

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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### Embellished with,

- I. An Engraving of FOXES PURSUING A HARE.
- II. HOUNDS making a CAST, an Etching.

## FOXES PURSUING A HARE.

*Designed by Barenger, and engraved by Scott.*

THE subject of our first Engraving for the present month, is derived from a singular chase which took place between three foxes and a hare, in January last, at Bently, (in Warwickshire, we believe). The account given at the time of the transaction stated, that Thomas Ward, of Bentley, whilst going to his work saw a hare which was evidently pursued, but by what he could not discover; on a nearer approach, he found she was chased by three foxes, who, not dismayed by Ward's presence,

turned the hare several times, and at length caught her; and though pursued both by him and his master, one of the foxes succeeded in carrying poor puss completely off.

## NOMINATIONS FOR NORTHAMPTON RACES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

THE following are the nominations for the Gold Cup and the Stakes at Northampton Races, which are fixed for the 9th and 10th of September.—Your's,

AMICUS.

U

First

First Race for three-year-olds.—  
The last mile.

Mr. Tibbitt's Pericles.

Major Wilson's Sister to Bolter.

Mr. Pryse's Caliban.

Hon. G. Watson names Kintbury  
Eagle.

Mr. Andrew names Flash.

Second Race.—The Gold Cup, se-  
venteen subscribers. About three  
miles and a quarter.—Three-  
year-olds, 6st. 6lb. four-year-  
olds, 7st. 12lb. five-year-olds,  
8st. 8lb. six-year-olds, 9st. and  
aged, 9st. 2lb.

Mr. Tibbitt's Pericles, 3 yrs.

Duke of Grafton's Whalebone, 5  
yrs.

Duke of Rutland's Thalestris, 3 yrs.

Earl of Northampton names *Æ-*  
*sculapius*, 6 yrs.

Earl of Pomfret names *Magic*, 4  
yrs.

Viscount Compton names *Cold-*  
*stream*, 3 yrs.

Viscount Althorp names *Scorpion*,  
aged.

Hon. G. Watson names Kintbury  
Eagle, 3 yrs.

Sir Charles Knightley names *Con-*  
*tingent*, 4 yrs.

Mr. Cartwright names a *Filly*, out  
of *Maidren*, 3 yrs.

Mr. Hanbury names *Flash*, 3 yrs.

Mr. Denys names *Angelo*, 4 yrs.

Mr. Andrew's *Discount*, aged.

Mr. Duncombe's *Langold*, 3 yrs.

Major Wilson's *Bolter*, 4 yrs.

Colonel William's colt, by Sir Oli-  
ver, 4 yrs.

Mr. G. W. Denys names *Spightly*,  
4 yrs.

Second Day.—Sweepstakes, six  
subscribers.—About a mile and  
three quarters. Three-year-olds,  
6st. 12lb. four-year-olds, 8st. five-  
year-olds, 8st. 7lb. six-year-olds  
and aged, 8st. 12lb.

Mr. Tibbitt's Pericles, 3 yrs.

Duke of Rutland's Thalestris, 3 yrs.

Mr. Andrew's Discount, aged.

Mr. Pryse's Caliban, 3 yrs.

Mr. Hanbury names Flash, 3 yrs.

There will be a Plate of 70gs. on  
each day, free for all ages.

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1812.

<b>B</b> LANDFORD.....	August 3
Huntingdon.....	4
Newcastle, Staffordshire.....	4
Nottingham.....	4
Oxford.....	4
Taunton.....	4
Haverford-West.....	10
Abingdon.....	11
Canterbury.....	11
Derby.....	11
Sherborne.....	11
Worcester.....	11
Exeter.....	18
Reading.....	19
Broxash.....	19
York.....	24
Bodmin.....	25
Egham.....	25
Hereford.....	26
Warwick.....	Sept. 2
Bedford.....	3
Burderop.....	7
Lichfield.....	8
Pontefract.....	8
Northampton.....	9
Kingscote.....	15
Shrewsbury.....	15
Lincoln.....	16
Leicester.....	16
Beccles.....	17
Doncaster.....	21
Chippenham.....	22
Newbury.....	22
Walsall.....	23
Newmarket First October Meet- ing.....	28



TRIAL OF  
**DANIEL DAWSON,**  
 AT THE  
 CAMBRIDGE ASSIZES.

IN our Magazine for March last, we inserted an account of the trial of the above notorious character for poisoning the Eagle Colt, the property of Sir Frank Standish, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1811: he had then the good fortune to escape punishment through an error in laying the indictment; but, as then stated, he was detained to answer other charges of a similar diabolical description at the next County Assizes, and, pursuant thereto, he was again arraigned at the Cambridge Assizes on the 22d instant, before the Hon. Mr. Justice Heath; Lord Stawell, Mr. Northey, and many other sporting gentlemen, being seated on the Bench with the learned Judge.

The prisoner was indicted under the Act, 9 Geo. I. c. 22, commonly called the Black Act, for feloniously, wilfully, and maliciously infusing white arsenic into a watering trough belonging to Mr. Stevens, training-groom at Newmarket, on the 10th of July, 1809, and thereby poisoning a mare, value 20l. the property of Mr. Adams, of Royston. There were three other counts in the indictment, varying the form. He was also arraigned on a second indictment charging him with poisoning a brood mare, value 20l. the property of Mr. Northey, on the 10th of July also; A third indictment charged him with poisoning a horse, value 1000l. the property of Sir F. Standish, at Newmarket, in 1811, by unlawfully, wilfully, and maliciously procuring one Ce-

cil Bishop, by promise of money and division of bets, to infuse poison into the troughs occupied by Mr. R. Prince: And the fourth and last indictment was for poisoning Pirouette, the property of Lord Foley, in 1811.

The prisoner on being called on, pleaded *Not Guilty* to the several indictments. The Jury were then sworn, and he was arraigned on the first charge, namely, that of poisoning Mr. Adams's mare.

The case having been opened by Mr. Stork, Mr. Serjeant Sellon stated the circumstances to the Jury, as they afterwards appeared on the evidence of the various witnesses. It was, he said, in the July Meeting, 1810, that this offence was committed. Mr. Stevens, a training-groom at Newmarket, was the person in whose care the horse, the subject of this indictment, was intrusted, as well as others of different value. The training grooms have their respective troughs, and it was generally known that an alarm had been raised in consequence of horses having been poisoned, and particular persons were suspected. These troughs are kept covered, but not so closely as to prevent the introduction of a straw or a syringe. Amongst the horses watered on the Monday morning, the Meeting commenced, was Woodwellhead, a great favourite, two mares of Mr. Northey's, one of Sir C. Bunbury's, and Mr. Adams's hackney. After returning from water, the horses heads were tied up as usual, for dressing, and on giving them corn the animals refused it. Some recovered after many painful struggles, but two died, one of which was Mr. Adams's hackney, and the other a brood mare, belonging to Mr. Northey, and the circumstances

stances which would be proved in evidence, would leave no doubt in any reasonable mind, as to the cause of their deaths. Woodwellhead had engagements to perform, the first of which was on the said Monday, the 10th of July.

The first witness called was Mr. Adams, of Royston, who proved, that he left his mare in the care Mr. Stevens, a training groom, at Newmarket. He went to the stables on Monday morning, the 10th of July, and found the animal down in the stall, in apparent great agony, and she died on the same morning.

Jones, assistant groom to Mr. Stevens, in July, 1809, stated, that he had sixteen or seventeen in his employ at different periods. Witness recollected having Mr. Adams's hackney under his care in July, 1809, and he was in the habit of sending the horses under Mr. Stevens's care to water, and sometimes attended them. Mr. Adams's hackney was in good health on Sunday evening, the 9th, and was rode to water out of a trough, by Richard Clark, a boy.—Witness saw the mare at five o'clock on Monday morning, the 10th, also before she went to the trough, and she was then in good health; saw the mare again, between eight and nine o'clock on Monday morning, in the stable, when she was rolling about in great agony. She perspired a good deal, and had a kind of dizziness, and a violent purging. After continuing in this state about half an hour, she died. There were seven other horses in Mr. Stevens's stables, viz. two of Mr. Northey's, Mr. Adams's, Sir C. Bunbury's Agnes, Woodwellhead, and Fair Ellen; they were all very violently affected, but they all recovered, ex-

cepting two. Woodwellhead was to run the following Wednesday.

Mr. Joseph Goodwin, a veterinary surgeon, was called on to look at the horses in Mr. Stevens's stables, on the evening of the 10th of July: saw the mare, the subject of this indictment, which was dead, before his arrival. The mare was opened under the inspection of witness, and there was a general inflammation round the intestines. Witness had opened horses which had died of a common inflammation, and in the present case, according to his experience, appearances were different. From the report which had spread respecting other horses, witness was induced to examine the body more particularly, and he found the stomach almost in a state of gangrene, and the cause of death appeared the same in both horses. He had no doubt their deaths were caused by poison.

Thos. Payne, a servant, proved having filled a bottle with water, which he took out of the trough where the horses had drank, and he delivered it to Lord Stawell, who stated, that he delivered the said bottle to Mr. Fuller, a medical gentleman.

Mr. Henry Peter Fuller, a gentleman of extensive practice in Piccadilly, stated, that he received a bottle from Lord Stawell, the contents of which he analysed. On applying a test, witness was quite satisfied it contained arsenic.

To prove the guilty knowledge of the prisoner, the first witness called was Sarah Tillbrook, the wife of a carpenter at Newmarket. She stated that she knew Dawson, who had lodged at her house. She recollected him arriving at Newmarket, in the Spring Meeting, of 1809; witness had some conversa-

tion

tion at breakfast one morning with Dawson about Wilkinson's dogs, and he informed her to be careful and not let a young woman in the house, go to his bed-room, as he had some stuff mixed up in a mug, which she may be for tasting. It might make her sick, although he did know if it would poison her. Witness saw the stuff in the mug, in quantity not half a pint, and it looked like chalk and water, or pale rum and water. Dawson said he had mixed it up for Wilkinson's dogs. The prisoner arrived at Newmarket on the Thursday or Friday previous to the July Meeting, and on witness going to bed, she did not find herself very well, and on throwing herself across the bed, she hit her head against a hard substance, and after she had taken a few minutes to recover herself, she found a bottle concealed under the clothes, which looked like cream of tartar, or pale rum and water. There was no settlement in the bottle, but it had a whiteish cloud. Witness also, found a paper containing a powder; betwixt the bed and the sacking, where she discovered the bottle, and she did not disturb either the bottle or the powder. On Saturday evening, the prisoner asked witness to procure him a vial or two, which she did, and he took them into his bed room. On that evening the prisoner said, he was going out to smoke a pipe with a friend, and to see Captain Barclay walk, and he begged to have a candle left burning for him, and he got home about two o'clock in the morning. On the Sunday, the day before the July Meeting began, witness spent the afternoon at home, it being wet, and in the evening, he asked again for the key of the door, and

begged to have a candle left burning for him as on the preceding night. He staid out again until the clock had struck two, and witness was up at the time. On Tuesday morning, when witness's husband came home, he said he had been making a new course for the winner, Woodwellhead; Dawson was present, and he made use of an oath, and said he would bet 20 to 1, play or pay, Woodwellhead would not win. The brother of witness's husband came into the house at this moment in a great hurry, and said that Grosvenor's horses had been poisoned, and the husband said he should have been in a pretty mess had he made the bet with Dawson. At this time the prisoner was going up stairs, and he appeared to witness to change colour, which she attributed to a run of luck. Witness examined the bed on the Monday the meeting began, and the bottle with the liquid was gone. The prisoner left Newmarket on the Friday after the races were over. Some time afterwards, witness promiscuously found the bottle (which she identified by a dent in the shoulder) amongst some *rubbishing* things quite empty, and it was a *hundred* to one it had not been broke. One morning after the horses were dead, as the prisoner sat at breakfast he said "*D—n my eyes, I should not wonder if that Bully Mitchell saddles this poisoning upon me as he did the poisoning at Doncaster.*"—Witness made answer, she supposed if it, was laid to the prisoner, he could clear himself, and would do it. The prisoner called again on witness, in the spring of 1810, and she had some conversation with him about the bottle, but witness did not tell him she had found it.

This



This meeting was in consequence of the prisoner owing something for rent.

This witness was cross-examined by the prisoner's Counsel, but she adhered to her former testimony without any material variation.

Mr. Edward Weatherby, race-manager, or keeper of the stud-book at Newmarket, stated, that Woodwellhead had three engagements during the meeting, which commenced on Monday, July 10th, 1809. He received the bottle of the last witness betwixt the July and October meetings, but could not tell the precise time. The bottle had a white sediment in the upper part of it, in the head or shoulder, although it seemed as if some pains had been taken to remove the remnants by washing it. Witness observed the bottle had a dent in it, which Mrs. Tilbrook had pointed out, and it was afterwards delivered to Thomas Foy.

Mr. Fuller was again examined, and he stated that he did not analyse the substance, but examined it by test so as to satisfy himself it contained arsenic.

The next witness examined was Cecil Bishop, the prisoner's accomplice; his evidence was nearly to the same effect as given on the former trial of Dawson. He supplied the prisoner with corrosive sublimate, solution of arsenic, &c. up to 1809. On his (Bishop's) remarking to the prisoner, that he had furnished him with enough stuff to kill the cattle at Newmarket, Dawson replied, "Never mind that; they are all bl—y rogues at Newmarket—never mind killing—they would soon plunder you of a fortune if you had one to lose, and they would not mind plundering me the same."—The

prisoner told witness he should not want 100l. in case the thing answered. This was in the spring of 1809, and witness did not see the prisoner again, until the autumn, when the latter told him that he had put a double quantity of stuff into the trough, before it was filled up, and it turned out that a brood mare and a hackney had been poisoned.

Being cross-examined by Mr. King, he said he had been an ensign in the army, but was obliged to leave it, and since that time he had been in the *medical line*.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

No witness was called on behalf of the prisoner; but Mr. King contended that no offence, in point of law, had been committed sufficient to constitute a felony. No malice had been proved against the owner, inasmuch as Bishop's evidence did not state that there was any wish to go to the extent of killing the animal.—The Judge, however, thought to the contrary, and over-ruled the objection.

The prisoner being then asked for his defence, said—"I have no room to say much; the whole sum of the evidence of Bishop and another of the witnesses is as false as God is true. I don't know where Stevens's troughs are, even. I never saw them, nor do I know any thing of Mr. Adams—and Mr. Northey, I never saw."

The Learned Judge, in summing up to the Jury, laid great stress on the evidence of Mrs. Tilbrook, and observed, that the circumstances of her finding the bottle concealed, and the prisoner having been unusually late out on the two evenings previously to the horses having been poisoned, were strong circumstances, if the wit-

ness was to be believed, and her testimony had not been impeached.

The Jury consulted together about four minutes, and returned a verdict of *Guilty—Death*.

The Judge then proceeded to pass sentence of death on the prisoner in the most solemn manner, warning him that he had to expect no mercy. He was conducted back to the Castle, in a post-chaise.

Bishop was ordered to be discharged, which was forthwith done.

Dawson behaved with a sullen and impudent levity during the trial, and he frequently abused the witnesses whilst giving their testimony, loud enough to be heard throughout the Court. Whilst the Jury were considering their verdict, he was abusing Mrs. Tillbrook, who stood near him, with horrid imprecations, ill becoming his unhappy situation, and at other times he was nodding at and saluting with his hand different persons in Court. The verdict of *Guilty* had not the slightest effect on him, and his general conduct was altogether depraved. On his return to the Castle, his conduct, at times, bordered on insanity, and he appears too illiterate to feel a consciousness of wrong, although he has confessed his guilt to the fullest extent. He has not as yet given up any of his accomplices, but many are suspected. Dawson states his disregard of death, and declares the only inconvenience he can feel in leaving this world, is parting from his wife, whom he represents as having been ill-used by him, and for whom he has a desire only to live, to cherish and to atone for his misconduct. His execution is appointed to take place on Saturday, the 8th of August.

[To such of our Readers as are desirous of procuring a more full and circumstan-

tial account of this Trial, we would recommend the pamphlet published by Mr. Kent, as taken in Court by him, and advertised on the cover of the present Magazine.]

