

TH 2

SPORTING MAGAZINE ;

OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR .

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Division interesting to
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

AUGUST, 1807.

CONTAINING

Charles, late Duke of Richmond— another Noble Sportsman Page 207	FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c. Page 234
Cocking.....Preston 207	Irish Bard 235
Cardiff 207	The Two Reasons 236
Races appointed in 1807 208	Margate, 1807 236
Egham Races 208	Epitaph on a Drunkard 237
Calceonian Hunt 208	Refinement 238
Pugilistic Rencontre between two of the Fair Sex 209	The Lamb's Fly—a Pun 238
A Method to prevent Hares and Rab- bits from barking young Planta- tions 209	Second Battle between Young Bel- cher and Dutch Sam 239
Single-stick playing 210	Errors Excepted—a new Piece at the Haymarket Theatre 242
Wm. Pearce, the Horse-stealer 210	Sports at Camberwell Fair 243
The Guildford Tailor 211	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 244
Crim. Con. Trials—Brograve v. El- win 213	St. Jager Stakes 244
Campbell v. Sheridan 216	Caution to Sportsmen 244
Keeping Ferocious Dogs 217	Pedestrian Intelligence 245
Breach of the Game Laws 219	The Art of Ringing 246
Poaching 220	Fatal Effects of Boxing 246
Gambling Transaction 221	Dog-stealing 247
Chess 221	Cricket Matches 247
Miseries in Sporting and Gaming . . 222	POETRY.
Boxing—Bye Battles at Moulsey Hurry &c. 223	Origin of Archery 250
Old-fashioned Prejudices, City Feasts, &c. 225	The Captive Goldfinch 250
Methodical Divertissemens. 228	Alice Fell 251
The Wild Horse of Arabia pursued by a Lion 232	Parody 251
	Time and Cupid 252
	What's the Difference? 252
	RACING CALENDAR 53

*Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of Charles, late Duke of Richmond,
II, The Wild Horse of Arabia pursued by a Lion,*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, FLEET STREET;

J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEW MARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

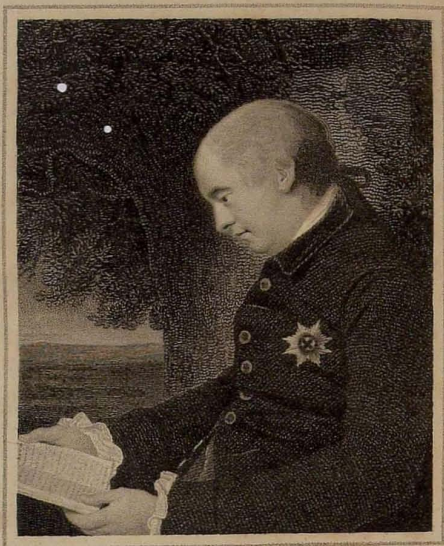
A. B. again in our next.

Jacob Quirk, who dates from Grub-street, is informed, that his dwelling-place and his delicacy are equally disgusting. His Sonnet to a Brother Sonneteer, is a Burlesque upon all Satire.

The Spark who thus introduces his obscenity—"Sir, or Gentlemen, I wish to have the following inserted," is informed, that it is mis-placed as well as mis-timed; there are no back-sides to the houses in the South of Britain, and therefore, as we do not wish to appear ignorant as well as indecent, we wish not to have it inserted.

J. J. B. from Shropshire, will see his Origin of Archery among our Poetry for this month; we shall be happy to hear from him on professional subjects.

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.



G. Renoy pin.

H. R. Cook sculp.

CHARLES, LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND, KG. &c.

Published Sept. 1st 1807, by J. Whittle Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR AUGUST, 1807.

CHARLES, LATE DUKE OF
RICHMOND,

ANOTHER NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

THE delicate Engraving which is furnished for this part of our work, is of Charles, late Duke of Richmond. His Grace has not, by any means, been so great a racer as the Duke of Grafton, whose portrait was given in our Magazine for June last; the Duke of Richmond has, nevertheless, an established character on the turf, and particularly for his creation and patronage of Goodwood Races.

We have waited, and have again been disappointed, of the Duke of Grafton's Sporting Memoirs; we shall likewise be compelled to wait for those of the Noble Duke now named. Should any of our correspondents be inclined to favour us with the sporting characters of one or both of these Noblemen, we shall be obliged; at the same time, we only wish to report them as sportsmen, without reference to family or pedigree, or to public, political, or private life.

COCKING.

PRESTON.

IN the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought (which consisted of 40 battles) between the

Earl of Derby, (Goodall, feeder) and Richard Leigh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, which was won by his Lordship as under:—

LORD DERBY. M. B.	Mr. LEIGH, M. B.
Monday, 6 3 6 1
Tuesday, 4 0 3 1
Wednesday, .. 8 0 6 1
Thursday, 2 1 4 2
20 4	19 5

There was a drawn battle on Thursday.

CARDIFF.

During the race week, at Cardiff, a main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Cardiff, (Miles, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Cowbridge, (Morgan, feeder) consisting of 16 main, and 9 byes. The following is a statement:—

MORGAN. M. B.	MILES. M. B.
Wednesday, .. 1 2 2 1
Thursday, ... 2 2 1 1
Friday, 3 0 0 2
Saturday, ... 7 1 0 0
13 5	3 4

Current betting 6 to 4, 7 to 3, and 21 to 14, on the Cowbridge cocks.

There is to be fought next year a main of 40 cocks, 9 byes 1 guinea each, 31 main 2 guineas, and 10 guineas the odd battle, between the same parties. Confined to Welsh feeders.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1807. beating Mr. Ladbroke's Sir Peregrine.

B OROUGHBRIDGE .. Sept. 2	
Pontefract	8
Lichfield	8
Abingdon	8
Lincoln	9
Tre-Madoc	9
Bedford	10
Kingscote	15
Leicester	16
Doncaster	21
Walsall	23
Newmarket First October Meeting	28
Wrexham	29
Dunfermline	Oct. 5
Newmarket Second October Meeting	12
Stafford	13
Richmond	13
Penrith	15
Ayr and Caledonian Hunt	19
Northallerton	22
Newmarket Houghton Meeting	26

EGHAM RACES.

THese Races commenced on Tuesday, the 25th instant, at Runny Mead. They, with others, will be arranged in due order, and given in our Racing Calendar for next month.

The Gold Cup of 100gs. value, and 80gs. in specie, after the second horse has received back his stake, a subscription of 10gs. each, for all ages, was won by Lord Egremont's brother to Cardinal Beaufort, beating Mr. Durand's Master Jackey and three others. Six were drawn.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate of 50l. free for all ages, was won by Mr. Henry's Gnat-O!

Wednesday.—The Magna-Charta Stakes, of 50gs. each, b. f. for three-year olds, the New Mile, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's br. c. Corsican.

A Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for all ages, two-mile heat, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's br. c. Corsican.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for three and four year olds, the best of three two-mile heats;—not run, for want of a third horse, as only Lord Egremont's brother to Cardinal Beaufort, and Mr. Durand's ch. c. Master Jackey, were entered.

Thursday.—For the second year of a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for four-year olds, to carry 7st. 11lb. one three-mile heat, Lord Egremont's brother to Cardinal Beaufort walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20 ft. for two-yr olds, the last half of the new mile, was won by Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Gohanna, beating four others.

The Town Plate of 50l. free for all ages, was won by Mr. Forth's Pelisse, beating two others.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Mr. Fermor's Hawk, beating three others.

Tuesday and Thursday the Queen and Princesses were present, and several of the Royal Dukes.

CALEDONIAN HUNT

THE Caledonian Hunt Meeting commences at Ayr, on Monday, October 19, and the four following days, when the under-mentioned Plates will be run for:—

Monday, the King's Plate, for horses, &c. 12st. four-mile heats.

Tues-

Tuesday, 50gs. for four-year olds and upwards, four-mile heats.

Wednesday, 50gs. ; conditions the same as on Tuesday.

Thursday, 50gs. for Scots Hunters, 12st. four-mile heats.

And on *Friday*, 100gs. for three-year olds and upwards.

William Macdowall, Esq. of Garthland, Preses ; Sir William Erskine, Bart. Treasurer ; Sir J. H. Maxwell, Bart. John A. Thompson, Esq. and Robert Dundas McQueen, Esq. Counsellors ; — William and Henry Hagart, Secretaries.

son *assaulted*, for " though she did not want to have no call to Mrs. Gibson, she cocked her hands a-kinbo, and told her that, *she* was no *coiner* nor *smasher*, nor had a brother transported for thieving, nor a sister in Newgate for shop-lifting." It was true, that some of her family were so unfortunate, but she did not want to have them run down at such a rate.

The Magistrate, unable to allay the storm of eloquent recrimination, ordered Mrs. Crawford to make compensation, which she did in the important sum of *three shillings*.

PUGILISTIC RENCONTRE

BETWEEN TWO OF THE FAIR SEX.

A Few weeks since, at one of the Police Offices, a lady named Gibson, one of the *sphinxes* of Fleet-market, charged another nymph of the same order, named Crawford, who trundles an oyster-gig upon Holborn Hill, with having *murdered* her. In this, as in most similar cases, there were seven or eight witnesses adduced by the parties, all of whom, for the greater dispatch and clearness in the affair, spoke together. Mrs. Gibson, in proof of the *murder*, exhibited a jet-black eye and a head miserably cut, which, she contended, were the effects of the dexterous fists of Mrs. Crawford ; and, at the same time, drew forth from her bosom a *mess of red hair*, cruelly torn from her *classic ringlet* by the assailant. Her mother, who interfered to cover her daughter's retreat, also exhibited many *striking tokens* of Mrs. Crawford's pugilistic powers.

Mrs. Crawford, in her defence, pleaded that she was the first per-

A METHOD

TO PREVENT HARES AND RABBITS FROM

BARKING YOUNG PLANTATIONS.

HARES, rabbits, and rats, have a natural antipathy to tar ; but tar, though fluid, contracts, when exposed to the sun and air for a time, a great dryness, and a very binding quality, and if applied to trees in a natural state, will occasion them to be bark-bound. To remove this difficulty, tar is of so strong a savour, that a small quantity, mixed with other things, in their nature open and loose, will give the whole mixture such a degree of its own taste and smell, as will prevent hares, &c. touching what it is applied to.—Take any quantity of tar, and six or seven times as much grease, stirring and mixing them well together. With this composition, brush the stems of young trees as high as hares, &c. can reach, and it will effectually prevent their being barked. Even if a plantation of ash, of which they are very fond, were made in a rabbit

rabbit warren, this mixture would certainly preserve it.

These animals do great mischief among flowering shrubs; and are particularly fond of Spanish broom, scorpion, fenna, and evergreen cytisus. These shrubs have been known to have been eaten down to a stump; but as the mixture cannot be conveniently applied to them, their branches may be inclosed with new tar-twine, by putting it several times round the shrub, which has had the desired effect. But as the tar-twine, by being exposed to the air and rain, will lose its smell, it must be renewed as occasion requires. Let it be observed, however, that the mixture is always to be preferred, where it can be used.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

WE have reason to believe, that a celebrated political writer, Mr. Cobbett, is an amateur in the manly exercise of Single-stick Playing; and an encourager of the sport. Being told that Mr. C. has a residence at Botley, in Hampshire, and the following advertisement appearing in the Salisbury Journal of the 24th instant, confirms us in this opinion.—The language of the advertisement, it is to be noticed, is not that of an illiterate person.

“*Single-stick Playing, at Botley, near Southampton.*—On Monday the 14th of September, will be played in the village of Botley, a grand Match at Single-stick, for a Prize of Thirty Guineas and a Gold-laced Hat.

“It being the desire of the Gentlemen, who give these Prizes, to encourage, to reward, and to honour bravery and hardihood, from whatever part of the kingdom they

may come, they hope to see many players from a distance; and every player who may come from any other county than Hampshire (if he play and win not the Prize, and do not give in) will be allowed half a guinea to bear his expences home again.

“The regulations for conducting the Match will be given out upon the spot; and great care will be taken to observe the same impartiality which was so strictly observed during the admirable match played at Botley last Michaelmas.

“The playing will begin precisely at ten o'clock in the morning, and the whole will be ended on the same day.

“For any further information that may be required, application may be made, either in person or by letter, to Mr. Richard Smith, of Botley. Gentlemen coming from a distance will find excellent accommodations of every kind, at and in the neighbourhood of Botley, which is situated at only about five miles from Southampton, and at less than four miles from Bishop's Waltham; the distance from London, through Fareham, Alton, and Bishop's Waltham, is 68 miles.

“N. B. The playing will begin precisely at the hour above-mentioned, and gentlemen who come from a distance will do well to be early in providing places for their horses and carriages.—*Botley, Aug. 18, 1807.*”

WM. PEARCE, THE HORSE STEALER.

THIS William Pearce, who had stolen a number of horses from Oxford, Cirencester, Hinckley, Leicester, and various other parts of the country, was apprehended with

some

some difficulty by Adkins the officer, on Monday the 8th of June, in Hackney-fields. Adkins had been in pursuit of him for three weeks previous, and in the course of that time he traced out his residence to be in Hackney-fields. On Monday morning early he went and watched his house, and saw a horse saddled waiting near the door, and in a short time Pearce came out, mounted the horse, and observing Adkins approaching him, made off with great speed, when hesitating which road to take, Adkins gained ground, came up to him, and seized hold of his bridle; Pearce struck at him with a large stick; Adkins then threatened to shoot him if he made any resistance, and pulled him off his horse. Being asked by the officer, what he had done with the black poney belonging to Mr. Baxter, of Leicester? he said, he had put it out to grass in a field in Hackney-marsh. The officer and his assistant, with their prisoner, all went together to the marsh, where Pearce caught the poney. It had been hired for two days of Mr. Baxter, in Leicester, but never returned, and which constituted the capital offence of stealing. For this felony Pearce was taken to Bow-street, and committed for trial; he was arraigned, tried, and condemned in the July session, and was executed with two other culprits before the debtors' door at Newgate, on Wednesday the 19th of August; he appeared very weak, and fainted away before the platform had dropped.

Since the execution of Pearce, a Mr. Williams applied to the Lord Mayor for a summons to compel Mr. Morris, a horse-dealer, in Bishopsgate-street, to appear at the Mansion-House. On the attendance of Mr. Morris, Mr. Williams

stated, that he had had a brown mare stolen from him some time ago, and could hear nothing of her, until William Pearce, the late convict, previous to his execution for horse-stealing, sent for Mr. Williams, and told him it was he who stole his mare, and also named the person to whom he sold it. Mr. W. traced his mare from this person through two or three different hands, into those of Mr. Morris. — Mr. Morris, on his part, said he dealt largely in horses, and that he could not tell whom he sold horses to, except when he sold them on credit. The magistrate discharged the summons.

THE GUILDFORD TAILOR.

