.

This minute the gamester's countenance is so serene and calm, that one would think nothing could disturb it, and the next moment so stormy and tempestuous, that it threatens destruction to itself and others; and as he is transported with joy when he wins, so losing, he is tossed upon the billows of a high swelling passion, till he has lost sight of common sense, and at last of divine reason, ending his existence perhaps in a mad house or a prison.

I had passed through Bentley and the petty town of Alton, and was mounting to Filmerhill, when, at the fifty-sixth mile stone, the cravings of hunger demanded my stay and attention. I entered a little farm house by the road side, and after some preliminaries made one of the pleasantest meals I
even

ever enjoyed. It was not very costly, but to me not the less acceptable, it was nothing but bread in a bason of

BOILED MILK.

Sweet and nourishing, from the pure lacteal fountains of the domestic cow, a blessing you in the metropolis are not permitted to participate. The indulgence was so grateful that I could not help reflecting with pain on the miseries resulting from your city adulterations, where for the advantage of the vender, the unsuspicious purchaser becomes the victim of a poison, though slow in its operation, as certain as fate.

To set this matter in a clearer light, I have only to relate a circumstance, though laughable in its nature, yet perfectly true. It is well known to you that the cow-keepers surrounding your great town, have the milk ready at a very early hour for the accommodation of their customers the carriers, and many of them a copper of *hot water* for the same purpose, also a pump, which they nickname *the one-handed landlady*. The carrier having purchased the quantum within his compass, to work he goes; if it be winter, he first takes the hot water, and having discoloured it with *golard* or *starch* dashed with a little blue, he blends the whole, making up the quantity his conscience dictates, and then trots away for the town, to poison his customers. As I was one morning approaching one of these cow-keeper's premises, I met a Welch girl with her face greatly scratched and bleeding: I inquired the cause, when she replied, "They have used me very ill in the cow yard; the Irish carriers have thrown down my milk and beaten me as you may

see." For what could they do this? I inquired, "because," returned the girl, "I was contented with *three threads*, and they would have me make *five*, that my milk might be as bad as their own." This was a mystery I wished to come at, and requested the girl to explain; when it appeared that to every gallon of pure milk, she put *three pints*, or *threads*, of *impure water*, while the savages who had been beating her, were so unreasonable as to put *five*. This fact will not only give you a tolerable idea of their unmerited profits, but of the filthy mixture with which this divine aliment is contaminated. Thus the venders of *five threads*, obtain for their beastly roguery, more than half profit, while those who are contented with *three threads*, have something under.

Would they take the same pains to be cleanly and just,
Their gain would be greater, and less
your distrust.

The little village of West Meon was before me, I was delighted with the scenery, there was scarcely a house or hovel, without its mantle of full blown honey-suckles; all was singularly interesting, from the blacksmith's forge, to the farm on the hill, from whence I descended to enter the straggling town of

WARNFORD.

Where, at the Paulet Arms, after a brisk walk of twenty miles, I found refreshment, and a complete welcome. The Earl of Clanricarde has a beautiful seat in this neighbourhood; the gardens are extensive, tastefully laid out, and in front of the building spreads a fine sheet of water. After passing Exton, Meonstoke, Cornhampton, Oroxford, and Soberton, I found myself at the seventy mile
stone

stone in the town of Wickham, on the river Bere, the birth place of that great prelate, William of Wickham : his parents, as I learn here, were exceedingly poor, their names were John and Sybil Long. The ancient family of Uvedal was for many centuries seated near this place. Nicholas Uvedal was patron to Bishop Wickham ; and the ancient seat of that family, and part of the domain, has since passed to the Howards, in consequence of a marriage with the heiress of the Uvedals and the Earl of Carlisle.

Farham was now before me, and after a short pause, invited by the ragged fragments of the most ancient building in this part of England, I made my visit to

PORCHESTER CASTLE.

It stands on a pleasant peninsula, at the head of the harbour of Portsmouth, and, as I find recorded, was a place of defence in the time of the Britons; but shortly after their invasion, the Romans, by order of Julius Cæsar, rebuilt Porchester in its present form ; and it was for near six hundred years a prime station for their invincible legions. Its fashion is a very extensive quadrangular figure, with a lofty tower of the same form at the N. W. angle. As we enter this tower, the Roman mode of building is still very conspicuous; the corner stones from which the arches spring that support the first lodgement, are each sculptured with an eagle and a sphinx alternately, an ornament peculiar to that polished people. The area of late years has been a receptacle for prisoners taken in war, who, out of wantonness, have destroyed many of its antiquities. At the commencement of hostilities, the government had hired the use of the castle for similar purposes ; but

Mr. Thistlewait, lord of the manor, a gentleman of great taste, and who exceedingly venerates these remains of Roman magnificence, determined that Porchester should never be let for such purposes while he was proprietor. Within the castle is the parish church, very ancient, and remarkable for nothing now but a neat alabaster monument; the effigy of Sir Richard Cornwallis, ancestor of the present honourable family, who was groom porter to the First James and his son : also a very singular baptismal font, of the earliest Christian antiquity.

While reflecting that this castle was once the seat of golden grandeur, and comparing it then with its present mutilated state, I was stricken with the mutability of human greatness ; and, pressing my bosom, I exclaimed—"Why does man make all these preparations for futurity, when the face of Time laughs them to scorn, and with his sharp tooth rips up all his beauteous labours but to lay them in the dust :

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

ADDRESS TO THE RUINS.

Hail hoary pile ! that o'er the wavy bay
Peers proud, the bulwark of this rural
site,

Still may'st thou point the wand'ring
seaman's way,

Amidst the terrors of the stormy night.

Old Porchester ! trac'd high on record's
page,

Ere first the Roman sandal press'd our
shore,

Ere science bold, presumed to mend the
age,

That drew its virtues from a Druid's
lore—

Thy ivy'd towers, by Cæsar's mandate
rais'd,

Hold to the world slow desolation's
hour ;

Where

Where erst his eagles to the mid day
blaz'd,
The jackdaw builds his peaceful wick-
er bow'r.

Oft, where yon speckled starlings form a
row,
Sweet whistling to the rising briny
wave,
The skilful archer drew his fatal bow,
And many a chief lamented, found a
grave.

How chang'd the scene! of all defence
bereft,
The night-owl hides him till the ev'n-
ing's grey,
Beneath the mantle of the mould'ring
cleit,
That once receiv'd the brilliancy of
day.

O faded Porchester! our country's pride,
Ere England's bulwark to perfection
grew,
Though modern towers thy lack of
strength deride,
Time hence shall wear them all to fade
like you—

The wallflow'r, bramble, and the elder
tree,
The twining ivy, dress'd in berried
pride,
Shall spread their marlines, now so fair to
see,
And all your architect'ral beauties
hide—

Around your polish'd base, the sea gull
flit,
The wild duck lead her brood with
clam'rous tongue,
The hern majestic o'er your turrets sit,
Or raise the cradle for her grateful
young—

E'en fearful Richmond's battlements
shall fall;
Each boasted magazine, now bullet
proof,
Shall house the bat within its crazy
wall,
And yield to surly winds its oaken
roof—

The verdant houseleek, and the rye grass
gay,
Shall chokt the efforts of his trem-
bling care,
His vast expansive lines shall waste away,
Nor e'en his name the tyrant Time
shall spare.

Since tow'rs dissolve, and peers so proud,
so great,
Be't mine, old Porchester, ere grey
with age,
To learn humility from ruthless fate,
And fit my bosom for a better stage.

Fatigued with a day's journey of
nearly thirty-six miles, I took the
boat at the top of the harbour, and
landed on Portsmouth yard, just as
the dock men were leaving their
labour, and after procuring a com-
fortable station, I refreshed nature
with simple food, provided for my
companion Tray, and with my re-
vivifying tube closed another day
of industry. I am your's, &c.

T. N.

P. S. I must observe to you,
that Porchester is remarkable for
producing a saline article of food, a
quart of which is enough for a
meal for any one but a glutton.
What is more extraordinary, when
you have eaten the nutritious part,
the remainder, which cannot be
masticated, occupies the same
space to the full, as was measured
to the buyer, so that when you
have a belly full, there is no appear-
ance of diminution. It will take
you some time to find out the name
of this article.

Not long, by your leave; it re-
minds us of an epitaph upon a cle-
rical epicure—thus:

Here — lies, interred within these
cloisters,
If he dont wake at the last trump—Cry
OYSTERS!

EDITOR.

THE

THE
ROYAL STAG CHASE.

THE stag roused from his lair, shakes his dappled sides, tosses his beamy head, and, conscious of superior agility, seems to defy the gathering storm.—First he has recourse to stratagem and evasive shifts. He plunges into the copse, darts across the glade, and wheels about in doubling mazes, as though he would pursue even the foe he avoids. The full-mouthed pack unravel all his windings, and drive him from his wily haunts. Now he betakes himself to flight, and confides in his speed. He bursts through the woods, bounds over the lawns, and leaves the lagging hounds far behind. The beagles slow, but sure, trace his steps through woods, through lawns, through half the extended forest.

Unwearied, still unwearied, they urge their ardent way, and gain upon the alarmed object of their pursuit. Again he flies; flies with redoubled swiftness; shoots down the steep, strains up the hill, sweeps along the fields; and, at last, takes shelter in the immense recess of some sequestered grove. The sagacious hounds hang with greedy nostrils on the scent. They recover, by indefatigable assiduity, the ground they had lost. Up they come a third time; and, joining in a general peal of vengeance, hurry the affrighted animal from his short concealment.

Perplexed, and in the utmost distress, he seeks the numerous herd. He would lose himself, and elude his pursuers, amidst the multitude of his fellows; but they, unconcerned for a brother's woe, shun the miserable creature, or ex-

pel him from the selfish circle.—Abandoned by his associates, and haunted with apprehensions of approaching ruin, he trembles at every leaf that shakes. He starts, he springs; and wild and swift as the wind, flies he knows not where, yet pours all his soul in flight—Vain, vain are his efforts. The horrid cry lately lessened, thickens upon the gale, and thunders in his ear. Now the poor breathless victim is full in view. His sprightliness now forsakes him: his agility is spent. See! how he toils in yonder valley, with faltering limbs, and a hobbling gait. The sight of their game quickens their pace, and whets the ardour of the impetuous hounds. With tumultuous violence they rush in, and with clamorous joy demand their prey.

What can he do? surrounded as he is with insulting tongues, and ravenous jaws? Despair is capable of inspiring even the timorous breast. Having nothing to hope, he forgets to fear. He faces about and makes a resolute stand. The trunk of a sturdy tree covers his rear, and his own branching horns defend him in front. He rushes upon his adversaries, gores some, lays others grovelling on the turf, and makes the whole coward pack give way.

Encouraged by this unexpected success, his hopes revive. He rallies once again his drooping spirits, exerts the remainder of his strength, and springs through the midst of the retiring rout—It is his last, last chance. He stretches every nerve, once more loses sight of the rabble from the kennel; and, finding no security on the land, takes to the water. He throws his burningsides into the river, sails down the cool-
ing

ing stream, and slinks away to the verge of some little shelving island. There finding a resting place for his feet, he skulks close to the shady margin. All immersed in the wave, excepting only his nostrils, he baffles for a while the prying eye of man, and the keener smell of brute.

Discovered at length, and forced to quit this unavailing refuge, he climbs the slippery bank. Unable to fly any longer, he stands at bay against an aged willow; stands, all faint with toil, and sobbing with anguish. The crowds that gather round him, with merciless and outrageous transport triumph in his misery. A multitude of blood-thirsty throats, joined with the sonorous horn, ring his funeral knell.

The tears, till this fatal instant unknown, gush forth from his languishing eyes, and roll down his reeking cheeks. He casts one more look on the woods, the lawns, the pleasing scenes of his former delights. Adieu! a long adieu to these! He now expects his murderers; and prepares, as his last poor consolation, to sell his life as dear as possible.

At this most critical juncture, the royal sportsman comes up—He sees the distressed creature: and as soon as he sees, he pities. The clemency which attends the throne, accompanies even the diversions of majesty. He issues the high command; the prohibitory signal is given.

Now the pack, though eager for blood, are checked in a moment.—And not checked only, but called off from the prey. Disappointed and growling, they retire, and leave the intended victim of their fury to enjoy his liberty, his safety, and his ease again.

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THE INFORMER CHOP FALLEN;

OR

The Magistrate's Retort Courteous.

THERE is a respectable old magistrate in the county of Salop, who, though severe on the incorrigible offender, is nevertheless sadly grieved when obliged by law to exact fines from the thoughtless and unwary, who commit venial offences:—a man, however, lived for some time in his neighbourhood, who was particularly troublesome to him; this fellow was by *profession* an informer, and frequently brought farmers and others before him, whom he found drawing more horses, upon certain parts of the turnpike roads, than were allowed by act of parliament—and in such cases the justice was obliged to award, though much against his will, half the fines to the informer, whose obduracy he would endeavour to soften by saying, “Come, come, master—this is the *first* offence, and we must forgive him.”—“Forgive him!” the informer would reply, who had always his pockets full of *acts* to prove the *legality* of his demands, “forgive him! No no, that won’t do, your honour, I’ve got the act of parliament in my pocket.”