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## RACES,

(Inserted this Month in an abridged state, from want of room in our Racing Calendar.)

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### NEWMARKET.

**AT** Newmarket July Meeting, on Monday, a renewal of the July Stakes, a Subscription of 50gs. each, T. Y. C. was won by Lord F. G. Osborne's July, beating Lord Stawell's c. by Orville, and five others.—50l. for all ages, D. I. was won by the Duke of Grafton's Whalebone, beating Lord Rous's Flamingo and Lord Lowther's ch. c. by Walton.—Mr. Prendergast's Skirmish beat Mr. Baring's br. c. by Totteridge, 8st. 7lb. each. Ab. M. 500gs.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Barrosa, 7st. 10lb. beat Mr. Astley's Elve, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 100gs.—The Duke of Grafton's brother to Joke, 8st. beat Mr. Craven's Tooley, 8st. 8lb. R. M. 100gs.

On Tuesday, the renewal of the Subscription of 10gs. each, T. M. M. was won by Lord G. H. Cavendish's Florival, beating Mr. Andrew's Discount, and eight others.—Lord Foley's h. by Mr. Teazle, 8st. 10lb. beat Ld. Darlington's f. by Ditto, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.—Lord Foley's Osprey beat Lord Jersey's Antonio, 8st. 4lb. each, T. Y. C. 100gs.—Ld. Foley's Teazle, 8st. 2lb. beat Mr. Astley's Magic, 8st. 7lb. R. M. 100gs.

Wednesday, the Town Plate of 50l. last mile and a distance of B. C. was won by Mr. Craven's Tooley, beating the Duke of Rutland's Thalestris, and eight others.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 25gs. each,

each, A. M. was won by the Duke of Rutland's *Salvator*, beating Lord Foley's b. by Mr. Teazle, and six others.—Lord Jersey's *Antonio*, Sst. beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's *Barrosa*, 7st. 5lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.

## BRIGHTON.

Friday, July 24, the Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts and fillies, was walked over for by Lord Egremont's br. c. by *Gohanna*.—The Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. four miles, were won by Lord C. H. Somerset's *Scorpion*, beating Lord G. H. Cavendish's *Middlethorpe*, and Major Wilson's *Juniper*.

The second day, Saturday, Colonel Wyndham's ch. h. 6 yrs old, by *Waxy*, 8st. beat Mr. Dawson's ch. h. 5 yrs old, by *Remembrancer*, 9st. 7lb. 50gs.—Plate of 100l. for all ages, was won by Mr. Goddard's b. c. *Angelo*, 4 yrs old, beating Duke of St. Alban's b. g. *Cambrian*, aged; Mr. Pierce's br. f. *Caroline*, by *Trombone*, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Ryder's ch. f. out of *Seedling*, 4 yrs old. The Judge could place but four. *Cambrian* and *Caroline* the favourites against the field. Even betting between them.—Lord Egremont's b. c. by *Gohanna*, received 35gs. from Major Wilson's ch. f. by *Giles*, 8st. 4lb. each. New Course, 100gs. h. ft.

The *Brighthelmstone Journal*, speaking of these Races, says, "Our Races, we are sorry to observe, seem to have lost all their wonted celebrity and attractions. The company present on Friday, compared with what we have seen assembled on similar occasions, was trifling indeed. The carriages stationed against the railing, on both sides of the course, between the distance and winning posts, we believe did not exceed 150. We

could not count more than 120, amongst which not a truly splendid equipage was to be seen; nor did we observe present in either rank, one single dashing or distinguished member of the BANG-UP Club, to astonish the spectators by a display of his *whip-dexterity*."

## PETERBOROUGH.

Tuesday, July 21, the 50l. given by Earl Fitzwilliam, was won by Mr. Tibbet's br. c. *Pericles*, beating Mr. Gardner's br. f. *Florist*, by *Waxy*.—A match for 20gs. three-mile heats, was won by Mr. Mewburn's b. m. *Caroline*, beating at two heats Mr. Platel's ch. h. *Tea-Boy*, and Mr. W. Wells's b. m. *Potatoes*.

Wednesday, the Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Mr. Sisson's ch. m. *Folly*, beating Mr. Inchley's b. h. by *Sorcerer*, Col. King's ch. h. *Bulley*, by *Boaster*, Mr. Fisher's br. m. *Ally Croker*, and Mr. Browning's ch. m. *Fancy*.—Mr. W. Wells's b. m. *Potatoes*, beat Mr. Platel's ch. h. *Tea-Boy*, 25gs.

Thursday, the City Plate of 50gs. for all ages, was won by Col. King's ch. h. *Bulley*, beating Mr. Inchley's b. h. by *Sorcerer*, Mr. Browning's ch. m. *Fancy*, Mr. Hadley's b. b. *Drum-Major*, and Mr. Fisher's br. m. *Ally Croker*.

## SWAFFHAM.

Swaffham races, this month, were attended by the principal families of the County, &c. On the Thursday, a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages, was won by Major Wilson's *Erebus*, beating Mr. Neale's *Oporto*, Lord Suffield's ch. m. and another.—The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Sir John Shelley's *Stingtail*, beating Mr. Baldock's *Rabbit*, and another.

GAME



## GAME ASSOCIATION.

**A**N Association has lately been entered into in the vicinity of Great Marlow, Bucks, by some gentlemen of landed property, for the laudable purpose of protecting the growing crops of bread corn from being injured in the spring season by game, and particularly rabbits. The first Meeting was held on the 5th of March last, when the following resolutions were agreed to:—

*Resolved,*

1st.—That, as it is not only hurtful to our interests, as landholders and agriculturists, but also painful to our feelings, as Men and Christians, to perceive so much injury done to the crops of bread corn in certain parts of this neighbourhood, by hares and rabbits, particularly the latter, we do conceive it to be a duty, not only to ourselves, but the community at large, to form an Association for the express purpose of protecting, if possible, the crops of bread corn from premature destruction.

2d.—That it is very well known to all persons acquainted with agriculture, that the crops of wheat are always sickly during the spring season, and many of the plants do then generally die, especially on poor soils. It is at this critical season that hares and rabbits do almost entirely subsist on the young wheat, which, being in a very languid state, is sure to perish if the eye of the plant is destroyed. And thus a very serious diminution of the necessary produce of bread corn is occasioned by such depletions in the spring season.

3d.—That in our opinion the destruction of wheat, by the means above-mentioned, may, on a fair

estimation, be supposed to be equivalent to one-twentieth part of the general produce.—But if we should rate it only at one-thirtieth part, and consider the produce as barely adequate to the sustentation of the inhabitants, computed at fifteen millions, then it will follow, that this country is annually deprived, by means of the ravages of these wild animals, of a mass of food equal to the sustaining of half a million of our fellow-creatures.

4th.—That, in our opinion, he who prefers seeing that food devoured by wild beasts, which is capable of satisfying the wants of half a million of his starving fellow-creatures, ought to be esteemed an enemy to his own species, and altogether unworthy of bearing, in the rank of creation, that estimation and respect which properly belong to man.

5th.—That although the law may be disposed to favour the amusements of a few privileged persons, yet it cannot change the eternal principles of right and wrong; nor, according to Sir W. Blackstone, do human laws deserve any deference whatever, when they are found to be in opposition to the law of God.—What that law directs us to do in respect to our hungry fellow-creatures is known to the poor as well as to ourselves;—on the other hand, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that it is under the protection of the Game Laws that these destructive animals securely wanton in our corn-fields, ravage and destroy the hopes of future harvests, and are even permitted to frustrate the benevolent intentions of an all-gracious Providence.

6th.—That as the law now stands, any unqualified person who kills

kills a rabbit with dog and gun, is liable to the same penalty as if he killed a hare; and such restrictions have been put upon the use of ferrets, that very few rabbits are now destroyed by that means.

7th.—That since the protection of the Game Laws has been extended to rabbits, that animal has multiplied so exceedingly, that it may now be considered as the competitor of the poor man for the very means of subsistence; and there can be no doubt that the multiplication of these *vermin* (for such they were called before they were made game) will be attended with a proportionate diminution of the human species.

8th.—That it has lately become the practice of many Lords of Manors to stock their woods and wastes with rabbits, to the great annoyance of their neighbours, and still greater injury of the public.

9th.—That, to destroy an animal which destroyeth the means of man's existence, must be, in spite of any law whatever to the contrary, a good and moral action; and therefore we do greatly lament that so laudable an act should expose any man whatever to punishment:—and we also greatly lament that Magistrates should be found, who, regarding their own pleasures or gratifications, do often exercise a vindictive spirit on such occasions; by which means they do themselves become the authors of great harm in punishing those who have done none:—for it is the natural consequence of confinement in a common jail to debase

and degrade the human mind, and render it fit for the perpetration of real crimes:—and hence it is that the punishment of this *imaginary* theft hath often been the means of causing a real one.\*

10th.—That it is our decided opinion there can be no love of God where there is no love of man; and we confess we are much at a loss to discover what kind of love those persons can bear towards their fellow men, who protect wild beasts in ravaging and destroying that which was intended to be the staff of man's life.

11th.—That, although the members of this Association are few in number, yet, being possessed of very considerable landed property, they are determined not to encourage the amusements of those persons where the sporting *mania* has extinguished the feelings of the man and the sentiments of the Christian. All persons of this description, as well as all those who, officially or otherwise, have been concerned in cruel and oppressive punishments for the imaginary offence called *poaching*, will, if they should come upon the lands, be treated as trespassers and intruders.

12th.—That as it is the constitutional right of Englishmen to petition for the repeal of all such laws as they consider to be unjust or injurious, this privilege ought, in our opinion, to be exercised on this occasion, praying Parliament to repeal such of the Game Laws as afford protection to animals destructive to the crops of bread corn.

\* Dr. Johnson's Dictionary defines *poaching* to be stealing of game. Surely when the things said to have been stolen is the property of no man, the theft, and consequently the crime, must be imaginary.

## • CARELESS DRIVING.

*Action tried in the Court of King's Bench,  
June 27.*

Chamberlain v. Gayton.

**T**HIS was an action brought by a bricklayer, against the father of Miss Gayton, late of the Opera Ballet, and now the wife of the Rev. Mr. Murray, who, when he took the daughter off the stage, placed the father upon it, by establishing him in business as the proprietor and driver of an Edmonton stage coach, running four horses. The action was for negligence, in quitting the coach as it stopped at the Angel Inn, Edmonton, whereby the horses ran away, and the plaintiff fell from and off the said coach, and cut his head, &c.

Mr. Parke, for the plaintiff, called an old seaman as a witness, who was a passenger with the plaintiff at the time the accident occurred, and whose evidence was as follows:—"I was a passenger upon the upper deck of the defendant's coach, on the 28th of April last, in company with the plaintiff and another person; we got aboard together in Skinner-street, and went full a-head till we made the Angel Inn, at Edmonton, when the coachman hove-to for the purpose of landing a lady, who was a passenger in the cabin; he left the helm without a steersman, when the two horses who were a-head took fright, mayhap at the sparks which flew from the pipe of a lubber who was blowing smoke and fire about at the door of the Angel. They set off full speed; and I saw the plaintiff get from the upper deck of the coach upon the box, and reach over to try to catch the steering tackle, when he fell-to between the two stern horses; I was afraid we should run foul of a piece

of timber which laid on the larboard side, but we got clear of it; the plaintiff had got hold of the steering tackle, and stopt the horses' way a little, and I jumped safe a-shore. Soon after the horses hove-to, one of them, having got a-ground upon a heap of stones, and the coachman coming up, cut some of the rigging, backed the coach a-stern, and got the horses up. I saw the plaintiff some time after, but he had had his head dressed by the doctor before I saw him, it was tied round with a handkerchief, which was very bloody: I would rather have been a-board a ship in a storm than where I was, for we went at the rate of ten knots an hour, or more."

From other evidence it appeared that the plaintiff, in his endeavours to stop the horses, fell under their feet, and was trampled upon; and the surgeon, who afterwards attended him, stated, that he received a very deep and severe wound over the right eye, which prevented his attending to his business for upwards of a week, and required his (the surgeon's) attendance for three weeks.

The defence set up was, that the defendant had been guilty of no negligence; that he had only quitted the box as long as was necessary for him to set down a lady, who was a passenger in the coach, and to take out her luggage.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that a person undertaking to carry passengers, was bound to carry them, as far as possible, in safety; he therefore ought, on no account, to leave his horses. If it was impossible for him to carry on his business without quitting the box, he must have some person with him, with whom to leave the horses in charge during his absence.—The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 20*l.* costs 40*s.*



## EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL FOR BIGAMY.

*Green-street, Dublin, Wednesday, June 24.*

The King v. Robert Robinson, Esq.

**R**OBERT Robinson, Esq. stood indicted, "for that he, on the 8th of December, in the 42d year of the King's reign, at Portpatrick, in Scotland, to wit, at the parish of St. Anne, in the city of Dublin, did marry one Ruth Stoney, spinster, and had her for his wife; and that the prisoner, being married and the husband of said Ruth, afterwards, to wit, on the 20th of November, in the 52d year of the King, at the parish of St. Anne aforesaid, feloniously did marry, and to wife did take, one Ismena Berry, spinster, and to her was married, (the said Ruth, his former wife, being then alive) against the peace and statute, &c."

Mr. Burrowes stated the case on behalf of the Crown, indulging in a strain of manly, forcible, and pathetic eloquence, which has been never surpassed on a similar occasion. "My Lord and Gentlemen," said he, "it is my painful duty to rise to tell a tale of human misery, that can leave no bosom untouched which is worthy of appearing in a Court of Justice. It is a narrative of misfortune and delusion on one hand, and of artifice and treachery on the other, which ever make the strongest appeal to the feelings of humanity, and to the rigour of justice. The prisoner is guilty of a crime seldom punished in this country, because it is seldom heard of—a crime which deeply affects the first elements of society, and all the enjoyments of domestic peace. I shall not, by any humble effort of colouring, misrepresent or aggra-

vate his transgression; I shall submit an unadorned statement of facts to the Court and Jury, and those will better advocate the cause of my unfortunate client, than all the persuasions of elocution, and all the captivation of rhetoric, if I even could call them to my assistance. The prisoner which you see at the bar, on a luckless morning, in the month of July, 1810, rapped at the door of Mr. Berry, a respectable attorney of this city. He was then debilitated in his constitution, and haggard in his looks. His countenance was a portrait of want and misery, and his habiliments sympathised with his visage, in exhibiting all the characters of misfortune. A human creature thus beaten down by the calamities of life, had an extrinsic passport to the humanity of Mr. Berry, but if this gentleman's heart did not simultaneously throb for the distresses of his fellow creature, the prisoner at the bar had address sufficient to move it to compassion and sympathy. He told the victim of his deception that he was the favourite and adopted nephew of General Robinson, who died in the year 1793; that his uncle, from his earliest age, allowed him 500l. a year for the superfluities of life, and that upon his death he bequeathed him 100,000l. deposited in the English Funds; that after his uncle's dissolution he purchased a commission in a cavalry regiment, and that, in 1800, a luckless wave wafted him to Ireland; that he rested in the county Tipperary, and that he was not long there when he became acquainted with Mr. Stoney, of Greyfort. I tell you circumstantially what he told Mr. Berry. I narrate to you what I have learned with diligence, but of course I do not pledge myself  
for

for the authenticity of his statements. It will be for him bye and by to substantiate his own assertions, to preserve a character for common truth, and to countervail my allegations, to rescue himself from the odium they will affix to him. He said, Mr. Stoney advised him to quit the army; and that he accompanied this advice with an invitation to his house. He asserted, he availed himself of the hospitality of Mr. Stoney, and his time passed away happily, varied by the pleasures of the field abroad and the convivial board at home. Miss Stoney had strong personal charms, and he was not insensible to their influence.— His attachment gradually became strong, an union was proposed, an union was agreed to. He told Mr. Berry that Mr. Stoney anxiously encouraged his addresses, being actuated by an impression of his immense fortune, and especially by his approbation of the settlement he proposed to make on the lady, which amounted to 24,000*l.* with 4 or 5000*l.* for pin money. He was then not of age: and as all parties could not, without the mortifications of delay, be made happy in this country, the natural resource was the more auspicious shores of Scotland. For Scotland they set out, touching at the city of Dublin as they passed on, and they arrived safely at Portpatrick, where he was married to Miss Stoney, by Mr. M'Kenzie, a gentleman of the Kirk of Scotland. After passing one or two days in Scotland, the party repaired to London. Here they did not stop long, but their short stay was not passed sluggishly or inactively. The prisoner at the bar hired a horse in one of the most fashionable streets; took a villa in the

country; set up an establishment of four carriages, and seven race-horses, with an endless *et cetera* of grooms, postillions, and out-riders. He flourished at the gaming-house, and blazed on the sod; and this dazzling meteor had the enviable glory and felicity of being talked of for a week wherever his profuseness and extravagance were most conspicuous. He had heard of a pot-walloping borough, who offered the dignity of a senator to any one who had the recommendation of money. To this he repaired with all the pomp and circumstance of a popular candidate on a canvassing expedition, and he soon learned how many ardent voters could be procured for 18,000*l.* It is idle to dwell upon those numerous instances of puerile insanity; it is sufficient to say, that they experienced no limitation or obstruction, until his resources were quite exhausted; and when this inevitable consequence of profusion so unbounded occurred, he repaired to Ireland, and took up his residence near his father-in-law's house. Though something about 400*l.* had been preserved for him by the providence of Mr. Stoney, it afforded him but a trifling resource under the embarrassments of his extravagance. His house was beset by bailiffs, and all the calamities of ruined fortune were gradually flowing in upon him. Under those circumstances, his father-in-law, in the course of some time, devised an expedient for preserving, for the maintenance of his family, the property destined originally for his wife, and all the routine of legal proceeding was gone through with his concurrence; but what was the dire consequence? When his father-in-law had every thing arranged to his own knuckle, he soon  
evinced

evinced symptoms of all want of compassion or feeling for his necessities! He refused to give him a farthing; his resources were stopped up; his embarrassments were without remedy. His wife quickly sympathised with her father, she discarded him as entirely from her confidence, generosity, and affection; she separated herself from him with her children, and withdrew to her father's house; her persecuted husband followed her, but there was no shelter, no countenance for him; he was in fact actually refused admittance, the door was shut in his face, and he was sent out upon the world a prey to want and hunger.