THERE was much talk some years ago of the feats of the Brighton Tailor, and we have now to recount the exploit of a Guildford Tailor, as it came out upon a late trial at the Surrey assizes. We, however, must premise, that the report is not given to furnish the Tailor with any popularity, but to shew the *singularity* of the case, and which can by no means serve as an excuse for the infamous conduct of the fellow who occasioned it.

SURREY ASSIZES.

Croydon, Friday, August 14.

W. Wilson was indicted for ravishing, and carnally knowing Elizabeth Palmer, at Guildford, against her will.

The prisoner is a tailor at Guildford, and was very little known to Mrs. Palmer, she having never seen him above three or four times when he came to her husband's, the Greyhound

Greyhound public-house, at Guildford. On the 9th of June, there had been a cricket match at Guildford, which was attended by the prisoner and others. About seven o'clock, several people went to the Greyhound, and remained drinking all the evening, amongst whom was the prisoner. About eleven o'clock Mrs. P. went to bed, and her husband sat up to attend the guests. The maid also went to bed. The prisoner was drinking in the back parlour, which is detached from the house. About one o'clock, he quitted the room, and passed out of the yard into Mrs. Palmer's room. She was asleep, but was soon awakened by finding a man in bed with her, and very familiar. Supposing it was her husband, she was passive, but perceiving he had his clothes on, she said, "Palmer, what do you do with your clothes on?" he made no reply, but, after a short time, she said, "Are you drunk? If you are, and can't pull your clothes off, I will get up and do it for you." He got out of bed, and got behind the curtain, and she said, "Palmer, surely you are not going down any where!" He then feigned the voice of Palmer, and said that he must go down stairs, and see if any thing was wanted, for all the guests were not gone. She immediately discovered the trick, and jumped out of bed, and by the light of the window, she saw it was the prisoner. She exclaimed, "You blackguard, you are not my husband." She seized hold of him, and cried—"Murder.—help.—Murder!"—three times. The prisoner dragged her across the room, and ran down stairs, and she followed him, and was met by her husband, who came out of one door as the prisoner ran out of the

other. He followed him, but the prisoner turned the corner, and the husband went to his lodging, where he was taken. When accused of the fact, he at first denied it, but afterwards said he would make him any recompence, and quit the town. Palmer replied, that neither he or any man in England could recompence him.

Upon cross-examination, the prosecutrix admitted, that when she first awoke, she believed it to be her husband, and acted accordingly, and that she did not discover the prisoner till after his purpose was effected.

Sir J. Mansfield said, that it was necessary to constitute a rape, that it should be against the will of the female. Here she had consented, believing it to be her husband.

The prisoner was therefore acquitted.

He was afterwards tried for an assault with intention to commit a rape, and for a common assault.

Sir J. Mansfield held, that as the offence, when actually committed, was not a rape, and as it was very unlikely the prisoner should choose such a time and place to commit a rape, he must be acquitted of the former part of the charge. His intent was to lie with the woman by stratagem and fraud, which was a very wicked act, and there was an assault upon her person.

The prisoner was afterwards indicted and found guilty of an assault, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

A similar circumstance actually occurred several years ago at a public-house at Hoxton, when, though the plaintiff obtained all the redress the law could afford him, he became so far the butt of wanton sport and ridicule, that he was compelled to leave the house.

CRIM. CON. TRIALS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 9.

Sir George Brograve v. Captain Elwin.

THE plaintiff is Lieutenant-Colonel in the Norfolk Militia; the defendant was lately a Captain in the same regiment. This was an action for Criminal Conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

The Attorney General said, that the plaintiff was formerly in the profession of the law; but being possessed of a large fortune, he had retired from the public duties of such a situation, and resided principally, prior to his entrance into the Militia, at his seat in Norfolk. On the occasion of the regiment to which he belonged being called out in 1803, he accompanied it to Coxheath, Hastings, Colchester, and the several places where it was either encamped or in barracks. It was at Colchester that suspicions arose in the mind of the plaintiff: his lady having one day suddenly disappeared from the mess, a search was made for her, and she was discovered in the chamber of the defendant. Nothing, however, at that time, fatal to the virtue and purity of this lady, had probably occurred; but a disagreeable quarrel arose in consequence of this singular act of indiscretion, which was followed by a reconciliation, and to tranquillise the mind of the lady, it was proposed that she should take a journey into Yorkshire, to visit her sister, Mrs. Store. She did so, and it was expected that the society of an amiable and accomplished woman, and her removal from the immediate scene of dissipation and misconduct, would have an effect favourable to her morals and conjugal happiness. It would

scarcely be believed, that as soon as she departed, the defendant contrived to leave his regiment, regularly met her at Cambridge, Newmarket, Stamford, Newark, and other places, where she stopped in her journey; and it would be established, on the most unquestionable evidence, that he committed the crime of adultery on the occasion of these interviews.

The defendant had been received with great hospitality by the plaintiff, and that intimacy subsisted which is extremely common with brother Officers; not the slightest suspicion entered the mind of the plaintiff that the sacred rights of hospitality were to be violated, and that the honour of his wife was to be assailed and destroyed. The marriage of Sir George would also be proved, and the perfect state of matrimonial felicity he enjoyed until this scene of iniquity was exhibited. The plaintiff was about twenty-five years old, when he accompanied his brother, in an infirm state of health, to Bath.—While in the exercise of fraternal affection, he accidentally met with a gentleman of fortune and consequence, of the name of Whitfield, who had two daughters. With one of them, who was the unfortunate lady concerned in this cause, he became enamoured, and, with the consent of the father, he married her. It was impossible that the Jury could restore to the plaintiff his peace of mind; no damages they could assign could be an adequate compensation; but they would take care to guard public morals, by not suffering the adulterer to escape with impunity.

Mr. Peters, who lived within two miles of the seat of the plaintiff, said, that he had known the

plaintiff and his wife since their marriage, and that the greatest apparent affection subsisted between them.

Mr. Cubit, a gentleman in the same neighbourhood, deposed to the like effect.

Anne Wyse said, she was lady's maid to Lady Brograve; that she lived with her from May, 1805, to October in the same year; and that she accompanied her in one of her journeys to Yorkshire. She said, the defendant used frequently to arrive at the inn they were to sleep at in a post-chaise before her Ladyship, when he bespoke beds for the lady and himself in adjoining rooms, and the witness was desired not to come to her mistress until she was either called or rung for. She particularly spoke to the means of intercourse in this way afforded at Cambridge, Stamford, and Newark. On her cross-examination she said, that Colonel Birch, Colonel Harwood, and Captain Bevan, were not admitted by the lady to the same intimacy as the defendant; and being asked to distinguish the peculiar civilities shewn to the defendant, the witness said, that he used to be permitted to assist her in mounting her horse, and he used to accompany her with a book to a marquee on the lawn, while Sir George was sitting in a boat, not in the water, but a sort of fancy structure on an adjacent eminence. In addition to this, whether walking or riding, attended or otherwise by her husband, the Captain was always of her party.

Mr. Hope, Paymaster of the regiment in which the parties served, proved the hand-writing of the defendant to certain letters addressed to the lady.

These letters being read, it appeared that they contained expres-

sions of the most animated and ardent affection. Life was of no value to the defendant, but as it would enable him to conduce to the happiness of his adorable Emma; and the letters likewise noticed the threatened action by the plaintiff, the best means to establish her innocence before the world, and to avert its consequences.

Further evidence was offered to prove the guilt of the defendant; but his Lordship and the Jury indicating that they were satisfied as to the act of adultery, the Attorney General closed the case on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, on behalf of the defendant, expressed great satisfaction that, in addressing the present Jury, he had to submit the cause of his client to men of the world, possessing considerable talents, and eminently gifted for the discharge of the duty they had undertaken. He upbraided the plaintiff for great indiscretion, in permitting his wife, after the discovery at Colchester Barracks, to leave that place on a journey to Yorkshire, attended only by a single maid-servant, not even accompanied by that domestic suite which was consistent with her state as a woman of fashion and consequence. If it were not perfectly convenient for the plaintiff to accompany her himself, had a confidential friend attended her, none of these meetings at Cambridge, Newmarket, Stamford, and Newark, could have taken place. The plaintiff was of a most respectable family; he was possessed of an ample fortune, and made a great figure in the county where he resided; he was surrounded by a numerous society of friends, and it was easy for him to procure some one of these to have protected the lady on such a distant excursion.

Did not the Baronet suspect anything, when his brother Officer was absent from the mess and from the parade? After the affair in the Barracks, was it possible for his credulity to be any longer deceived? No one could doubt that the lady was herself the seducer. It was not the case of an old sinner surrounding a female with tricks and artifices to undermine the fortress of her honour. She met him at the first stage by her own appointment, and for every future interview he was indebted to her information. In England it was difficult to travel *incog.*; the servants of the itinerant party, and the domestics of the inns, were eternally quizzing those who paid and employed them; and it was not to be supposed that the intimacy of the lady and defendant could escape their inquisitive curiosity.

It was most singular in this cause, that the regimental acquaintance of the plaintiff, the Officers and their wives, who must be best acquainted with the habits of intercourse of Sir George and his wife, had none of them been called to depose to the ardour of their affections, and the purity and innocence of her deportment. Had they chosen to trust these witnesses in the box, in the course of the cross-examination some facts might have been disclosed, at least not directly indicative of his discretion, or of her simplicity.

The testimony respecting the marquee on the lawn, and the curious specimen of naval architecture on the summit of a hill, where no water could approach, reminded him of a Reverend Prelate (Dr. Housley), who was most religiously attentive to his important duties in the House of Lords, on every occasion where an illicit intercourse

between the sexes was the subject of investigation. "My Lords," said he, on one occasion, "I desire to know if their green-houses are built in Ireland in the same manner in which they are constructed in this country?" "Yes, they are, my Lord," said the witness. "What," said his Lordship, "are they glazed on three of the sides?" "Yes," returned the witness. "I only wanted to know," resumed the Ecclesiastical Peer, "if they did these things in Ireland in a lanthorn?" What furniture was there in this marquee? not a table nor a chair; the verdant bank, descending to the sea, was the natural sofa on which they reclined, and what more was necessary to fulfil the purposes of the amorous god? The defendant was there drinking deep of the draughts of love; he was imbibing to excess and intoxication such libations, with the cognisance of the husband; and to a boy, educated in military habits, the consequence was inevitable. Who was the wife? Her father forced her to a marriage to which she was disinclined; and it was somewhat derogatory to a girl of spirit, that the proposal for the marriage was, in the first instance, made to the parent, as if her consent were the necessary result of his fiat. The Learned Counsel admitted that the verdict must go for the plaintiff; but he was confident that the Gentlemen of the Jury would comprise in their observation all the circumstances, and that this boy would not, by their verdict, be consigned to ruin.

Lord Ellenborough stated the general nature of the action, and said, that in the consideration of damages, the Gentlemen of the Jury would not fail to consider the evidence that applied to the negligence

gence of the plaintiff, as conducive to lessen the damages. With respect to the adultery itself there was no doubt; and if the crime were not satisfactorily established, no human evidence, in any case, could be successfully employed. His Lordship here entered very shortly into the particulars of the testimony, commencing with that of Mr. Peters, and terminating with that of the last witness whose evidence was of any importance in the cause. The misfortune, perhaps, had originated in the removal of the plaintiff from domestic habits, in Norfolk, to the dissipations of a military life. In the acquaintance of Colonels Birch and Harwood, and with Captain Bevan, there did not appear any thing tending to contaminate her conduct, or which a provident and judicious husband should not allow. It was very properly put to the consideration of the jury, whether the plaintiff himself were instrumental in the dishonour of his wife, as their view of this part of the subject would materially affect the quantum of damages. The defendant was represented to be a man of amiable manners, who was received in the family of the plaintiff with peculiar civility and confidence. He went on horseback with this young lady, and he was permitted to assist her to mount her horse. We must bring ourselves to manners familiar in countries where jealousy was particularly indulged, to suppose any indiscretion in a case of that kind, and to imagine, that if a lady permitted such a freedom, the favoured person was to have the door of the house shut upon him by the husband. Another consideration for the jury was, if there were any thing in the behaviour of the lady by which the

defendant was betrayed into the adultery of which he was accused. His lordship concluded with observing, that perhaps he had very unnecessarily occupied the time of the jury, in observing on the facts of this case: he most confidently and satisfactorily resigned it to their decision, fully persuaded that they would exercise a sober judgment, and distribute justice between the parties.

The Jury, without retiring from the box, after a few minutes consideration, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 2000l.

SHERIFF'S COURT.

Campbell, Esq. v. Thos. Sheridan, Esq.

THE execution of the inquisition in this case came on before Mr. Burchall, Deputy Sheriff for the County of Middlesex. It was an action at the suit of P. Campbell, Esq. against T. Sheridan, Esq. for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Yates and Mr. C. Warren attended as Counsel for the plaintiff, and the case was stated by the latter gentleman, as follows:—Mr. Campbell was a gentleman of fortune, who married his lady in 1790, at Jamaica, (the plaintiff at that time being only twenty-two, and the lady scarcely sixteen years of age) and shortly after his marriage came to reside in this country, where they lived in a state of happiness, which was more like a "child of the imagination, than a real state of existence," till the year 1802, when the plaintiff, from family affairs, was obliged to go to the West Indies, leaving Mrs. Campbell in London, resident in Baker-street, Portman-square.

While

While he was absent, Mrs. Campbell gave more into fashionable dissipation than she had done before the absence of her husband. In fact, Mr. Campbell returned from Jamaica in 1803, and found his wife had in some measure altered her domestic habits, but being passionately devoted to her, he did not thwart her, but became her constant attendant at all her fashionable resorts. In the autumn of 1803 they went to Edinburgh, where the defendant was at the time as Aid-du-Camp to Lord Moira, who commanded in the North. From his rank in life, and insinuating manners, he was shortly admitted into the first circles, and was a welcome visitor to the house of Mr. Campbell. He then formed an intimacy with Mrs. Campbell, which ended in the destruction of her honour, and the ruin of her husband's peace. This took place in the month of February, 1804: but he should call a witness who would state, that it was not until April last that Mr. Campbell was acquainted with the fact. They returned to London after this period; but it was evident that the affections of Mrs. C. were wholly estranged from her husband. She was anxious to separate from him, and at last, in the year 1805, they separated, but without a deed. But even at that period so affectionately was Mr. Campbell attached to his wife, that he gave her half his income, and entreated his friends to continue their visits to her, hoping that when alone she would soon discover how infinitely preferable it was to live under a husband's protection, than in a state of unprotected solitude; but alas! all the hopes of re-union vanished when he discovered the extent of her guilt; and he had now only to de-

mand from the jury such recompence as they could give him, for complete recompence for his injured feelings he could never receive. The learned Counsel then called several witnesses, who proved the most exemplary good conduct on the part of the plaintiff towards his wife, down to the moment of their separation in 1805.—Mary Brotherton, housekeeper to Mr. Campbell, proved the adultery.