This informer, however, after being for some years a terror to the country round, was lately brought before the same justice for the *trivial* offence of *robbing* a farmer’s barn, when the old gentleman, in his dry old fashioned way, said to him, “So friend, I find you have left the very *honourable* profession of an informer, to try the more *honourable* one of a thief, eh?” The fellow, quite chop fallen, replied, “Come, come, your honour, this is the *first* offence, and you must forgive

K

give

give me."—"Forgive thee!" replied the justice; "No, no, that won't do, I've got the act of parliament in my pocket."

The fellow was tried for the offence, and sentenced to transportation.

FORM
OF
AN ARABIAN PEDIGREE.

We have inserted the following, as a curious specimen of the talents of the Arabian horse dealers, who it appears are by no means inferior in skill to their fellow dealers in Great Britain.

IN the name of God, the merciful and compassionate, and Sid* Mahomet, the agent of the high God, and of the Ali of God, and the companions of Mahomet, and Jerusalem, by the grace of God, the author of the creation. This horse, the sire of Rabbamy, equal in power to his son, is of the tribe of Zazzalah, and descends from the uncle of Lahadah, the sire of Alket—is of a fine figure, and fleet as an ostrich; herewith is his tooth, when a colt, in a bag, with his pedigree, which a Caffre may believe. Among the honours of relationship he reckons Zalwah, the sire of Mahat, who was the sire of Kallak, and the unique Alket, sire of Manasseh, sire of Alsheh, from generation to generation, down from the noble horse Lahalala. And upon him be green herbage in abundance, and the water of life, with an edifice inclosed in walls, a reward from the tribe of Zoah; and let a thousand cypresses shade his

body from the hyena of the tombs, from the wolf, and the serpents of the plain; within the inclosure a festival shall be kept, and at sunrise thousands shall come, and observers shall arrive in troops, while the tribe exhibits, under a canopy of celestial signs; the saddle and the name, and the place of the tribe of Bek Altabek, in Mesopotamia, and Kulasla of Lutafek, of the inspired tribe of Zoah. Then shall they strike with a loud noise, and ask of heaven in solemn prayer, immunity for the tribe from evil, and the demon of langour, from pestilence, from wandering from God, from scabby camels, from scarcity, from perplexed congregations, from the spleen, from the fiery dragon, from commixion, from bleating on the feet, from treading out with the feet, from Heiubnu, or the unknown son of an unknown father, from lameness at birth, from imposthumes, from seclusions, from fascination, from depression and elevation, from cracks in the feet, from numerous assemblies, from importunate soothsayers, from the offspring of prophets and nocturnal travellers, from diviners of good opportunity for a purpose, from relations and degrees of affinity, and from rash and inordinate riders, deliver this tribe, O Lord, and secure those who are slow to follow and slow to advance, who guard the truth and observe it.

NOTE of the Translator.—The pedigree is written on charra bombycina, or silk paper, a foot long, and four inches wide, containing forty three lines of Turkish Arabic, that is, Arabic mixed with a Turkish word here and there. The

* Seid, or Sid, is Lord or Prince, and one of the titles of the chiefs of the family of Mahomet, who descends from Ali, and his daughter Fatima.

writing is irregular, and in it are confounded the initial, medial, and final letters, so that the very first letter of Bismillahi is a final ba, and the last but one of ar' reheem is a final ya. The diacritical points are mostly wanting, and the words run into one another, as is usual in Arabic manuscripts, but by the absence of initials may be easily confounded, and in many cases can only be separated by the construction, or the *exigentia loci*.

OBSERVATIONS
ON
THE GREEK POET OPIAN.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has often appeared to me an extraordinary thing that the world has never yet seen any translation of the works of Oppian, who has written on a most animating and amusing subject, the Chase; and in a manner which has obtained the praises of every age.

Oppian was a native of Cilicia, and flourished in the second century: he was a man highly esteemed by his countrymen while living, who even went so far as to raise statues to his honour after his death. He has written several pieces of poetry; but the only ones at present remaining, are his poem upon hunting, in four books, called *Cynegeticon*; and five on fishing, called *Alicuticon*. These books have always been in high estimation, both on account of the elegance of his style, and the spirited manner in

which he writes, as well as for the very entertaining account they give of the amusements of antiquity. Though, as I have before observed, no regular translation of his works has appeared, yet I could point out instances of modern naturalists having quoted him as authority, and given accounts taken from him. Gesner is a striking instance of what I have asserted. This most celebrated natural philosopher does not hesitate to consider Oppian as unquestionable authority. The Comte de Buffon, than whose opinion in subjects of natural history none can carry more weight along with it, is so persuaded of the accuracy and knowledge of Oppian, with regard to animals, that he mentions this poet as his authority for settling a point about which he was before undetermined*.

Oppian composed, besides the works mentioned above, a Treatise on Falconry; but this is unfortunately lost, or we have every reason to suppose it would not have been less esteemed than any of his works at present extant.

Had Somerville, the well known author of that most beautiful piece of descriptive poetry, "The Chase," favoured the world with a translation of the *Cynegeticon*, it would no doubt have met with universal approbation, and it is much to be regretted that he never had such a work in contemplation. Every sportsman who has perused the compositions of this our English Oppian, cannot but feel regret that we possess no more poetry on the subject of field diversions by so able a hand.

* Buffon. Nat. Hist. Tom. 6. p. 200.—These are Buffon's own words: "Il est très probable que ce Panthere est le Thos de la petite espece, et cette probabilité devient une certitude par le temoignage d'Oppien, qui met le Panther au nombre des petites animaux."

But, in considering Oppian's composition, we must of all things not omit to mention the sentiments of Scaliger, that most eminent Italian critic, who is so filled with admiration of his poetry as to pronounce Oppian the only one of the Greeks who has ever attained Virgilian elegance*.

Schnider alone, of all the critics, has made a very rude attack upon our poet; but his defence is most ably taken up by Ballu, in his edition of Oppian, and the charges most fully refuted.

In 1515, a very excellent edition of Oppian's works was published by Junta, and is perhaps the best extant.

VENANDI CUPIDUS.

TWENTY REASONS FOR LUCK IN THE LOTTERY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE lottery being now nearly over, and any information respecting it no longer to be considered either as a puff or a preventive, I hope you will give place to the following list of powerful arguments in favour of success, which I have collected at various times from several maiden ladies of great sagacity.—I believe they include pretty nearly the whole system of self-encouragement and foreboding that induces us to become candidates for the wealth that a ticket is sure to confer on some one of fortune's favourites.

This ticket must be the great prize, because,

1. I bought it before the drawing, whereas formerly I always purchased after it; or,

2. I bought it after the drawing, and used formerly to purchase before it.

3. This is a number which I never had before; or,

4. It is the same number I have often had.

5. I dreamt of this number, and I seldom dream; or,

6. This is a number I did not dream of, and dreams are nonsense.

7. It must be a prize, for I never had a prize before; or,

8. It must be a great prize, for I have always hitherto had small ones.

9. It is the very number of the coach in which I went to the play, and I bought it the same day.

10. I was offered one hundred pounds for my chance, and would not part with it; or,

11. It is a number nobody ever thought of, and it will so surprise them!

12. This number has often been a great prize; or,

13. It never was a capital prize.

14. It is the next but one to the twenty thousand last year.

15. There was a lady at the office, and she would not take it, and the clerk said to me, Ma'am, I am sure it will be a prize, and,

16. They always sell capitals at that office.

17. It is a very lucky looking number.

18. It is the very number of this month's magazine.

19. Somebody must get the great prize, and there are as many chances for me as for another.

20. Ever since the first day, I have seen a deal of money in tea cups, and coffee grounds.

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

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

LUDICROUS EFFECTS
OF
PREMATURE REPORTS.

MR. EDITOR,

MY complaint is of the common jest of making or publishing false or ridiculous reports. I believe that I am one of those who have particularly suffered, if it can be called so, in my own person by this kind of sport. For instance: though scarcely beyond my thirty-second year, I have been married three times, twice to young ladies of great fortunes, and once I threw myself away upon a cast-off mistress. I once fought a duel without killing my man, or standing the smallest chance of being killed myself; and even the affair was made up without my knowledge. I died about a year ago at Norwich, of a lingering illness, though I was fox hunting every day; and left an immense fortune to an entire stranger, though I am possessed of but a moderate competency. I was another time thrown from my horse and killed upon the spot; and actually read an elegy of considerable merit upon my own death, which was spoiled by nothing else but my being alive. The Phoenix Office once actually refused to take an insurance upon my life, insisting upon it that I was dead. Two years ago I went to the West Indies without taking a passage; and to an appointment at Bengal without leave of the Directors; at which place I married the daughter of a rich Nabob; and a letter from the Mauritius arrived in London the next season, in the very identical week that I sent my brother an inclosure from Southampton-street, Covent Garden. But my misfortunes of misrepresentation were not completed

until I got gored by an ox passing through Smithfield, and met my friend in a suit of mourning for my loss.

In short I have been, through the interposition of my narrators, journeying betwixt this world and the other, in many horrid shapes, and have been a traveller who has often returned from that self same bourne so much talked of. I have been ill, and enjoyed perfect health; I have been married without the danger of ever being made a cuckold; I have travelled without expence; and have been killed without the coroner's inquest ever having sat upon my body. I forgot to tell you I was once thrown into a prison, without being in debt; and removed again without a habeas corpus.

I must beg, Mr. Editor, that you will hold up to proper reprehension, this wanton affectation of being acquainted with every body, and with every thing of his affairs; or I must, to avoid being endangered and perplexed by this species of sportive humour, retire to the small confines of a village, and shew myself every day in the market-place, to prevent misrepresentation: and in such case, I will trouble you to circulate among my friends in town, through the channel of your invaluable miscellany, an affidavit of my being alive, which will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

BILL BADGER.

P. S. I have the consolation to find I am not the only one who has reason to complain of the sportive ingenuity of fabricators. For lately looking over the monthly obituary in the Gentleman's Magazine, I noticed the following article: "September 13th died in St. Giles's, Harry Dimsdale, Emperor of Gar-
rat,

rat, and King of Puddle Dock." Great was my surprise about two hours afterwards to meet that august personage near Leicester-square, with his box before him, retailing nutmeg-graters, save-alls, &c. as usual.

THE
DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

Extent of Astrology—Hints for calculating the nativity of Horses, Dogs, Herbs, &c. under the government of Mars and Venus—Appeal to the learned—Influence of the Stars upon Love and Marriage.

DEAR COUSIN,

THIS being the last letter on the Descent of the Muses, I shall make it similar to the first in one point of view, namely, it shall be found in a prose attire.

Of all the men in the world, I least expected to have seen your brother last week.—Well, I have seen him—an agreeable fellow, upon the whole, as you no doubt will say, when I have told you what entertainment he gave me.

After a world of inquiries and agreeable chit chat, he put on a wise and serious face, and said, "So, cousin Sophia, you have been amusing sister Emma with some learned lines and shrewd remarks on astrology. Could you not have hit on a more familiar and pleasant subject?"

"Lord, cousin Bobby," said I, "pleasant and familiar things were least in my thoughts—I wanted to display my profound erudition."

"If that be the case," said he, "I must acknowledge that you have been fortunate in your choice, since Astrology professes to be a very

wonderfully learned, and supernaturally gifted lady."

"Very true, cousin," said I, "and it is to those supernatural gifts of hers that the learned are indebted for all the prescience that has ever been in the world."

"But if we allow," said he, "the stars have such influence over the human race, why may we not allow them to have the same influence over the whole animal race of every species?"

"You will pardon me, cousin," I returned, "but that is an extravagant supposition; we cannot imagine that the stars interfere in what relates to dumb creatures, it is instinct, you know, that governs them."

"So the learned philosophers may imagine," he replied, "but as the numerous race of inferior animals have a striking similarity in their members, senses, faculties, humours, tempers, and passions, to those of the human race; and as the earth is as bountiful in supplying them with proper sustenance; is it not reasonable to suppose that the stars have an influence over them in proportion; and that it is as easy to cast the nativity of a horse, ox, bull, dog, cat, &c. and to predict the most prominent events and occurrences to take place in life of either, as it is in respect to the lives and fortunes of human beings? Many horses and dogs, let me tell you, see many ups and downs in life, and experience largely in the smiles and frowns of fortune."

"A very notable supposition," said I, "but will the learned admit your hypothesis?"

"That I know not," returned he, "I leave it to the learned to decide; since all abstruse and occult matters must ever be referred to their decisions, they having a right paramount

mount to advance what hypotheses they please. But when their occult notions are promulgated, then the unlearned and ignorant plead their privilege likewise; which is, to think what they please; either to believe or disbelieve notions and doctrines which lie above the reach of their humble intellects; which divine right I shall exercise myself, in all wonderful and occult matters."

"Pray do so, cousin," said I, "but for heaven's sake do not attempt to make me a sceptic in the science and doctrine of astrology. 'Tis a delightful science—how charming is a little anticipation, how pleasingly grateful to the soul of a woman—what delightful sensations pervade the breast of a languishing virgin, when assured by her kind stars that there is registered for her in the book of fate, a youthful, lovely husband, ample fortune, glittering equipage, rank, and precedence. Believe me, cousin, the anticipation of such good fortune and bliss, is more rapturous than the actual fruition of the prediction."

"Very true," returned he, "most people think more of some imaginary happiness in future, than of enjoying or making the most of that means of happiness within their reach. Imaginary prosperity, however, is found to be but an airy food for the mind; as unsubstantial and unsatisfactory as savour is to the body."