Such was this man's pitiful tale to Mr. Berry. Whether it was entirely justified by the fact or not, shall probably hereafter appear; but true or fabricated, it produced the desired impression on the dejected Mr. Berry. His humanity was not moved to suspicion by the accents of distress; it did not occur to him that he was exposing himself to the artifices of an impostor, or listening to the real history of an unworthy sufferer; all he was stimulated to was the extending his relief to the stranger, and that he did bountifully and without qualification. He provided the prisoner with lodgings, and supplied him, an outcast, as he stated himself to be, not only with the necessaries, but the comforts of life. To his bodily infirmity he attended; he procured him an apothecary, a physician, medicine and wine. The prisoner waxed gradually strong, and though he was still much enfeebled, he was able to creep out frequently, under the vale of darkness, to visit his benefactor's family. By day he remained in concealment to avoid the gripe of the bai-

liff, and by night he limped out of his hiding place to pour out the blessings of a thankful heart, under the roof of his friend and protector. It is needless to say, that in all his visitations he was received with open arms. His misfortunes moved the pity of a benevolent family, and his fascinating manners won their esteem and respect. He gradually gained upon their affection, and made them feel he wished not to be at all separated from them, though, well understanding the weakness of the human heart, he never ventured to express himself to this effect. He never asked to be received under the roof of Mr. Berry, but, strange to relate of his unparalleled artifice, he found his way in by alluring the invitation of Mr. Berry himself!

A word or two of the situation of Mr. Berry at this momentous period. He was a man of industry and business, the concerns and duty of an arduous profession keeping him constantly abroad. His wife was in a delicate state of health; in fact, a valetudinarian, whose attention should be necessarily much given to preserving her very infirm existence. He had two daughters; the one a child, the other just beyond that state. This last, Gentlemen, is the unfortunate heroine of the melancholy history of this ill-starred family; she was beauteous in person, fascinating in manners, gifted in accomplishments; in domestic qualifications she was amiable; in filial piety pre-eminent; she was the delight of her parents abroad, their comfort at home; she alleviated their vexations under the present ills of life, and she was the hope and solace of their declining years! If you, Gentlemen, know the world,



If even you have looked in with attention on the circle of private life, you know how existence is sweetened by a repose on the bosom of a daughter. The boy affords occasional satisfaction and pride to his family, they glory in his ability, and derive credit from his fame; but the solid comforts of life are drawn from the assiduity and tender solitudes of a daughter. She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents; she marries and gives her heart to her husband, but she still shares her affections with them. She indulges the attachment of her soul without the pang of jealousy or distrust: for her husband takes her filial piety as an earnest of fidelity to himself.

Mr. Berry might have better guarded the treasure I have been describing. But, Gentlemen of the Jury, it is easy to be wise after experience; it is easy to point out expedients to obviate evil after it has occurred.—If a married man, with four children, came paralysed, forlorn, and deserted into your house, overladen with benefits, would you think it necessary to adopt precaution to guard against such a wound as has been here inflicted? While he was in Mr. Berry's house, there could be no suspicion of him. It was out of the nature of things. Look at him, Gentlemen of the Jury, at the Bar of his Country; look at him and say, is he an object calculated to engender suspicion? Does he possess personal allurements, or does he possess money? Is his visage or person enticing? Are his possessions attractive? Then how could he raise suspicion?

Gentlemen, he had however some sources of acquiring ascendancy over the female mind; he

was a man of polished manners, and superficial education at least. If his knowledge was not sound, it was shining: he knew something of Belles Lettres, music, poetry, and he was conversant in the fashionable tales of the day. He possessed such accomplishments as are generally agreeable in society; that description of attractions which are more polished from the corruption they cover. In December, 1810, Mrs. Berry was ordered to Cheltenham, and the prisoner at the bar accompanied herself and her daughter. The party made a journey to London, to give him an opportunity of putting some remnants of debt in a train of adjustment. During this excursion, he paid some attention to Miss Berry, but such attention as a polite man is in the habit of observing without attracting notice. He offered her some slight presents, but she declined accepting them. Upon this he affected the most high-wrought sensibility, remonstrated with her father upon her formality to a person so much under obligations, and so humbly grateful. His importunities succeeded, and Miss Berry received, from time to time, presents, probably to the value of 20*l*. Was this indelicate or imprudent? Was it sufficient to excite suspicion? Would any of you, Gentlemen, be alarmed at it!

At spring the party returned to Ireland, and things remained upon the same footing until the fatal 18th of November last. I hasten to a recital of the melancholy occurrence of that day. The prisoner ordered a carriage to take the benefit of a hot-bath, and he was then in a condition of health to be alone removable by being taken in the arms of a servant.

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He induced the unfortunate Miss Berry to accompany him with her sister, saying they could remain while he went to the baths, at the house of his friend, Mr. Vigne, Jeweller, Nassau-street. By what artifice, by what sophistry, by what fascination or suggestion, by what drugged allurements this was effected, I cannot describe. It is a moral miracle, it is out of the course of human agency; however, to Mr. Vigne's he seduced her to go, and at this gentleman's house, by a Mr. Harris, a Reformed Clergyman of the Church of England, a marriage ceremony was performed. He was carried from one room to another; he was carried into bed and out of bed, and it is a singular fact to be told to this Court, that he could never render his crime complete. This is a curious riddle; it surpasses any thing I ever read or heard of, or any thing my imagination could picture to itself. It could not be sensual passion that bewitched the infatuated female, for a person drooping under the ravages of disease; it could be no mercenary motive for the object of her father's charity. How he could gain such an ascendancy over her mind is inscrutable; whether it was by detailing his sufferings, by logic to prove his first marriage void, by mental command that would persuade her to sacrifice herself to another, and to any one sooner than himself, is totally inexplicable to me. But every one who hears me, must have candour enough to be convinced, the world must have charity enough to acknowledge, that nothing sensual, mercenary or base, actuated the unfortunate female to the blind obedience she evinced; and all must recollect that her primeval parent, the common parent of us all, in

days of more purity than those, sunk under the temptation of a disgusting reptile!

Miss Berry returned to her father's house, and her misfortune was soon visible. She drooped and languished; at meals she was a mere spectator. Her interest was gone, her vivacity had fled, and the eye of a human creature was distressing to her. Her aunt, Mrs. Hetherington, from whom she could not be once kept, and whose property she has not yet disenthralled herself to, could not see her; she would not enter her door. The prisoner, during this time, employed his industry to induce her to elope, and his odious importunities at length wrung from her a confession of the source of her misery and sufferings. Upon this occasion, Gentlemen of the Jury, how did the prisoner deport himself? Why, Gentlemen, he had the unparalleled effrontery to claim the hapless victim of his treachery as his wife! And what, Gentlemen, was the consequence? It affected Mr. Berry with such stupor, such amazement, such horror, such a frenzy of rage, that the culprit escaped from his fury with his life. The melancholy fact was disclosed to his wife, and she was thrown into hysterics for several days, which seemed to threaten an entire deprivation of reason; and when Mrs. Hetherington was acquainted with the transaction, she was seized with an alarming apoplexy! You are amazed, Gentlemen; your feelings recoil from the detail, your reason misgives you, and you can hardly believe that I do not relate a fabulous story; but such, Gentlemen, is the fact; such return has the family of Mr. Berry received for the most unexampled bounty and humanity.

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Under those circumstances, what had Mr. Berry to do? He was left but three courses to adopt. It was left first discretionary with him to connive at the treatment he had received. This he rejected with disdain. Secondly, to do what is vulgarly called bushing the transaction; but the effrontery of the prisoner left him little to hope from this expedient. He was then compelled to resort to the last sad alternative, that of bringing the destroyer of his peace before the tribunal of public justice. By this step the tranquillity of others may be preserved, or at least the prisoner shall be deprived of objects to employ his artifices upon, except such as may be found in the land, of delinquents to a level with which he has humbled himself.

Mr. Samuel Barry, first witness, is son-in-law of Mr. Stoney; he knows the prisoner; knew him in the summer of 1801, for the first time; prisoner was married on the 7th of December, 1801, to Ruth Stoney—there was a settlement executed on the marriage; marriage was celebrated at Portpatrick, by Dr. M'Kenzie, of which he had a certificate, and saw the Minister sign it also; the marriage was celebrated publicly; the parties returned to Ireland, and cohabited as man and wife for several years, until 1809; there were four sons' issue; Miss Stoney is alive, and witness saw her a month ago.

*Cross-examined by Mr. M'Nally.*

Never saw Mr. M'Kenzie initiated as a Clergyman, or saw him perform any other function but this marriage—he does not recollect the words of the ceremony, but they were solemn—marriages are often performed by fictitious persons—the prisoner was, on his

marriage, very young and not of age; he thought the match good, according to the statement of the prisoner's property; he thought the prisoner not likely to be imposed upon; he may be as likely to be imposed upon as Mr. Berry; the parties remained in Scotland only two days. To a question from the Court, witness said, the ceremony was performed about four in the afternoon; Mr. M'Kenzie lives about a quarter of a mile from Portpatrick. To a question from a Juror, he said he inquired for the regular Clergyman, and he was told Mr. M'Kenzie was that person; the bands of marriage were proclaimed by the clerk, and the certificate states the banns to have been proclaimed regularly; they were proclaimed outside the Church door; the parties cohabited in Scotland as man and wife.

Mr. M'Nally.—That is of no consequence.

Justice Fletcher.—Recollect, the marriages in Scotland, are a civil contract, and how little, as such, it is to constitute a legal one.

Rev. Mr. Harris, is a Clergyman of the established Church; he cannot positively identify the prisoner; he got an anonymous letter in November last; called at the house of Mr. Vigne, in Nassau-street; he went up stairs by the direction of a gentleman to a drawing-room; found a lady, gentleman, and a child choosing jewellery; the gentleman was Mr. Robert Robinson, who said, as well as the lady, he was from the country; he cannot swear as to the lady's age; he performed a marriage ceremony in the drawing-room, between the lady and gentleman; the lady was married by the name of Amelia Barry; not by that of Ismene;



the name was either Barry or Berry; he did not remain three minutes after the ceremony, and saw no one but the persons already mentioned; he was never in Mr. Vigne's house either before or since; he never married any person in that house before; never saw Mr. Vigne before or since, to his knowledge.

*Cross-examined by Mr. Smity.*

He received his education at Douay—he went to study as a Clergyman of the Church of Rome.

Maria Berry (who appeared in Court, in tears, under circumstances of the most affecting agitation) does not know her age; she was at Mr. Vigne's house, in Nassau-street, and saw the prisoner there. [Here the young lady burst into tears, and excited the strongest sympathy throughout the entire Court.] She does not recollect what time the marriage ceremony took place—she saw a Clergyman, but, on turning round, was unable to say whether she would identify him; she heard his name was Harris—Mr. Vigne procured the Clergyman; she and her sister were induced to go to Mr. Vigne's house by the prisoner, for her sister to be married.

Thomas Daly was sworn, to prove that the prisoner in answer to a bill, filed by his former wife, acknowledged her to be his wife, and Mr. S. Barry proved his handwriting to the bill.

Here the Counsel for the prosecution closed their case.

Mr. M'Nally rose to observe, there was not a case made out to go to the Jury.—Mr. Justice Fletcher wished to get information, whether the law as it now stands, nullifies a marriage celebrated between two Protestants by a Roman Catholic.—Mr. Burrowes confessed

the thing was undecided and the controversy, but there was evidence to go to the Jury of the fact, and they might determine upon it.—Mr. Justice Fletcher said, it was the wish of him and his brother to reserve the point of legality for future consideration.—Mr. Burrowes said, it just occurred to him that at the Trim Assizes, in a case in which this very Mr. Harris was concerned, the Chief Justice took his admission of his conformity for the formal testimonials.

The point, however, was ultimately reserved for the Judges.

Mr. M'Nally submitted a question, whether the Scotch marriage was legally substantiated or not.

The Court decided that there was no resting point on this score.

The Counsel for the prisoner intimated that they thought it unnecessary to go further, relying upon the point reserved relative to the legality of a marriage celebrated between two Protestants by a Catholic Priest.

Mr. Justice Fletcher charged at much length, recapitulating the evidence, and commenting upon its tendency with great force and eloquence. In alluding to the sufferings of Mr. Berry's family, his Lordship discovered great feeling, but he cautioned the Jury not to allow themselves to be carried away by any sense they might have of principles of abstract justice. To the character and conduct of Mr. Harris he adverted with pointed severity. He said he had an opportunity of knowing many cases in which this gentleman was concerned while he was at the bar, and it was a lamentable thing indeed, that he had still power to inflict distress and calamity on society. His Lordship alluded to the flippancy with which, in favour

of the prisoner, he acknowledged himself to have been a Roman Catholic Clergyman, though he was told he subjected himself to a serious penalty; and the "indecent levity" with which he gave testimony to bear on the other side, "observing at one time that the lady might be twenty, twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years of age, for what he knew."

The Jury instantly pronounced a verdict of *Guilty*, without leaving the box. The prisoner was taken out of Court in the arms of the under gaoler, being still in a condition of debility so as not to be able to move a limb!!!

### HUMOURS OF MARGATE.

Then they wou'd talk;  
Gods, how they would talk!

**A**FTER passing some days in an amphibious fluttering state, between coffee-houses and lodgings, I find myself settled in the latter, with a view of the sea from my window, and will attempt giving you a sketch of the humours of this place. They begin at six in the morning, and an attentive observer may contrive to draw some little amusement from the various employments of the eighteen hours.

From six to twelve the busy round continues, and nothing is to be seen but bathing rooms, machines, slippers, boots, stockings, pantaloons with untied strings, banyans, powdering gowns, great coats, night-caps, bathing dresses, and such other frousy paraphernalia; some with their hair in paper, and some in rags, others with papers

in their hands, and rags on their backs, and all very greasy, blousy, dabby, dusty, salt-watery, and so on.