Mr. Curwood, as Counsel for the defendant, stated, that he was a young gentleman, much a favourite of Nature, but not so much a favourite of Fortune. The plaintiff was truly described as a gentleman of large fortune; that his client had no fortune at all; he was the son of a gentleman well known and much admired; from his father he inherited wit and fancy, and genius and learning. But of that wealth which must go to pay the damages in this action, he had but a very slender portion. He contended, that it was clear the affections of the lady were estranged from her husband before she became acquainted with Mr. S.; that she had lost her domestic habits, and had plunged into the vortex of dissipation; and that the defendant, although he assuredly had been guilty to a certain extent, he had not been the absolute author of the husband's misery in the loss of the affections of his wife.—Verdict for plaintiff—Damages, *One Thousand Five Hundred Pounds!!!*

KEEPING FEROCIOUS DOGS.

AT an adjourned Quarter Session, held in Horsemonger-lane, Alexander Fulton, of Blake-Hall Farm, in the parish of Clapham, Surrey

Surrey, was indicted for having unlawfully kept two large dogs, of a fierce and ferocious nature, which dogs were unmuzzled, and at large on the King's highway; and that the said dogs did fiercely and furiously run at, and bite divers liege subjects of the King, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Lawes, for the prosecution, stated a variety of injuries done by these dogs to the human, as well as to the brute creation; and then called on the court and jury for an ample punishment on the defendant, for having knowingly, and in despite of all advice and admonition that had been given him, kept and protected such dangerous animals.

The witnesses for the prosecution were then called, who proved the various instances in which these dogs had shewn their vicious and destructive propensities. They would, in all probability, have killed two children, had they not been prevented by Mr. Esdaile's gardener. One of them attacked a man in the harvest field, tore him to the ground, and made several deep wounds in one of his arms. They attacked a lad going to the defendant's house on business, and tore his arm terribly. A little boy, who had been carrying his brother's dinner to the harvest field, in all probability would have been killed by one of the dogs, had he not been almost miraculously preserved by one of the labourers, who accidentally turning his eyes that way, and seeing his danger, flew to his assistance, where he did not arrive, however, although the distance was very short, until the dog had seized the child, torn him down, and fastened on his belly, in which he had made two or three wounds through two thick waistcoats and a

shirt. Mr. Reeves, the coachmaster at Clapham, proved that the defendant was at the Cock public-house, at Clapham, with one of his dogs; and while there, the dog seized a little boy of his, about three years of age, and bit him in the cheek and jaw; and the child was produced in Court, with all the scars about him. Several witnesses proved the killing, maiming, &c. of cows and sheep by these dogs, and particularly of the latter, to a very great extent, defendant well knowing their vicious propensities.

Mr. Marryat, for the defendant, did as much for him as the cause would admit of. He called several witnesses to prove, that these dogs were neither fierce nor furious.

Mr. Lawes, in reply, pressed the jury to consider the importance of the subject before them. It was the cause of the insulted and injured poor, who, in most of the instances, had been the sufferers. It involved the security of person and property, and was of the highest importance to the community at large.

The jury found the defendant guilty, to the very great satisfaction of a crowded Court, who had assembled on the occasion.

The Court subsequently adjudged that Mr. Fulton should pay 40l. to the use of Mr. Forster, who, from public motives, brought forward the prosecution, enter into sufficient sureties for his future good behaviour, and then pay a fine of One Shilling.

The 40l. we presume is to enable Mr. Forster to pay the expence of the prosecution, and make satisfaction to the poor persons injured by the dogs.

BREACH OF THE GAME LAWS.

A Cause tried at the Maidstone Assizes.

Spiller v. Sherwood.

MR. Warren stated, that this was an action to recover a penalty of 5l. for a breach of the game laws, by using a gun for the destruction of game.

Mr. Serjeant Best said, the circumstances of the case would be very short. The defendant was a farmer, residing near Sittingbourne, in that county, but not qualified to kill game. On the 6th of September last, he should prove, by a most respectable witness, that the defendant was out with dogs and a gun, beating the cover for game, and when he had proved this fact, it would entitle him to the verdict of the jury.

The witness he called to prove the fact was the Baron Hompesch, who appeared with a most enormous pair of *mustachios*. He stated, that the defendant used the lands of a Mr. Chambers, who was now a prisoner at Verdun, and whose manor he, the Baron, rented. He saw Sherwood on the 6th of February last, in a small cover near Sittingbourne, with a gun on his shoulder, and a dog following; the dog was between a setter and a sheep-dog. He said to him, "Farmer Sherwood, you have been beating this cover;" he replied, "What if he had?" The Baron answered, "Who gave you leave?" He replied, "He had taken leave, and what was it to the Baron?" The latter answered, "That it would appear hereafter what he had to do with it."

Upon cross-examination, the Baron said he should know the dog

again if he saw it—it was something like a sheep-dog, but Farmer Sherwood told him it was one of the best dogs in the country for a hare, and he had been offered a great deal of money for it. He admitted, that formerly he and the defendant were upon good terms—that the defendant came to him, and drank some time with him, and they played sixpenny whist together, at the Baron's house, until one evening the defendant's wife came, and gave him a good trimming. She boxed her husband's ears, and made him immediately go home. A few days afterwards, the Baron admitted that he sent the defendant a small present, consisting of a little wine, to refresh his spirits after the beating his wife gave him, and a horse-whip, very neatly ornamented with ribands, which he recommended him to use as a good alterative medicine for his wife. He, however, denied that he had written any libel on the defendant, or had behaved with indecency to any lady, which was the subject of the present complaint.—But Mr. Garrow assured him he should hear of something of the kind before the Assizes were over. The dog was then produced in Court, which the Baron admitted to be his old acquaintance, as an evidence to prove that he was no lurcher.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, made a most animated address to the jury. He said the cause had been supported by two witnesses, the Baron and the dog, of which the last was certainly an *honest* witness; and with respect to the former, as he called himself, "His Excellency the Baron Hompesch," he supposed he had just and legal claim to the title; but he insisted that the jury ought not to convict the

the defendant on his evidence, because it was most clear that there were other motives in his mind than the mere desire of enforcing the law. He adverted with great force to the virtues which ought to adorn high rank and fortune, and dwelt with energy on the conduct of his Excellency the Baron, in sending a horse-whip to a man for the purpose of chastising his wife. If he had himself received a good drubbing with it from the strong arm of the Kentish farmer, he would have met his deserts. He then alluded to some matters which we did not distinctly understand, but which seemed to apply to some improper conduct in the Baron towards the defendant's wife. He said there was no evidence whatever that the defendant used his gun for the destruction of game. In these times, every man ought to have his gun; and as well might you convict a professed duellist of a design to commit a footpad robbery, because he had a brace of dragon's hair-trigger pistols in his pocket. He inadvertently with severity on the conduct of the Baron in attempting to introduce discord into the family of the defendant, which he described as most harmonious before their acquaintance with the Baron.

Baron Hompesch betrayed considerable impatience during the speech, and as soon as it ended, he addressed the Court, observing, that he did not think it regular to interrupt Mr. Garrow, but now he begged leave to say, that he had been uttering most foul and malignant lies.

Mr. Garrow, in answer to this language, threw himself upon the Court.

Lord Chief Justice Mansfield—
“ Sir, that language must not be used in a Court of Justice.”

His Lordship then summed up the evidence, and the jury found for the plaintiff in one penalty for 5l.

POACHING.

Norfolk Assizes.

Lord Albemarle v. Brooke.

THIS was an action for the recovery of penalties under the game laws, to the amount of 700l. The defendant is a poulterer and wholesale dealer in game, at Thetford, represented to be connected with the poachers and game-keepers in his own neighbourhood, on the one hand, and with the poulterers in Leadenhall-market, on the other. The interception of his commerce had created as much alarm in Leadenhall-market, as the stagnation of the trade between this country and the North of Germany had occasioned amongst the merchants at the Royal Exchange. The defendant had the means, as a poulterer, of carrying on this trade to a great extent, and with much facility. On the 7th of December last, he brought to the waggon-office, at Thetford, three baskets, called flats, one of which weighed two cwt.; on the road this flat was removed to make room for more luggage, and on its removal, part of the game fell out of it, namely, four partridges, two pheasants, and two hares. The witness on the part of the plaintiff, to prove this fact, and the delivery of the flat into the waggon by the defendant personally, was the wagoner. An attempt was made to discredit his testimony, but it did not succeed.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that having game in one's possession, not being qualified, was sufficient

ficient evidence of an exposure to sale, to bring the party within the penalties of the Act.—Verdict for plaintiff, damages 40*l.* being 5*l.* for each head of game which had fallen out of the basket.

clusive, as the game played in the Court of Chancery, as far as Counsel were concerned, was for *guineas*. He should therefore allow the demurrer.

GAMBLING TRANSACTION.

*Court of Chancery, Saturday,
July 25.*

Nelthorpe v. Law.

THIS came before the Chancellor on a demurrer to a bill filed for a discovery.—It appeared that Mrs. Law, executrix of George Law, late proprietor of the Smyrna Coffee-house, St. James's-street, found amongst her husband's papers several notes and memorandums of money advanced to the plaintiff, which she put in suit; but the plaintiff alledging they were advances for gambling purposes and transactions, filed his bill for a discovery, and called upon Mrs. Law to say whether her husband did not keep a common gambling house? To this she demurred, observing, that such a disclosure, if she could in truth make it, would subject her to certain penalties. This day the demurrer came on to be argued, and Mr. Agar contended, that it did not necessarily follow that she would be subject to penalties, because gambling was carried on in her house; for instance, chess, billiards, and *rogue et noir*, were not penal games, within the statute. It was clear that the notes were given for gambling transactions—they were for 100 *guineas*, 200 *guineas*, and so on, disdaining the vulgar enumeration of *pounds*.

Lord Eldon observed, that that fact could not be considered con-

CHESS.

THE Chess-parties at the Hon. Francis H. Egerton's, which so much interested the amateurs of that game at Paris, were, in their manner, entirely new, inasmuch as they were played by two separate Committees, consisting each of several persons, and not by single persons only, sitting over the same board opposite to each other.

Hence, each Committee had an opportunity of conferring, privately and in secret, amongst its several members, of reasoning upon the moves, and of talking over and combining the whole plan, arrangement, and system of their game, without the intervention or privy of the adverse Committee.

The manner was as follows: there were two Committees: one consisted of Monsieur Guillaume Le Préton, and six or seven other gentlemen: the other, of Mons. Carlier, and six or seven other gentlemen, all first-rate players.

Each Committee had a separate room, a long way apart from each other; and a chess-board was placed before each Committee, with the several pieces, white and black on either side, regularly arranged on the board.

In a middle room, between each committee-room, was placed a separate chess-board with all its pieces, white and black, regularly arranged; and this intermediate chess-board was common to both in relation to the game, being the very

G g board

board at which the game really was played, and upon which it really was decided: but no members of either Committee were permitted to go into the common room B, or into the room appropriated to each other, during the continuance of the games.

As soon as Committee A, had decided upon its move, and had made it on its own board A, Monsieur Calma and another gentleman with him, went into the middle room B, to the common chess-board B, made the move upon the common board B, and so, going through that room, went into the farthest room C, to Committee C, announced the move of Committee A, to Committee C, in room C, and saw it regularly made on board C, waited to know the move of Committee C, saw that also made on board C, returned and made the move of Committee C, in room B, upon chess-board B, and, going through that middle room B, announced the move of Committee C, to Committee A, sitting in room A, and made the move determined upon by Committee C, and already made on board C, in committee-room A, on board A.

These two gentlemen followed this manner through all the moves of all the several games.

In middle room B, at board B, sat the gentleman who is editor of the "*Stratagèmes d'Échecs*," with another gentleman *amateur*; and these wrote down and registered each move as it was made through each game, as well as through all the several games.

There were usually played three games each night; and the Hon. Mr. Egerton gave, at his own house, ten or twelve parties, during his continuance at Paris.

The games varied usually from

about thirty-six to fifty-two moves upon either side. They are left in MS. with Monsieur Calma and the editor of the "*Stratagèmes d'Échecs*," and will probably be printed, with some curious conclusions of games, as a supplement to another volume of the "*Stratagèmes d'Échecs*."

MISERIES

IN

SPORTING AND GAMING.

THE diversion of hunting in the vicinity of the sea—with the constant chance of taking one flying leap which you have never yet tried, and which you would certainly never have an opportunity of trying again; I mean—over the cliff.

Riding a hunter of a very animated character down to the beach, for the purpose of making him acquainted with the sea—an introduction, however, which he plainly intimates, with his eyes, ears, and nostrils, that he could readily have dispensed with; till disliking his rider at last, much as at first he disliked the water, he insists upon your dismounting abruptly—shewing you, nevertheless, so much charity, as to break your fall by depositing you on a rolling wave.

Fishing a few miles out at sea, in what is called a mackerel gale.

In the absolute famine of mental entertainment, which distinguishes the watering-places—standing by to see two asses, and the backs of two others, trying which of the two latter can be thumped over most inches of ground at a *heat*:—or another party of the same kind, running (or rather shuffling) races in a sack for

sturtout—others again (and these of the higher order of two-legged donkeys) outvying in dispensing with one leg in leaping, with other such distorted feats of dexterity.

At the card-table in a hum-drum house, at which you are sometimes condemned to murder an evening—playing for nothing, or almost nothing, when accustomed to the animation of risking half your fortune. Also, before or after the yawning rubber is over, digging for conversation without a single topic in common with your sober hostess.

At Brookes's, in rising from the table after a whole night passed in losing one deep stake after another—the Sardonic grin which you feel to have substituted itself for the easy smile you intended.

In playing at whist in a house where the laws of the rubber are promptly executed upon offenders in all their severity—perceiving that every part of your play (which you know to be vile) is undergoing the severest scrutiny by two or three sages of the game, who are betting deeply behind your chair; your attention to your cards being not much improved by the polite murmurs around you.

To be summoned by an inveterate whist-player, which you cannot refuse, to sit down with him to a rubber—with two dumb-ies!

In playing for the odd trick (at nine all), your thirteenth sure card made double sure by the last trump of your cautious, careless, or stupid partner.

A winning adversary, who suffers his exultation to peep through his politeness.

Cricket by two; so that when in, you have to run a quarter of a mile behind the wicket after every ball you miss—your antagonist de-

livering it with the force of a cannon.

When up to the ears in a game at cricket, being asked by a fifth rate, just to come and sit behind for five minutes, till somebody arrives who is to take your place—this indefinite “somebody,” however, never coming at all; so that you are obliged to slave out the whole “after twelve.”

When playing at foot-ball on a very wet day, and, in consequence, pasted with mire from head to foot—to be suddenly called off by a party of ladies, who hurry you away without even allowing you a moment to wash your hands, still less to change your stockings; and oblige you, in this condition, to parade about with them the rest of the morning.

At the above—putting all your force into a *missing* kick, so that you are both lamed and shamed.—Item, a flabby foot-ball—item, a new “shinner” on an old sore.