"That may be," said I, "pleasing dreams are, notwithstanding, vastly amusing. But now, cousin, favour me with your own private notions of the stars—What do you think of their influence over mundane affairs?"

"Mundane affairs!" echoed he, "that word, my fair cousin, makes you more than half an astrologer; 'tis one of the first beauties in an

almanac—But now to obey your request:

"The learned may have formed many curious and abstruse hypotheses; more, probably, than I am aware of; and may support these hypotheses by many ingenious experiments and scientific knowledge, to which I am an entire stranger; but notwithstanding this, I shall dare to speak my sentiments, and that freely, of the occult science of astrology."

"If we credit the doctrine of occult philosophers, or astrologers, then must we believe that the stars govern not only human creatures, but the whole animal and vegetable creation, and the earth herself—that they are the primary cause of all the changes and events in the lives of individuals; influencing and governing their principles, tempers, passions, corporeal faculties, mental endowments, &c. and that they are likewise the source of plenty, scarcity, peace, war, &c. Important beings, truly, to be the principal agents in such momentous concerns—yet it were well did they stop here—but they must needs interfere with the herbs of the fields and highways, imparting to each its salubrious or pestiferous qualities. Those herbs which flourish in the highways are ranged under the influence and government of Mars; those in moist and marshy grounds under Saturn; and those which flourish in open fields and gardens, are under the influence of the great goddess of love, madam Venus."

"Now, why these last sort should be put under the influence of the Paphian queen, I am at a loss to conceive, since it is so very obvious that her majesty's votaries court shade and darkness. In towns and cities they seek dark alleys, obscure corners, and private houses; and

if ever they wish for light, it is that of the moon rather than the sun: in the country they prefer embowered walks, private arbours, thick groves, and close hedges. That the hedge and ditch herbs are ranged under old father Saturn, is equally mysterious to my poor comprehension; for age and coldness need both heat and dryness, and plants of a cold nature, soon droop, languish, and die, if deprived of the sun's benign influence.

"That many wonderful effects and strange consequences may result from a concatenation of beings, I will allow, but where this concatenation of beings and source of causes begin or terminate, I know not. As I know not this, it is natural for me to conclude that even the learned are in a similar predicament, and know nearly as little of occult matters as myself.

"All astrological prognostications seem to be drawn from the situations of the planets, their oppositions, quartiles, sextiles, trines, conjunctions, &c. and the houses they are entering upon, or are actually in; which different situations, it seems, are of mighty consequence in all concerns of man.

"A facetious poet has spoken of feeling the pulses of the stars, in order to find out how they are affected, and what they will please to do or effect in mundane affairs; whether they will please to permit us poor mortals to breathe a wholesome air, or to enjoy fruitful seasons and pleasant weather; what portion of heat and cold, moist and dry, they will please to send in the four seasons; when snow, rain, and hail, shall fall, and when thunder and lightning may be expected. Now, were I to advise astrologers, I should say—'learned gentlemen, and occult philosophers, if you

mean to make any great and notable discoveries in the above matters, pray let the stars alone, and feel the pulse of the earth; find out the state of her health, and animal functions. If upon mature investigation, you find the earth in good health and spirits, sound and vigorous in her constitution, then you may safely prognosticate congenial and fruitful seasons, wholesome air, and pleasant weather.' Would ye prognosticate of war and peace, rise and fall of great men, prosperity and downfall of nations, I would say—'make yourselves well acquainted with kings and princes, their ministers and favourites, their dispositions, situations, strength, views, &c. for the affairs of this terrestrial globe are influenced much more by a few great men than many stars of great magnitude.'

"Cousin," said I, "if you cannot allow the stars to influence the seasons, to make war and peace, to give health and sickness, dearth and plenty; yet I hope it is your intention to acknowledge that they preside over, and govern the fortunes and actions of mankind, more particularly over us poor frail females; since it will be excessively hard upon us to be deprived of the liberty of accusing our stars when we fall into any errors, follies, or misconduct. How hard, how cruelly mortifying it is to accuse one's self; but how can a poor girl help her perverse stars, and her hard fate."

"Indeed, my dear cousin," he replied, "I cannot allow that the stars have much influence over the fair part of our species; for as I hold it absolutely necessary to find out the nature, state, and condition of the earth, to be able to predict what the following seasons will prove, and that the temperaments, passions, views, situations, &c. of great

great men must be scrutinized, to be able to judge of the concerns of nations; in like manner I hold it to be indispensably necessary to examine a woman thoroughly, to be able to judge of her future fortune; which materially depends upon her own conduct. Does she come of a generous good stock? Have her ancestors stood high in repute for sound sense and judgment, prudence, vigilance, and economy, in all the principal concerns of life and society? Has her education been carefully attended to, and judiciously prosecuted? Does her manners and physiognomy declare in her favour?—If so, then one may safely predict that she will do well, that she will never disgrace either herself or her friends by a precipitate ill-judged matrimonial alliance; nor ever be involved in those wants, hardships, troubles, and disgraces, which have been the lot of some, once very conspicuous for sprightliness and beauty. As I can answer for you, cousin, in most of these material points, I dare promise you good success through life, that you will be tolerably happy, and always well respected. I can tell you likewise, that there is a young man, whom I flatter myself you have no fixed aversion to, who means very shortly to declare himself your admirer—he has an esteem as well as love for you, and I think will make you a kind good husband, and he is very sanguine in his expectations of the happiness you will give him; taking it for granted, that as a man of sense never uses a woman ill, so a woman of sense will make a rational man happy.—Oh! the cunning thief, he has put me into such a trepidation, that I cannot say another word: so, dear girl, adieu.

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

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PRIOR CLAIM.

Drury Lane Theatre.

THIS comedy, which was brought forward on Tuesday October 29, is the joint production of two authors; who, we understand, are Mr. Pye, the laureat, and Mr. Arnold, son of the late Dr. Arnold, the celebrated musical composer.

DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Sir William Freeman	Mr. Dowton.
Colonel Raymond	Mr. Barrymore.
Henry Mortimer	Mr. Elliston.
Young Freeman	Mr. De Camp.
Longer	Mr. Palmer.
Patrick O'Shatter	Mr. Johnstone.
Alec M'Gregor	Mr. Dormer.
Robin	Mr. Collins.
Maria	Miss Duncan.
Emily	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Fanny	Miss De Camp.

If the comic merit of this piece should not be of the very first class, it must be allowed to be extremely interesting; and we make no doubt that it will become a great favourite with the public. The first excellence of a drama is a good plot. This, the present piece, has certainly to boast of. The story developed, as far as we know, is quite original. The first sound we hear, upon the drawing up of the curtain, is a wedding peal. This is the marriage day of Maria, the daughter of Sir William Freeman, with Captain Mortimer, a gallant young officer. The lady had been first betrothed to a Colonel Raymond; but he had been suddenly sent abroad, and, according to official accounts, had fallen in the siege of Seringapatam. Maria lamented his loss, but not with the anguish of a lover. He was of a respectable rather than an amiable character; and she had consented to the match in obedience to her father's commands, rather

ther than to gratify her own inclination. The most pure and uninterrupted felicity seems to await her in this new connection. She is tenderly beloved by Mortimer, and her passion for him is sanctioned by the concurrence of her family.

—As the moment arrives when the indissoluble knot is to be tied, the bridegroom feels a superstitious dread of some unknown evil. He acknowledges the unreasonableness of his fears; but cannot be persuaded that Maria is destined to be his. This presentiment turns out to be not unfounded. Before the ceremony was performed, Raymond arrives from the East Indies. Instead of being killed, he had only been taken prisoner, and he had lately been rescued from captivity by the gallantry of his countrymen. He now maintains his "prior claim" to the hand of Maria. Sir William, a man of the strictest honour, allows his pretensions to be well founded, and, though conscious that the misery of his child must be the consequence, readily promises to fulfil his former engagements. The lovers are now thrown into the deepest distress. Maria, however, is a woman of a superior mind. Her fortitude supports her, and her good sense points out the proper path for her to pursue. She has an interview with Raymond, in which, with noble frankness, she informs him of the state of her heart, and the impossibility there existed of her ever performing towards him the duties of a wife. She swears never to wed another, but declares that she cannot plight her faith to him. He expresses himself satisfied with this resolution, in the hope that he should in time prevail upon her to soften it in his favour. Mortimer and Maria now meet to take a last farewell. Here they utter

sentiments the most exalted and refined. Any bosom must have been melted at their virtues and misfortunes. Fortunately Colonel Raymond had overheard all that passed. Though of austere manners, his disposition was generous. He now resigns all pretensions to Maria, and joins her hand in that of his rival Mortimer. It may easily be imagined that some of the situations are very striking. They admit of a good deal of passion, and they are extremely well managed.

The issue it is impossible to foresee till the very conclusion. A great variety of conjectures were formed, and probably no one hit upon the exact way in which the *denouement* is brought about, although it at last appears quite natural. An agreeable suspense was thus kept up, and the attention was not permitted to languish for an instant. The success which the piece experienced, powerfully illustrates the importance of a strong main plot—as it had really little else to recommend it. An under plot, formed from an attachment of Sir William's son to a beautiful and accomplished young girl, who appears an humble dependant upon the family, but turns out to be an heiress of high birth, is very flat and stale. Of the characters, that of Maria is entitled to commendation. Placed in the most trying circumstances, she behaves always with delicacy, propriety, and firmness. She combines feminine softness with a masculine understanding. She does not pretend to *partee*, but she displays all the qualities valuable in a mistress or a wife. The part is happily suited to Miss Duncan, who appeared in it to as great advantage as we ever saw her. The other performers had

had to fill up very ill defined and insipid sketches. Elliston, in Mortimer, had little to distinguish him from any officer on a recruiting party. Barrymore, in Raymond, seemed such another veteran as returns from the East, in "The Man of the World." Palmer was called Lounger, a gentleman not at all connected with the business, but introduced to ridicule the follies of Bond-street. There was nothing new about him but the cut of his jacket. Dowton, in Sir William, had no opportunity of shewing his good humoured testiness, but he had to conform himself to the manners of a respectable, grave, precise, dull old gentleman. Mrs. H. Siddons, as the representative of the gentle Emily, who spurned the offers of her lover, when in a state of poverty, and afterwards solicited his acceptance of her when she had become richer than himself, proved very interesting—chiefly, however, from a display of her own spirit, sweetness, and grace. The piece abounds with sentiments. In a moral and political point of view they are all admirable; but some of them may be thought introduced as traps for applause. The allusions to the fashions and pursuits of the day are numerous, and some of them happy; but it is not upon wit or humour that the piece must chiefly rely. Some of the supposed light scenes were quite barren and detached, and did not by any means make us overlook this fault from the mirth they excited. The language is nervous and elegant. Several airs, dexterously brought in, had a good effect—particularly one by Miss Duncan in the first act, which was rapturously encored. The plaudits of the audience were loud throughout the whole of the performance; and at the dropping of

the curtain there was scarcely an idle hand in the house.—The second representation was still more numerously attended than the first, and a long run may be confidently looked for. The prologue and epilogue, rather trifling in themselves, were well spoken by Mr. De Camp and Miss Duncan. For the latter see our poetical department.

THE DELINQUENT;

OR

SEEING COMPANY

Covent Garden Theatre.

THIS new comedy, which was produced on Thursday November 14, is one of those mental repasts which the inexhaustible ingenuity of that successful dramatic writer, Reynolds, annually furnishes for the entertainment of the public.

The following are the *Dramatis Personæ*, and the principal incidents upon which the action of the comedy are founded—

The Delinquent.....	Mr. Kemble.
Sir Edward Specious.....	Mr. Brunton.
Major Tornado.....	Mr. Munden.
Old Doric.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Young Doric.....	Mr. Lewis.
Dorville.....	Mr. Claremont.
Tradelove.....	Mr. Atkins.
Old Nicholas.....	Mr. Liston.
Tom Tackle.....	Mr. Emery.
Olivia.....	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Miss Stoic.....	Mrs. Dibdin.
Mrs. Aubrey.....	Mrs. Gibbs.

Sir Edward Specious appears, in the course of his travels, to have met with the person who gives the title to the play, at a poor Italian inn, in a state of extreme penury. Upon an interview, he discovers him to be the man who has wronged and betrayed his father. Sir Edward forgives the injuries he was

bound to avenge, and offers the Delinquent his protection, and to bring him with him to England, on condition of his binding himself to execute whatever he shall command. The Delinquent, anxious to behold a treasure dear to his heart, devotes himself to the design of his patron. Sir Edward has been caught by the charm of Olivia, a young lady at the school of Mrs. Aubrey: but not entertaining an honourable passion for her, he is thwarted in all his designs upon her, by the vigilance of her governess. He then forms the project of procuring Mrs. Aubrey to be arrested, in hopes, by these means, of depriving her of the power to protect Olivia, who, he expects, will fall into his snares. Disappointed in this scheme through the interposition of Young Doric, he commands the Delinquent to bear her on board his yacht, who at first hesitates, but Sir Edward telling him that he shall sail to Northumberland, the very county where he expects to find the lost treasure that he seeks, and to gain which he has revisited England at all hazards, he consents. In the fourth act when on the point of forcing Olivia on board the yacht, the Delinquent finds she is his own daughter, the very treasure that he sought. Uncertain how he shall dispose of her, he is persuaded by Major Tornado to deliver Olivia to the care of Mrs. Aubrey, who proves to be the wife of the Delinquent, whom he thought dead, and who having reduced him to disgrace and beggary, turns governess to her daughter, on purpose to teach her to avoid those errors she has herself fallen a victim to—they are consequently reconciled, and, by the penitence of Sir Edward, and the benevolence of Major Tornado, the Delinquent is restored to

freedom and prosperity, and Olivia is united to young Doric.