The conversation of these Tritons is much in the following broken snatches, &c. as if the water was gurgling out of their mouths all the time.—"What sort of bathing this morning?—Pretty clear.—How often do you bathe?—Where's my water-dress?—Who's turn is it now?—I'll be d—d if I wait much longer for any one.—I begin to want my breakfast.—I always *takes* a bit of *some att* as soon as I am up.—La, ma'am, what a great pond this is.—Dear me I wish they would *make haste*.—Well, I'll be here by five to-morrow.—My hair is wet still.—Good morrow, Mr. Newcome, how do you do, Sir?—O, better I thank you, Sir, how are you?—Here is your towel, Sir.—O, I'm ready.—Will you take a turn on the pier?—With all my heart.—And so to the pier they go one after another, much like ducks out of a green pond, to shake themselves on the bank, and here a new source of fun arises from the arrival of the boys; for all who have bathed must needs go to meet those who come to bathe.—Ah, Mr. Smith, I declare, well, I thought you'd come at last.—Have you had a good passage, Sir?—Why, pretty well, but I'm glad it is over.—Bless me there's Dr. B— and his wife standing by the mast.—Well, I should not like to be a Doctor's wife, for she looks very ill.—When does the boat sail again for London?—At five o'clock to-morrow, an please your honour, would you please to take a place?—I'll see about it."

About twelve the great coats and slippers give place to the boots

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and close-bodied coats, and the hair is filled with dust and pomatum, instead of salt and water, and all Margate sallies forth to Ramsgate and Broadstairs, half way on the cliff and sand; or if it happen to be Wednesday, and a fine morning, they all run hurry scurry to Dandelion, (which is, being interpreted, the Lion's Tooth), and there they tread on each other's heels, and talk scandal, till four, when they repair home, and pass an hour or two at dinner, till the sound of the hammer summons them to an auction, or the rattle of the raffling box invites them to the libraries, where a similar conversation takes place to that in the bathing room, and not less interesting;—as “How long have you been at Margate?—Do you make any stay?—We are at Broadstairs.—How goes on my raffle?—Miss will you please to throw?—La, how unlucky?—Well, I should like to win that pair of ear-rings.—Don't be so impatient my dear, it will be your turn soon.—No, mamma, but then they *keeps* pushing one so behind.—Look at that old cock leaning against the pillar, that's Mr. Rupee, the great *Indy fortin*.—Do you know him.—No, but Miss *Neverblush* does.—Well, now what pleasure can there be in staying here?—I see none, in being shoved about and stared at.—And then the gentlemen are so *impotent*.—Have you read the last new novel?—No, there's no getting nothing here, they always say it is out.—I subscribe to *Garner's*.—Will you come to the play?—No, I shall go and lounge at the rooms presently.”—And so auction, raffle, rooms, and the play, close the evening.

“O tempora, &c.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE  
SERAGLIO OF THE GRAND  
SIGNIOR.

*From Clarke's Travels, Part 2.*

EVERY one is curious to know what exists within recesses which have long been closed against the intrusion of Christians. In vain does the eye, roaming from the towers of Galata, Pera, and Constantinople, attempt to penetrate the thick gloom of cypresses and domes, which distinguishes the most beautiful part of Constantinople. Imagination magnifies things unknown: and when, in addition to the curiosity always excited by mystery, the reflection is suggested, that antient Byzantium occupied the site of the Sultan's palace, a thirst of inquiry is proportionably augmented. I promise to conduct my readers not only within the retirement of the Seraglio, but into the Charem itself, and the most secluded haunts of the Turkish sovereign. Would only I could also promise a degree of satisfaction, in this respect, adequate to their desire of information!

It so happened, that the garden-er of the Grand Signior, during our residence in Constantinople, was a German. This person used to mix with the society in Pera, and often joined in the evening parties given by the different foreign ministers. In this manner we became acquainted with him; and were invited to his apartments within the walls of the Seraglio, close to the gates of the Sultan's garden. We were accompanied, during our first visit, by his intimate friend, the secretary, and chaplain of the Swedish mission; who,



who, but a short time before, had succeeded in obtaining a sight of the four principal Sultanas and the Sultan Mother, in consequence of his frequent visits to the gardener. They were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the Charem, which communicated with the Seraglio gardens, announced that these ladies were going to take the air. In order to do this, it was necessary to pass the gates adjoining the gardener's lodge; where an *arabat*, (a covered waggon upon four wheels, with latticed windows at the sides, formed to conceal those who are within; almost the only species of carriage in use among the Turks), was stationed to receive them, in which it was usual for them to drive round the walks of the Seraglio, within the walls of the palace. Upon those occasions, the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener, and his friend the Swede, instantly closed all the shutters, and locked the doors. The black eunuchs, arriving soon after, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the Sultan Mother, with the four principal Sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing with each other. A small scullery window, of the gardener's lodge, looked directly towards the gate, through which these ladies were to pass; and was separated from it only by a few yards. Here, through two small gimlet holes, bored for the purpose, they beheld very distinctly the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extra-

ordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair; and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen colour: neither were their teeth dyed black, as those of Turkish women generally are.—The Swedish gentleman said, he was almost sure they suspected they were seen, from the address they manifested, in displaying their charms, and in loitering at the gate. This gave him and his friend no small degree of terror; as they would have paid for their curiosity with their lives, if any such suspicion had entered the minds of the black eunuchs. He described their dresses as rich beyond all that can be imagined. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage; but were so heavy, as actually to encumber their motion, and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and very thick tresses, on each side their cheeks; falling quite down to the waist, and covering their shoulders behind. Those tresses were quite powdered with diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered, by handfuls, among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one side, they wore, each of them, a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces, necks, and even their breasts, were quite exposed: not one of them having any veil.

The German gardener, who had daily access to different parts of the Seraglio, offered to conduct us  
not

not only over the gardens, but promised, if we would come singly, during the season of the *Ramadan*, when the guards, being up all night, would be stupified during the day with sleep and intoxication, to undertake the greater risk of shewing us the interior of the *Charem*, or apartments of the women; that is to say, of that part of it which they inhabit during the summer; for they were still in their winter chambers. We readily accepted his offer: I only solicited the further indulgence of being accompanied by a French artist of the name of *Preaux*, whose extraordinary promptitude in design would enable him to bring away sketches of any thing we might find interesting, either in the *Charem*, or gardens of the *Seraglio*. The apprehensions of *Monsieur Preaux* were, however, so great, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail upon him to venture into the *Seraglio*; and he afterwards either lost, or secreted, the only drawings which his fears would allow him to make while he was there.

We left *Pera*, in a gondola, about seven o'clock in the morning; embarking at *Tophana*, and steering towards that gate of the *Seraglio* which faces the *Bosporus* on the south-eastern side, where the entrance to the *Seraglio* gardens and the gardener's lodge are situated. A *Bostanghy*, as a sort of porter, is usually seated, with his attendants, within the portal. Upon entering the *Seraglio*, the spectator is struck by a wild and confused assemblage of great and interesting objects: among the first of these are, enormous cypresses, massive and lofty masonry, neglected and broken sarcophagi, high rising mounds, and a long

gloomy avenue, leading from the gates of the garden between the double walls of the *Seraglio*. This gate is the same by which the *Sultanas* came out for the airing before alluded to; and the gardener's lodge is on the right hand of it. The avenue extending from it, towards the west, offers a broad and beautiful, although solitary, walk, to a very considerable extent, shut in by high walls on both sides. Directly opposite this entrance of the *Seraglio* is a very lofty mound, or bank, covered by large trees, and traversed by terraces, over which, on the top, are walls with turrets. On the right hand, after entering, are the large wooden folding doors of the *Grand Signior's* gardens; and near them lie many fragments of antient marbles, appropriated to the vilest purposes; among others, a sarcophagus of one block of marble, covered with a simple, though unmeaning bas-relief. Entering the gardens by the folding doors, a pleasing *coup d'œil* of trellis work and covered walks is displayed, more after the taste of *Holland* than that of any other country. Various and very despicable *jets d'eau*, straight gravel-walks, and borders disposed in parallelograms, with the exception of a long green-house filled with orange-trees, compose all that appears in the small spot which bears the name of the *Seraglio Gardens*. The view, on entering, is down the principal gravel-walk; and all the walks meet at a central point, beneath a dome of the same trellis-work by which they are covered. Small fountains spout a few quarts of water into large shells, or form parachutes over lighted bougies, by the sides of the walks. The trellis-work is of wood, painted white, and covered by jasmine; and



and this, as it does not conceal the artificial frame by which it is supported, produces a wretched effect. On the outside of the trellis-work appear small parterres, edged with box, containing very common flowers, and adorned with fountains. On the right hand, after entering the garden, appears the magnificent kiosk, which constitutes the Sultan's summer residence; and further on is the orangery before mentioned, occupying the whole extent of the wall on that side. Exactly opposite to the garden gates is the door of the *Charem*, or palace of the women belonging to the Grand Signior; a building not unlike one of the small colleges in Cambridge, and inclosing the same sort of cloistered court. One side of this building extends across the upper extremity of the garden, so that the windows look into it. Below these windows are two small green-houses, filled with very common plants, and a number of Canary-birds. Before the *Charem* windows, on the right hand, is a ponderous, gloomy, wooden door; and this, creaking on its massive hinges, opens to the quadrangle, or interior court of the *Charem* itself. We will keep this door shut for a short time, in order to describe the Seraglio garden more minutely: and afterwards open it, to gratify the reader's curiosity.

Still facing the *Charem* on the left hand, is a paved ascent, leading through a handsome gilded iron gate, from the lower to the upper garden. Here is a kiosk, which I shall presently describe. Returning from the *Charem* to the door by which we first entered, a lofty wall on the right hand supports a terrace with a few small parterres: these, at a considerable

height above the lower garden, constitute what is now called the Upper Garden of the Seraglio; and till within these few years, it was the only one.

Having thus completed the tour of this small and insignificant spot of ground, let us now enter the kiosk, which I first mentioned as the Sultan's summer residence. It is situated on the sea-shore, and commands one of the finest views the eye ever beheld, of Scutary and the Asiatic coast, the mouth of the canal, and a moving picture of ships, gondolas, dolphins, birds, with all the floating pageantry of this vast metropolis, such as no other capital in the world can pretend to exhibit. The kiosk itself, fashioned after the airy fantastic style of Eastern architecture, presents a spacious chamber, covered by a dome, from which, towards the sea, advances a raised platform surrounded by windows, and terminated by a *divân*. The *divân* is a sort of couch, or sofa, common all over the Levant, surrounding every side of a room, except that which contains the entrance. It is raised about sixteen inches from the floor. When a *Divân* is held, it means nothing more, than that the persons composing it are thus seated.—On the right and left are the private apartments of the Sultan and his ladies. From the centre of the dome is suspended a large lustre, presented by the English ambassador. Above the raised platform hangs another lustre of smaller size, but more elegant. Immediately over the sofas constituting the *divân* are mirrors engraved with Turkish inscriptions; poetry, and passages from the Korân. The sofas are of white satin, beautifully embroidered by the women of the Seraglio.

Leaving



Leaving the platform, on the left hand is the Sultan's private chamber of repose, the floor of which is surrounded by couches of very costly workmanship. Opposite to this chamber, on the other side of the kiosk, a door opens to the apartment in which are placed the attendant Sultanas, the Sultan Mother, or any ladies in residence with the sovereign. This room corresponds exactly with the Sultan's chamber, except that the couches are more magnificently embroidered.

A small staircase leads from these apartments, to two chambers below, paved with marble, and as cold as any cellar. Here a more numerous assemblage of women are buried, as it were, during the heat of summer. The first is a sort of antechamber to the other; by the door of which, in a nook of the wall, are placed the Sultan's slippers, of common yellow morocco, and coarse workmanship. Having entered the marble chamber immediately below the kiosk, a marble bason presents itself, with a fountain in the centre, containing water to the depth of about three inches, and a few very small fishes. Answering to the platform mentioned in the description of the kiosk, is another, exactly of a similar nature, closely latticed, where the ladies sit during the season of their residence in this place. I was pleased with observing a few things they had carelessly left upon the sofas, and which characterized their mode of life. Among these was an English writing-box, of black varnished wood, with a sliding cover, and drawers; the drawers containing coloured writing-paper, red pens, perfumed wax, and little bags made of embroidered satin,

in which their billets-doux are sent, by negro slaves, who are both mutes and eunuchs. That liqueurs are drunk in these secluded chambers is evident; for we found labels for bottles, neatly cut out with scissors, bearing Turkish inscriptions, with the words "*Rosoglio*," "*Golden Water*," and "*Water of Life*." Having now seen every part of this building, we returned to the garden, by the entrance which admitted us to the kiosk.

(To be continued.)

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## HORSE CAUSES.

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TRIED AT THE LATE LINCOLN  
ASSIZES.

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*Marriott v. Stantha.*

**T**HIS was an action on the warranty of a horse. The plaintiff is a farmer at Fleet, the defendant a farmer at Potter-Hanworth. On the 12th of February last, at Folkingham fair, the latter sold the former a bay mare for 24l. 7s. warranted sound; and the action was to recover the price so paid, on the alleged ground that the mare was not sound at the time, but had the incurable complaint of a rupture in the belly, which the plaintiff found the next day, when he got her home. The plaintiff did not at first know where the defendant lived, and was therefore, it was stated, obliged to keep the mare for some time, till he discovered the residence of the defendant, and could apprise him of the objection to the animal.

The plaintiff's case was supported by the evidence of Mr. Edward Teesdale, farmer, of Sutton, who saw

saw the plaintiff buy the mare, and heard the defendant warrant her "all over right and sound;" by Mr. Wm. Stevenson, who saw the mare paid for; and by two farriers, Thomas Hall, of Fleet, and Thomas Holland, of Boston, the former of whom saw the mare on the day after the fair at which she was bought, and swore that at that time she had the rim of her body ruptured, or (in other words) was broken bodied, and he saw the mare again on Friday, the 10th instant, when the rupture continued, and was incurable. He had been twenty-five years a farrier at Fleet. The other farrier (Holland) had followed the business from his infancy, and he swore positively and particularly to the mare's being ruptured in the body, as to the external skin on both sides; and that over-weighting or hard riding from Folkingham fair would not cause such a misfortune.

Robert Sharp, an ostler at Boston, proved the returning of the mare, in June, to the defendant at Boston, who refused to accept her, and she had continued at the Robin Hood public-house there.

For the defence, the circumstance of the mare not having been returned until some months after the purchase, was strongly relied on, and Mr. George Clarke, a farmer, who was present at the sale in the fair, and had known the mare constantly since she was two years old, (she is now four) deposed that she had always been sound, and seemed so perfectly at the time of the sale, and in good condition. When he saw her again at Boston, on the 3d of June, she was not like the same, and had evidently been very badly treated; but even then he could not perceive any rupture or broken rim in

her, nor any thing else of the nature of unsoundness.

William Robinson, a blacksmith who had always shod the mare whilst she was the defendant's, never knew her to be otherwise than sound.

Mr. John Kent had known the mare since she was a year old, and had often ridden by the side of the defendant, when the mare always appeared sound. He must have discovered it if any thing of the kind complained of had been the matter with her.

John Fulbeck, who had lived servant with the defendant, and Mr. Wm. Foster, deposed to the same effect.

John Maltby, farrier at Lincoln, had seen the mare at Boston, and he swore that on Sunday night, the 12th instant, he heard Marriott the plaintiff, say, in the street of Lincoln, whilst surrounded by thirty people, that he had swapped the mare away to a person who knew she was unsound, and had bought her again at a reduced price; but the witness did not know a single person of all those who were by.

Mr. Clarke, for the plaintiff, maintained that no man would be such a rogue and a dolt as to make such a declaration at a time when he had come to the assizes to recover a larger sum for the mare as returnable to the defendant; and both the Counsel and the Judge animadverted strongly upon the perjury which must have been committed in the cause, wherein such conflicting and contradictory evidence had been given.

The case being left to the Jury, they returned a verdict for the defendant, declaring that they thought the mare sound at the time of the sale in Folkingham fair.

TRIED IN THE COURT OF KING'S  
BENCH, JULY 16.

Bryant v. Windsor.