For want of better employment playing at *Solitary*—the peculiar attraction of which lively game seems to be, that, after the most unbounded success, you are left without either the profit of winning, or the triumph of conquering.

BOXING.

BYE BATTLES AT MOULSEW HURST, &c.

AFTER the termination of the battle between Belcher and Dutch Sam, (*see page 193 of our last Magazine*) the following succeeded:—

CROPLEY AND HAZEL,

A second battle took place between Cropley and Hazel, for a

purse of thirty guineas, in which Cropley displayed a great deal of science, and beat his antagonist with the greatest ease. Hazel shewed a great deal of blood, but was quite ignorant of the art. They fought fifteen rounds—Cropley was the favourite the whole time.

GROOME AND DICKSON.

A third battle was fought by T. Groome and Dickson, two young men, for a purse of twenty guineas. They were both game.—Dickson beat his antagonist.

The sport of the day concluded with a bull-bait, which caused a great deal of amusement, the animal having broken loose and entangled his horns amongst the one-horse chaises which surrounded him; he also threw two men, but they received no injury by the fall. During the bustle, the light-fingered gentry were not inactive; one gentleman having lost fifty pounds out of his pocket, and another two guineas and a half. The perpetrator of the latter offence was detected in the act, and summary justice was inflicted upon him by the mob, who forsook the bull to give him a complete ducking in the river.

On the Wednesday morning following, Harry Lee, the bruiser, was roughly handled by a sturdy porter, in the employ of Mr. Gurney, in Covent-Garden Market.—After a conflict of twenty minutes on the stones with the porter, Lee set off with a pair of black eyes; he, however, had not fair play on the occasion by the porters in the market, and he found it prudent to make off with the injury he had sustained.

Dutch Sam was not declared the

victor in his contest with Belcher (as stated in our account of the battle.) Respecting the foul blow supposed to have been given by Dutch Sam, a correspondent observes, "Several of the first-rate men of the profession being of opinion that this second blow was foul, the Court took time to deliberate, and judgment was deferred. The judges, however, Captain Barclay and the Honourable Berkeley Craven, having differed in opinion, the case was referred to Lord Say and Sele, but his Lordship having declined, Lord A. Hamilton has undertaken the bold task of deciding the question. Of course judgment stands over; and from the great difficulty and importance of the case, some days may elapse before his Lordship can have made up his mind. In the several discussions and arguments which have taken place upon the subject, Slack's and Broughton's Reports, and several other first-rate authorities, have been quoted: but a modern case; viz. *Mendoza v. Humphries*, is said to be the only one at all in point, and in that a new trial was granted. Should Lord A. Hamilton found his opinion upon this case, and award a new trial, the decision, it is feared, will prove a *knock-down blow* to the practice of prize-fighting altogether. It is the opinion of the principal amateurs and match-makers of the day, that if an *accidental tip* from the winning man, in the impetuosity of the moment, is to be considered, by the laws of boxing, a *foul blow*, there is hardly a contest in which the losing man may not have an opportunity to put himself in the way of receiving one."

Another account says, "The gentlemen who backed Belcher, have had *condescension* enough to

offer Sam his part of the stakes, and make it a drawn battle; but this has been refused. Belcher, as much as he was enabled, was acting on the offensive while on his knees; and it is agreed generally that the blows struck by Sam could not have been avoided. In several battles of late, men have been allowed to strike others on *their knees*, without that blow having been declared foul, and particularly in the contest between the Chicken and Gully, in Sussex, when the latter received a most desperate blow while on his knees. The very battle which followed that between Sam and Belcher, afforded another instance of hitting on the knees. The party which betted heavily on Belcher are the *cognoscenti* of the Metropolis, and these are the persons who wrangle for their stake-money; but there seems to be but one opinion with the public at large, that Sam has been completely duped. Prize-fighting will of course fall to the ground, because without betting it would be useless, and whatever an honourable man bets, he is sure of not winning.—So much for the *honour of the amateurs of the fist!*

However, as the best mode of settling the business, it is ultimately understood that the parties are to fight again.

OLD FASHIONED PREJUDICES, CITY FEASTS, &c.

IN my last, I think I introduced my son Tim to the honour of your acquaintance; whom I left entertaining the ladies at tea, upon my departure for our club at Lloyd's; in the morning at breakfast, my venerable friend, advertizing to the

discourse we had upon the subject of the facetious Merryman's nephew having, with an air (which the good lady in the warmth of her zeal for the dignity, propriety, and decorum, of past times over the present, called *coxcomical*) twitched out a letter with his handkerchief,—Well, son—said she, with an air in which pity and triumph seemed to divide the field, I hope you will at last be convinced that the *Women*—for she objects to the politeness of the present day, of giving the title of *Lady* indiscriminately to all, from the Duchess down to the Sempstress—are verging more and more daily from that modesty of dress and behaviour, which were so becoming in the sex when I was a girl.—Tim has been just making me smile at an accident that lately happened to a lady of the ton (I think he calls it), at Windsor—though, indeed, it seems she was only a mantua-maker, who, going to visit and be reconciled to an aunt who was at the point of death, and with whom she had long been at variance, on entering the room (which was up two pair of stairs backwards), and just as she had taken out her white handkerchief and raised it to her face, could not proceed a step further, her train being so long that it reached to the street-door; in the act of shutting which the extremity was confined with it, and the poor aunt, deceived by the suddenness of the stop, which she naturally attributed to the being overcome with affliction at the sight of her own situation, was so moved with the appearance of love and affection in her niece, that she immediately sent for her lawyer, altered her will (in which she had cut her off with a shilling), and left her all she died worth.—Tho'

I found

I found Tim had been playing off what school-boys call a hoax, I did not dare tell the worthy soul—who is goodness and innocence personified—my opinion—for her purity of manners is so scrupulously strict, that she scarcely can find in her heart to admit a palliation for what is called a *white lie*; she observed that the affectation of women in appearing greater than they are, makes the world run into the most ridiculous extremes; and those fashions that are only calculated for the drawing-room—not such drawing-rooms, she observed, as Mrs. Dripping's, or Mrs. Deputy Mite's—descended, she might almost literally say, into the kitchen.—Long trains, in private life, were as truly absurd and preposterous, as it would have been for a woman to affect the lady, and, in her days, come swimming into a room of twelve feet by twelve with one of the graceful hoops the ladies then went to Court in, and which were so large, that when the lady was seated in her sedan, the hoop expanded so wide as to cover both the sides and front of the chair; and the only thing visible was her face, just like the lady in the lobster. There was a general complaint that the men grew daily more and more averse to matrimony, and preferred keeping mistresses to living in lawful wedlock—sorry she was to see such a dereliction from all laws divine and human; and that the sex were so totally lost to all dignity, as to be content to live with men upon dishonourable terms—though grieved, she was not surprised at it, for when young women appeared so little to understand their proper rank in life while single, what hope or expectation could a man form to himself of such a one's demeaning herself

with propriety—what prospect did she give of happiness in that state, where man and wife ought to be animated with one soul?

There was so much sense in the dear old creature's observations, that I had not a word to say in defence of the modern fashions, but contented myself with a shrug of my shoulders, and held my tongue. I have since asked Tim, and find it was, as I thought, a piece of humour he played off on his grandmother, or rather the history of the black crows. It did, it seems, happen to a lady stepping out of her carriage, who, forgetting to take up her train, and the footman seeing her just entering the street door, clapped the door of the carriage to too hastily, by which means (the coachman going on) she was thrown down, and dragged a few paces before John could extricate her—but then the distance between the door of the carriage and that of the house was not much above three yards. Tim says, the wits of Windsor made a song upon it: he had not as yet got a copy of it, but he had heard that every verse ended in *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.—After so many moralists have written so copiously for the advantage of the fair—alas! Sirs, I am afraid that what I, or my worthy relative, can say, will be of no avail; my advice would be comprised in few words—"Let your actions, my fair countrywomen, be guided by the rule of reason."

"Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed,
If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her sex's foibles in her train."

DRYD. *SCC.*

Madame Dacier, in her notes upon

upon Homer, where the prizes are distributing in the funereal games on the death of Patroclus, is very angry with the poet for the affront he puts upon her sex, by setting thrice the value upon a tripod as upon a beautiful female slave. The good Bishop Eustathius sarcastically remarks, that these tripods were entirely useless, and only for show, consequently, he observes, they ought to be considered of *equal* value. But this was in Greece, and many thousand years ago! the world having had so much time to mend, it may be hoped the females of the present day may set the Bishop's censure at defiance.

But let us not confine our remarks to the foibles and inconsistencies of the other sex, but examine whether we have not a few of our own to answer for; if we have, let us fairly acknowledge that we can claim less excuse.

Many years back, when I was courting Miss *Mary* Molasses—for the good old lady would neither herself, nor suffer any of her relations, on pain of her displeasure, to introduce any heathenish or popish names, as she called them, into her family—the dear soul always considered and confused Roman and Popish as synonymous terms; such names as *Wilhelmina*, *Georgiana*, *Frederica*—the alderman took me with him to a city feast at Grocers'-hall; and to be sure there was the most elegant profusion of all sorts of dainties, an excellent band playing in the gallery during dinner, Pyrmont water to whet the appetite, and rose water to wash the hands; a most brilliant dessert, consisting of every delicacy that the fruiterer, confectioner, and pastry-cook, could supply, accompanied with the richest wines. My friend observed to me, that if I in-

tended to eat any confectionary, I should mind and secure some in time, for that upon removal of the second course I should see all hands scrambling for what they could get; unfortunately for me I sat opposite to a very fat gentleman, dressed in a pompadour coat with gold twist buttons, a scarlet waistcoat with a broad gold lace, a napkin clasped into a kind of a steel forceps in one of the upper button-holes of his coat (which convenience I have since learnt they call an Alderman) and a white handkerchief tucked into the bosom of his waistcoat, which was unbuttoned as low as the navel, with which he frequently wiped his face, for it was warm weather, as well as the work he was engaged in—I have since understood this was Mr. Deputy Guzzle, of Port-Soken Ward. Being a little behind hand, Mr. Deputy still had the instruments in his hand when the second course was removed; in a moment the table was stripped of the whole of the dessert, and Mr. Deputy stretching out both arms, armed as above, I, who am of a timorous nature, would rather baulk my desire than run the risk of being wounded.

At night, too, I was equally unfortunate. A table was laid out with cold ham, fowls, &c. for about sixty, in a room behind the hall; for many of the company dropped off from one cause or another, and Alderman Molasses whispered me, that if I intended to eat any thing, I should attend to the ringing of the second bell, and secure a chair; I, who at that time was as nimble as most men, took the hint, and upon the signal being given, succeeded in getting a chair; but, inclining myself a little forward to hear what Mr. Apozem, who was opposite to me, said, a thin weazle-faced

facéd man (Mr. Twist, of Thread-needle-street) in an instant whips behind me, so that when I sat down I found the chair pre-occupied, and though I felt myself the injured person, for the sake of peace and quietness I resigned—begging him a thousand pardons.—The motto of that company is—*God give us Grace*, and the cook is the noted Mr. *Angel*, of the Poultry. While I was musing upon the humours of the day, waiting at night for the wing of a fowl that I—did not get, I took out my pencil, and scribbled the following extempore:—

Most holy, sure, must be that place,
With piety replete,
Where God himself's invoc'd for grace,
And ANGELS serve the treat;

But when we see the jellies fly,
So eager ev'ry guest,
Sure God must then his grace deny,
And Angels quit the feast.

This little epigram I pinned to the wall upon my departure, and it has had so good an effect, that now instead of the dessert's being displayed on the table, a certain quantity of sweetmeats is put up in sheets of gilt paper, and an attendant, after dinner, hands one to every person, which he puts in his pocket.

I forgot to mention, that at dinner my neighbour, Mr. Freehold, having secured a glass of carraways, which he was putting into a paper to take home to his little boy, a child of three years old, a certain person, who now figures high in the law, observing it, and not being used to the prevailing customs, handed him a glass of jelly, asking him if he would not put that in his pocket too?

Next week, my son Tim returns to his studies at Eton; he is to be

admitted into the class of poetry, and has promised very soon to send me his first essay in that art; which, gentlemen, with your permission, I shall submit to your criticism—though, indeed, his grandmother calls it an idle and useless thing, and only fit to fill the boy's head with love, and such nonsense.

I remain, assuredly, gentlemen,
your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY HOMESPUN.

Throgmorton-street, Jan. 27, 1807.

METHODISTICAL DIVER- TISSEMENTS.

Concluded from page 174.

PIOUS SMOAKERS—LIBERALITY OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—
QUAINT SERMONS, LONG HYMNS,
LONG PRAYERS, &c.

MR. Nightingale relates the following, as a species of religious hunting:—

“I have already given you some account of the qualifications of a prayer-leader, or exhorter. These are men of very considerable service in the cause of Methodism. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in the church; men who labour incessantly for the conversion of souls. They employ themselves with unvaried industry to gather people to the meeting. I have often known these men to go out in small parties, seeking opportunities of prayer and exhortation among their country neighbours. When one of these theological hunts takes place (and they used to be pretty frequent in some parts of the north of England,) one of the party must be a smoker of tobacco; (for the rule against smoking and snuff-

snuff-taking is not often kept.) It is this person's business, whenever he comes to a place where he knows there are few if any Methodists, to call at some one of the houses, and to request the liberty of lighting his pipe. While he is performing this ceremony, his brethren are standing near the door. On some remarks being made by the smoker, on the heat or coldness of the weather, &c. it not unusually happens that the good people of the house will request him to take a chair and rest himself while he smokes his pipe. To this proposal he gladly accedes, and mentioning his friends at the door, they also are invited, and a familiar conversation soon takes place between the people of the house and their pious guests. While they are thus employed, some one of the party is looking round to see if there are any religious books on the tables or desks. In short, Madam, the subject of religion is some way or other introduced, and recommended to the affections of the people; and if they happen to receive the counsels of the Methodists favourably, a prayer-meeting is soon begun at the house—Methodism is introduced into the village—some of the people get converted; these convert others—a class is formed of the new converts—the local preachers are appointed; and if they succeed pretty well, an opening is made for their travelling brethren, and an outpouring of the Spirit is the glorious consequence. Thus are the prayer-leaders employed, although, perhaps, not in every place exactly as I have been describing them, to pave the way for Methodism, where it would otherwise never be known."

The limits of our work will not permit us to go more at length into
Vol. XXX.—No. 179.

the singularities of this Sect.—It seems that the absurd parts of the Methodical Creed had induced the author to join the Unitarian Christians. The ignorance and illiberality of the Methodists as a body, has drawn forth a sincere eulogium upon the learning and liberality of the Church of England, which coming from a Dissenter, as Mr. N. professes himself, cannot be suspected of partiality.