The under-plot, in which all the comic humour of the piece consists, turns upon the quarrels and reconciliations of the two Dorics, architects and partners.

This play is rather of a more serious description than the generality of Mr. Reynolds's dramatic effusions. It is occasionally relieved by scenes of a lively cast, and some of those happy and caustic allusions to the foibles of fashionable life, which characterize the productions of this author; but in this instance he seems to have relied more upon his skill in awakening the sensibility of the human heart, than in exciting the less affecting passions. This path is not quite new to him, but he has never pursued it with such fortunate effect. He has, indeed, made a powerful appeal to the best feelings of our nature, in the admirably drawn character of the Delinquent. The scene in the fourth act, where he discovers Olivia to be his daughter, is not exceeded by any thing in the modern drama.

Nor is the merit of the play solely of a severe character. The muse of Mr. Reynolds, though always chaste, is not remarkable for her austerity. In shewing that he is not unequal to the more exalted species of the drama, he occasionally lets us perceive that he still retains his power over our risible faculties. The town and country, the ostentation and confusion of a fashionable route, as well as the little passions of a village coterie, are described with powers of strong and lively satire. The fashionable phrase of "Seeing Company," is explained in a very pleasant and intelligible way.

Young Doric and Tom Tackle, are the principal support of the comic

comic scenes. The *debut* of the latter was admirable; we regret very much that the course of the incidents did not allow him to be oftener before us. The character is quite novel to the stage; it is of an amphibious quality, half sailor, half jockey; blending the acuteness of the one, with the characteristic bluntness and integrity of the other. Major Tornado has also some features of rather a novel cast; his antipathy to the silence and tranquillity of rural life, continually breaks out in comparisons and happy allusions to his former martial calling. Young Doric is, however, the chief medium through which the shafts of dramatic ridicule are directed against the inconveniences which result from seeing company, as well as the motives of the guests, who flock not to the owner of the house, but to the supper. His project for making the confectioner supply the company as well as the viands, convulsed the house with laughter.

The comedy was excellently performed. Mr. Kemble threw out some delicate touches of nature. The picture he gave of the Delinquent had all the finish that might have been expected from his profound and acute judgment; and yet all this, we understand, was the effect of a few hours application. The character was originally destined for another, who, from some cause, caprice, or indisposition, was either not able, or not willing, to perform it—a determination which was only known at the theatre on the preceding day. Neither the author nor the public had any reason to regret the change in the representation. The genius of Mr. Kemble triumphed over the urgency of the moment, and conferred an importance on the part,

which neither the writer nor the audience could have expected. Mr. Lewis had his usual vivacity in Young Doric; and Munden and Emery contributed powerfully to the effect of the piece. The enthusiastic burst by the latter, in praise of the character of a British tar, and the allusion which accompanied it, were received with shouts of applause. The elder Doric does not afford sufficient scope for the humour of Fawcett; it required all his known talents to render it as prominent as it was. Brunton acquitted himself with considerable ability in the obnoxious character of Sir Edward; and Waddy and Claremont gave no little effect to the parts which were assigned them.

Mrs. H. Johnston made her first appearance in the new comedy; her reception was as flattering as she could desire. She was greeted with the universal applause of one of the most crowded audiences we have witnessed, and some minutes elapsed before this effect of the public exultation subsided. She played exceedingly well, although the character, towards the conclusion, became more serious than we have been used to see her perform. Mrs. Gibbs infused much dignity into the part of Mrs. Aubrey, enough, indeed, to evince that she was well qualified to fashion the youthful mind of her amiable pupil.

Mrs. H. Johnston spoke an epilogue of rather a novel nature:—for which see our poetical department. When she came to the pathetic lines at the conclusion, she withdrew to the side of the stage, and throwing off some of the front of her dress, she appeared in a purple apron, with the word “Nelson,” in gold, and the English Jack stuck on one of the corners of it. It produced

produced the strongest effect on the audience; and the emotion was much increased by the extraordinary feeling and force with which she delivered those impassioned lines.

The play was received with very great applause, and announced for a second representation, with exclamations of "bravo" from all parts of the house.

DRINKING VESSELS OF THE GOTHS, &c.

Or an Account of the term SKULL or SCOLL as used in old Writings, being an Article in the Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish language, proposed to be published by the Reverend John Jamieson, D. D.—Read April 1803.

SKUL, SKULL, SKOLL. 1. A goblet or large bowl, for containing liquor of any kind.

The Troiane women stude with hare down
schapik

About the bere, weping with mony allake:
And on we kest of warne milk mony a
skul,

And of the blade of sacrifice coupis full:
The saule we bery in sepulture on this
wyse,

The latir halesing syne loud schoutit
thrys.

Dougl. Virg. 69. l. 20.

As *coupis* corresponds to *pateras* in the original, *skul* is used for *cymbia*, which Douglas elsewhere renders in this manner—

Tua silver coppis schapin like ane bote.

Ibid. 136. l. 35.

We are not, however, hence to conclude, that the word *skull* necessarily denoted a vessel of this form; for he elsewhere uses it, conjoined with *flagon*, in rendering *crateras*:

For joy thay pingil than for till renew
Thare bankettis with al obseruance dew;

And for thir tithingis, in *flakoun* and in
skull,

Thay skynk the wyne, and wauchtis cow-
pis full.

Ibid. 210. l. 5.

2. The term has been metonymically used to denote the salutation of one who is present, or the respect paid to an absent person, by expressing a wish for his health; while he who does so at the same time partakes of the drink that is used by the company, in token of his cordiality. This is what is now called "drinking one's health." In this sense it occurs in the account of Gowrie's conspiracy, published by royal authority. "The kinge called for drinke, and in a merry and homely manner sayde to the Earle, that although the Earle had seen the fashion of entertaynements in other countries, yet hee would teach him the Scottish fashion, seeing he was a Scottish man; and therefore, since he had forgotten to drinke to his majestie, or sit with his guests and enterayne them, his majestie would drinke to him his owne welcome, desiring him to take it forth and drinke to the rest of the company, and in his majesties name to make them welcome."

"When they had near-hand dined, the Earle of Gowrie came from his majesties chamber, to drinke his *scoll* to my Lord Duke and the rest of the company, which he did. And immediately after the *scoll* had passed about, this deponent raise from the table, to have waited upon his majestie, conform to his former direction," &c. p. 196. 227. Perth edit. 1774. In Cromarty's edition there is the following note: "*Scoll*, the word used then for drinking a health." The passage itself is also differently expressed in this edition. "The Earl of Gowrie came from his majesty's chamber

chamber to the hall, and called for wine, and said that he was directed from his majesty's chamber to drink his scoll to my Lord Duke," &c. Historical Account, p. 40.

As it is said, that "Gowrie came from his majesties chamber to drink his scoll to my Lord Duke," it has been supposed that the king desired them to drink his health in his absence. But in what way soever the passage be read, it does not appear that this is the meaning. The relative *his*, might be understood in reference to Gowrie himself; as intimating that the king desired the earl to go and welcome the company to his house, by drinking to them. But although it be viewed as referring to James, as it is immediately connected with these words, "came from his majesties chamber," it will not follow that it was the king's desire that his own health should be drunk. From what he had previously said to Gowrie with respect to his omission, it is evident that this is not the sense of the language. He, in a jocular way, reprehended the earl for not drinking to him; "desiring him to take it forth"—that is, the drink formerly mentioned, "and drink to the rest of the company." Therefore, even admitting that the expression *his scoll* means the *king's scoll*, we cannot with propriety suppose that any thing more is meant, than that Gowrie went to the antichamber, to convey to the noblemen and gentlemen who were there, his majesty's salutation; or, as expressed in the narrative, "to drink to the rest of the company, and in his majesties name" to give them that welcome, which he had neglected to give them in his own.

Thus it appears, that the term, primarily denoting a vessel for containing liquor, was, in consequence

of the customs connected with drinking, at length used to signify the mutual expressions of regard employed by those engaged in commotation, or their united wishes for the health and prosperity of one individual, distinguished in rank, or peculiarly endeared to them all, whether he were present, or absent.

I have met with one passage in which that expression, the *king's skole*, is distinctly used in the sense which has been improperly attached to the phrase already considered. After the bridge of Berwick had been rebuilt in the year 1621, "Sir William Beyer, mayor of the town, stayed the taking away of the centries, and putting in the keystone, till the *king's skole* were drunk at that part of the bridge." Calderwood's Hist. p. 787. But the expression, although equivalent to what is now called drinking the *king's health*, seems strictly to signify, drinking the *king's cup*, or a cup in honour of the king.

For we are not to suppose, that the word *skoll* has any primary or proper relation to health or prosperity. This would be totally repugnant to analogy; as will appear from a comparison of our term with its cognates in the other northern languages.

Isl. *Skal*, *skaal*, *skyldi*, Aleman. *skala*, Germ. *schale*, Suio Goth. and Dan. *skaal*, all signify a cup, a bowl, or drinking vessel. From the Gothic nations, this word seems to have passed to the Celtic. For, in the Cornish, *skala* has the same meaning, being rendered by Lhuyd *patera*. Ruddiman, in his Glossary to Douglas's Virgil, mentions the verb to *skole* or *skolt*, as used Scot. Bor. in the sense of *pocula exanimare*. This verb has undoubtedly been formed from the noun. In the
north

north of Scotland, also, *skiel* still denotes a tub; thus a washing-tub is called a *washing-skiel*. The tubs used by brewers for cooling their wort, are in like manner called *skiels*. It affords a strong presumption that this is originally the same word with *skoll*, *skull*, immediately under consideration, that the goblet employed by the inhabitants of the north for preparing their *ale* for immediate use, is called *kalt-skaal*. This seems to intimate, that our use of the term, with respect to the operation of brewing, contains an allusion to its more ancient appropriation. "*Kalt skaal*, eodem tropo illis quo Suconibus est *patera*, in qua *frigidus* cerevisiæ potus in æstate, et calidus in hieme fieri solet. LÖCCENII *Antiq. Sue-Goth.* p. 96.

(To be continued.)

FESTIVITIES AT BLICKLING RACES.

THE festivities on this occasion were not confined to the mere determination of the superior speed of one horse against another, but appear to have the united solid hospitalities of a country gentleman's seat, with the revival of a manly spirit of athletic and active contention in the pastimes of Old England, under the eyes of the lordly patron, amidst the applauses of substantial yeomanry, and the deep interest of wives, sweethearts, and a bold and contending race of equals. They who revere the hardy spirit of their countrymen, and who can estimate the means of its animation and support, will give the honour

due to such institutions, and will listen with pleasure to the story of feats which revive the memory of good old customs that are almost past, and of times that are no more. They will call to mind from this festival, those exploits by which the lord was the example of prowess to his followers, and inspired the confidence, which in war conducted them together to victory. We wish that every park was thus made to resound with the ring of rural sports and rustic contest, and that "the bold peasantry, their country's pride," might thus imbibe a reverence for their natural chieftains, while attracted by a dignified intercourse, urged to enterprise by their example, and rewarded for success by their liberality. We wish the youth of our nobility to grow up proud of the love of their tenantry—that this love should be won by beneficence, cemented by personal attachment, and, where nature stamps permission, be the well-earned right of a generous and manly activity, as well as the heirloom of hereditary wealth and honour*.

The princely domain of Blickling was on both days of the races crowded with company of every description. The weather was fair; the intervals of the races were filled up with foot matches, wrestling, running in sacks, and the various round of rustic revelry. The hall was the scene of a more elegant conviviality; a very numerous party assembled at dinner, and the ball in the evening included most of the youth, beauty, and fashion of Norfolk. Taste and munificence spread their stores, and gave a zest to pleasure.

* Might not a restoration of those just dependencies of mind, proportionate to condition of life—now we fear almost eradicated by the captivating fallacy of revolutionary doctrines—be the recompence of such a conduct?

WHIMSICAL FRENCH DRAMA.

A DRAMA of a very singular nature was lately brought out on the French stage. It is called "The Babillard," and is properly a *Monologue*, consisting of ten or twelve scenes. In fact, there is no dialogue, for only one person opens his mouth during the whole piece. This loquacious hero is called Dorante. He puts to flight five women with his tongue, remains master of the field of battle, and still talks while he remains alone on the scene.—In the first scene, without allowing his valet the opportunity of putting in a word, he informs him of his love for a lady, of his hopes, and project for marriage. In the second scene, he meets his mistress, silences her by his volubility, and always interprets her silence in his favour. In the third, the father and mother of the lady arrive, and the audience expect at last to have some dialogue, but their hopes are vain. The indefatigable Dorante speaks for the father and mother, and replies for his mistress. In short, all the other personages who appear, have only the opportunity of expressing their sentiments by gestures.—This whimsical *bluette* was loudly applauded on the first representation, and the Parisians crowd to see it every night. Much of its success was owing to the exertions of the actor who performed Dorante. He shewed that he possessed a happy memory; had he paused a moment for the prompter, the piece would have been lost.