THIS was an action to recover the value of a horse, amounting to 95l. under the following circumstances:

The plaintiff, who is not a dealer in horses, but a private gentleman, sold the horse in question to the defendant, and warranted him sound wind and limb. But it was agreed between them that he should have three days after delivery to say whether he approved of him or not. The bargain was struck on these terms, and the horse was delivered. On the third day he returned him to the plaintiff, saying that the horse was unsound. The plaintiff examined the horse, observed both his knees broken, and consequently he refused to take him back, and now brought his action.

Several witnesses were examined on both sides, but it appeared that the defendant having gone to Highgate to a dinner party, on his return home, *rather fresh*, threw down the horse and broke his knees.

On hearing this fact, the learned Judge directed that the Jury should find for the plaintiff to the full amount, whereby the defendant is now *saddled* with the horse.

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### BATTLE

BETWEEN

SHAW, THE LIFE GUARDSMAN,  
AND BURROW.

ON Saturday, the 16th instant, the amateurs of the fist had a prime day's diversion, at Coombe Warren, near Kingston, Surrey, in a casual contest, between Shaw,

the Life Guardsman, and Burrow, the West Countryman, and sturdy opposer of Molineux in his first battle in Caleb Baldwin's dominions, that is to say, Tothill-fields. The Guardsman was known to the town only by sparring at the Fives Court, but he had long been waiting to fight any body, having improved much in theoretical *accomplishment* in the boxing art. A fight between two celebrated *mill-ing* amateurs was to have taken place, but mutual accommodation took place, and Burrows, who had a jealous eye upon his antagonist, *braved it*, and threw his *castor* into the ring as a token of defiance to any professor of *fisty-cuffs*. The Guardsman was not thus to be bounced out of his dignity. What! a dragoon, and *millier* notorious, and, besides, one of the Sovereign's Body Guards, to be *cowed* by a Sailor? No—Shaw took the immediate hint.

After a few preliminaries had been adjusted, a battle, which lasted seventeen minutes, and in which thirteen rounds were fought, took place. Shaw shewed off some good science upon the head of his antagonist; and in the short space of time above mentioned, had so beat his man, that he could not see his way out of the ring.

Shaw has, by Fives-court practice, acquired a science, which, with his fourteen stone and a half weight, will render him difficult to be beat. He fights with the greatest temperance, not to say jollity, and seems to have copied from Crib, as he *slings* out well with the left hand in retreating; it was in the eagerness of pursuit that Burrow met with his punishment, which is more severe than at first supposed by a spectator of the battle. Shaw, however, has not been  
tried



tried in the grandest of all pugilistic perfections, that is, *game*: his antagonist was not competent to draw blood; is a slow player, a bad hitter, and has much degene-

rated since he fought Molineux in Tothill-fields.

Power will probably be the next man to oppose the Life-Guardsman.

LIST OF SIR FRANK STANDISH'S STUD.

*Continued from page 130.*

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	Foaled in.
<b>B</b> R. Colt	Sir Peter	Storage, by Tandem	1796
Eagle	Volunteer	Split-Pigeon's dam	1796
Somerford	Sir Peter	Deceit	1796
Gouty	Sir Peter	Yellow Mare	1796
Bay Colt	Volunteer	Eagle's dam	1797
Br. Colt	Sir Peter	Deceit	1797
Moll in the Wad.	Sir Peter	Yellow Mare	1797
Bay Filly	Sir Peter	Deceit	1798
Bay Filly	Sir Peter	Yellow Mare	1798
Bay Filly	Sir Peter	Storage	1798
Duxbury	Sir Peter	Storage	1799
Laborie	Sir Peter	Deceit	1799
Master Eagle	Volunteer	Eagle's dam	1799
Bay Filly	Sir Peter	Yellow Mare	1800
Br. Colt	Sir Peter	Horatia	1800
Young Eagle	Volunteer	Eagle's dam	1800
Famine	Sir Peter	Storage	1801
Bay Filly	Sir Peter	Storage	1802
Bay Filly	Sir Peter or Mr. Teazle	Eagle's dam	1803
Black Colt	Mr. Teazle	Parisot	1803
Ches. Filly	Mr. Teazle	Yellow Mare	1803
Paris	Sir Peter	Horatia	1803
Bay Colt	Sir Peter	Volunteer, out of Storage	1804
Bay Filly	Sir Peter	Eagle's dam	1805
Ches. Colt	Mr. Teazle	Volunteer, out of Storage	1805
Guardy	Mr. Teazle	Parisot	1805
Br. Colt	Sir Peter	Storage	1806
Bay Colt	Young Eagle	Sister to Gouty	1807
Bay Filly	Mr. Teazle	Volunteer, out of Storage	1807
Br. Bay Colt	Mr. Teazle	Storage	1807
The Goblin Page Sorcerer	Mr. Teazle or Sir Peter	out of Eagle's dam	1807
Pirouette	Young Eagle	Parisot	1807
Bay Filly	Young Eagle	Parisot	1808
Beilsford	Mr. Teazle	Volunteer, out of Storage	1808
Wellington	Trumpator	Sylph, by Saltram	1808

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	Foaled in.
Bay Colt . . . . .	Young Eagle. . . . .	Sister to Duxbury . . . . .	1809
Brown Colt . . . . .	Mr. Teazle. . . . .	Storace . . . . .	1809

And several others.

## PERFORMANCES OF THE PRINCIPAL HORSES, &amp;c.

*Bred by Sir Frank Standish, Bart.*

*Eagle*, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1799, received 85gs. from Kite, 8st. 4lb. each, R. M. 300gs. —In the Second Spring Meeting, he won a Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (six Subscribers), Across the Flat, beating Kite, Bellina, and Rubbish.—In the Second October Meeting, he won a Stakes of 1800gs. Across the Flat, beating Sorcerer, Kite, Rebel, &c.—In 1800, he won a Stakes of 400gs. at York.—At Newmarket, in 1801, he won the Craven Stakes, and a Match against Chippenham, 8st. each, Across the Flat, 200gs. his only engagements that year.—In 1802, he received 150gs. from Rolla; and ran second to Rebel for the October Oatlands, allowing him 16lb.; his only engagements.—In 1803, he won the Craven Stakes; and was beat for the October Oatlands; allowing Whirligig, 25lb.; his only engagements.—*Eagle* was sold to Mr. Mellish, for 800gs. and at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 8st. 6lb. he beat Bobtail, 8st. 1lb. T. Y. C. 200gs.—In the First Spring Meeting, he received 100gs. from Parasol;—First October, 8st. 7lb. he beat Malta, 6 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. Ab. M. 500gs.; —and at 8st. 10lb. he beat Picnic, 5 yrs old, 6st. T. Y. C. 200gs.; —Houghton Meeting, 8st. 5lb. he received 200gs. from Dick Andrews, 8st. 2lb. D. M.; and at 9st. he beat Eleanor, 6 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. T. Y. C. 200gs.—Craven Meeting, 1805, *Eagle*, 9st. 7lb. beat Dread-

nought, 4 yrs old, 5st. 8lb. Ab. M. 200gs.; and at 9st. 7lb. received 100gs. from Malta, 5st. 8lb.—First Spring, at 9st. 4lb. he beat Marianne, 6 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. Ab. M. 200gs.—And in the Second Spring, at 9st. 2lb. he was beat by Bobtail, 8st. Ab. M.—*Eagle* was then sold for a stallion, and was sire of Mr. Edward, Vulture, Aquilina, Asmodeus, Leon-Forte, Macao, Pheasant, Anaconda, &c.—He has since been sold abroad.

*The Bay Colt*, (Brother to *Eagle*, foaled in 1797), was a stallion in the North, and died in 1804, by a mare breaking one of his legs at Allerthorpe, near Bedale, Yorkshire.

*Gouty*, at Ascot in 1800, won a Stakes of 10gs. each, (twenty-two Subscribers.)—In 1801, he was a stallion at Oatlands, and was sire of Mr. Lake's Lord Mayor, Humility, Gaiety, Nymphina, Silvermere, Britannia, &c. of Mr. Dyott's Lichfield, Lord G. H. Cavendish's Podagra, &c.—He was afterwards sold to America.

*Duxbury*, won. 250gs. 100gs. 80gs. 500gs. 200gs. and 50l. at Newmarket; also a Produce Stakes of 500gs. at York.—He was sold to the Hon. G. Watson, and won 50gs. and received two compromises.

*Laborie* was the dam of the Hon. Mr. Fellowes's Homespan, by Gohanna, &c.

*Master Eagle* won 50l. at Newmarket.

market.—He was sold into Ireland, where he is a stallion.

*Young Eagle* was a stallion at Duxbury, Lancashire, and was sire of Lord Foley's *Pirouette*, who died at Newmarket in consequence of drinking poisoned water.

*Paris* won 1100gs. and 450gs. at Newmarket; and was then sold to Lord Foley for 1000gs.—He afterwards won the Derby Stakes of 1125gs. at Epsom; also 100gs. twice 200gs. 500gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket.

*Guardy* was sold to Sir Charles Turner, Bart. in 1809.—He won 50gs. and twice 50l. at Newmarket.—He was afterwards sold to Mr. Ladbroke, and won 50l. at Newmarket, 50l. at Ascot, the King's Plate at Canterbury, 50l. at Egham, and 50l. at Epsom.

*The Goblin Page* was sold to Mr. Trevanion, and in 1810 he won 50gs. at Bibury, 50l. at Bodmin, and 50l. at Exeter;—in 1811, he won 50l. at Exeter, 50gs. at Bodmin, and 100gs. at Kingscote.

*Wellington* was bought at Mr. Fermor's sale, in 1808, with his dam, for 200gs.—In 1811, he won 550gs. and 400gs. at Newmarket; also 90gs. at Ascot.—At Newmarket in the Spring, 1812, he was sold to Mr. Shakespear, who calls him *Hydaspes*.

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SALE OF SIR FRANK STANDISH'S  
STUD, AT PRESTON.

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**SYLPH**, by *Saltram*, out of *Sting*, with a Filly at her foot, by Mr. Teazle, and covered by him again.—Sold to Mr. Blundell, of Ince, for —gs.

Bay Mare, by Sir Peter, out of *Storace*, with a Colt, by *Castrel*

or *Pam*, and covered by *Newcastle*.—Mr. Brade for 100gs.

Bay Mare, by Sir Peter, out of the *Yellow Mare*, with a Colt by *Pam*, and covered by *Newcastle*.—Mr. Scarisbrick for 160gs.

Chesnut Mare, by Mr. Teazle, out of the *Yellow Mare*, with a Colt by *Castrel*, and covered by *Newcastle*.—Mr. Baker for 224gs.

Bay Mare, by Sir Peter, out of *Spread-Eagle's* dam, covered by *Newcastle*.—Mr. Baker for 100gs.

Bay Filly, two years old, by Mr. Teazle, dam by *Volunteer*, out of *Storace*.—Mr. Hulton for 70gs.

Black Colt, one year old, by Mr. Teazle, out of *Sylph*.—Mr. Billington for 92gs.

Bay Colt, one year old, by *Young Eagle*, dam by Sir Peter, out of the *Yellow Mare*.—Mr. Brade for 180gs.

Bay Colt, one year old, by *Newcastle*, dam by Sir Peter, out of *Spread-Eagle's* dam.—Mr. Blundell for 56gs.

Chesnut Filly, one year old, by *Newcastle*, dam by Sir Peter or Mr. Teazle, out of *Spread-Eagle's* dam.—Mr. R. Constantine for 16gs.

Mr. Teazle, by Sir Peter.—Mr. Hulton for 19gs.

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SALE AT NEWMARKET.

A Filly, three years old, by *Sancho*, dam by Mr. Teazle, out of the *Yellow Mare*, and covered by *Dick Andrews*.—Lord Meath for 61gs.

A Bay Filly, four years old, Sister to *Pirouette*, and covered by *Sorcerer*.—Mr. Taylor for 225gs.

A Brown Colt, three years old, by *Vermin*, out of *Wellington's* dam.—Lord Sefton for 180gs.

A Bay



A Bay Colt, three years old, by Young Eagle, out of a Sister to Duxbury.—Lora Sackville for 205gs.

for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, which consisted of thirty-seven, and five bye battles.

**COCKINGS.**

*Newcastle.*

ON Thursday, in the race-week, the Gold Cup was fought for, and won by Mr. Wallace.—There were a great many matches fought, but no regular main.

	<i>Potter.</i>	<i>Gilliver.</i>
	M. B.	M. B.
Monday	9 2	5 0
Tuesday	4 0	3 1
Wednesday	4 0	4 1
Thursday	4 0	4 1
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	21 2	16 3

*Nantwich.*

During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Cheshire, (Gilliver, feeder), and the gentlemen of Staffordshire, (Gosling, feeder), for 5gs. a battle, and 100gs. the main, which consisted of thirty-nine, and was won by Staffordshire, by five a-head.

*Ormskirk.*

During the races, a main of cocks was fought between J. Mawdsley, Esq. (Woodcock, feeder) and H. Pemberton, Esq. (Fletcher, feeder) for 5gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, which consisted of twenty-seven.

	<i>Woodcock.</i>	<i>Fletcher.</i>
	M. B.	M. B.
Tuesday	3 2	3 0
Wednesday	4 0	3 1
Thursday	5 0	2 1
Friday	1 0	6 1
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	13 2	14 3

*Stamford.*

During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Bedfordshire, (Fleming, feeder) and the gentlemen of Warwickshire, (Bindley, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.

**PROVOCATION TO FIGHT A DUEL.**

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 27.

The King v. Francis Aicken, Esq.

	<i>Fleming.</i>	<i>Bindley.</i>
	M. B.	M. B.
Tuesday	3 3	6 2
Wednesday	6 4	3 2
Thursday	2 3	7 3
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	11 10	16 7

THIS was an indictment brought by James Bogle Delapp, Esq. now an Officer in the First or King's Dragoon Guards, against a gentleman, who had formerly been his brother officer, but who quitted the regiment soon after the quarrel which led to the present proceeding, for a libel upon and challenge of the prosecutor. It appeared, on the part of the prosecutor, that on the 16th of February, 1808, the regiment was quartered at Lewes, where

*Preston.*

In the race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between Lord Derby, (Potter, feeder) and Richard Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder)

where the defendant was at *Coven-*  
*try* from the rest of the mess, be-  
 ing spoken to by no officer. The  
 prosecutor felt for his situation,  
 and was disposed to relieve him  
 from it. On the day in question,  
 the conversation among eight of  
 the officers, in the mess-room,  
 turned upon the march of the Rus-  
 sians, upon which there was some  
 difference of opinion, and the de-  
 fendant made use of some offen-  
 sive expressions towards the prose-  
 cutor, which induced a challenge  
 on the part of the defendant; who  
 said, that, as he could get no se-  
 cond in his situation, he proposed  
 that the parties should meet with-  
 out, and decide their dispute at  
 five paces' distance; to fire, upon  
 one of them counting five. The  
 prosecutor declined to meet upon  
 these terms; and upon another  
 proposition to fight, equally inad-  
 missible, being made, the defendant  
 was bound to give security of the  
 peace for a twelve-month. Four  
 years afterwards, (on the 1st of  
 April, 1810), a third overture to a  
 duel was made by the defendant,  
 who talked of the assistance of  
 some unknown friend, and of seek-  
 ing atonement rather than revenge.  
 This not being complied with on  
 the part of the prosecutor, the  
 libel complained of was composed  
 by him, and published by his post-  
 ing it up in four different coffee-  
 houses in London.—The libel was  
 as follows:—"Lieut. James B.  
 Delapp, having in three instances  
 evaded, and in one instance refused  
 to give me an opportunity of ob-  
 taining from him redress for an un-  
 warrantable injury; for one appli-  
 cation, for which I was held in  
 security of the peace for twelve  
 months since, myself in 400l. and  
 two sureties in 200l. each; I here-

by publicly proclaim him a scound-  
 rel and a coward. (Signed) F. J.  
 Aicken, late Lieutenant, 1st, or  
 King's Dragoons." Notice of this  
 posting was sent to the prosecutor,  
 by a letter from the defendant.