"It argues very strongly for the spirit of liberality which is now found among the members of our national establishment, that so few prosecutions take place against clergymen holding doctrines, and following practices, contrary to the canons and articles of the church to which they belong. Here we have Calvinian, Arminian, Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Pelagian, Arian, Socinian, Sabellian, Trinitarian, and I do not know how many other sorts of clergymen in our church, some starving on a curacy, and others fattening on a bishopric; we have Methodist clergymen, and clergymen following no *method* at all, but that of lounging at home, and hiring others, at *half price*, to do their duty. All these classes of clergymen are retained in the church; live upon her revenues, and are protected by her laws. And yet we are sometimes told of the intolerance of the church, of persecutions for righteousness' sake, and of the operations of certain "execrable acts!" Truly, Madam, I think our national church is the most liberal of churches; and her pale every way the most extensive."

Mr. Nightingale describes the quaint sermons, long hymns, prayers, &c. of the Methodists, in the following terms:—

"Mr. Adam Clarke, in his admirable

H h

m rable

mirable 'Letter to a Methodist Preacher,' gives his brethren the following advice on this subject: 'In whatever way you handle your text, take care when you have exhausted the matter of it, not to go over it again. Apply every thing of importance as you go along; and when you have *done*, learn to make an *end*. It is not essential to a sermon, that it be half an hour or an hour long. Some preach more in ten minutes than others do in sixty. At any rate, the length of time spent in preaching, can never compensate for the want of matter; and the evil is double, when a man brings forth *little*, and is *long* about it. There are some who sing long hymns, and pray long prayers, merely, *to fill up the time*: this is a shocking profanation of these sacred ordinances, and has the most direct tendency to bring them into contempt. If they are of no more importance to the preacher, or his work, than merely *to fill up the time*, the people act wisely, who stay at home and mind their business, till the time in which the sermon commences. Have you never heard the following observation?—'You need not be in such haste to go to the chapel: you will be time enough to hear the sermon, for Mr. X. Y. always sings a *long* hymn, and makes a *long* prayer.'

"Many of the Methodist preachers shew considerable acuteness in the choice, and dexterity in the elucidation of their text. I have known the most quaint and out-of-the-way passages chosen for the subject of a Methodist sermon. Such as, 'Set on the great pot,—'Two legs and a piece of an ear, &c.' Mr. Clarke mentions two of his colleagues, 'who trifled away the whole year in this way.'

'Their texts, says he, 'were continually such as these: 'Adam, where are thou?'—'I have somewhat to say unto thee.'—'If thou wilt deal justly and truly with my master, tell me.'—'I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?'—'Thy mouth is most sweet, &c.' 'These solemn triflers,' adds Mr. Clarke, 'did no good; and they are both, long since, fallen away.'

"Mr. Clarke very properly cautions his brethren against the common practice of treating a subject 'negatively and positively;' of 'shewing *negatively* what a thing *is not*,' and adduces the following instances of this injudicious mode of handling the word of God, which he says have come within the compass of his own observation. 'A gentleman took for his text, Isa. xxviii. 16. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' On this he preached *two* sermons. His division was as follows: 'I shall first prove that he who believeth *shall make haste*: and, 2dly, Shew in what sense he that believeth *shall not make haste*.' On the first, which was a flat contradiction to the text, he spent more than an hour: and the congregation were obliged to *wait* a whole month before he could come back to inform them, that he who believeth *shall not make haste*.'

"Another took his text from Psalm xxxiv. 19. 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but God delivereth him out of them all.' His division was as follows: 'In handling this text, I will first prove, that there is *none righteous*: 2dly, That the afflictions of the *righteous* are many: and, 3dly, That the Lord delivereth them out of them all!'

"I myself knew an instance of this kind, and from this very text, with only

only a slight variation in the words of the division. My champion, 1. Enumerated the troubles of the righteous: 2dly, Proved 'there is none righteous, no not one:' and, 3dly, Shewed how the Lord delivereth them out of them all!

"Another took Luke, xii. 32. 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' In opposition to the *letter* of this text, the preacher laboured to prove, that the flock of Christ is not a *little*, but a very *large* flock: and in order to do this, brought in multitudes of pious heathens, vast numbers who sought and found mercy in their last hour, together with myriads of infants, idiots, &c."

"Instances of such glaring absurdity are not, however, *very* common; and when they do occur, they are chiefly among the local-preachers, or the very young and very aged travelling-preachers.

"A disposition to allegorise and spiritualise the most plain and obvious texts, is not very uncommon with the Methodist preachers.

"I was informed a few years ago, by a very respectable and worthy gentleman, who was then, and is now, a preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, that a certain preacher did actually allegorise that passage in the 2 Kings, iv. 38. 'Set on the great pot,' something in the following manner: The pot itself is the church—the meat in the pot, the word of God—and the broth the grace of God! After having enlarged on these several heads, the preacher, in imagination and gesture, turned the pot upside down, and from the circumstance of its having three feet, placed in a triangular direction, took occasion thence to de-

monstrate the mystery of the Holy Trinity!"

"Some of the preachers, who, though more judicious in the choice of texts, and more rational in their explications, are nevertheless too much disposed to *eke* out a text into several divisions and subdivisions—to wire-draw and distort a passage, till every word, and almost every letter, like the well known sermon on the word *MALT*, is made the subject of a division.—From numerous instances which have fallen within the compass of my own observation, the two following shall suffice: Ezek. xviii. 31. 'Why will ye die?' Divided as follows; *Why* will ye die?—*Why* will ye die?—*Why* will ye die? Again: Rev. iii. 20. 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' Divided as follows: (1.) *Behold!* (2.) *I* (3.) *stand* at the (4.) *door* and (5.) *knock*; if (6.) *any* man hear my (7.) *voice*, and (8.) *open* the door, (9.) *I* will (10.) *come* in to him, and will (11.) *sup* with *him*, and (12.) *he* with *me*. These, duly and appropriately subdivided, with an exordium, application, recapitulation, and conclusion, made up a sermon of no contemptible dimensions. The person who thus exhibited his skill in the rule of division, is at this time a travelling preacher!"

"The practice of spiritual jesting, and pious punning, is, however, fast going to decline among the Wesleyan Methodists. Though some of their popular and eloquent preachers still occasionally indulge in this habit, it is not encouraged by their more serious and useful brethren. Mr. Samuel Bradburn,

whose powers of oratory are neither *few nor small*, may be ranked among those preachers who take delight in seeing their audience merry under the word; while Mr. Adam Clarke, whose learning, zeal, and indefatigable industry, do honour to his sect, would rejoice to see and hear of nothing but what is serious and becoming in a Christian minister. Upon the whole, the Wesleyan preachers seem to be transferring their wit to their Calvinistic brethren, who, with the boisterous and intolerant joker of Surrey chapel at their head, are drawing thousands to their meetings by holy mirth and devout jocularity."

THE
WILD HORSE OF ARABIA,

Pursued by a Lion.

THE principal adornment for the Magazine of this month, is a faithful delineation of the Arabian Horse, in its natural or wild state, flying before the terrific lion; engraved by Mr. Wm. Nicholls, from a picture painted by Carle Vernet, and now in the Gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

Abdalla Haffies, of Alexandria, an ingenious poet and a writer of natural history, speaking of the wild horse of Arabia Felix, remarks, that no creature can be more beautiful of shape, and that he is most disguised when covered with gaudy trappings and braided for the use of the warrior Mameluke; but (says Haffies) while he remains an uncontrolled ranger of the vast forest, he possesses the perception of the elephant, the eyes of the lynx, the sleekness of the white-doe, the swiftness of the roe-buck, and the

voice of the trumpet. They go together in great numbers, and seldom feed but in the cooler parts of the day, and the places they select for this gratification are the most recluse, generally surrounded with high rocks, irregular hills, and expansive falls of water, mingled with the rudest kind of scenery.

But if, for prey, some dreadful form appears,

Some hungry lion, to awake his fears,
Swift as the ibis skims the waves of Nile,
The wild horse flits in terror o'er the soil,
Nor mounds, nor rocks, his nimble feet
restrain,

Nor falling waters, rushing to the main:
With eyes full-glob'd he turns his face,
and views

The shaggy foe, and strait his speed renews:

Spread by the breeze, his silver foam falls
round,

And marks his progress o'er the yielding
ground.—

While thus he flies o'er mountains, rocks,
and floods,

Terrific roars the monarch of the woods.

The economy of these wild horses while feeding, or in any other way of rest (says Haffies), is particularly worthy notice, and the care, sagacity, or attention, they discover, in endeavouring to prevent surprise, is almost past believing by any one who has not been an eye-witness thereto: wherever it is likely an enemy may penetrate they place a centinel of their own body, which, upon the slightest interruption, gives alarm by loudly neighing. If the lion, who delights most in the flesh of the wild horse, should chance to surprise them, the danger is communicated with the swiftness of lightning, and the whole corps fly off with the wings of the eagle; and, what always marks the conduct of the royal beast with singularity, the guard that gives the alarm first becomes

Painted by C. Renet.

WILD HORSE AND LION.



Engraved by W. Woodcut.

sometimes the object of his pursuit, even though the whole body should be more within the compass of his power. If the lion cannot obtain his game by manœuvre or surprise, the pursuit is generally long, and the leaps from precipice to precipice tremendous; but nine times in ten the swiftness of the wild horse defeats the strength and subtlety of his pursuer, who, like the house cat, is often known, after a disappointed leap at his prey, to return cowering, with his tail between his legs, to the place of his hiding.

In describing the nature of the Arabian horse in his tamed or civilised state, Haffies observes he becomes quite another creature; if a young mare, she is not only the bearer of her master's burdens, but nurse and physician to his whole family, for the delicious milk of her paps has been frequently known to be more nutritious to the patient than any other application, and a quicker restorative than all the medicinal herbage of the country.—In weaning them from their wild propensities they must be taken very young, when the most gentle methods are pursued, and the melody of the pipe has no inconsiderable share in their civilisation—

“ Music has charms to sooth a savage breast ;”

beside leading them to the clearest springs, and supplying them with the most pleasing food, which the Arabian is known to do though himself should be in want of similar comforts, and this always with a cheerful countenance and an endearing voice, without ever essaying the whip or rod of correction.

O! gentleness of soul! in thy soft school
Let tyrants sit their hour, and learn to rule;
From this dark Arab catch the blush of shame,
And hence resolve to imitate his fame:
So shall societies once more increase,
And the world's wars give place to god-peace.

In another part of his history our author observes, there is no nation in the world where the inhabitants are so well skilled in taming and breaking the wild horse as the Arabians. When arrived at the high state of manhood, his first great object is his horse; and having nothing larger than a tent for that and his family, they all live together nearly upon the same terms—the wife, the children, the mare, and her foal, indiscriminately lie together, while the little children climb without fear upon the body of the inoffensive animal, which permits them to play with and caress it without injury.

The Arabians (says Haffies again) never beat their horses; they speak to them, and seem to hold a friendly intercourse; they never exercise the whip, and only in cases of the greatest necessity make use of the spur.

The agility of the Arabian horse is wonderful, and if the rider happens to fall, this creature is so tractable, that he instantly stands still in the midst of the most rapid career; nor, till his master be again fixed in the saddle, will he pursue his progress.

How much is it to be regretted that, in the humane treatment of this noble animal, the example of the uncivilised Arab is not oftener copied by the civilised European!

N.

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

A fire happening not long since, at a public house, a man passing at the time entreated one of the firemen to play the engine upon a particular door, and backed his request by the bribe of a shilling.—The fireman consequently complied, upon which the arch rogue exclaimed, “You’ve done what I never could do, for, egad, you’ve liquidated my score!”

A FARMER, suspecting a foolish neighbour of having stolen his horse, went to him, and began questioning him upon the subject, but could gain no satisfactory reply. At length, calling him a downright ass, he threatened to take him before the Mayor.—“If I am an ass,” replied the other, “do not take me before the *maire*, and you may hap to get a mule for your trouble.”

A GENTLEMAN, lately handing some ladies into a hackney coach, the coachman observed that he had no right to receive more than his complement. “Do you talk of complements, you rascal?” replied the gentleman. “You never had such a compliment paid you before, as having had so many fine ladies in your coach.”

It has been often said, that where nature denies talents she gives cunning as a substitute. An Irish gentleman had a son who was deemed an idiot: the little fellow, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and

once dropped his drum-stick into the draw-well: he knew that his carelessness would be punished by its not being searched for, and therefore did not mention his loss, but privately took a large silver punch ladle, and dropped it into the same place. The butler was blamed, but the draw-well was not thought of. He then got a silver half-pint cup, and tumbled that in after it. The servants were blamed, and in a short time it was forgotten. He at last got a silver salver, and threw that down also. This was a matter to be investigated, and a very strict enquiry took place.—The servants all pleaded ignorance, and looked with suspicion at each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A boy was dropped down in a bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, “I have found the punch-ladle—and the salver—and here is the half-pint—so wind me up.” “Stop,” roared out the lad, “stop; now your hand’s in, you may as well bring up my drum-stick.”

In a country Church, lately, the Clergyman pronounced the following:—*The Prayers of this Congregation are desired for John Bull, who is very sick and poorly.*—Though this application was in behalf of a humble sufferer, we cannot help thinking, that a similar prayer should be offered up in every Church in the kingdom for

John Bull, who is both very *poorly* and in very bad hands.

IRISH BARD.—It has long been a custom in some of the provinces of Ireland, for an itinerant poet to send a complimentary copy of verses into a gentleman's seat, while the family are at dinner, which serves for his whole circuit, only by versifying the name of the patron he addresses. One of these, hearing that Mr. Curran was on a visit at a house, he approached immediately, and introduced a couplet in honour of the witty Barrister, who, instead of sending out money, wrote a humorous poetic reply at the tail of the verses, in return for the compliment conferred upon him: the bard, disappointed at so unprofitable a tribute to his travelling muse, subjoined the following impromptu, which had the effect of producing a more substantial compliment to his genius:—

"This the return by Curran made
For a poor Poet's strain?
Was he for *pleading* this way paid,
He'd never *plead* again!"

A LADY, whose Christian name is *Jane*, has shewn such a manifest attachment for a length of time to residing on the *sea side*, that some friends have styled her *Jane Shore*.

A NAKED PUB.—The present fashion of the ladies, in *exposing* their *arms*, a punster observes, is most appropriate to the circumstances of the times; for when all descriptions are called upon to *bear arms*, they deem it *fair* to present *bare arm* to the rude assailant.

In the Church of Aberconway, in the county of Caernarvon, is a stone, with this remarkable inscription upon it:—

"Her lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker, Esq. Gent. who was the *one-and-fortieth* child of his father, by Alice, his only wife; and the father of *seven-and-twenty* children, by one wife. He died the 20th day of March, 1637."

A PROVINCIAL paper announces the marriage of a Mr. *Ram* to Miss *Sheepshanks*.