At the conclusion the name of the author was, according to the French custom, called for. One of the mute performers stepped forward, and was going to open his mouth for the first time, in order to

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satisfy the curiosity of the audience; but the talkative Dorante was too quick for him, and interrupted him with—"The piece which we have had the honour to represent"—"You should say, which I have had the honour to represent," cried a voice from the pit.

The author was declared to be a Mr. Charles Maurice, who wrote before a little piece called "The Consolateurs."

SIR SOLOMON.

MR. EDITOR,

A very incorrect account of SIR SOLOMON having appeared in a London paper, and probably may have been copied into several others, I have sent you a correct statement of that once celebrated Racer and now a Stallion; for insertion in your valuable and interesting publication.

The account of the above celebrated Horse, was introduced with the following paragraphs:—"Men of the best information on the Turf, veterans in the art and practice of breeding and training, very much depreciate the too prevalent custom at present of running horses so early as two years old; by which premature exertion, before he has attained sufficient power, his speed is totally destroyed.—The ancient practice was to train at three years old, and start at four years, by which means the horse was thoroughly competent to perform his work, and in corroboration of the superior utility of this usage, we state the following particulars, not generally known relating to a celebrated horse:—

"Sir Solomon, bred by Lord Fitzwilliam, originally called Tankersley,

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kersley, son of Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Florizel, out of a sister to the dam of Rockingham.—1799, when four years old and a half he started six times without winning any thing, and after being fifth to Cockfighter for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, he was thought so indifferent that Lord Fitzwilliam parted with him, &c."

In answer to the above, I will endeavour to select for you an account of Racers and Stallions from the earliest period to this time, with general and impartial observations, by which I hope to be enabled to prove, that the present mode of Breeding and Training, is far superior to the ancient practice, and confers the highest credit to those Noblemen and Gentlemen who are at this time engaged on the Turf; but also to every Groom who has the management and superintendence of a stud; and to those who have not had an opportunity of perusing Pick's Turf Register, I would recommend them to that work, where he has given "The Pedigrees, Performances, &c. of Horses, and Mares, from the earliest date, with the Produce thereof, in a regular succession, in which they were foaled, &c." and which clearly proves, that the turf was never in greater estimation than at present.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

PEDIGREE and Performances of Sir Solomon, first called Tankersley.—Sir Solomon, (a bay horse, foaled in 1796) bred by Earl Fitzwilliam and got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Matron, (bred by Lord Dundas) by Florizel; grandam Maiden, (bred by the late John Pratt, Esq.) by Match'em, out of the Old Squirt Mare, the dam of Mr. Pratt's Virgin, Miracle, and

Dido, by Changeling; Conundrum, Ranthos, Enigma, Riddle, Miss Timms, Pumpkin, Rasselas, Purity, &c. by Match'em.—**MAIDEN**, (Sir Solomon's grandam) was also the dam of Lord Vere's Challenger; Mr. Wentworth's Leveret; Lord A. Hamilton's Otho, Young Maiden, Walnut, and Miss Pratt; also of the dam of Lord Egremont's Precipitate, Hector, Gohanna, Caustic, Cocoa-Tree, Imposter, &c.—And **PURITY** was the dam of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Rockingham, Archibald, Fitzwilliam, St. Paul, &c.

The **OLD SQUIRT MARE**, (a chesnut, foaled in 1750) was bred by the Duke of Bolton, and purchased, after his Grace's decease, by the late Mr. Pratt of Mr. Anthony Hammond:—She was got by Squirt, (sire of Marsk and Syphon); her dam, (Lot's dam) by Mogul, (brother to Babram); her grandam, Camilla, by Bay Bolton, out of a very favourite mare of the Duke of Bolton's called Old Lady, (Patriot and Old Starling's grandam) by Mr. Puleine's Chesnut Arabian, Rockwood, Bustler. The **OLD SQUIRT MARE** was never trained for racing, but was covered *three-and-twenty seasons*, and produced *seventeen* foals; three of whom were never trained, two died young, and the other twelve were capital racers. She died on Wednesday, August 20, 1777, aged 27;—and it may be justly observed, that from her have appeared more good racers, than from the produce of any other Mare in the kingdom.

PERFORMANCES, &c.

In 1799, **TANKERSLEY**, then three years old, was beat six times, viz. at Stamford, June 25, by Canterbury, Vandal, and Duplicity; and on the 27th, by Vivaldi and Desperate:—Tankersley ran out of the

the course. At Peterborough, July 3, by Kite, who allowed him 4lb; and on the next day, He ran, three four-mile heats, against Capricorn, who allowed him 23lb for his year. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, he was beat by Cockfighter, Expectation, Slapbang, and Sir Frank for the St. Leger Stakes:—And on the 26th, He ran, four two-mile-heats, against Gamenut for the 100l. Plate, beating Monmouth, Little Bob, L'Abbé, and Collector:—Tankersley was fourth, first, twice second, and ran an honest good horse, although he was not in proper racing condition.

In consequence of his not being named in any Stakes, and a very promising Horse to make a capital Hunter, he was put out of training; but afterwards sold to Mr. Johnson, of Sandtoft, near Doncaster, for 250gs, who named him **SIR SOLOMON**.

At Nottingham, August 5, 1800, **SIR SOLOMON** won the King's Plate, beating Honeycomb, Welter, and Coniac:—6 to 4 on Honeycomb. And the next day he won the 50l. Plate, beating Huntingdon and Essence, who were both drawn after the first heat:—2 to 1 on Sir Solomon. At York, August 25, He won the King's Plate, four miles, beating Applegarth and Honeycomb:—Sir Solomon and Applegarth ran a dead heat; but the second heat was won by a clear length:—Before and after the dead heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Sir Solomon. At Lincoln, Sept. 11, He was beat, at three two-mile heats, by Mr. Harrison's Trumpator. At Doncaster, Sept. 23, He was beat by the Duke of Hamilton's Brown Bess, for the Corporation Plate. And on the 25th, by Chance for the 100l. Plate; beating Haphazard, Sportsman, Hyacinthus, Idler, and Commodore.

At York, June 4, 1801, He won the Stand Plate of 50l. four miles, beating Chance, Cockboat, and Timothy:—Even betting on Sir Solomon. At Newcastle, June 23, He won the King's Plate, beating Sandy, Ladylegs, &c.—5 to 1 on Sir Solomon. On the 25th, (same place) at 8st. 4lb. He won the Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 130gs in specie, four miles, beating Agonistes, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb; True-Blue, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb; Alonzo, 3 years old, 5st. 7lb; Highland-Fling, 3 years old, 5st. 7lb; Applegarth, 6 years old, 8st. 8lb. Lancaster, 3 years old, 5st. 7lb; Merry Andrew, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb; Aniseed, 4 years old, 7st. 5lb; (who ran out of the Course); and Swift, 3 years old, 5st. 5lb. (did not weigh):—5 to 2 against Agonistes, and 4 to 1 against Sir Solomon, who won very easy. At Nottingham, August 12, **SIR SOLOMON**, 8st. 7lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 30gs in specie, two miles, beating Cinnamon, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb; Hyale, 4 years old, 7st. 5lb; and Clayton, 3 years old, 6st.—11 to 10 against Sir Solomon, 13 to 8 against Hyale, and 5 to 1 against Cinnamon:—Sir Solomon took the lead, was never headed, and won easy. At Doncaster, Saturday, September 19, **SIR SOLOMON**, (rode by John Shepherd) beat Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, (rode by R. Franks) 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, 500gs:—The betting was 6 to 4 and 11 to 8 on Cockfighter. Sir Solomon took the lead, was never headed, beat his antagonist three-fourths of a mile from home in a very capital style, and by about a-length and a half at the Ending-Post.—Cockfighter ran a very honest beaten horse.—The first two miles was run in *three* minutes, and the whole

of the four miles in seven minutes and between ten and eleven seconds. The Course at Doncaster (twice round for four miles) is 408 yards short of four miles, or three miles three quarters 32 yards. On Thursday following, SIR SOLOMON, 8st. 7lb. was beat by Chance, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb. for the Gold Cup, four miles; beating Champion, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb.; and Attainlent, 3 years old, 6st.—5 to 4 on Sir Solomon, 5 to 2 against Champion, and 3 to 1 against Chance, who had beat Cockfighter for the Doncaster Stakes, about half an hour before.—Sir Solomon took the lead, and supported it till the last half distance, when Chance passed him, and won by a-length.

At Malton, June 2, 1802, SIR SOLOMON, 8st. 13lb. was beat by Chance, 5 years old, 8st. 5lb. for a Stakes, two miles; beating the Brother to Hyacinthus, 4 years old, 7st. 8lb.; and Bantum, 4 years old, 7st. 11lb.—Even betting, and 5 to 4 against Sir Solomon; and 5 to 4 against chance, who won by nearly a-length. At Newcastle, June 24, SIR SOLOMON, 8st. 8lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 60gs in specie, four miles, beating Lethe, 5 years old, 8st. 4lb.; and Blacket, 5 years old, 8st. 4lb.—8 and 10 to 1 on Sir Solomon, who won in a canter. At York, Monday, August 23, SIR SOLOMON 8st. 10lb. won a Subscription of 25gs each, (9 Subscribers) four miles, beating Mr. Garforth's Marcia, 5 years old, 8st. 5lb.—13 to 2 on Sir Solomon, who took the lead, was never headed, and won easy. On Thursday following, He won the great Subscription-Purse of 268l. 15s. for six years old and aged horses, four miles, beating Cockfighter, (same age) 8st. 10lb. each:—2 to 1 on Sir Solomon, who took the lead, was never head-

ed, and won easy. At Lincoln, Sept. 9, SIR SOLOMON, 8st. 8lb. won the 50l. Plate, two mile heats, beating Mr. Crompton's Rosamond, 4 years old, 7st. 3lb.—10 to 1 on Sir Solomon:—The first heat was a very good one, and won by only half a-neck; but the second heat was won pretty easy. On the next day at 9st. He won the 70gs Plate, two-mile heats, beating Canterbury, 6 years old, 9st.; and Claret, 4 years old, 7st. 11lb.—5 and 6 to 1 on Sir Solomon, who won very easy. At Doncaster, Sept. 29, He was beat by Alonzo, Orville, Blue-Devil, Strathspey, and Muly Moloch, for the Gold Cup, four miles. This was the last time of his running, and the above the whole of his engagements.

SIR SOLOMON, after being beat by Alonzo, &c. was sold to the Hon. RICHARD LUMLEY SAVILE for a Stallion, and in 1803, 1804, and 1805, has covered Mares, in that gentleman's Stud, at Rufford, Nottinghamshire, at 10gs each, and 10s. 6d. the Groom. His stock, now rising two, are in great estimation, and likely to make very capital racers.

SWANS DISTURBED.

An Engraving.

THE true character of the Swan, like many other things in natural history, has been unfairly represented. The ancients made him the symbol of hypocrisy, because, say they, he is all white without, and black within; how far this may be correct, let those determine who had the honour to dine with the Lord Mayor of London, when his Lordship was last a Swan-hopping, with his court at Staines.

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Swans disturbed.

The breast of a Thames Cygnet will, I believe, be sufficient evidence against the truth of this antiquated assertion. Nor is the swan by any means that dastardly creature some describe him to be; in his own element the swan is as bold and brave as he is majestic, and though he may glide away in haste from the familiarities of the human hand, and be jealous of caresses, he will resist an unfriendly attack from almost any quadruped that may assail him. It is true the swan is some time before he can be provoked to rage and resistance, at which juncture his eyes become suddenly inflamed, his neck swells to double its natural size, his bill is three parts open, and his hissing is heard at a great distance: he strikes at the same time with beak and wings, those enemies who disturb his quiet, and frequently with great execution. The swan is more in-

clined to arietation in the breeding season, than at any other time; wherever the hen bird sits, he is sure to be near for her protection: and never fails to attack whatever comes to disturb her incubatory repose. An instance of this nature occurred the last spring, near the boat-house on the Serpentine river, in Hyde-park:—A swan was sitting on her nest, among the flags, when a wanton whiffing spaniel, full of mischief, dashed towards her, and had driven her from the eggs but for the male who was at hand; and, rising from the water, struck the officious dog with such violence, that he returned yelping to his master. An artist who beheld the *rencontre*, was so delighted with the resistance of the noble bird, that he instantly described the scene on his tablets, and our engraver has faithfully imitated the design on his copper.

STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1806.

Age. Colour.		The Ages of the Horses, &c. take place at May Day next.	Prices of Covering.		
			Gs.	S	D
9 Ches.	AARON, (late <i>Sacripant</i> , and first called <i>Statesman</i>) at Barham-Wood, near Edgware, Middlesex.—By Rockingham; dam, Violet, by Sweetbrier, out of Miss Cape, by Regulus.....		3	10	6
9 Bay.	AGONISTES, at Mr. Morland's, Sutton, Surry.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Wren, by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, the dam of Sir Peter Teazle..		6	10	6
8 Br. B.	ALEXANDER THE GREAT, at Mr. Richard Goodisson's, Newmarket.—By Lord Grosvenor's Alexander; dam, Fairy, by Hightlyer, out of Fairy Queen, by Young Cade		5	0	0
13 Bay.	AMBROSIO at the same place as Aaron.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Tulip, by Damper; grandam by Eclipse; Rarity, by Match'em, out of Snap-Dragon, by Snap		10	10	6
15 Bay.	BENINGBROUGH, at Shipton, six miles from York.—By King Fergus; dam by King Herod; grandam, Pyrrha, by Match'em, out of Mr Fenwick's Duchess, by Whitenose.....		10	10	6
5 Ches.	CASTREL, at Brampton Park, two miles from Huntingdon.—By Buzzard, dam by Lord Grosvenor's Alexander		10	10	6

Age. Colour.