Mr. Marryat, for the defendant,  
 could not dispute the publication  
 of the libel, nor deny its defama-  
 toriness: he cross-examined the  
 prosecutor, as to his absences from  
 London and England, to account  
 for the delay; and the prosecutor  
 owned that he had upon one occa-  
 sion had a quarrel with the defend-  
 ant in the mess-room, which ended  
 in a blow on his part, for which  
 they were both put under arrest.  
 Being so, they could not fight,  
 since no officer would become their  
 second; but the prosecutor would  
 have expressed himself, as having  
 been at all times ready to meet the  
 defendant in an open manner, had  
 Lord Ellenborough allowed him to  
 profess his oath to violate the laws.  
 Mr. Marryat, therefore, reserved  
 himself for mitigation of punish-  
 ment, when the merits of the quar-  
 rel might be perhaps allowed to be  
 partly entered into; and the de-  
 fendant was found *Guilty*.

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#### CRICKET MATCH.

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THE latter end of last month, a  
 match at cricket was attempted  
 to be played between eleven of  
 Alresford, Hants, and eleven of  
 Droxford, but owing to the rainy  
 weather, and other circumstances,  
 it was not played out on the Sa-  
 turday evening, and the players  
 could not agree to go on again on  
 Monday; the odds were against  
 Alresford. In consequence, the  
 Post-Master of Alresford, received  
 the following letter:—

(COPY)

(COPY)

"Hence, hence, ye rude descending show-  
ers,  
Nor touch those sugar'd skins of ours.

## GREAT BARGAINS.

To be sold by private contract, in a very short time, of which further notice will be given, all the undermentioned valuable articles, the property of eleven men, who, under the strong conviction of the futility of the idea of their supporting any longer the name of cricketers, have come to the laudable resolution of selling their effects for the benefit of eleven old washerwomen, who have generously undertaken to endeavour to *\*retrive* the lost fame and to establish the future reputation of New Alresford, a town which formerly made no *\*contemptable* figure in the brightest *\*annalls* of cricketing.—The following articles being to be disposed of for so laudable a purpose, it is hoped that the undivided attention of a liberal and generous public will be directed to the furtherance and completion of so desirable an object.

Lot 1. A great number of batts, balls, stumps, and all the *\*apperatis* of the turf.

Lot 2. A large assortment of list and spiked shoes, flannel jackets, &c.

Lot 3. The humble resignation of eleven men to all *\*pretentions* to a knowledge of a game of cricket.

Lot 4. A large collection of penitential sighs and unavailing regrets.

Lot 5. A small jar of animal spirits; the jar is kept constantly open for inspection, no fears being entertained of evaporation.

Lot 6. A large collection of undigested jokes.

Lot 7. A register of bad bets, alphabetically arranged and enriched with notes, illustrative of the painful emotions they have not failed to excite, and the lesson they have most feelingly inculcated.

Lot 8. The painful anticipation of future humiliating rubs; the consciousness of inferiority, a long train of uneasy ideas, embarrassing remembrances, and bitter reflections, too tedious to mention.

N. B. A subscription will be immediately set on foot by Messrs. Fellowfeeling and Pity, to enable the unhappy proprietors of the abovementioned articles to purchase a much desired oblivion of the past."

## EXTRA SPORTING.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 1812.

MONDAY.—Sir J. Shelley's Phantom, 4 yrs old, 9st. agst the Duke of Rutland's Elizabeth, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. Across the Flat, 500gs. h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's Comus, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Lake's Pointers, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.

The Garden Stakes of 100gs. each.—T. M. M.

Lord Foley's Soothsayer, 4 yrs old	..... 9	2
Lord Jersey's Invalid, aged	..... 8	10
Mr. Shakespear's Chester, aged	..... 8	8
Duke of Rutland's Grimalkin, 4 yrs old	..... 8	6
Mr. Andrew's Trophonius, by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old	..... 8	6

\* Wits and critics should be proof against criticism. ©

OBSERVATOR.

Lord



Lord Darlington's Amadis de Gaul, 4 yrs old.....	8	6
Lord Darlington's Cwrw, 3 yrs old.....	8	0

## SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1812.

MONDAY.—Sir J. Shelley's Phantom, 8st. 10lb. agst the Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, 8st. 3lb. Across the Flat, 300gs. h. ft.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Merry-go-round, agst Mr. Shakespear's Jolter, 8st. 5lb. each, T. Y. C. 300gs.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston agst Mr. Shakespear's Hydaspes, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 300gs.

Saturday.—Mr. Shakespear's Jolter, 8st. 11lb. agst Lord Stawell's Cato, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 300gs.

## CRAVEN MEETING, 1813.

Lord Foley's Soothsayer agst Sir J. Shelley's Phantom, 8st. 7lb. each, Across the Flat, 500gs.

## MASQUERADE AT VAUXHALL.

A Grand Masquerade was given at this delightful place of entertainment on Monday, the 20th instant, which excited, in a very considerable degree, the curiosity and attention of the metropolis. Upwards of 5,000 tickets were disposed of; but in consequence of the threatening appearance of the weather, not more than 2,500 persons assembled, comprising the great body of the Nobility and Gentry remaining in London. The gardens were illuminated in the most splendid style; and the walks, at its extremity, having been partitioned off, the Promenade was confined to the square surrounding the orchestra. The effect was beyond description whimsical and entertaining. The promenade pre-

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mented to the eye a sort of moving panorama, in which were assembled representatives of every description of character of which imagination can form an idea, from the chimney-sweeper to the Duke—from the inhabitant of the frozen regions of Siberia, to the native of the more benign and salubrious climate of Italy. Here the *Devil* walked arm-in-arm with a *Reverend Prelate*—there, *Mercury*, the tutelar *God of Thieves*, appeared in deep conversation with a *Chief Justice*—and, in a third quarter, a holy *Friar* might be observed paying his *devoirs* to the *Cythrean Goddess*. The greater proportion of the company, however, as is customary on such occasions, were dressed in *dominos*, many of them extremely splendid. The prevalence of those habits was much to be regretted, as they are a sort of drawback on the general fund of mirth and good humour, to which every person should contribute his share; and, from the lively sallies which occasionally escaped from those *non-descripts*, many of them possessed sufficient ability to have supported characters very effectively. In the early part of the evening, the lowering aspect of the heavens threatened to destroy the anticipated pleasure. But, after eleven o'clock, this fear subsided, and all was bustle and vivacity. In different parts of the garden, military and pandean bands were stationed, and reels and *contre dances* became the great source of attraction and amusement, not only to those who engaged in them, but to the surrounding spectators, whose risible faculties were frequently excited by the singular combinations of character which presented themselves. At one o'clock the supper bell rang, and the boxes and apartments

A a

ments

ments from which, previous to that hour, the company had been excluded, were thrown open, and a scene, truly ludicrous, was exhibited, in the scramble which took place to procure a share in the rich viands which the Proprietor had provided most liberally. *Dustmen* and *Dowagers*, *Peers* and *Plebeians*, all rushed to the nearest table, and fell to, *sans ceremonie*. The supper, which was under the superintendance of Mr. Waud, of New Bond-street, presented a profusion of the delicacies of the season, and consisted of

- 150 dozen of fowls.
- 150 dishes of lamb.
- 200 tongues and hams.
- 300 lobsters.
- 100 raised pies.
- 200 Savoy cakes.
- 250 dishes of pastry.
- 300 jellies.
- 400 quarts of ice creams.
- 500 pottles of strawberries.
- 300 cwt. of cherries.

Besides a vast variety of other fruits, which formed the dessert. The wines were of the most rare vintage.

After supper, due devotion having been paid to the jolly god, the company returned with increased spirits to the promenade. Amongst the multiplicity of characters, we particularly noticed the following :

Mr. and Miss Brown, the former a *winged Mercury*, the latter as "*sable Night*." Both admirably dressed.

Mr. Broadley, as a *Waggoner*, handled his whip with much dexterity, and gave the language of the stable with great effect.

Miss Edwards, a very good *Ballad-singer*, entertained the company with several excellent songs.

Mr. Watson, a *Sailor*—very well skilled in nautical phrases.

Mr. Dixon, as a Member of the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*, delivered several very humorous lectures on morality.

A *Blind Irish Piper*—a well-dressed and highly-amusing character. His performance on the pipes attracted around him a very numerous auditory, who were much pleased with his musical talents as well as his humorous remarks.

*Peter Snip, Tailor and Habit-maker*—one of the best characters in the Garden—his wit was as sharp and polished as his needle; and he very soon *sewed up* those who essayed the "*wordy war*" with him. His card, in which he stated himself to be "*Tailor to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent*," concluded with—*N.B. Coats turned on the shortest notice.*

A *Quack Doctor*, very well dressed and supported. He handed about an essay in praise of his *Lethean draught*, a single dose of which would eradicate from the mind all disagreeable recollections of "*early friends*" and ill-considered *promises*, the remembrance of which might be in any wise inconvenient.

A groupe of *Yorkshire Fox-hunters*. The costume perfectly characteristic, and supported with great spirit.

A *Coster-monger* mounted on a donkey. This representative of Tothill-fields occasioned much laughter.—He was ultimately dismounted by one of the *Fox-hunters*, who ascended in his place, and made the gardens resound with "*Yoicks! Yoicks! Tally-ho!*"

A "*Peaceable Subject*" attracted much attention. He was rolled about on a sort of carriage, his eyes being blindfolded, his mouth gagged, and his legs and arms fastened. He afterwards appeared as  
a *Local*





Howitt



a *Local Militiaman*, and made a very respectable member of the awkward squad.

A *Bashaw of Three Tails* was extremely well-dressed—A mischievous *Barber*, by cutting off two of his *insignia* of dignity, excited his wrath, and a short set-to, *a-la-Crib*, was the consequence.

A *Chinese Merchant*, most appropriately habited, excited much attention.

A very good *Tony Lumpkin*—The mask, an excellent likeness of Mr. Mathews, the Comedian.

*Punch* and *Judy*, a very humorous couple. They executed a *pas deux* in a truly comic style.

A group of *Sweeps*, who, from their conduct, we believe really were what they seemed to be. They dirtied the elegant dresses of several of the ladies; and became at length so very indecorous, that they were expelled from the garden.

Some smart *repartees* occasionally took place between a Jew *Rabbi* and one of the elect from the *Tabernacle*. They mutually charged each other with violating their creed, by visiting such a naughty receptacle for sinners.—An old *Clothesman*, by the uniform dullness of his deportment, proved that his brains and his bag were alike empty. There was only one *Bar-rister* present, but luckily for his slender qualifications, there were no disputes to settle of any importance. He had evidently emerged from the *Courts* below. A *stock-broker*, whose wit was never above par, but who impudently demanded a slice of *omnium* round the upper tables, was a good butt for the better sort of wits as they sat at table.—There was a tolerable *Turk*, who preserved a due gravity of manners, but his *Sultana* was like the rest of her sex, garrulous in

the extreme, and profiting by the laxity of English manners, frequently "threw the handkerchief" from a pair of killing black eyes.

Among the best supported *groupes*, was a *Wild Man of the Woods*, with his keeper or showman, holding him by a rope attached to his middle. Both were excellent imitations—the former astonished the company by the rapidity and agility of his movements, and imitated the grimaces and chirping of an ape most naturally. His leader was perfectly *au fait* in his part, and described the wonderful qualifications of the man-monster to the curious, with the true science of a caravan naturalist.

A silly fellow went in the character of a *crow's nest*. He placed himself in one of the trees, and after amusing himself, imitating the noise of a crow, he was soon *put to flight* by an active *Harlequin*.

As is usual on such occasions, there were many *Sailors*, whose only merit consisted in swearing—*Harlequins*, who could scarcely jump over a joint-stool—*Clowns*, without any pretensions to humour—*Peers*, without dignity—and *Vestals*, not remarkable for their modesty.

The night was passed, with very little exception, in the utmost harmony, and the company did not separate till a late hour on the Tuesday morning.

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## HOUNDS MAKING A CAST.

THIS animated delineation of *Hounds making a Cast*, is the first of a series of plates on hunting, by Mr. Howitt, and which will, we confidently anticipate, meet with the approbation of our readers.

## FEAST OF WIT.

SIR Thomas Fitzgerald, famous for flogging, had raised a regiment of pardoned peasantry, in the Sister Kingdom, which he called the "Ancient Irish." He and his corps were sent on foreign service. On his return, he boasted frequently of their bravery, and that no other troops were so forward to *face* the enemy.—"No wonder," said Ned Lysaght; "thanks to your flogging, they were *ashamed to shew their backs.*"

ONE of the Daily Papers lately contained the following specimen of modern quackery:—

"*Bilious Affections cured.*—John Lynch, the West Indian, who for twenty-four years has been honoured with the distinguished patronage of the British Public, will undertake with any other Gentleman to cure *three* persons to *one*, who may be afflicted with the above malady. The unparalleled success which has attended his incomparable Medicine, enables him to say, that if Patients have been affected twenty years, and all hopes given up, he will engage to cure them," &c.

## EPITAPH BY A MAN ON HIS WIFE.

TWO of my bones have taken a trip,  
My *rib* is departed, and so is my *HYP.*

THE late Mr. Mossop, the celebrated Hibernian tragedian, had a whimsical method of making his mode of living subservient to his acting. Whenever he had a tyrant to perform, he dined upon *bull-*

*beef*, and drank *whiskey-punch*; and when he personated the lover, he always dined upon lamb, or *calves head*, and drank *lemonade.*

AGAINST one of the sets of chambers near Lincoln's-Inn Hall, is a sun-dial with this motto:—"Ex hoc memento pendet aternitas."—The other morning it was discovered that some wag had hung a book to the gnomon, which, on being cut down, proved to be an old edition of the *Practice in Chancery.*"

## THE WAGER DECIDED.

SUCH little hopes I'd always found  
Of gaining Betsey for my wife,  
That I had wager'd Dick a pound  
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to Heaven!—my anxious care  
Is all remov'd;—the knot is ty'd—  
And Betsey, fairest of the fair,  
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,  
Well pleas'd, I hold myself in debt;  
Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found  
I lose my Wager—win my BET.

A CERTAIN Minister in Birmingham, in his discourse a few nights ago, from the pulpit, made the following pathetic observation to his audience: "Solomon, my brethren, was a very wise man—he tells us, you know, that riches have wings and fly away. By riches he meant gold and silver, and indeed his assertion is verified in this our day, for I have not seen a guinea, I don't know the day when."

IRISH BAR WIT.—The Irish Chief Baron, Mr. O'Grady, chanc-  
ed

ed to sit in company with Roger B——, formidable for his dexterity at dice, hazard, and all games of chance, who began to bluster—"I would have you know," said he, "that I am not to be trifled with; and that no man shall take liberties with me."—"I understand you," said Mr. O'Grady, "you mean to say, that it is not safe to play with you."

"PHYSICIANS," said a wit, "have an additional reason for marrying besides those that other people have, for is it not reasonable that those should beget children to the State who are every day depriving it of subjects?"

AN auctioneer having a public-house to dispose of lately in the metropolis, stated in his advertisement, that it was situated near the Seven Dials, "a noted gin-drinking neighbourhood."—This distinction, we apprehend, is not peculiar to the Seven Dials.

ON HEARING IT REMARKED THAT A CERTAIN WIT'S "FIRE WAS EXTINGUISHED."

NO, no—his fire he still retains,  
Whate'er you may suppose;  
Its lustre has but left his brains,  
And settled in his nose!