AN Irishman lately, soliciting relief at a shop in Manchester, stated himself to be a shipwrecked seaman belonging to Bristol. On being asked what became of the crew, he replied, with a true Hibernian accent, "Except only me, every soul of them was drowned, *thank God!*"

WHEN Lowton requested the *Chair* to explain the meaning of "*Privy*," which puzzled his brain, He might have been told that *that very place* would exemplify well this difficult case: For instance, when *Strangers* are forc'd to *withdraw*, There's a Parliament *Privy* according to law.

THE late candidates for the county of York have been styled *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; as it is said Lord Milton gained his election by continuing a well-grounded *hope*;—that Mr. Lascelles lost his by too much *faith*;—and that Mr. Wilberforce came in—out of *charity*.

THE appointment of a Clergyman to the Rectorship of *St. Tongues*, in Ireland, has just been announced. It is probable this parish contains a great number of *females*, in which case the Rector bids fair to be completely *out-preached*.

THE following is a literal copy of a notice proclaimed by the public bell-man in Manchester, which, for elegance of diction and orthographical accuracy, has certainly been seldom surpassed:—

A Good honist Carictor to whom it may concern that the bearer here of has had a Nurce Child but it is Dead of a short Sickness of some kind of Fits but I belive that she has Done her whole duty to it she is a very Clean Tender harted Whoman that is worthy of being rekomended to any Person Given from the Mother of the Child as above mentioned.—(Here the woman's name is signed.)

AMONG the singular escapes with which the hazardous employment of the Greenland fishery abounds, may be numbered the following:—A boat belonging to the Resolution, of Whitby, was literally cut into two by a stroke from the tail of a fish, without any person in it receiving the slightest injury. The harpooner, who was a good swimmer, avoided the impending blow by throwing himself overboard, while the rest of the people secured themselves from it by crowding to one side of the boat. The whole being precipitated into the water, were picked up by other boats which happened to be at hand.—The two broken parts of the boat were suspended over the ship's stern when she entered the harbour on her return home.

A JUICY Pun.—On a hackney-coachman, named *Lemon*, being cut up at Marlborough-street Police-Office for abusing a lady and gentleman, and otherwise behaving ill, a wag observed, "that Mr. *Lemon* looked confoundedly *sour*."

A CORRESPONDENT remarks his having read an advertisement, expressing the want of a *Scientific Brewer*; he adds, that his *Grand-mother* was famous for *brewing good ale*, though he never thought that she possessed any *scientific knowledge*, or used any *chemical substitutes for malt and hops!*

THE TWO REASONS.

MY Wife drinks Gin—and then I'm told
In Gin there is a double treat:
In Winter it keeps out the cold—
In Summer it allays the heat.

IT has been observed, that since our modern beaus are shod with iron, in imitation of their long-eared brethren, they make a noise on the pavement similar to a troop of horse in full gallop, and effect with their *heels* what they cannot with their heads; viz. now and then *emit a ray of light*.

MARGATE, 1807.

THE Sea and the Subscriptions—
taking people in.
Passage-vessels and acquaintances—
taking them out.
Sick lodgers and saucy publicans—
keeping their beds.
Drunken bucks and visitors fresh arrived—
sleeping on chairs.
Flat-fish and the London papers—
gobbled by citizens.
Bank-paper and London flats—
devoured by the town's-people.
Economy and horse-racing—a *Canterbury tale.*
Smart waiters and fine speeches—
the old story.
Mitchener's turtle and salt water—
ten shillings a quart.
Shrimps and city gentlemen—
two-pence a dozen.
Players at the Theatre and books at
Garner's—*often out.*

Innkeepers and impudent fellows—
at home.

Raffling at Silver's and dancing at
Dandelion—*pleasant when fair.*

Drinking after dinner and ladies
after bathing—*more fair than
pleasant.*

An empty purse and a voyage per
boy—*very common.*

A light guinea and a contrary wind
—*very troublesome.*

A FEW days ago, as a grinder's
apprentice in Sheffield was unmercifully
beating a poor ass, it turned
on the boy, and bit off one of his
ears. Were all ill-treated asses ac-
tuated by the same spirit of retaliation,
there are now in this city and
its neighbourhood a number of
wretches, that would have to de-
plore the loss of this most necessary
ornament of the head.—We men-
tion this circumstance, as a warn-
ing to those who every day inhu-
manly and wantonly abuse those
useful beasts of burden.

A PERSON who was just arrived
in town from Portsmouth, being
asked by a friend what conveyance
he came with, replied, "The
light day coach."—"The *light*
day coach," echoed his friend;
"why, my good fellow, if you
had come by a *dark day coach* it
would have been much more asto-
nishing."

An old woman, who frequented
a chapel where a gentleman preach-
ed of considerable eminence in his
profession, often heard him called
a *popular preacher*; not exactly
understanding what this meant, she
applied to another old woman,
about as wise as herself—"Pray,
neighbour," says she, "what do
they mean by calling Mr. — a
popular preacher?"—"Indeed,"

Vol. XXX.—No. 179.

replied the other, "I don't know,
*unless it is because he is so tall and
thin.*"

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

HERE lies poor Dick, depriv'd of breath,
A jolly tipping sot,
Whose acts agreed in life and death,
For now he's gone to *pot.*

THE following epitaph on a girl
of ten years old, is copied from a
stone in Lavenham Church-yard,
Suffolk, which has been placed
there but a very few years.

Hark! don't you hear her sweet delight-
ful voice,
Saying, friends weep not, but see that *ye*
rejoyce
For me, for now I am perfectly free
From sorrow, sin, death, and mortality.

A GENTLEMAN, who was a tole-
rable performer on the flute, was
playing one Sunday morning, when
a neighbour, who was more *pious*
than *wise*, called on him, and find-
ing how he was employed, *rebuked*
him for his amusement. "Why,
neighbour," said the musical man,
"I think it better to *play on the*
flute than to *play on the fool.*"—
This *cut* was not felt by his pious
friend, on whom the *incision knife*
of wit had lost its power.

A PUNSTER, alluding to the name
of Mr. Garrow's seat, near Rams-
gate, observes, that it was very na-
tural for the learned gentleman to
reject Baron Hompesch's *self-in-*
vised visit to *Peg-well.*

A RUDE PUB.—A lady passing
through Fenchurch-street, slipped
at the corner of *Rood-lane*, and fell
against the wall, which hurt her
very much. A gentleman assisting
her, asked with great concern,
how she could think of going near
such a *rude lane.*

I i REFINE.

•REFINEMENT.—America is approximating to the standard of European etiquette. — *The People's Friend*, a daily newspaper, printed at New York, advertised on the 25th of May last, a dancing mistress's ball, which was to display all the elegancies of the *pas seul*—the *pas de quatre*—and half a score of other *pas*, with a variety of *gavottes* and *character dances*.—After all these, the *company* was to be indulged with a *hop*; but a *nota bene* was affixed to the advertisement in these words—*Gentlemen will not be permitted to dance in boots!*—Poor gentlemen! what an abridgment of your former *liberties!*

This reminds us of a matter which occurred about twenty years ago in the State of Virginia.—The trustees of a meeting-house had taken great pains, and been at considerable expence, in repairing and embellishing it, to render it comfortable for the congregation, and decent for the sacred purposes of its institution.—On the first Sabbath-day that it was re-opened, the following written notice appeared on the door:—

“The Minister and Trustees particularly request, that all persons who assemble in this place will (during the hours of public worship) *refrain from smocking.*”

This, with the fact above-mentioned, must be sufficient to convince any reasonable person—that *America is improving!*—No *smocking* in churches in the year 1787—no *dancing in boots*, in 1807.

ABOUT the time that it became general for our troops to wear the *regulation tails*, a gentleman walking with a friend, noticed to him that he never saw any thing of the kind before. “*Before!*” cried his friend; “it would be odd indeed

if you had, when it is universally known that tails are worn *behind.*”

THE LAMB'S FRY—A PUN.

A FUNNY old fellow, and saving as well, Went to market for dinner, so old stories tell:

He bought a Lamb's Fry, and as nomwards he hied,

Intending, I fancy, to have his fry fried, He met an old friend, who made bold thus to say,

“What, you've bought a lamb's fry for your dinner to day;

Ah! *nothing is better*, believe me, than that,

Its so light, and so mild, and so free too from fat.”

Here old Quizby replied, with a comical grin,

“By this, my old friend, I don't know what you mean,

But I beg leave to differ, and think that lamb's fry

Is *much better than nothing*, so, old friend, good bye.”

A COUNTRY Manager complimented a bad performer belonging to his company, a short time since, with the following observation:—

“Sir, the audience may fall down and worship you without offending against the commandments.”

A TRAVELLER met with a very *bad bed*—When he rose in the morning, indignant he said,

“I am not very nice 'bout my bed, I may say,

Nor much do I care in what room 'tis I lay,

But I never till now, and I speak not for strife,

Had such a *hard matter* to sleep in my life.”

THE Ipswich Journal of July 11, is said to contain the following odd assemblage:—“Monday was married, by Mr. Moses Samuel, Mr. Simon Aaron, to Miss Aaron Samuel, both of this place.

SECOND

SECOND BATTLE
 BETWEEN
 YOUNG BELCHER AND DUTCH
 SAM.

THE second battle between the younger Belcher and Dutch Sam (see our last month's *Magazine*, page 193, and the present Number, page 223), between whose friends there has been so much contention respecting the stakes, as contended for by these pugilists in the late battle, took place on Friday, the 21st, on Low-field Common, two miles from Crawley, in Sussex.

Our readers are already informed, that the stake-money contended for at the former battle was not given to Sam, in consequence of the dispute regarding a blow stated to have been foul. The two umpires having entertained different opinions on the subject, the amateurs of boxing were consulted, and as the 7th article of Broughton's Rules merely stated a blow received on the knees to be foul, without going into any explanatory remarks, it was decided, that the two champions should fight again, it having been pretty well ascertained that the blow received by Belcher in the late battle was unavoidable, as it was aimed before he was on his knees. Previous to this battle, fresh regulations were drawn out, and a blow on the knees, however given, was declared foul. A thirty-foot roped ring having been formed, at a quarter before twelve o'clock Dutch Sam entered it, with his original second and bottle-holder, Mendoza and Pittone, and he was soon after followed by young Belcher, who boldly threw his hat in the air as a token of defiance: he was seconded by Gulley and

Ward. Precisely at twelve o'clock the combatants set to, previous to which there was nothing like a bet offered, which can be accounted for by the difficulties at the last battle.

THE CONTEST.

Round 1. Dutch Sam made play by throwing out a left-handed feint, and making an attempt to hit a blow at Belcher's ribs with his right hand, which was well stopped. Belcher hit his adversary slightly with his left hand, when they closed, and, after a struggle, both fell, Sam underneath.

2. Belcher hit his adversary right and left, whilst he was going in to rally, and he also stopped two of Sam's hits; closing followed, and Belcher was thrown. Here was the first appearance of betting—5 to 2 was offered on the Jew.

3. Sam sparred cautiously, and followed his opponent, who was fighting shy, until he got to his wished-for distance, when Sam, after having made a left-handed feint, hit his opponent a tremendous blow under the left eye, and a copious effusion of blood was the effect produced. Belcher was abroad for a moment, and, after exchanging a hit, he was thrown—3 to 1 on Sam.

4. A very obstinately contested round. Sam made play, and he was met by Belcher courageously. A rally was the consequence, and for about half a minute hits were exchanged at arm's length. The advantage in the rally was reciprocal, but after having closed, Sam's strength gained him a slight advantage in the round by throwing his man.

5. This round was as obstinately contended as the former, but a good deal more in favour of Belcher. Sam made several attempts to rally,

ly, and Belcher as often beat him off. He closed, disengaged, and resumed the rally, when Belcher threw his adversary a very heavy fall. Sam received a hard blow on the left eye in this round. No betting.

6. This was also a hard-fought round, without advantage to either. The combatants exchanged hits until they were exhausted, when both fell together.

7. Sam received two hits whilst making left-handed feints, but they were slight. An irregular close, and both fell.

8. A sharp rallying round, in which Belcher gave way, and manifested weakness. Several blows were exchanged, but more were stopped on both sides. This round produced a good deal of science, and both ultimately fell.

9. The combatants closed after Sam had misjudged his distance, and thrown away two scientific blows. Belcher threw him a heavy fall. Four to 1 on Sam.

10. Sam received a slight hit, and he complimented Belcher with a hard fall.

11. A hard rallying round, decidedly in favour of Sam, whose strength had not failed him. He hit his adversary tremendous blows in the face and body, which exhibited woeful marks, and Belcher ultimately fell, extremely weak.

12. No blow. Belcher run himself down; considerable odds offered, but no takers.

13. The same as the last round. Sam run himself down.

14. Belcher was by this time a good deal beaten, and he was very shy; after having received two of Sam's right-handed body blows, he fell.

15. Belcher summoned all his strength, and made several success-

ful, although feeble hits; he dropped, from weakness, whilst rallying.

16. An irregular closing round, and both fell, apparently alike exhausted, but Sam was amusing himself.

17. All hopes for Belcher here vanished. In attempting to hit Sam he was stopped, and, whilst hugging in a close, Belcher fell between Sam's arms on his knees. Sam held up his hands and laughed at him on the ground, and gave him to understand there would be no foul blows in that fight.

18. Belcher, after closing, got his head under Sam's left arm, and the latter, technically speaking, fibbed him underneath until he again dropped.

19. Here was a glaring attempt to get hit foul, on the part of Belcher, who dropped on his knees, but Sam again smiled indignantly.

20 and 21. Belcher was beat to the ropes with great ease.

22 and 23. Belcher recovered a little in these two rounds from his exhausted state, and to a common observer he had the best of the battle; in the latter round of the two both fell, and stretched themselves on the ground.

24. This was as desperate a struggle as any during the battle. The friends of Belcher were surprised at his perseverance and courage; he had a decided advantage in a very resolute rally, and both fell as if beaten. Three to 1 was offered on Sam.

25. Belcher had the advantage in this round, by superiority in the science of boxing. He hit Sam several times, but his blows did not seem to make any impression.

26. Sam had the worst of the round, and he threw himself on his face, by Belcher avoiding his favourite right-handed body blow.

27. An

27. An irregular round, and Sam received a heavy fall.

28. Belcher beat his opponent away from him in a style which astonished the spectators, and he also threw Sam a heavy fall.

29 and 30. Rallying rounds, something to the advantage of Belcher.

31. This round decided the event of the battle, although Belcher stood up five more rounds. Sam hit him in this round several tremendous face and body blows, and followed him to all parts of the ring, when Belcher fell, but kept his body erect, as if for the last trial at the foul blow. Until the 36th round, Sam could only be compared to a ferocious bull-dog attacking his prey, and Jem Belcher took his brother from the ring, after he had received the most severe beating possible to conceive. He was put into a gentleman's chariot in a helpless state. The beating was chiefly on the left side, from the kidneys to the crown of the head. Sam dressed himself in the ring with great *sang froid*, and his only injury was a severe blow under the eye, and a few simple marks.