Gs. S D

8 Bay.	CHESHIRE CHEESE, at Knutsford, Cheshire.— By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Georgiana, by Sweet- brier; Capella, by King Herod, out of Miss Cape, by Regulus.....	5	10	6
20 Bay.	CORIANDER, at Bergh-Apton, near Norwich.— By Pot8o's; dam, Lavender, by King Herod; Snap; out of Sweetwilliam's dam, by Cade; Bloody-Buttocks; Partner.....	7	0	0
25 Grey.	DELPINI, at Mr. W. Knapton's Farm, Hunting- don, near York.—By Highflyer; dam, Countess, (Stamford's grandam) by Blank; Rib.—Twenty- five Mares, by Subscription, besides the Owner's (not exceeding three—the Subscription is full)..	10	10	6
22 Ches.	DON QUIXOTE, at Blyth, Nottinghamshire.— Own brother to Xantippe, Alexander, Poor Sol- dier, &c. by Eclipse.— <i>His further Pedigree and Performances will be given in our next.</i> —Twenty- five Mares, (besides those of his Owner).....	20	0	0
10 Bay.	EAGLE, at Mr. Richard Prince's, Newmarket.— By Volunteer; dam by Highflyer.— <i>His further Pedigree and Performances will be given in a fu- ture number.</i> —Thirty Mares besides those of his Owner.....	20	0	0
11 Bay.	GAMENUT, at Mr. Harris's, Epsom, Surry.— By Walnut; dam, Contessina, by Young Marsk; Tuberoze, by King Herod; Bolton Starling; Bart- lett's Childers; Counsellor, out of a daughter of Snake.....	3	5	0
10 Bay.	GOUTY, at Newmarket.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, The Yellow Mare, by Tandem; grandam, Perdita, (Recovery's dam) by King Herod, out of Fair Forester, by Sloe.....	5	10	6
14 Bay.	GUILDFORD, at Mr. Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs.—By Highflyer; dam, Nina, by Eclipse; Pomona, by King Herod; Caroline, by Snap; Regulus.....	3	5	0
14 Bay.	HAMBLETONIAN, at Middlethorpe, near York. —By King Fergus; dam, Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer; grandam, Monimia, by Match'em; Alcides; Crab; out of Snap's dam, by Fox....	10	10	6
8 Bay.	HIGHLAND-FLING, at Mr. Charles Day's, Bar- row's Brook, near Cirencester.—By Spadille; dam, Cælia, (Shipton and Tickle Toby's dam) by King Herod, out of Proserpine, (own sister to Eclipse) by Marsk, Regulus.....	5	5	0
9 Ches.	HYACINTHUS, at White-Wall House, near Mal- ton, Yorkshire.—By Coriander; dam, Rosalind, by Phenomenon; grandam, Atalanta, (Faith's dam) by Match'em; great grandam, Mr. Coates's Lass of the Mill, (Caliope, Melpomene, and North-Star's dam) by Oronoko, out of Mr. Clarke's Lass of the Mill, by Traveller.....	3	5	0

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Age. Colour.

91
Gs. S D

9 Br.	KILL-DEVIL, at the same place as Aaron and Ambrosio.—By Rockingham, out of Nelly, by Postmaster.— <i>His further Pedigree and Performances will be given in a future number</i>	10	10	6
14 Bay.	KING BLADUD, at Mr. Howlum's Training Stables, Littlewick, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks.—By Fortunio, out of Magnolia, by Marsk.— <i>His further Pedigree and Performances will be given in a future number</i>	5	10	6
13 Bay.	MR. TEAZLE, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire.—He is own brother to Stamford.....	5	5	0
16 Bay.	OLD TATT, at Mr. Joseph Rutter's, Whitley, near Warrington and Knutsford, Cheshire.—By Highflyer; dam, Plaything by Match'em; grandam, (sister to Portia) by Regulus; Mr. Hutton's Spot; Fox-Cub; Bay Bolton; Coneyskins.....	5	5	0
15 Br.	PAYNATOR, at the same place as Delpini.—Own Brother to Chippenham, by Trumpator; dam by Marc Antony, out of Signora, by Snap.— <i>His further Pedigree and Performances will be given in a future number</i>	5	5	0
6 Bay.	REMEMBRANCER, at Streatkham-Castle, near Barnard-Castle.—By Pipator; dam, Queen Mab, (Oberon, Logie O'Buchan, Lethe, Strathspey, and Witchcraft's dam) by Eclipse, out of the Old Tartar Mare, the dam of Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, Volunteer, &c.....	5	5	0
13 Bay.	SHUTTLE, at the same place as Hambletonian.—By Young Marsk; dam, (Master Betty's dam) by Vauxhall Snap; grandam, Hip, by King Herod, out of a sister to Mirza, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian.....	21	0	0
6	SIR OLIVER, at the Bay Malton, in Altrincham, Cheshire.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, (Josephina's dam) by Diomed; grandam, Ambrosia, by Woodpecker, out of Ruth, (sister to Highflyer's dam) by Blank.....	5	10	6
22 Br. Bay.	SIR PETER TEAZLE, at Knowlesley, near Prescott, Lancashire.—By Highflyer; dam, Papillon, by Snap; grandam, Miss Cleveland, by Regulus; Midge, by a Son of Bay Bolton; Mr. Bartlett's Childers; General Honeywood's Arabian, out of the two True Blue's dam, by Captain Byerley's Turk.—Forty Mares, (besides those of his Owner, and such as he shall allow to be covered gratis).....	26	0	0
10 Black.	SORCERER, at Oatlands, Surry.—By Trumpator; dam, Young Giantess, (Clarissa, Eleanor, Julia, Young Whiskey, and Lydia's dam) by Diomed; grandam, Giantess, (Pharamond's dam) by Match'em; Molly Longlegs, by Babram; Mr. Cole's Foxhunter; Partner.....	10	10	6

Age. Colour.

Gs. s d

- 12 Br. STAMFORD, at Carr-House, near Doncaster, Yorkshire.—By Sir Peter Teazel; dam Horatia, (Mr Teazel and Archduke's dam) by Eclipse; grandam, Countess, (Cobscar, Vizard, Greybeard, Achilles, and Delpini's dam) by Blank.—See *Delpini*. 5 5 0
- 13 Bay. STICKLER, at the same place as Castrel.—Own brother to Screveton, Sparkler, and Diamond, by Highflyer; dam by Match'em; grandam, Barbara, by Snap; great grandam, Miss Vernon, (Otho's dam) by Cade, out of an own sister to the Widdrington Mare, by Partner. 5 10 6
- 8 Bay. TEDDY THE GRINDER, at the same place as Guildford.—By Asparagus; dam, Stargazer, (Planet, Astronomer, Bonyllass, Gazer, Astronomy, and Enterprise's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, Miss West, (Quiz's dam) by Match'em; Regulus; Crab; Childers; Basto. 5 10 6
- 24 Black. TRUMPATOR, at Rockingham-Castle, Northamptonshire.—By Conductor; dam Brunette, (Cat, Cantator, Cordelia, Harpator, Jubilator, Pipator, and Drumator's dam) by Squirrel; grandam, Dove, by Matchless; great grandam by the Duke of Ancaster's Starling; Grasshopper; Sir Michael Newton's Arabian; Old Pert; St. Martins; Sir Edward Hale's Turk.—Ten Mares, (besides those of his Owner.) 10 10 6
- 16 Bay. WAXY, at Newmarket.—By Pot8o's; dam, Maria, (Dolly, Jemima, Kezia, Kerenhappuch, Worthy, and Wowski's dam) by King Herod; grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian. 10 10 6
- 17 Bay. WHISKEY, at Great Barton, near Berry St. Edmund's, Suffolk.—By Saltram; dam, Calash, (Paragon, Louisa, Aston, and Kite's dam) by King Herod; grandam, Teresa, (Abigail's dam) by Match'em; Regulus, out of an own sister to the Duke of Ancaster's Starling. 10 10 6
- 11 Bay. WORTHY, at Padnall's Farm, near Romford, Essex.—Own brother to Waxy. 10 10 6
- 10 Br. YOUNG JUSTICE, at Langham, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.—By Justice; dam, Dido, (own sister to Javelin) by Eclipse; grandam by Spectator; Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second; thorough bred Mares *gratis*.
- 5 Bay. YOUNG WHISKEY, at the same place as Whiskey.—By Whiskey, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Sorcerer, &c. 5 5 0
- 10 Bay. ZACHARIAH, at Shipton, near York.—Own brother to Beningbrough. 3 5 0

To be continued.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THERE is a story told in Carr's Northern Summer, of an Englishman travelling through Germany, who having presented himself at the gate of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "*Je suis,*" said he, "*un Electeur de Middle-ser.*" The Germans, who hold the dignity of Elector as next in rank to that of King, and know little or nothing of the English titles and ranks, immediately opened their gates, and the guard turned out, and did him military honours.

ST FRANCIS—A Repartee.—A Cordelier, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him, in his discourse, above all the other saints in the calendar. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed, "Where shall we place the seraphic father, St. Francis? He is greater in dignity than all other saints. Shall we place him among the prophets? Oh! he is greater than the prophets. Shall we place him with the patriarchs? Oh! he is greater than the patriarchs."—In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones, dominions, and powers; and still he exclaimed, "Where then shall we place him? Where shall we place this holy saint?" A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, stood up and said, "If you really don't know where to place him, you may put him in my seat, for I am going."

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians in the north of England, lately advertised
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for his benefit, "An occasional address to be spoken by a new actor." This excited great expectation among the town's people. Upon the benefit night, the Hibernian stepped forward, and in a deep brogue, thus addressed the audience:—

To-night a new actor appears on your stage,

To claim your protection and your patronage;

Now, who do you think this new actor may be?

Why—turn round your eyes and look full upon me,

And then you'll be sure this new actor to see.

Upon this our hero made his bow and retired.—The effect upon the audience may be easily imagined; the Hibernian's whim produced a loud and general roar of laughter.

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way:—N. B. When this stone is *out of sight*, it is not safe to ford the river! This is something similar to the famous post erected by the directions of the surveyors of the roads of Kent, some years ago: "This is a bridle-path to Faversham; *if you can't read this*, you had better keep the main road.

THE following notice is posted at the seat of a certain diplomatic peer, in Surry:—"This passage is no thoroughfare, *being stopped up at the other end!*"

WOODEN Wit.—A young man boasting of his health and constitutional
N

tutional stamina, very recently in the hearing of Wewitzer the player, was asked to what he attributed so great a happiness? "To what Sir?—to laying in a good foundation, to be sure. I make it a point, Sir, to eat a great deal every morning."—Then I presume Sir," replied Wewitzer, "you usually breakfast in a timber-yard."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—An honest simple Irishman, a short time since, landed on one of the quays at Liverpool, in search of harvest work:—a fellow on the quay, thinking to quiz the poor stranger, asked him "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin? and how does the potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a shelelagh in his hand, answered, "O' they eat very well, my jewel; would you like to taste the stalk?" and knocking the inquirer down, coolly walked off.

NEAR Market Drayton is a public-house called the *Four Alls*, which are severally represented on the sign-board, the first three by a king, a parson, and a soldier; from the mouth of each issues a descriptive label: the monarch says, "I govern All;" the divine, "I pray for All;" the soldier, "I fight for All;" and John Bull, in a waggoner's frock, stands, archly exclaiming, "*But I pay for All!*"

A SOLDIER being reproached by his commander for absenting himself from his corps, "Please your honour," said he, "I got into a wood, and could not find my way out." The fellow spoke true, he had been in the stocks!

A WHIMSICAL Remonstrance, humbly presented at the window of

an honest citizen in the East, to the rabble who called for his lights on the night of the illumination:—

Good gentlemen, why
So loud do you cry?
Ah, why should you ask me to light?
Poor Nelson is dead,
And my wife ill in bed,
So I hope you'll excuse me, to-night.

A PARTICULAR old gentleman, of the name of *Hair*, recently received a letter from one who did not know how to spell his name exactly, and directed the letter to Mr. *Hare*. The letter was returned by the former, as an insult, with the remark, "that he had seen too much of the world, to suffer himself to be made *game* of."

AN English gentleman who was introduced at one time, during a debate, into the gallery of the Irish House of Commons, by Sir Hercules Langrishe, and on seeing some of the members busy in taking down the words of the gentleman then speaking, observed, "the members of your house, I see, take notes." "Yes," replied the witty baronet, "some take *notes*, and others take *ready money!*"

A GENTLEMAN of the name of *Marble*, was married lately to a Miss *Moss*, in defiance of the proverb, which says, "a rolling stone will never gather moss."

A WORTHY citizen and *bon vivant*, on reading of the frequent *passing of the Inn*, remarked how wonderful it was, that any man in his senses should *pass an Inn* so often, if it was a *good one*.