AN ECCENTRIC.—The following ludicrous dialogue occurred at Guildhall on Wednesday, the 8th instant:—Mr. Thomas Levett, an eccentric character, was examined before Alderman Atkins, on suspicion of having stolen two pictures—one a Sea Engagement, the other a Sporting subject. The constable who had the defendant in custody stated, that he met him at a late hour on Tuesday night with the pictures under his arm, in Fleet-street. On requesting

him to give an account how he came by them, he refused all explanation, and behaved in a most irregular manner; in consequence of which he was taken to the watch-house.—The worthy Alderman on this occasion put the following questions:—*Alderman*. Pray what are you, my friend?—*Prisoner*. As far as I can pretend to form a judgment, I believe myself to be a man.—*Q*. How do you get your bread?—*A*. Usually from the bakers.—*Q*. How do you obtain money to purchase your bread?—*A*. By cultivating a piece of land.—*Q*. Where is the land situated?—*A*. In Kent.—*Q*. Kent is a large place; may I ask what part of it?—*A*. At Northfleet.—*Q*. Where do you usually lodge in town?—*A*. Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; occasionally in coffee-houses, not unfrequently in low public-houses: perhaps I may sometimes stray elsewhere—you may guess. I last slept at Daffy's warehouse, in Salisbury-square.—The Magistrate then informed him that it was the duty of the officers to prevent the removal of stolen goods by night, and therefore the defendant was expected to give a proper account of the manner by which he had obtained the property. He then stated that he had purchased one of the pictures from Mr. Owen, successor of Mr. Macklin, in Fleet-street, and the other from Mr. Ecford, in Tudor-street. There was reason to believe the truth of his story, and the Alderman discharged him, convinced that he was an *odd fellow*, but not a *criminal*. He was, in consequence, discharged, when being informed he had 4s. 6d. fees to pay, he said he would give the keeper reason to remember him, and immediately presented him with a *golden guinea*, which, he said, would,



in this season of scarcity, be found an infallible cure for *sore eyes!*

ON A LADY WHO COMPLAINED OF BEING AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.

AFTER talking an hour, as the story records,

And incessantly talking, without hesitation,

"I am now at a loss," cried Louisa, "for words!"

'Twas a speech which excited no small admiration.

Soon her husband jocosely replied to his wife,

"That is strange; but though strange, it is true without doubt;

For there is not a word in the language, my life!

Which you have not by frequently using worn out."

AN Irish Member said in a late debate, that the new impost upon *leather* would so much increase the price of *shoes*, that it might be considered as a general *poll-tax*.

NOTHING.

WHAT are you doing, Joe?—said I—

Oh nothing, Sir—was Joe's reply—

And you, there, Tom—pray let me know—

I'm busy, Sir, I'm helping Joe—

Is nothing then so hard to do,

That thus it takes the time of two!—

No, says the other, with a smile,

And grins and chuckles all the while,

But we're such clever chaps, d'ye see,

That nothing's hard to Joe and me.

BON MOT.—When the late Prince of Wales was at variance with his father, George II. he used to give splendid evening parties at Leicester-house. The principal attraction, on those occasions, was two very beautiful girls, daughters to a General Field, one of his Royal Highness's Equerries; Lord Chesterfield, who was then in Opposition, was a constant attendant there, and being asked by Lord Besborough one day, why he never saw him at St. James's? "No, no!" said the facetious Earl,

"you may, if you please, associate with the *old hacks* at the Palace, but for my part, I prefer *Leicester-fields* to the *King's-Mews*."

EPITAPH.

IN the prime of life Tom lost his wife;

Says Dick, to soothe his pain—

"Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now,

"In Abraham's bosom lain."

"His fate forlorn, with grief I mourn,"

The shrewd dissembler cries;

"For much I fear, by this sad tear,

"She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes!"

EPITAPH IN BIRMINGHAM CHURCH YARD.

O! Cruel Death! how could'st thou be so unkind,

To take him before, and leave me behind?

Thou should'st have taken both, if either,

Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor.

Odd Coincidence.—Married, at Norwich, Miss Maria Baker, to Mr. Butcher. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Brewer; and the name of the Clergyman who united them was Painter.

WHAT IS AN EPIGRAM?

AN Epigram! what is it, Honey?

A little poem, short and funny,

About four lines in length—not more:

Then this is one—for here are four.

IN the annals of literature, the present may be called the age of similes—and certainly many are not of the most apposite or elegant description. Amongst the former we notice the extraordinary one of a cotemporary, who compares a *whirlwind* to declining commerce—another, speaking of the war, says, "when war, like an infuriate bull *boxing* its shadow," &c.!

EPIGRAM.

Money has damn'd the world these thousand years,

We're sav'd at last—the mischief disappears!

SPORT.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT a sale of Arabian horses, the property of the late Samuel Amnesty, at Tattersall's, on Monday, the 6th instant, a small Arabian horse, aged, was purchased by Lord Dartmouth, for the enormous price of seven hundred and ten guineas; and a yearling filly was sold for one hundred and fifty guineas.

AT the late Nantwich meeting, a chesnut mare, called Miss Cowan, carrying a feather, was engaged to run two miles in four minutes, for fifty guineas—she lost by seven seconds.

MR. Brandling sold, at Newcastle, his brown filly, by Sir Solomon, dam by Woodpecker, to Mr. Trotter.

MR. Barker has sold Legerde-main, by Shuttle, to J. G. Lambton, Esq. for 800gs.

T. DUNCOMBE, Esq. has sold the stallion, Chance, by Lurcher, to go into America.

MR. Trotter has sold Commissary, by Brown-Bread, dam by Pegasus, (nominated by Mr. Brandling for the St. Leger) to Sir B. R. Graham, Bart.

THE races at Bibury will now, it is said, continue at that place as heretofore, through the interference of Lord Sherbourne.

AT Whaplode races the beginning of the month, two of the

horses diverging from the course, one of them unfortunately ran over Mr. Eldred, stone-cutter, of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, by which accident Mr. E. had his collar-bone broken, and was otherwise much bruised.

AT Newcastle, on Thursday, the 26th ult. just as the race was finished, the temporary stand belonging to the White Hart Inn, being loaded with about two hundred persons, gave way in the middle, and involved nearly one hundred in the crash.—About forty persons were seriously hurt, and ten or twelve most dangerously, several of them having broken limbs.

ON Friday, the 10th instant, a horse, belonging to a gentleman of Milborne St. Andrew's, Dorset, was stung to death by bees! The owner had called on Mr. Pouney, at Dewlish, leaving his horse fastened by the bridle to the pales at the door. In this situation the poor animal was assailed by swarms of bees from different stocks, and so tormented that he threw himself over the pales. Two or three people ran to assist the horse, and were dreadfully stung, but at length released him, when he ran off as if mad, got again entangled, fell, and with the most piteous groans shortly expired. Hundreds of bees were found under the saddle and girth, in his ears, and wherever they could assail him.

MR. Golding's celebrated trotting mare, Cleaver, performed twenty-eight miles in two hours, on Tuesday, the 28th instant, to and fro on the Bath road, for one hundred and fifty guineas, with apparent ease. The odds against time.

ON Friday, the 10th instant, Mr. Keene, a celebrated shot, killed twenty-seven pigeons successively, on Bagshot Heath, from a trap at twenty-one yards distance from the gun. He had taken forty to five about killing the twenty-one birds, and he shot on upon another bet.

ON Wednesday, the 15th, a considerable bet was decided by Mr. Wesson, of the Lamb Inn, Witney, Oxon, a well-known good shot: he fired at and hit twenty penny pieces thrown into the air successively: the wager was to mark seventeen in twenty.

WILLIAM Jamieson, farmer, in Craighead, parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, aged ninety years, being an old sportsman, a few days ago set out to hunt wild ducks, and was lucky enough to hit five shots running without a miss, and to kill three brace of full grown ducks, with which the cheerful old man came home in triumph. He was married about seven years ago to his fourth wife, and has upwards of one hundred children and grand children.

MR. Mallet, of Esher, Surrey, undertook, on Thursday, the 16th instant, for fifty guineas, to kill twelve from sixteen pigeons, with a double-barreled gun, two birds to be released at a time, twelve yards from the trap. He lost the match without shooting it out.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Hamilton, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, a few days since, was backed to kill twenty pigeons out of twenty-one, which he did, without missing a shot. The birds were turned out at ten yards. He shot another match of four, turned at twenty-one yards, which he likewise killed without missing a bird.

ON Saturday, the 4th instant, a rowing match took place near Windsor Bridge, by two gentlemen formerly of Eton College, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Graham, for one hundred guineas, from the Bridge to Clewer Point; the distance is about four miles there and back, which was won by Mr. Ponsonby. —And on Sunday morning, the 5th, another match was rowed the same distance between Mr. Graham and Mr. Lumley, for the like sum, which was won with great ease by Mr. Graham.

ON Wednesday, the 15th instant, a rowing-match took place, between Mr. Lumley and Mr. Graham, from Windsor Bridge, by Clewer Point, and back to the Bridge, for one hundred and sixty guineas a side, which was won by Mr. Lumley. —And on Thursday, the 15th, another rowing match took place over the same distance, between Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Graham, for one hundred guineas, which was won by Mr. Graham. A number of pleasure-boats, with genteel parties, were attracted, and the scene was truly delightful.

THE Cumberland Sailing Society, instituted by the late Duke of Cumberland, have, this year, evinced a spirit worthy of their late Royal Patron; they have sub-  
scribed



scribed for three elegant Silver Cups and Covers, to be sailed for by pleasure boats.

**CRICKETING.**—The early part of the month, a grand match of cricket was played on Highdown-hill, between the gentlemen of the Weald of Sussex, and the gentlemen of the Sea Coast, which, after three days capital play, terminated, three notches in favour of the former.

ON Monday, the 6th instant, a match of cricket took place on Twyford Down, Hants, between eleven players of Winchester, and ten of the Bourne, with a given mate, for twenty-two guineas each side; which was decided in favour of the former by six runs.

ON Thursday, the 9th inst. was the first day of meeting of a Cricket Club, associated for playing on the Race-ground, near Stamford, Lincolnshire, every Thursday until September. Colonel Noel and Stafford O'Brien, Esq. are members, and were on the ground. The meeting was small, but is expected to be good in future.

ON Tuesday, the 14th instant, a Cricket-match was played between the Gentlemen of Eton College and the Gentlemen of Rickmansworth, in the Shooting-fields of Eton College, which was won by the Gentlemen of the latter, by sixty-two runs.

FRIDAY and Saturday, the 24th and 25th inst. was played in the Shooting Field of Eton College, a grand match of Cricket, between the Gentlemen Tutors of Eton College, and the Gentlemen of the St. John's Club, which was won

by the Gentlemen of Eton, by a majority of 49.

ON Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th inst. a match of Cricket was played on Twyford Down, between eleven players of Winchester and eleven players of Preston Candover. In this match there was much good play, particularly on the Winchester side, in whose favour the match was decided by 296 runs against 165.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—Captain Barclay backed himself with Captain D. of the Kincardine Local Militia, to run nine miles within the hour, on Thursday, the 9th instant, being by agreement within forty-eight hours after the wager was taken. The first seven miles was done in forty-nine minutes, when he stopped and took a tea-cup full of vinegar and wine; he again started, and after running one mile and a half, the hour was declared out, and the match lost by three minutes and a quarter. On the same day, Captain D. undertook to drive his gig sixteen miles within the hour, carrying thirty-four stone, besides the weight of the chaise, which he could easily have accomplished had not the carriage broke down.

CAPTAIN Agar, the pedestrian, finished a wonderful performance, in Somersetshire, on Saturday, the 4th instant. He had matched himself for a bet of two hundred guineas, with a Baronet, to perform three hundred miles in four days, which is at the rate of seventy-five miles a day. He started from the Edgeware-road, and did ninety miles within the first twenty-four hours; eighty the second day; seventy-two the third; and fifty

on the Saturday; having rested but six hours during the time. He had much difficulty in getting through the last day.

A **TRADESMAN** in the Borough, for a wager of five hundred guineas, has undertaken to walk from London to Canterbury, fifty-three miles, in eleven successive hours. Time is backed at two to one.

ON Sunday morning, the 29th ult. a man of the name of Callender, forty years of age, engaged for a wager of 10l. to walk from London Bridge to Lewisham and back, in two hours and ten minutes, the whole distance being eleven miles. He started at five o'clock, and completed the undertaking seven minutes less than the time allowed, seemingly very little fatigued. A great many bets were depending upon the issue.

ON Sunday morning, the 12th instant, a young man, a groom, of the name of Kingsbury, undertook, for a wager of 5l. to go on foot from London-bridge to Blackheath, and back again, in one hour and a quarter, the whole distance being ten miles. He started at five o'clock, at a moderate rate, for five minutes, when he mended his pace, stopped at New Cross to bait, then pursued his journey, and arrived at Blackheath, where he took refreshment; after stopping five minutes, started afresh on his return, and arrived at the starting-post at nine minutes past six o'clock, winning by six minutes, though much fatigued. A great many bets were depending upon the issue. At starting odds were four to three against him.

A **FOOT** race, which excited

considerable attention in the sporting world, and much betting, was run on Monday, the 13th instant, in Lord's Ground, between Chapman and Leach, the two best in England, at a short race. The distance was one hundred yards, for forty guineas. Chapman got the start, and kept the lead the whole distance, but it was one of the best-contested matches ever witnessed, and was won by a yard or less. The distance was performed in eleven seconds.

**SPARRING.**—The Fives Court was well attended on Wednesday, the 8th instant, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, for the benefit of Belcher, and some of the best matches which have occurred for a length of time took place. The first set-to, attractive in its way, was a ruffianing match, betwixt the conqueror of Maltby, (Harry Harmer) and the Battersea Gardener, when specimens, like *milling* for a purse, were exemplified to the advantage of Harmer, who, however, can fight better than he can spar. One of the best matches ever exhibited in the Court took place betwixt two of the best sparrers of the day, Belcher and Power, which was maintained with courage and caution, as might have been anticipated betwixt two men striving for superiority. The hits were forcible, and the stops and returns in the full perfection of science; and no battle in reality could be more gratifying to the amateur, not gifted with amazing gluttony for blood spilling. It would be difficult to give an opinion which had a superiority. Richmond, whose science is equal to those pugilists named, set-to with Fuller, and the man who was beat by Moli-neux in his first battle. Belcher and

and Bitton set-to, and Lenox and others.

IN the awful and tremendous precipices of Hoy, in the unfrequented Isles of Orkney, some of which are 1400 feet perpendicular from the sea, have been discovered and taken the nests of four different species of Eagles. These bold and rapacious birds are the terror of the inhabitants, who frequently witness their carrying off pigs, lambs, and poultry, with impunity. Near one of the nests was discovered the remains of several sheep, and the legs of forty-eight fowls recently killed.

ON Wednesday, the 15th ult. a male Martin was taken alive from a vermin trap, in the Hammerpond Wood, Maresfield, Sussex. The Martin, which is of the weasel tribe, may be styled the most beautiful of all British beasts of prey. Its head is small, and beautifully formed; its eyes are lively; its ears are broad, rounded, and open; its back, its sides and tail, are covered with a fine downy fur, with longer hair intermixed; the roots of an ash colour, the middle of a bright chesnut, and the points black; the head is brown, with a slight cast of red; the legs and feet a chocolate colour, and the throat and breast white.—The one caught as above, is now in the possession of John Newnham, Esq.

ON Tuesday, the 16th ult. a woodcock was shot by Mr. John Dendy, on the premises of his uncle at Shipley, Sussex, a circumstance that does not often occur at this season of the year.

HEDGE HOGS.—*Mr. Editor*—I

lately procured one of the above little animals for the purpose of destroying COCK ROACHES, with which I was greatly annoyed, and have the satisfaction of finding my expectations more than answered, as he pursues them in all directions, and devours them with the utmost avidity. In a domestic state the hedge hog is perfectly innocuous, requires no care, is satisfied with very little food, which should be fresh meat, raw or dressed, and drinks either milk (of which he is very fond), or simple water; and as this is the season when they are most easily taken, I strongly recommend all persons desirous of extirpating cock roaches from their houses, to lose no time in procuring a hedge hog. S.

*Bath, June 27, 1812.*

IN the pairing season, a partridge which was hatched last year under a hen at Mr. Mayhew's, of Parham, in Suffolk, was enticed away for some weeks, but he returned again with a wild bird, who has since hatched eighteen young ones in the garden. During her incubation, he would fly at any person who went there—growing more furious as the approach to the nest became nearer—and, alighting upon the head or shoulder, would peck at the neck or face, until the intruder was fairly driven into the house. The hen bird is gone off with her young ones to the adjoining fields, but the cock bird still protects them, and continues furiously to assault any individual who has the temerity to approach them.

AT Gisland cottage, Lancashire, the occupier has a Bantam hen, which having begun to lay in a tuft of rushes in the front of his house,

B b 2

a par-



a partridge took possession of the nest, and laid egg for egg with the original proprietor for some time. The owner took away at different times seven of the partridge's eggs; and she is now sitting upon eleven, and one or two of the Bantam's. She bears viewing in her domestic function without concern, by the curious spectators, among whom the Bantam hen often appears not the least anxious, and stands over her in watchful solicitude.