OBSERVATIONS.

This battle, when compared with the last, produced more diversion to the amateur. Belcher certainly conducted himself more courageously, and did away a good deal of that trivial sparring when he had an opportunity of hitting, as was prevalent in him at the late contest. His bottom and courage were never yet doubted, and it is no exaggeration to say he is by far a better boxer than Sam; but he has neither strength nor ferocity sufficient to withstand the pugilistic powers of his adversary. His blows are not

powerful enough to make sufficient impression on Sam, although it never was acknowledged by Belcher and his friends that he was over-matched until this day. Sam, as in the former contest, threw away numberless blows, but there appeared a confidence in him throughout of superiority, and although he had the worst of many rounds, he was never once fatigued. His right-handed blows were put in with great dexterity, as Belcher can verify, and they are such as are not often witnessed in any other bruiser. His left hand is of but little service to him in hitting, but he uses it expertly in stopping and feinting. The fight lasted thirty-three minutes.

Another battle was fought for a subscription purse, between Dick Hall, a man used up in his profession, and Dan Dockarty, a very ordinary bruiser of the second rate. After a contest of forty minutes, the old man resigned the palm of victory to youth, having received a severe beating. There has not been so few people seen at a prize fight for years. The company, however, was of the better order, and the sports of the day went off with *eclat*.—Among the company were some of the Royal Dukes, and a number of the nobility.

Dockarty still unsatisfied, and having manifested a determination to load himself with the laurels of victory, before he returned to London, (having been originally looked upon as a very ordinary professor) on his way to London, dropped in at the Cricketers public-house, at Reigate, where he found most of the professors of the fist who had honoured the pugilistic exhibition with their presence, amongst whom was Jack Ward, the son of the veteran Bill Ward, who has not been

been very successful in his former enterprizes. Whilst Messrs. Dockarty and Ward were talking over their perfections in the bruising art, each alternately suspected his reputation was at stake, and this natural feeling produced high words. The heroes were for bruising, and having disturbed the house a considerable time, they went into the road and *set to*. If glory was to be obtained by Dockarty in beating Dick Hall and Jack Ward in about three hours, he became laden with it; but some *impertinent fellow* had the assurance to tell Dockarty, after he had beaten Ward, that he had acquired no fresh laurels. This battle in the road lasted ten rounds, when young Ward, without a great deal of trouble, was left on the ground bleeding as a vanquished hero. Dockarty has improved a good deal in boxing, but he is yet scarcely competent to become a professed pugilist.

ERRORS EXCEPTED.

Haymarket Theatre, August 13.

IN this new piece, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, the principal characters were,

Frank Woodland.....	Mr. Young.
Commodore Convoy.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Convoy.....	Mr. Grove.
Lawyer Verdict.....	Mr. Matthews.
Mr. Grumley.....	Mr. Waddy.
Old Mannerley.....	Mr. Chapman.
Tom Mannerley.....	Mr. De Camp.
Gabriel Invoice.....	Mr. Carles.
Richard.....	Mr. Liston.
Sylvia.....	Mrs. Lichfield.
Mrs. Hall.....	Mrs. Liston.
Betty Barnes.....	Mrs. Powell.
Fanny Freeman.....	Mrs. Gibbs.

This comedy is of a more sentimental nature than is customary

with this writer, that is, it has more attempts to make us cry; and, as these attempts are as droll as they can be, the play is quite as pure comedy still.

The story exhibits the rascality of a Squire Grumly, who has cheated Francis Woodland out of his hereditary estate; and that of a young highwayman, called Invoice, a pathetic ruffian, who produces a very awful kind of under plot. The author seems to have taken this latter hint from Mr. Sheridan's *Critic*, which talks of a new comedy called the *Reformed Housebreaker*. The dialogue is exquisitely full of puns and flowery speeches; the sudden quirks and delicate monotony of the former, breaking over the flowers of sentiment, remind one of a sheep's bell tinkling through a field of clover.

Mr. Dibdin's new Play, in short, is like all his former ones, extremely antique in its idea, loyal in its professions, and uninteresting in its effect. It has all those obtrusive faults which announce a bad writer, and especially the comic writers of the day: it addresses itself to the ears instead of the minds of the audience; its puns are its only humour, because it is easier to produce unexpected assimilations of sound, than original combinations of ideas: it clothes its sentiment with gaudy words, as the ancient sacrificers covered the heavy, uncouth image of Pan with flowers; and lastly it begs, both in Prologue and Epilogue, with state compliments on the nation, for that applause which good writers are content modestly to hope for, rather than to wrest from one by the mere tricks of a pauper. In this strange mixture, indeed, of loyal compliment and petition, our farci-comic writers are like the sturdy beggars that

that assail one in the street, with "True blue, your Honour! King and country! One small copper to poor Jack!"—Yet, when a critic ventures to remonstrate with these gentlemen, they turn upon him, like the Spanish beggar, and exclaim, "We asked for your money, and not your advice."

The performers acquitted themselves with credit, and the colouring they gave to their parts will render the play attractive, at least for the season. A song of a plaintive burlesque cast, was sung by Mrs. Liston. The epilogue, which turned on the comparison of a house to a shop, was delivered by Mrs. Litchfield, and well received. In fine, the audience seemed generally disposed to comply with the request in the author's prologue, viz. to *except* his errors, and *accept* his play.

Two new performers have been introduced on the London boards this season, at the Haymarket Theatre, viz. Mr. Carr and Mrs. Groves, as Corporal Foss and Miss Lucretia Macnab, in Mr. Colman's Comedy of the *Poor Gentleman*. She was not so vulgar as many of the Actresses, who represent antiquated Belles: though always spirited and sometimes humorous. But Mr. Carr's manner has been thought too hard and dry for the expression of tenderness and feeling.

SPORTS OF CAMBERWELL FAIR.

THE usual amusements of this fair, which began on the 18th instant, were much abridged by an order from the Magistrates, prohibiting any drinking booths, unlawful exhibitions, or music; notwithstanding this mandate, however, a few solitary blind votaries of

Apollo were suffered to scrape their cat-gut amidst the shows, and at intervals the clatter of cymbals, the sound of drums, and the braying of asses, excited a smile among the visitants. An unlucky accident happened to a black magician, who professed a knowledge of nature's secrets, a regular descent from the Magi of Persia, and the highest veneration for the Guebres, or Fire Worshipers. All the elements were described to be at his command, and by the aspect of the planets, he could relate the past, and foretell the future.—He held in his hand a *jumba*, or musical instrument, made of an Indian nut, similar to a guitar, and in soft strains invited the spectators to witness his dexterity. Unfortunately the theatre of his feats was confined to narrow limits. In his front stood an oyster booth, and in the rear a cookery for delicacies—sausages. In addition to legerdemain, the magician exhibited a puppet show, and in the last scene a combat was introduced between the Devil and Bonaparte. After these famous characters had exchanged divers blows, and victory declared for the Infernal King, who was about to convey his prey to the regions of fire, an unlucky boy blew up a sausage-pan, and Bonaparte's catastrophe was accompanied by real flames; for the hangings of the booth caught the blaze from the cookery behind, and the disciple of old Zoroaster was quickly surrounded by the element he so much admired. A scene of confusion ensued; the Magician in vain summoned water to his aid; none could be obtained, and he was compelled to make the whole vanish, by pulling down the booth, consigning the Devil, Bonaparte, and his magical apparatus, to ruin.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Greater number of matches have been made for the ensuing Newmarket Meeting than has been known for several years past.

St. Leger Stakes.—Lord Darlington has purchased of Mr. Wilson the bay colt, by Sir Solomon, out of Lignum-Vitæ's dam, named for the St. Leger Stakes at the next Doncaster Meeting. His Lordship has since named him Giles Scroggins.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the members of the Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire Association, for the Preservation of Game, held at the Feathers Inn, in Ledbury, on the 7th of August, several rewards of five guineas were ordered to be paid to persons who had given evidence on the conviction of offenders, under the Game Laws.

CAUTION to Sportsmen.—As the shooting season is just commencing, and as many young sportsmen shoot pigeons without being aware of the penalty or punishment they are liable to for so doing, we insert the following clause of the Act of 2 Geo. III. c. 29, where it is enacted, "That if any person shall shoot at, with an intent to kill, or by any means kill, or take with a wilful intent to destroy, any pigeon, and shall be thereof convicted, he shall forfeit twenty shillings to the prosecutor, which, if not paid forthwith, he may be committed to the gaol or house of correction for three months, unless the forfeiture is sooner paid."

The Regatta, or grand sailing match, at the Lake of Windermere, on Thursday, the 6th instant, was attended by the Duke of Bedford, and other persons of high distinction; likewise by a very numerous assemblage of all ranks from the neighbourhood. The day was fine, and the whole was conducted in a manner that gave equal, if not superior gratification, to the like amusements of former years.

At the Reading Races, the company were amused, or rather disgusted, by a horse-whipping match which took place on the course.—A Mr. P. in driving his chariot, ran furiously against that of a foreign gentleman, who resides near the Race Course; and, on the foreign gentleman remonstrating with Mr. P. he received a severe horse-whipping. The company was much displeased, and the foreigner, although irritated, forbore to retort in the same way as he had been served, but he expressed his determination to obtain satisfaction when he should call on Mr. P. The termination of the business is not yet known.

At the late Somersetshire Assizes, — Champneys, Esq. brought his action against the Rev. Mr. Richards, rector of Farleigh, in Somerset, for non-residence. The counsel for the defendant observed, that this action was not to be attributed to the cause or for the good of religion, but that it originated in a dispute on the subject of partridge-shooting. The non-residence
being

being proved, the plaintiff obtained, of course, a verdict for one third of a year's value of the living, and costs.

PEDESTRIAN INTELLIGENCE.—

The extraordinary match between Capt. Barclay and the celebrated Wood, of Lancashire, which has long agitated the sporting circles, (and mentioned in our last,) was finally settled at Brighton during the late races, which, from its extraordinary nature, caused betting to an immense amount. The parties are to undergo the prodigious fatigue of going on foot four-and-twenty successive hours!—an exertion hitherto unknown in the annals of pedestrian feats; and, it is supposed, they will complete the distance of 130 miles in that time. It takes place at Newmarket on the 12th of October next, for 500 guineas a side, and is expected to attract nearly as much company as the celebrated horse-race between Hambletonian and Diamond in the year 1799.—Although Wood gives Capt. B. twenty miles, he is still the favourite, from his astonishing speed, having lately gone, with apparent ease, forty miles in four hours and 57 minutes.—Capt. Barclay, who is in training at East Dean, under Gully and Ward, alternately takes physic and bathes every other morning; and after the lavings of old Neptune his appetite is so keen, that two or three pounds of beef steaks are necessarily provided for his breakfast. The Captain, it is said, can now run seven miles an hour, for twelve successive hours. Wood, therefore, to beat his antagonist, calculating on the distance he is to give him, must maintain his speed at the rate of nine miles an hour.

clay and Wood has given rise to another in Hampshire, which was decided at eleven o'clock on Friday night the 14th instant, near Lyndhurst. A man of the name of Campbell, who resides at Downton, Wilts, who had performed pedestrian wonders for trifling wagers, was matched by a Captain Hunby, to go for twelve hours on a piece of chosen ground on the New Forest, against one Wall, a hawkier, on the Bath road. The pedestrians started about four miles from Christchurch, at eleven o'clock on Friday morning, and the general bettings were, that they did not go seventy-two miles. They were attended over the heath by a concourse of horsemen, and the compass of the excursion not being more than fifteen miles, the spectators had an excellent view of the race. Wall seemed knocked up at four o'clock in the afternoon, having at that time gone thirty-four miles in the heat of the day. His opponent, who was close at his heels, passed him also fatigued; and after Wall had stretched himself on some straw, for half an hour, he resumed the contest, and overtook Campbell, (who had only stopped five minutes,) at nine o'clock. An interesting struggle here ensued, and the competitors kept together until ten o'clock, when Wall made an extraordinary push, and went nearly eight miles in the last hour, and beat his adversary by a mile and a half. The distance performed by the winner was sixty-nine miles.

Two men, weighing at least twenty stone each, one Mr. Cloud, a stage-coach master, the other Mr. Lingard, a publican at Turnham-Green, started on Wednesday the 19th, at six o'clock in the morning, from Turnham-Green, for Bath,

for a wager of one hundred guineas, each to make the best of his wry, and he that arrived at Bath first, to be the winner. Lingard could get no farther than Devizes, and Cloud, who was ten miles a head, was declared the winner.

A PEDESTRIAN feat was performed lately, near Kilburn, by a gentleman, who ran one mile, for a wager of fifty guineas, in four minutes and a half. The gentleman's name was, very appropriately, *Foot*.

DURING the present month, a foot-race was run at Loughborough, between James Shipley, of Nottingham, and Godfrey Moore, a butcher, of Whitwick, Leicester, a distance of one hundred yards, twelve guineas to ten, proposed by the former, who beat his antagonist by two yards and a quarter.—Bets were two to one in favour of Shipley.

A Mr. Seels, of Stockwith, near Gainsborough, lately undertook, for a trifling wager, to run his aged mare from Gainsborough-bridge to the Ram Inn, in Newark, and back, a distance of fifty miles, in five hours; and she, on Thursday morning, performed it with ease in four hours, although about fifteen minutes were lost by the rider mistaking the road.

THE Art of Ringing.—The Society of St. Peter's Youths, at Sheffield, have rung on their noble peal of ten bells, in honour of Lord Milton's election, in the technical methods of Grandsire Caters, Oxford Treble Bob Royal, and Stedman's Principles. In these three peals, at various times, they completed 11,177 changes, to represent the 11,177 Freeholders who voted

for his Lordship.—The tenor bell weighs 2 ton, 1 qr. 5lb. bell metal.

ON Monday the 17th instant, a chase occurred on the Thames, between the Bishop's Palace and Westminster-bridge, which afforded much diversion to the admirers of aquatic feats. Several fishermen dragging shore with nets at flood tide, contrary to the order for the preservation of the fish, were surprised by the Water Bailiff's Assistants, and instantly took to their oars. On being followed by their unwelcome visitants, they redoubled their efforts to escape, and a warm chase ensued, both parties displaying masterly manœuvres. The fishermen, however, gained upon the pursuers, and after making signals of defiance, got clear off.

ON Saturday, Aug. 1, the prize coat and badge bequeathed by Dogget, the Comedian, was contested by the following free watermen:—Evans, of Tower-stairs; Maxwell, of Rotherhithe; Flowers, of Hungerford; Price, of Blackfriars; Smith, below bridge; and Sayer, of Three Cranes. The competitors started from the pier-head, London-bridge, about half-past six in the evening, to row against tide to the White Swan, Chelsea. The race afforded a most interesting spectacle. Evans, on whom considerable bets were laid, kept the lead, and won the prize. The second one was entitled to 5l. and the third to 3l. Millbank and the River displayed a multitude of spectators, but the arrival of a press-galley threw the whole into confusion.