LORD Craven and Miss Brunton, —Wewitzer being asked whether he thought a certain fashionable peer would

would continue his addresses to a favourite young actress? replied—
 “To be sure, look in your alphabet, and you will always find *C following B.*”

A GENTLEMAN of high rank at Brighton, we understand, observed to a gentleman of his acquaintance some little time since, on the latter's noticing the charming coolness of the wine at the table of the former, “that water and wood-ashes being mixed, and the bottles being placed in the mixture, before the wine was decanted, gave it that agreeable coolness which he had remarked;” to which the other, *sans ceremonie*, replied, “*That's a lye!*” Astonishment at the moment kept his auditors silent—a laugh succeeded, and the excellence of the pun was acknowledged.

THE following proclamation was lately issued in a Scotch Borough to the north of Tay:—

Oh yez! Oh yez! Oh yez! There is a cow to be killed at Flesher Gillies' on Friday next, gin there sall be encouragement for the same. The provost is to tak a hale leg; the minister is to tak anither leg for sartin; the domini and gauger a leg between them. Sin there is on-ly anither leg on hand, gin there sall be ony certainty of taking this odd-leg, the cow sall be killed with-out fail, for the flesher himsel is to tak his chance of selling the head and harragles.

A few evenings since when Kemble exclaimed in his splendid suit of cloaths in Jaffier,

“Now, thank Heaven, I'm not worth a ducat,”

A fellow in the gallery exclaimed,

“and more shame for you, while you've such a fine coat and such nice satin shoes, and so near my uncle.”

IN VINO VERITAS.

AN EPIGRAM.

You invite me, *Jack*, to drink your wine—

’Twas mine—’tis your’s—and really fine;
 You relish it—I like it too—
 And o’er the glass will tell you *true*,
 That I should think it quite divine,
 If, *Jack*, you’d—paid me for the wine.

EPITAPH.—In passing through Bampton in Devonshire, a few days since, I observed the following, in memory, as it is said, of the son of the clerk of the parish, who was killed by the falling of an icicle that fractured his skull; it is somewhat similar in point of country wit to that inserted in your Magazine some time ago.

IN MEMORY OF THE CLERK'S SON.

Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i,
 Here he lies
 In a sad pickle
 Kill'd by icicle.

In the year of *Anno Domini*, 1776.

A FACT.

A CERTAIN Lord's steward, not long since a common hedge carpenter, being lately at Bampton fair, in the county of Devon, was ridiculing a long inscription against a newly erected market-house, and observed to some heart-of-oak farmers, belonging to his Lordship's manor, who were standing by, that the inscription put him in mind of a temple of *Clochiscina* he saw lately in *Wiltshire*, which had over the *frontal-piece*, the following description:—

“Poorskul, oh Poorskul Betsey, for Fanny.”

The parties burst into a loud fit of laughter, and highly applauded the sagacious steward.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday October 29, the Annual Cup, given by the gentlemen of the H. H. was run for on Abbotsdon Down, near Winchester.—Five horses started, and it was won in two heats by Mr. Wilkinson's Shaver. The fineness of the day drew together a vast concourse of spectators. After the race, the members of the hunt gave a most excellent dinner, J. T. Villebois, Esq. in the chair, to about 300 of their friends.

A FEW days since, an officer of the 9th light dragoons, undertook, for a considerable wager, to ride one of his own horses from the Star Inn, in Lewes, to Bletchington barracks, a distance of nearly ten miles, and bad road, in 35 minutes. He started at three in the afternoon; and by judiciously crossing the brooks and river, near Glynde, arrived at the barracks in 29 minutes; six minutes within the given time.

ON Monday Nov. 4, a match for one hundred guineas a-side, was decided upon Beverley race-ground, Yorkshire; Lord Brooke's chesnut horse Marplot, against Colonel King's grey horse, Hesse, one four-mile heat. The race was uncommonly well contested, and won by the former, by only half a neck. The odds at starting, were two and three to one on Marplot. A great number of spectators were present.

TUESDAY morning, November 19, about eight o'clock, Mr. John Adams, for a wager of five guineas,

undertook to run from the Bell, in Basinghall-street, to Tyburn turnpike, and back again, in fifty minutes, which he performed in forty-seven minutes with seeming ease. The distance is seven miles. Several bets depended upon the event.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26, Mr. King, an optician, undertook for a wager of 30 guineas, to walk 26 miles in four hours. He started from the four-mile-stone at Hammersmith, at seven o'clock, and went the first seven miles within the hour; he reached the 17 mile-stone, beyond Colnbrook, in one hour and fifty minutes, and returned to the place from whence he started, without stopping, 17 minutes within the time allowed. Several persons accompanied him on horseback.

A BET was made some time since between Peter Mackenzie, Esq. of South Molton, and two brother shots, for 20 guineas a-side, that the former gentleman did not kill one brace of partridges every day, Sundays excepted, for six weeks in succession, from the first day of September last. This was determined on Saturday the 12th ult. when Mr. M. having completed his engagement with apparent ease, was consequently declared winner. This is looked upon by the amateurs as one of the first field exploits that has been performed for many years.

A FARMER at Beckhurst, in the parish of Westfield in Sussex, was lately tricked out of a considerable sum of money, by the artifice of a gipsy

gipsy fortune-teller. The sybil had persuaded the credulous man, that if he intrusted her with all the money in his house, she could, by her magical influence, in the course of twenty-four hours, cause it to increase to three times its then amount. The farmer delivered to her his golden treasure, to the tune of nearly one hundred guineas, which she pretended to deposit under a basin of *sacred water*, and which he was by no means to disturb till the expiration of the above period. The gipsy having completed her incantation, left the farmer to *watch the water*, which at the appointed time he removed, and found it had transformed his gold into brass! for the woman had found means to deposit a large bag of Birmingham halfpence in place of the precious ore, with which she quitted the country, and has not since been heard of, though the deluded farmer has offered, by hand-bills, a considerable reward for her apprehension.

A TIGER of an extraordinary degree of tameness, was brought home by Admiral Rainier, in the Trident man of war. He was only confined like a dog in a kennel, which was lashed to a large gun on the main-deck. He never wounded a sailor on the passage. A boy in particular, about fourteen years of age, constantly played with him, and at times would beat him. The only offence he committed on the passage was a few times stealing provisions: he was brought up to London by land, and continued equally tame all the way to town.

By a Correspondent.—A desperate battle took place on the 2d instant, at Adlington, a village at no great distance from Stockport, between a butcher from Middlewich, in Cheshire, of the name of

Johnson, and Edward Powlett, one of the champions of Derbyshire, and a corporal of the county militia, last war. In point of appearance, the Cheshire man had decidedly the superiority. Little science could be expected in so remote a country. For hard straight forward fighting, however, this contest could not be exceeded. At the end of the 39th round, the Cheshire man completely blinded Powlett, and in this state he fought seven more rounds in a most resolute manner; but was advised to resign the contest, which he did, having given the most evident proofs of bottom.

The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes: both parties being much beaten.

LAST month, John Gardener, a notorious poacher, was committed to Petworth bridewell, for three months, by one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county, for killing game on Lord Berkeley's manor.

THE persons who frequent public-houses about Paddington, and the Edgware road, have, for some time past, been annoyed by a coachman of the name of Pewsey, who used to make a practice of taking share of the liquors standing before customers, without waiting for an invitation. Being known as a fighting man, and of no common stature, he practised his tricks with impunity, until lately, when a bait was laid for him, at a public-house at Paddington, which he frequented. Some persons who were drinking together, called for half a pint of gin; and on its being placed before them, Pewsey without hesitation drank the greater part of it. A sawyer, of the name of Kemp, resented the insult, and, after a few words, he and the intruder withdrew
to

to the fields, where a battle took place. At the commencement of the fight, Kemp shifted from his opponent's blows; but at a convenient opportunity, he went in, and beat him in a style that excited the admiration of the spectators. He was carried off the ground senseless.

THERE has been a grand *in*xister among the *gemmen* of the fist, who have flocked to town from the different rendezvous of training. The amateurs had also a meeting, and 1000 guineas were staked for the champions, Belcher, and the Chicken, to fight for.—The spot of action is decided on, which is 150 miles north of London. The battle is to be fought on the 6th of December, play or pay. The fights between Gulley and Cottle, and Nicholls and Cribb, are off; Cottle has forfeited 26 guineas, deposit, to Gulley; and Cribb's favourer, Capt. Barclay, is gone abroad.

ON the 29th of October, a foot race took place at Crabtree Green, on Delamere Forest, between a canal man, a native of Dorsetshire, and a Shropshire lad of 18. The distance was 200 yards; and though the young man ran in good style, and took the lead for upwards of 150 yards, he was finally beaten by three yards. The prize was one guinea.

A MATCH has been much talked of between Lord Arthur Somerset and the Hon. Edward Harbord, for 1000 guineas a-side; we know not where the report originated, but we have authority to state, that no such bet was ever made, or any such race intended by those gentlemen.

EDINBURGH Race Course.—We are happy to have been informed by several of our Northern friends,

that a plan has been in contemplation for some time past of making a Turf Course at the above city.—Two places are stated to have been examined and surveyed for the purpose: one in the immediate vicinity of the city, at Bruntsfield Links, by taking in the west part of the present Meadows, with probably a part of Warrender's parks. The other at the short distance of about two miles from Edinburgh, on Mortonhall Leys, a place, we are assured, might be well adapted for the purpose, at no great trouble or expence.

Nothing would give us greater satisfaction than to hear of either of these plans being carried into execution; and we may venture to add, that nothing is more likely to confer a substantial benefit on the city of Edinburgh.

The sands of Leith, where the Races are held at present, are, in every respect, so severe and ruinous to the horses, and so uncomfortable to company, that they are now almost entirely neglected, even by the Scots gentry themselves. In fact, they are perhaps the very worst attended races in Scotland; and we well know that no gentleman whatever from England, will venture to send a horse of any value to start at Leith, where the animals must run fetlock deep in heavy wet sands, to the danger of straining their sinews or breaking down. Whereas, were a good Turf Course once accomplished, there would not only be abundance of good horses from all parts of Scotland, and the north of England, but we are persuaded many of our sporting friends from Yorkshire and Newmarket, would take a trip to Scotland, to visit their friends there.

Great advantages would arise to Edinburgh, by having a good Race Course:

Course: it would draw much company to that certainly elegant and improved capital of the North, during the long and dull vacation of nearly five months, when the courts of law are up, and when Edinburgh is, we may say, almost entirely forsaken. Besides, by having a Turf Course at or near Edinburgh, good horses would of course, be sent there, which would of consequence tend greatly to the improvement of the breed of blood horses in Scotland, from which great advantages might be derived, as is every day accruing to their southern neighbours, especially those in Yorkshire, by the exportation of horses to Russia and other countries on the continent.

The propriety of these observations cannot but be obvious to every person, and, in fact, must be completely acknowledged by the inhabitants of Edinburgh themselves. We shall therefore look forward with anxiety and impatience, to learn that what we have been informed of, is to be carried into immediate effect.

FIRE HUNT, Scotland.—The Main of Cocks fought at this meeting did not afford much amusement, even to the amateurs of cockfighting.

BLICKLING RACES.—Tuesday, October 22.—A Sweepstakes, two-mile course, by Col. Wyndham's br. c. Yorkshire Lad, 3 yrs old—Major Wilson's br. c. Trudge, ditto—Hon. Colonel Harbord's ch. c. Master Betty, ditto—was won by Master Betty.—A Sweepstakes, for horses bred in Norfolk, by R. L. Doughty's, Esq. ch. c. Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs old—Hon. W. A. Harbord's b. m. Luna, 6 yrs old—Ditto, b. g. Master Coburg, 3 yrs old—Ditto, b. f. Czarina, 2 yrs old—Hon. E. Harbord's br. g. Rifle, 3 yrs old—Den-

nis Gunton's, Esq. gr. f. ditto—was won by Czarina.

Wednesday, October 23.—The Welter Stakes, horses carrying thirteen stone each, to be rode by gentlemen, by Colonel Wyndham's b. g. Blickling, 6 yrs old, and Edward Hussey's, Esq. gr. g. Smoaker, aged—Colonel Fitzroy's br. m. Kitty Crowther, and the Hon. W. A. Harbord's b. m. Luna, paid forfeit—was won by Blickling.—A Produce Stakes, by the Hon. W. A. Harbord's b. f. Czarina, 2 yrs old, by Saxe Coburg, and John W. Tomlinson's b. f. 2 yrs old, by Wonder—was won by Czarina.

R. L. Doughty's, Esq. ch. c. Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs old—Dennis Gunton's Esq. gr. f. 3 yrs old—was won by Mr. Teazle. Edward Hussey's, Esq. gr. g.—Thruston John Mott's, Esq. gr. g.—was won by Mr. Hussey.

The above Races were very fully attended, and the sport was excellent. There was a grand dinner at Blickling each day, and a ball and supper on the first night.—Upwards of 130 persons sat down to supper.—See p. 84.

On Monday October 14, a large brown eagle was shot by a farmer in the neighbourhood of Aldborough, in Holderness. This fine bird is upwards of three feet in length, and measures eight feet from wing to wing. When first discovered, several rooks were pecking it, which it bore with seeming indifference. It appeared to be greatly exhausted, is very lean, and supposed to have come from Norway. The farmer fired at it with No. 6 shot, when about twenty-five yards distant, broke its wing, and otherwise wounded it so severely that it died shortly after, and is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Scatterd,

chard, of Hull. Several others are said to have been seen in the neighbourhood.