A FEW weeks ago, in the parish of Kirkconnel, near Sanquhar, there was found, in a partridge's nest, a young partridge, with two distinct bills, three eyes, one of which was in the centre of the head, four wings, and four legs.—The young bird was alive when found, but is since dead. It is now in the possession of Mr. Thomson, surgeon, in Sanquhar, who has preserved it as a curiosity.

LUSUS NATURÆ.—There is now in the possession of Mr. Finch, hair-dresser, of St. Matthew's, Ipswich, a *white* skylark. The eyes of this singular bird are in colour similar to those of a white rabbit; and indeed it is worthy of observation, that this peculiarity in the colour of the eyes is found in all white animals, wherever they form a variety from the general order of their species. One of the common colour was found in the same nest.

A VULTURE of the Alps was lately shot in the South of France, which was three feet and a half high, and measured nine feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other.

A DUEL took place lately between a Mr. E— and a Mr. G—, both of London, in consequence of

a dispute at *Barnet Races*. After an exchange of two shots from each, the seconds interfered, and the dispute was amicably settled.

SPARRING.—The last Sparring Exhibition for the season, took place on Wednesday, the 29th instant, at the Fives Court, for the benefit of Powers, a pugilist who, as a professor of science, is inferior to none of the boxing list, but his exhibitions have been rare. The greatest novelty on this occasion, was an exhibition betwixt a *trial man*, of Gregson's, named Carter, from Lancashire, a candidate of first-rate weight for fighting fame, and Fuller, a scientific pupil of Richmond's. A ruffianing match took place, and, not to give superiority to either, it was a match which afforded much diversion, and it will cause a considerable sensation in the sporting world.—Gregson's man, who is under the best tuition, will prove a tremendous *teazer*, if he be gifted with the best of all pugilistic favours, *game*, which remains to be tried. He is a fine weighty left-handed hitter. The next set-to, which excited the attention of the amateurs, was betwixt Powers and Dutch Sam, in which first-rate science was displayed.—Richmond and Fuller also set to, in good style; as did several of the pupils of Powers; Sennox, Brennan, and others, exhibited. Powers, in a speech rather *energetic* than *elegant*, assured the audience, Bitton never was *much* a fighter, but he had plenty of benefits, and he only attended on such occasions. Mendoza was present, but his science, excepting that of *macing*, is superseded; and Young Belcher sent word he has only had *three benefits* within one year, and he was going, or gone, into the country.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## IRISH BANQUET SONG.

*A Parody by Mr. G. Colman, on Mr. Walter Scott's Boat Song, in the Lady of the Lake.*

**H**AIL to our Chief! now he's wet  
through with whiskey;  
Long life to the Lady come from the  
salt seas!  
Strike up, blind Harpers! hey to be  
frisky!  
For what is so gay as a bag full of  
fleas?  
Crest of O'Shaughnashane!  
That's a Potatoe, plain,  
Long may your root every Irishman  
know.  
Pats long have stuck to it,  
Long bid good luck to it;  
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooley  
Whagg Ho!

Our's is an esculent lusty and lasting,  
No turnip, nor other weak babe of the  
ground;  
Wary, or mealy, it hinders from fasting  
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year  
round.  
Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,  
Hogs', cows', or horses' dung,  
Still does the crest of O'Shaughnashane  
grow;  
Shout for it, Ulster Men,  
Till the Bogs quake again,  
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooley  
Whagg Ho!

Drink, Paddies, drink to the Lady so  
shining!  
While flow'ret shall open, and Bog-  
trotters dig,

So long may the sweet rose of beauty be  
twining,  
Around the potatoe of proud Blarney-  
gig!  
While the plant vegetates,  
While whiskey re-creates,  
Wash down the root, from the horns that  
o'erflow;  
Shake your shillalabs, Boys!  
Screeching drunk, scream your joys!  
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooley  
Whagg Ho!  
Time rolls his course;—now seems in  
haste,  
And now seems slow—as Cooks roll  
paste;  
Rolling out vows from human dust,  
Soon to be broken—soon as crust.  
All under time, to ruin falls,  
Like Blarneygig's now moulder'd walls.

## THE FOX-CHASE,

WITH A LOVE-ADVENTURE.

*(Continued from page 147.)*

**T**HEN thus the Squire:—"You mount  
guard well.  
"I'll now relieve you, Sentinel.  
"See! I have brought recruited force,  
"To catch the rogue, of foot and horse:  
"Your mare, Jack, and the dogs remain  
"On Windmill-hill.—But, where's the  
swain?  
"Come, Shepherd, quick—ne'er mind  
your sheep,  
"You've nab'd their foe, and they may  
sleep.  
"Haste, turn him out—give him a  
shaw—

He

" He shall have liberty and law,  
 " And when his golden brush I view,  
 " This bit of gold remains with you ;  
 " Let us but once behold his beauty,  
 " And then we'll try to do our duty.  
 " Ah ! there he goes ! he's in good case,  
 " And gallops off at noble pace ;  
 " Tho' he lost his Lamb, at least he'th  
   found  
 " A brace of pullets underground ;  
 " Or else the rogue had the luck to find  
 " Some *iced-liqueur* that was left behind.  
 " Sound him a tune, that he may ken  
 " Our voices when we meet again !  
 " Hah ! Hah ! he seems to cry ' encore,'  
 " As if he'd danced to our music before.  
 " Here, catch your guinea, Shepherd !  
   stay,  
 " The rest will crown your toils to-day."

Bob's hat was off—the money flew,  
 As pass'd him all the sporting crew ;  
 Alice was by ;—to his sweet maid  
 The prize he secretly convey'd,  
 Yet not so secretly but John  
 Divined the pledge of a wou'd-be son.  
 Now John, an old gamekeeper he,  
 View'd the whole scene right merrily ;  
 Shily approach'd—" And, when they  
   catch  
 " Th' old Fox, ye've my consent to the  
   match."

And now the hour's quarter gone,  
 The jovial horn sounds forth—" Come  
   on  
 " My merry hounds." Obedient they  
 Speed to the tempting tune away.  
 Their names most musical and sweet,  
 Describe their gifts keen, wise, and fleet ;  
 Their names, more musical and sweeter,  
 Than fits, ye sportsmen think my metre ;  
 And *yours*, your gallant deeds proclaim  
 By mounds, gates, ditches, trumpet to  
   fame.

See ! in the den the hounds dash  
   down,  
 And thro' the thatch burst on the ground ;  
 The scene so wild, the scent so strong,  
 Too pleased, too sure, they all are wrong.  
 But Trueman halts, returns, and winds  
 With wagging tail thro' the thick pines ;  
 His critic nose the flavor tries,  
 If still more new and new it rise :  
 Convinced, his haunches rest, his throat  
 Sounds loud and deep the rallying note.  
 All hear, obey—and forward fling ;  
 All gaily in full chorus sing.  
 Old Trueman wise, restrains his might,  
 And lets them pass to see they're right ;  
 Yet keeps good place, as if he'd view  
 How far the young hounds bear it true.

Rattler and Ranter take the lead,  
 Brave dogs of mettle, strength, and  
   speed,  
 Of fox-hound blood, but pigmy growth,  
 Tho' not decreased in inward worth ;  
 Then Tuneful, Merrymaid, and Jowler,  
 Vengeance and Lawless, Crib and Row-  
   ler,

Old Buxom, Fancy, Modeless, Squire,  
 Of Buckbound dam and Ternier sire ;  
 Next Jovial, Conqueror, and Snowbell,  
 Madcap, Old Musical, and Noble,  
 These, and some ten a sheet might  
   cover,  
 As fierce they rate it Barn-close over.  
 Now down the Haugh-haugh ; now o'er  
   the pales,  
 Sportsmen, come on, let's see who fails.  
 Our Huntsman first, and brother John,  
 Just stroked their steeds, and cried  
   " Come on."

Staunch P—— was next, S—— flew  
   after,  
 Then jolly V—— with much laughter,  
 All safe and sound, C—— prest  
 The ground, but then 'twas carelessness.  
 Up in an instant. Some indeed  
 Hie to the gate ; one horse of speed  
 Twice tried and turn'd ; or he did lack  
 An abler rider on his back.  
 Or (be there such ?) he cou'd not leap,  
 Tho' his haunch was strong, and his  
   shoulder deep.  
 But haste—the hounds' high heads make  
   play,  
 And boldly carry the scent away.

We cross the brook amid much splash-  
   ing,  
 Impatient all to show our dashing,  
 " Down the wet lane ?" " No, leap to  
   the right ;  
 " Quick, quick, the dogs are scarce in  
   sight."  
 Make haste along the water-mead,  
 And up the fallows at full-speed,  
 To Monkton, Berwick, Winterbourne,  
 T'wards Ricketstone and Ware they tum ;  
 The hounds are keen, the scent breast-  
   high,  
 We quickly get to Yatesbury.  
 A check. Try thro' the farmers yard,  
 'Tis up the lane—" Hold hard, hold  
   hard !"  
 Don't press the hounds—keep on one  
   side,  
 Leap, leap, and in the meadow ride.  
 See there ! they're bog'd, who wou'd not  
   leap,  
 The ditch itself is n't half so deep.  
 Ye're rightly served, get out how ye can,  
 Ah, woe betide the hindmost man !



Stop, the young hounds the scent have lost,

— Hark! Buxom, there! the Fox has crost,

Forward, good dogs; now we get on,  
And skim the water-meads along;  
Look to your steeds; be cool, be bold,  
The hedge is new, but the ditch is old;  
Let him see his leaps; on either side  
Those broad elm banks th' abyss is wide,  
Take them at twice; don't look about  
For gates, or you'll be sure thrown out.  
Ha! ha! a wood! ride on, look true,  
And we shall quickly have a view.  
Well done, brave hounds! what a glorious song,  
Their pealing chorus bears along.

*To be continued.*

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#### FAREWELL ADDRESS.

*Spoken by Mrs. Siddons at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 29th of June, being her last appearance on the Stage.—Written by Horace Twiss, Esq.*

WHO has not felt, how growing use  
    endears  
The fond remembrance of our former  
    years?  
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to  
    leave at last  
The hopes of youth, the habits of the  
    past,  
The thousand ties and interests, that im-  
    part  
A second nature to the human heart,  
And, wreathing round it close, like ten-  
    drils, climb,  
Blooming in age, and sanctified by  
    time?

Yes! at this moment crowd upon my  
    mind  
Scenes of bright days for ever left be-  
    hind,  
Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,  
When hope and fancy wore the hues of  
    truth;  
And long-forgotten years that almost  
    seem  
The faded traces of a morning dream!  
Sweet are those mournful thoughts: for  
    they renew  
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you—  
For each inspiring smile, and soothing  
    tear—

For those full honours of my long ca-  
    reer,

That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chas'd  
    my latest fear.

And though, for me, those tears shall  
    flow no more,  
And the warm sunshine of your smile  
    is o'er—  
Though the bright beams are fading fast  
    away,  
That shone unclouded through my sum-  
    mer day;  
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their  
    light  
O'er the dim shadows of the coming  
    night,  
And lend to later life a softer tone,  
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own!

Judges and Friends! to whom the  
    tragic strain  
Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,  
Perhaps your hearts, when years have  
    glided by,  
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,  
May think on her, whose lips have pour'd  
    so long  
The charmed sorrows of your Shake-  
    speare's song—  
On her, who, parting to return no more,  
Is now the mourner she but seem'd be-  
    fore—  
Herself subdu'd, resigns the melting  
    spell,  
And breathes, with swelling heart, her  
    long, her last farewell!

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#### ODE TO FORTUNE.

*By Momus Medlar, Esq. Author of High-gate Tunnel; imitated from Horace.—Book 1. Ode 35.*

*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.*

GODDESS, by Grateful Gulls ador'd,  
Whose Wand can make a Clown a  
    Lord,  
And Lords to Coachmen humble;  
Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,  
Then bids our wealth in Paper rise—  
Rise?—Zounds, I should say tumble!

Thee, barking Fire Assurance baits,  
With face as brazen as her Plates,  
She in thy Lobby lingers;  
But Fire, alas, to smook will turn,  
And Sharers, tho' no houses burn,  
Will sometimes burn their fingers.

In troubled *Water* others fish,  
Locks, Docks, Canals, their utmost  
wish;

They're welcome if they love it:  
They who on *Water*—Money lend,  
Can seldom manage in the end  
To keep their heads above it.

Who sinks in *Earth* but sinks in *Cash*,  
'Tis to make nothing but a smash,  
Do nothing, but undoing:  
New Bridges halt amid the flood,  
New Roads desert us in the mud,  
And turn out ' Roads to Ruin.'

The knavish crew in puffing skill'd,  
Next high in *Air* their castles build,  
But air desires their trouble.  
Balloons to earth too quickly slope,  
And *WINSOR'S Gas*, like *WINDSOR*  
*Soap*,  
When blown, appears a bubble.

Oh Fortune, in thy giddy march  
Kick down (and welcome) Highgate  
Arch,  
But be content with one ill:  
When from the Gallery ruin nods,  
Oh whisper silence to the Gods,  
And spare the *Muse's Tunnel*.

Grim Bankruptcy thy path besets  
With one Great Seal and three Gazettes  
Suspended from her shoulders:  
Diggers and Miners swell thy train,  
Who having bored the Earth in vain,  
Now bore--the poor Shareholders.

While vulgar Dupes, compell'd to pay,  
Decoy'd too far to fly away,  
Are caught and pluck'd like tame  
ducks;  
Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes,  
Wherein their cash makes ducks and  
drakes,  
Till they themselves are lame ducks.

Farces like those to send adrift,  
Blind Goddess, give my Farce a lift,  
And bid me touch the Spanish:  
Too weak to brave the Critics scorn,  
So shall it serve the weak to warn,  
And Quack Impostors banish.

Those rampant "Minions of their  
Breed,"  
Too long from *KETCH'S* halter freed,  
Pursue their prancing courses;  
Gorg'd with their assenine repast,  
Oh grant, they may devour at last  
Themselves, like *DUNCAN'S* horses!

## GREEN FENNEL.

*In the style of Modern Simplicity.*

**Y**OUNG Tom had a best coat—a smart  
nankeen waistcoat—  
A neat pair of black Spanish pumps;  
He knows that his mother will make a  
great pother,  
If over the kennel he jumps.  
'Twas morning, 'twas Sunday, and sure-  
ly on one day  
A lad may give over his pranks;  
He trudg'd off to chapel, devouring an  
apple,  
For which he gave grand-papa thanks.  
He came to a kennel, choak full of green  
fennel,  
The water it ran in a flood;  
Says he, who'll discover it, now I'll jump  
over it—  
Souse he went into the mud.

His Mother she thump'd him, and Han-  
nah she pump'd him;  
His Sunday cloaths taking away;  
And when, in the holidays, others had  
jolly days,  
Gave him no peg-top to play.

A trick that for fun is meant, brings its  
own punishment,  
Tommy is left in the lurch,  
Stripp'd of his Sunday cloaths, sent in his  
Monday cloaths,  
Crying to afternoon church.

## PHOEBE'S ABSENCE.

**M**Y pastures with beauty are clad,  
Yet silent the birds on the spray,  
My flocks all appear to be sad,  
My lambkins no longer can play.  
Each Shepherd and Shepherdess mourns,  
Yes, sadness in Arcady reigns,  
Until lovely Phoebe returns  
To give again joy to our plains.  
My pipe now is dry with disuse,  
Not music can lessen my pain,  
If Phoebe no spirit infuse,  
I handle it ah! but, in vain.  
Repining thro' meadows I stray,  
To count o'er my languishing sheep,  
How tedious—how lonesome the way!  
With HER I could trace every step.  
Yet why, alas! do I complain!  
My Phoebe I know is sincere;  
Few moons may restore her again  
When joy all around will appear



*Sir J. Reynolds. Pinxt*

*E.R. Gouss. Sculp<sup>t</sup>*

SIR THO<sup>S</sup>. CHAS. BUNBURY BART.

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