FATAL Effects of Boxing.—On Wednesday, the 12th instant, a battle took place in a field adjoining Blandford Park, Cambridge, between

between Nathaniel Cross, a shepherd to Mr. Smith, of Wajcot; and William Bolton, son of a respectable farmer. In the third round, Cross received so violent a blow as to occasion his immediate death.

An Inquisition was taken on Friday, the 14th instant, at a public house at Lee's-hill, near Reading Barracks, on the body of a young man, named Harrel, the son of a reputable farmer, whose death was occasioned by a blow received in a pitched battle with a waggoner.—It came out at this investigation, that the deceased was returning home from a public house, in company with two other frolicsome young men, and the driver of a road-waggon became the object of their diversion. The waggoner not choosing to remain the butt of their amusement, became angry, and, after a skirmish had taken place in the road, the deceased, who was the better man of his party, retired to a field to fight the waggoner, who had provided himself with a second. They were both ignorant of the art of boxing, if not of bruising; but the battle, which lasted twenty-five minutes, was furiously maintained, until the deceased received a blow on the left side of the head, which decided the contest by his death.—The Jury found a verdict of *Manslaughter*.

On Sunday, the 16th, as some persons, at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells, were debating on the merits of prize-fighters, two of the party, a carpenter and an ostler, agreed to settle the dispute immediately by a boxing match, each depositing a one-pound note, which they laid as a wager. They withdrew to the field, followed by the company, and several spectators. The ring being

formed, they stripped and set to. They had several knock-down blows on each side, when, after about fifteen minutes, the ostler, whose name was Warwick, received a blow in the stomach, which deprived him of breath for some time; he was taken up apparently lifeless, and carried to the hospital, where he died the next day.

A MAJOR in the Army is about to contend, in a pitched battle, with a gentleman of equal rank in life in the vicinity of Bristol. A duel, which was first proposed, has been relinquished by consent, and the differences between the parties are to be decided by the fist. The Major has been some time in training at Bristol, under the immediate tuition of the Game Chicken.

A CROSS-BUTTOCK in pugilism is, where the party, advancing his right leg and thigh, closes with his antagonist, and catching him with his right arm, or giving a round blow, throws him over his right hip, upon his head, with a fair chance of breaking his neck.

DOG-STEALING.—A curious instance of evidence occurred lately at the Mansion-house, in favour of a young man of the name of John Burden, of Bell-alley, respecting a beautiful young pug dog, found in the possession of a young woman near St. Paul's, and charged with being stolen by her. She refused to shew the dog, which was brought muffled up to the side of the Lord Mayor. The owner described the dog minutely, but there is a great likeness between all dogs of this description, and the woman contended that it was the lap-dog of a lady.

The Lord Mayor observed, that it would soon appear how this case

of ownership would turn out, and desired the dog to be let loose, while the owner, the claimant, stood below the bar, and was ordered to be silent. Several called to the dog by his name, *Billy*; he looked and wagged his tail very gently, as each had called him. But Mr. Burden being desired to call him, the little animal leaped across the table, and attempted to leap over the bar, but it was too high for him; he barked furiously until Mr. Burden was admitted within the bar, when he flew into his arms, and caressed him; upon which he was adjudged to be the true owner, and obtained possession of the fond and faithful animal.

THE following may be depended on as a fact:—On the 4th instant a blind man, of the name of John Jones, of Tarpoley, near Chester, caught an eel with a line, out of a pit near that place, which measured three feet seven inches long, girth nine inches, and weighed six pounds. The skin, after being stripped off, was four feet three inches long.

A FEW days ago, a farmer walking in a field near Dumfries, found a young hare, which he took up, and carried home. Having a cat nursing kittens, and prompted by curiosity, he took away one of them, and put down the young hare. Upon his return, he found the hare sucking the cat, and she still appears fonder of it, and pays more attention to it, than to any of her own breed; but the kittens (being grown large) seem not so fond of their adopted friend.

A SHORT time since was caught, in the mill-pool of Mr. Rodwell, of East Harling, Norfolk, a sturgeon, which weighed 72lbs. and measured six feet in length.

ONE day this month, a young lion, on board a ship at Gravesend, broke loose from his cage, when he ran furiously at the men upon deck, who avoided him by running up the rigging. The lion then jumped overboard, and was soon surrounded by a number of boats. Two watermen snared him with ropes, and he was hoisted up the side of the ship from which he had escaped; he, however, was safely secured, and conveyed to Pidcock's Menagerie, at Exeter Change.

LATELY died, aged 65, Mr. John Dixon, a respectable and well-known horse dealer, of Melton Mowbray. He was shewing a horse to a gentleman in the street, when he complained of being unwell, and immediately expired.

It has too often been our duty to record the fatal consequences of carelessly leaving charged fowling pieces in such parts of the house as are common to the family. We are now under the painful necessity of adding another instance to the melancholy list. On Friday, the 31st ult. a gentleman in the vicinity of Kingsbridge, went out to shoot rabbits, and when he returned in the evening, finding that his wife and her friend were gone into Kingsbridge, and that it was likely to rain, he hastily placed his gun (charged) in the corner of the kitchen, took up an umbrella, and went out to meet his wife. A fine young country girl, who had hired herself to the house but two days before, was then ironing at the kitchen table; a boy of about thirteen years of age soon after came in, and seeing the gun, took it up, and handling the cock of the lock, the gun exploded. The contents entered the left temple

ple of the unfortunate maid, and passed behind her eyes, through her head, out at the right temple, carrying with it blood and brains to the opposite wall; yet, strange to tell, she languished thereof until the ensuing Tuesday! A coroner's inquisition was held on the 5th of August, on the body—Verdict, *Accidental Death*. We hope and trust that this will act as a warning against such careless conduct in future.

BETWEEN eight and nine o'clock of Friday the 14th, was decided an affair of honour, at the Grange, Stroud, between Lieutenant Heazle, of the 3d regiment of foot, and Lieutenant Delmont, of the 82d; the latter received the shot of Lieutenant Heazle in his back, and lingered under the wound till Tuesday morning, when he died. They were attended by only one second, and used the cavalry horse pistols. The Coroner's Inquest was taken on Wednesday morning, and a verdict of *Wilful Murder* returned against Heazle and the second, Lieutenant Sarjeant, of the 61st regiment. Heazle fired upon Delmont before he had taken his distance.

CRICKET MATCHES.—Thursday, the 13th, the long-expected match of Cricket, between the Winchester and Southampton clubs, was played out on Twyford Down, when Winchester beat, with eight wickets to go down. They then commenced the Return Match, which closed on Friday morning, when Winchester beat by fifty-four runs.

THE grand match of cricket in Lord's Ground, on Thursday, the 20th of August, between ten gentlemen of the Homerton Club,

Lord F. Beauclerk, T. Mellish, Esq. and Mr. Pontefax, against nine of the county of Essex, B. Aislabie, Esq. Mr. Budd, Mr. Lord, and T. Walker, for five hundred guineas a side, was decided on Friday, in favour of the latter, by 14 runs.

ON Monday and Tuesday, the 17th and 18th of August, a match at cricket was played on Windmill Down, near Hambledon, between ten gentlemen of Winchester, with a given mate from the Maryle-bonne Club, against nine gentlemen of Hambledon Club, with two given mates from Portsmouth.—The following is a statement of each day's play:—

<i>Hambledon.</i>	<i>Winchester.</i>
First innings.....126	First innings....118
Second ditto..... 84	Second ditto..... 91
210	204

Out of the 210 runs obtained by the Hambledon eleven, 152 of the number were got from excellent hitting, by Lieutenant Madden, H. Hale, Esq. and Mr. Binstead.

THE cricket match played on the race-ground at Brighton, on the 20th and 21st instant, between the Sussex and Twittenham Clubs, was decided as under:—

First Day—Innings were for Sussex, 54—Twittenham Club, 80.

Odds—4 to 1 at first on Twittenham Club, and 7 to 2, at closing, on the club.

Second Day—Twittenham Club, 42—Sussex, 67.

Won by the Twittenham by six wickets.

THE latter part of this month, a cricket match was played at Munford, Suffolk, between Mr. D. Bowd, of Igburgh, aged 80, and Mr. John Spinks, of Hilborough, aged 40, which was won by the former.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ORIGIN OF ARCHERY.

BRIGHT Phœbus, the patron of poets
below,

Assist me of Archers to sing,
For thou art accounted the God of the
Bow,

As well as the God of the String,
Twanging God.

The practice of *Shooting* 'twas you that
began,

When you shot forth your beams from
the skies;
Young Cupid was first in adopting the
plan—

Next the Goddesses shot with their
eyes,

The bright dames,

On beautiful Iris, Apollo bestow'd

A bow of unparalleled hue;

'Twas her hobby long, and as on it she
rode,

Like an arrow shot from it she flew,
Gaudy dame.

Diana, who slaughter'd the brutes with
her darts,

Ne'er shot but one lover or so,

For Venus excell'd her in shooting at
hearts,

And had always more strings to her
bow,

The sly jade,

To *Earth* came the art of the Archers at
last,

And was follow'd with eager pursuit;
But the sons of Apollo all others sur-
pass'd,

With such monstrous *long bows* did
they shoot,

Lying dogs.

Ulysses, the hero, was known long ago,

In wisdom and strength to excel,

So he left in his house an *inflexible bow*,
And a still more *inflexible Belle*,
Lucky dog.

The Parthians were Archers of old, and
their pride

Lay in Shooting and scampering too,
But Britons thought better their sports to
divide,

So *they shot*, and their enemies *flew*,
The brave boys.

Then a health to all true British bowmen
be crown'd,

May their glory ne'er set in the dark,
May their bows be all strong, and their
strings be all sound,

And their arrows fly straight to the
mark,
British boys.

Shropshire,

J. J. B.

THE CAPTIVE GOLDFINCH.

WH Y did I not avoid the limy sprays,
When sure confinement did await
me there?

My faithless mate decoy'd me with his
lays—

His self confin'd, had nothing else to
fear.

Sweet Liberty, the best that Heav'n be-
stows,

To me, now caught, will always be
denied;

Then why, thus headlong, did I give my
foes

The blessing of my race, and all beside?

Now shut within my wiry prison's grate,
No comforts near but what my notes
impart,

My

My keeper's pleasure is to hear me prate,
But never knows the feelings of my heart.

With envious eyes I see my playmates roam
From tree to tree, from thistle, field to field,
But nought avails—my doom is fix'd to die,
Where dread confinement makes the hero yield.

ALICE FELL.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE Post-boy drove with fierce career,
When threat'ning clouds the moon had drown'd;
When suddenly I seem'd to hear,
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways
I heard the sound, and more and more:
It seem'd to follow with the Chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the Boy call'd out,
He stopp'd his horses at the word;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The Boy then smack'd his whip, and fast
The horses scamper'd through the rain;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
"What can it be, this piteous moan?"
And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the Chaise, alone.

"My Clak!" the word was last and first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst;
And down from off the Chaise she leapt.

"What ails you child?" she sobb'd,
"Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

'Twas twisted betwixt nave and spoke;
Her help she lent, and with good heed

Together we released the Cloak;
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

"And whither are you going Child,
To night along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answer'd she, half wild—
"Then come with me into the chaise."

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My Child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She check'd herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is ALICE FELL;
I'm fatherless and motherless;

And I to Durham, Sir, belong,"
And then, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tatter'd Cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
As if she'd lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the Tavern-door we post;
Of ALICE and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the Host
To buy a new Cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud Creature was she the next day,
The little Orphan, ALICE FELL!

PARODY.

TO cheat or not to cheat, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The stings and gnawings of a troubled conscience,
Or bravely spurn corruption's gilded baits,
And, by rejecting, 'scape em? To cheat,
to need
No more; and, by such gain, to say we
and
The thousand hardships which the poor
man seems
'To be born heir to; 'tis a consumma-
tion
Too often wish'd by us: To cheat un-
seen—
To cheat—perchance be caught; ay,
there's the rub;

For by discovery what shame may come,
When we have lost the necessary *mask*,
Must give us pause; there is the respect
That makes dishonesty embitter life;
For who would bear the gibes and taunts
of men,

Th' oppressed's *curse*, the good man's
contumely,

The pangs of unpaid fees, the laws severe-
rity

In *taxing bills*, and the harsh reprimands

That merit often to th' unworthy gives,
When he in peace might his quietus
make

On a poor farm? Who would long parch-
ments write,

And scrawl and *pause* amidst a heap of
nonsense?

But that the dread of ghastly poverty,
Whose horrid visage, like the Gorgon's
head,

No mortal dares behold, startles the
mind,

And makes us rather choose those ills we
have,

Than suffer others that we dread far *worse*.

Thus avarice makes rascals of us *all*,
And thus the comely face of honesty

Is tarnish'd o'er by ill-designing *knaves*,
Who toil among the labyrinths of Law,

In search of matter to perplex *mankind*,
And leave the paths of wisdom.

TIME AND CUPID.

HIS life in travelling always spent,
Old Time, a much renowned wight,

To a wide river's margin went,
And call'd for aid with all his might:

"Will none have pity on my years,
I that preside in ev'ry clime?"

O, my good friends, and passengers,
Lend, lend a hand to pass old Time!"

Full many a young and sprightly lass
Upon the adverse bank appear'd,

Who eager sought old Time to pass,
On a small bark by Cupid steer'd;

But one, the wisest if I ween,
Repeated oft this moral rhyme—

Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
Thoughtless and gay, in passing Time!

Blythe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
And spread the highly waving sail;

He took old father Time on board,
And gave his canvas to the gale.

Then joyous as he row'd along,
He oft exclaim'd—"Observe my lasses;
Attend the burden of my song,
How sprightly Time with Cupid
passes!"

At length the urchin weary grew,
For soon or late 'tis still the case;

He dropp'd the oar and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.

Triumphant now the veteran cries,
" 'Tis now my turn, you find young
lasses:

What the old proverb says is wise,
That Love with Time so slightly
passes!"

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

AS Tom Bowling was prowling the
streets with his gang,

Such fellows to press as would otherwise
hang,

He spy'd one, he thought, who would
answer his end,

And slapping his shoulder, cry'd, "What
ship, my friend?"

"You mistake," said the man, "Sir,
you cannot take me;

I can prove how I live—so by law I am
free."—

"Your law," said rough Tom, "I am
not very apt in;

That's a thing that we leave to the Reg-
lating Captain;

But this I know well, that, whate'er you
can say,

I've a warrant to press, and so you must
away."

Then strait, with their prey, they set off
to the boat,

And his children and wife left to sink or
to float.

A Frenchman, attentive, observed all that
past,

And thus, to a friend, he broke silence a
last—

"Now, Sir, pray you tell-a-me, en ven-
tè,

Vat vas you tink now of your grand li-
berty?

You made de great joke of de lettre de ca-
chet,

Ma foi, de press-variant vas very well
match it."