A SHORT time since, as the servant of Mr. Shanke, of Cantley, Norfolk, was keeping crows off the land, two eagles flew over him, when he fired, and brought one of them down. Its dimensions were seven feet four inches and a half from the extremity of each wing, and two feet and a half high.

A GOLDEN eagle was lately shot near Dunglass, in East Lothian; although apparently not quite full-grown, its wings, when extended, measured seven feet eight inches from tip to tip: the length of the body from the head nearly three feet, and its weight was about 9lb.

A SEA-MEW, or sea-gull, *Larus Canus*, Lin. died lately in the garden belonging to Addenbrooke's hospital, Cambridge, after having lived there 16 years. It was supposed, from the colour of his plumage, that he was not less than two or three years old when first put into the garden. There remains one alive, which has been there near nine years.

SATURDAY morning September 21, the Captain of the ship lately arrived from Botany Bay, brought, as a present to Mr. Pitt, from the Governor of New South Wales, two beautiful Emurs, or southern Ostriches. They are described by Sir Joseph Banks, and other modern writers on zoology, as the *Struthio Australis*, or the *Cassovarius Nova Hollandie*. These birds grow to the height of seven feet; and, it is said, will attack a man: they have but three claws on each foot, and the hinder part of their legs resembles the teeth of a saw, being jagged,

and calculated for offence, as well as tearing their food. In this country they are fed upon pease.

SINGULAR Occurrence.—A few weeks ago, as a gentleman was sitting on the rocks at the end of Cullercoat sands, near Tinnmouth, dressing himself, after bathing, he perceived a hawk in the air, in close pursuit, and nearly within reach of a lark. To save the little fugitive, he shouted and clapped his hands, when the lark immediately descended and alighted on his knee, nor did it offer to leave him when taken into the hand, but seemed confident of the protection which it found.

COMERSLEY Hall, the seat of Lord Hawke, near Ferrybridge, in Yorkshire, has been the scene of much festivity this season. The sporting gentlemen of the county have been entertained in a princely style.

CRIM-CON.—The sages of Westminster-hall, and the casuists of Doctor's-commons will shortly be puzzled with a singular case of Crim: Con. A person of high rank some years since obtained a divorce from his wife, and recovered damages against the adulterer who married the lady. They lived together until very lately, when she suffered herself to be again seduced. The new seducer is her former husband.

THE much-famed College Youths of Ashton-under-lyne rang on Sunday November 10, a peal of grand-sire caters, consisting of 611 changes, the bells being muffled, as a tribute of gratitude due to the ever to be lamented Lord Nelson, who gloriously fell in the service of his country. The number of changes was calculated to correspond with the number of lunar months in the noble Admiral's life.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

TRANSLATION FROM OPIAN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THREE various ways are rural sports
 enjoy'd,
 In air, on land, or in the wat'ry deep,
 But not to each do equal toils belong.
 Requires it man's exerted pow'rs no less
 To draw its struggling native from the
 flood,
 Or stop the feather'd tribe's aerial flight,
 Than, on the giddy mountain height,
 t'engage
 In deeds of blood with savage beasts of
 prey?
 From toil and labour quite exempt, their
 prize,
 Nor fowler gains, nor fisherman can seize;
 But dangers—none they face—no blood
 they show.
 On some rude crag that guards the sea-
 beat shore,
 The angler safely takes his quiet seat;
 Fill'd with delight when to his bait he
 lures
 The crafty fish, and to his barbed brass
 Fast fix'd, on high, the wreathing victim
 throws.
 Nor less the fowler's care delightful; he
 Wants nor the sword, nor lance, nor brazen
 spear,
 But with his hawk attendant seeks the
 groves.
 And is the chase of beasts but short like
 this?
 Is it no more to brave the lion's rage,
 Wound the grim pard, or spear the bris-
 tling boar,
 Than pierce the eagle from the sounding
 bow,
 Or drag the hook'd muræna* to the land?

Is it no nobler feat, no bolder deed,
 To rouse the furious tiger from his lair,
 Or wound the vasty elephant? has this
 No more of danger than to rob the shore
 Of half-dead shell fish, or besmear the
 twig
 With stringent birdlime for the feather'd
 choir;
 Say, are the dangers, are the toils the
 same?

VENANDI CUPIDUS.

EPILOGUE
 TO
 PRIOR CLAIM

SPOKEN BY MISS DUNCAN.

THANK Heav'n, my face at liberty,
 again
 My tongue can amble in a nimbler strain:
 I love the laugh, and so indeed do you,
 Though now and then, you love the seri-
 ous too.
 As prologues ne'er the ensuing scenes
 betray,
 But only ask your mercy for the play;
 So useless sure for epilogue to show
 Those incidents you all already know:
 More useless still your mercy to implore,
 Judgment once pass'd and execution o'er.
 From your decision, no appeal we claim,
 Your censure, candid; but your plaudits,
 fame.
 We hail the hour propitious that recalls
 Once more your welcome presence to
 these walls;
 From rural sports and theatres, again
 To grace the ample seats of Drury-lane.
 No longer cits the briny breeze enjoy,
 In crowded cabin of a Margate hoy;

* The Muræna was a fish something like the lamprey, and esteemed a great de-
 liciacy.

Donkies now mourn, their envied triumph
o'er,

By beauty's precious burden press'd no
more;

Unless some fashionable nymph will
show

How well they tittup-it, in Rotten-row.

Having, like sheep, within one penfold
fenc'd ye,

To-night two authors set their wits against
ye:

Though too much brains, they say, one
head may fetter,

Yet all men own, two heads than one are
better;

Yon critic, in bob-wig so round and small
Cries, humph! two heads may have no
brains at all!

For though the simile my nature shocks,
One head, like mine, is better than two
blocks.

I fear, one fault our title has—you'll
say,

It really seems connected with the play—
Yet diff'rent minds it diff'rently will
strike;

All lay a prior claim to what they like.

Miss in her teens, and miss in years well
sped,

All, all assert the prior claim to wed.

Shouts the old soldier, mine the claim,
'tis plain,

To meet the foe, and drive him back again.
Avast! cries Jack, our prior claim shall
stand,

To thresh the lubbers ere they reach the
land.

Huzza! then roars the mob, we'll all ad-
vance

Our prior claim to quell the pride of
France.

In one compacted body will we stand
Zeal in each heart, and arms in ev'ry
hand,

To crush th' Usurper on our native land!
(*Going, returns.*)

But, soft—a word, before I haste
away—

This from our authors for this ev'ning's
play:

They know your lib'ral voice, to justice
true,

And leave their cause to candour, and to
you.

Should you approve, they're proud your
taste to hit,

Should you condemn, they mourn it, and
submit.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone in the character of
Patrick O'Shatter.*

Oh, take me to your arms, my love,
Or I'll take you to mine;
Oh, take me to your arms, my love,
Or I'll take you to mine.
She rose from bed, popp'd out her head,
Begone, you rogue says she;
Come down, says I, or here I'll lie.
Beneath this apple tree.

Next morn I rose right early,
And sat me upon end;
Next morn I rose right early,
Thinking to see my friend.
My-wife was gone, my friend was flown,
With all my wealth so snug;
So down I lay, and sigh'd all day,
Beneath the worsted rug.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE DELINQUENT.

*Written by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.—Spoken
by Mrs. H. Johnston.*

FASHION's the aim through ev'ry
rank of life,
From the peer's consort to the pedlar's
wife;
All to her temple rush, the lame, the
blind,
To court that tinsel idol of mankind!
Perch'd on a chequer'd colour'd wheel
she stands,
And scatters follies from a hundred
hands;
Her slaves to crowded routs in shoals re-
pair,
To find that first of joys—the want of air!
Where beaux, in coats with sleeves like
sacks, admire
Belles, almost dress'd in Mrs. Eve's at-
tire!
Oh! 'twas delightful! cries Sir Brilliant
Airs,
So full! I got no farther than the stairs!
But ev'ry thing's in stile at Humbug's
fête,
'Tis always crowded, and 'tis always
late!

More!

More lucky I, replies Sir Patrick Able,
When all the fowls were gone, I reach'd
the table;

Then, by my soul, it was not very neat,
To leave me nothing that a man could eat,
But chicken bones upon a dirty plate.
Charming, indeed! says ample Miss

M'Birr,
I hate assemblies where there's room to
stir.

Then, turning round to Lady Betty Din,
Were you at Mrs. B's?—'twas very thin,
I scarce saw fifty coaches in the square,
And not a paper mentions who was there!
The only means by which the world can
know,

What the great do—or where the dashing
go;

Who walks the park, or who arrives in
town,

Sir Peter Puddle! Mr. Black! or
Brown!

Thus o'er the catalogue of taste they pore
For names that never were in print be-
fore;

And, when they give a dinner, think 'tis
fair

To tell the town and country who were
there—

Yet all that darling pleasure would be
miss'd,

If the kind host did not supply the list.—
I thought to go—but there the Author
stands,

With eager eyes and supplicating hands,
Making a hundred signs for me to say,
He wishes you'd come often to his play:
Do so—and when the house is overflow-
ing,

The trembling bard shall own—to me 'tis
owing.

Let him bring ladies—I'll secure each
beau,

For there's my card—where gentlemen
may know,

That here to-morrow night, from seven to
ten,

Mrs. H. J. sees company again.

[After a pause.]

Thus having finish'd all my flippant part,
I now must speak the dictates of my heart.
Each smile I wore conceal'd a half-
check'd tear,

Which long'd to flow on Nelson's hon-
our'd bier!

At that lov'd name each bosom heaves a
sigh,

And drops of sorrow fall from ev'ry eye.

His mighty arm, at one tremendous blow,
Hurl'd Britain's thunder on his country's
foe!

But in the midst of his resistless fire,
His conquering fleet beheld their Chief
expire!

Though England's ships in awful triumph
ride,

With shatter'd navies captive by their
side;

The tidings Fame, with muffled trumpet,
brings,

And Victory mourns his loss in sable
wings!

Britons, she cries, though now my bosom
bleeds,

Your naval sons shall emulate his deeds;
Thus shall his spirit, rising from his
grave,

Make future Nelsons triumph on the
Wave!

THE TIGER.

DEEP in the gloom of vast surround-
ing wood,
Reeking with gore, and jaws besmear'd
with blood,

Listless all day the savage tiger lies;
But soon as ev'ning gilds the western
skies,

Rous'd from his lair, the monster sleeps
no more,

But shakes the forest with tremendous
roar.

So in a storm when vivid lightnings glare,
Thunder loud pealing through the trou-
bled air,

Each beast, or hapless human being, round,
Shrieks, struck with horror at the dismal
sound;

The trembling steed can scarce his bur-
den bear,

The dog with hair erect, close crouching,
tells his fear.

The tiger should some ill-starr'd wretch
desery,

A thoughtless wand'r'er 'neath the desert
sky,

In vain in flight he ev'ry limb extends,
In vain he hopes some friendly tree in-
pend;

The furious monster grants him no delay,
But, with one mighty bound, secures his
prey.

VENATICUS.

THE DYING SPEECH.

A PARODY.

MY name is Neddy; on the Hampshire hills
My father feeds his hogs—industrious man!

His constant care was to increase their size;

For he had many sons with me, at home,
Keen, hungry dogs, who lov'd the bacon well.

But I had heard of robbers, and I long'd
To follow on the road some footpad bold;
And chance soon granted what old dad denied.

The moon one night rose like an apple round,

When, from the fair, returning by her light,

A band of fierce pickpockets come from town,

Rush'd like a torrent on me in the vale.
Knowing the country well, I might have fled

For safety and for succour—but alone,
With neither bow nor arrows, them I join'd.

We hover'd round the country, and we mark'd

The road the coaches and the waggons took;

For we had nearly fifty jolly dogs,
Who car'd for nothing.—Once I led them on

Till we o'ertook an overloaded coach.—
We fought and conquer'd.—Ere a pistol flash'd,

A blow from my oak stick the coachman kill'd,

Who wore that night the togs which now I wear.

Returning, mad with liquor, I was nabb'd;
Oh! how I wish'd to feed the hogs again,
Or our good King to serve as soldier brave!

Take my advice, then, from the gallows side—

Young men, ne'er leave your father's house, like me,

For then the devil will conduct your steps!

I tremble like a child beneath the rod;
My journey's dreadful! fate upon me frowns!

Some fiend directed, when I went to do
The horrid deed that marks my hated name.

J. M. L.

UPON A LAP DOG.

TO courts accustom'd, yet to cringe
asham'd,
Of person lovely, and in life unblam'd;
Skill'd in each gentle, each prevailing art,

That leads directly to the female heart;
A soft partaker of the quiet hour,
Friend of the parlour, partner of the bow'r:

In health, in sickness, ever faithful found,

Yet, by no ties, but ties of kindness bound—

Of instinct—nature—reason—what you will,

For to all duties he was constant still—
Whate'er the motive, the event was good,

And spoke the gen'rous tenour of his blood:

Such was the being underneath this shag;

Study the character, and make it thine.

ON THE

DEATH OF A SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

ON brother Snap, death laid his icy paw,

A suit for debt—in nature's common law;
"What sum?" quoth Snap, "I'll put in special bail,

Give bond and judgment—ere I'll rot in jail."

"No bail, friend Snap, this process can admit,

For now arrest is made by Holy Writ.