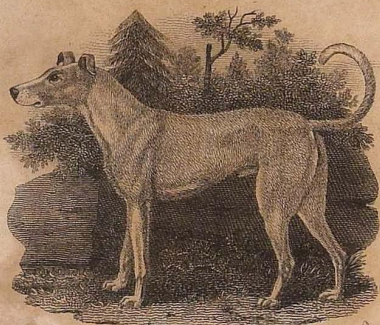


Subj. Royal 1817

Twenty-first of the Improved Year
THE
Sporting Magazine
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,
OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other Diversion
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.
VOL. 41.



Irish Greyhound, or Wolf Dog.

London
Printed for J. Whittles, 18, Warwick Square.
1815.



Cosper Engr.

Scott del.

STAG'S HEAD.

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Embellished with,

I. *A beautiful Engraving of a STAG'S HEAD.*

II. *FLYING LEAP, an Etching.*

STAG'S HEAD.

Taken from the Life, by COOPER, and engraved by SCOTT.

THIS Engraving, executed in Mr. Scott's best style, is derived from an effort of Mr. Cooper, who, for the sake of nature and accuracy, became an associate with a herd of deer in Richmond Park. Under a huge oak he took his stand, and, as near his four-footed friends as they chose to admit his approach, he drew forth his penoel and sketched the portrait annexed. Returning to town it was transferred to the canvas, and this Print, with the aid of Mr. Scott, is the result of his genius and his labours.

CANTERBURY RACES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine,

SIR,

IN your Racing Calendar of last Month, the statement of the sport for the third day of these races was quite erroneous. Knowing that it is of great consequence to the owners of the horses that it should appear correct, and the circumstances attending thereon be made public, I beg to send you the account, leaving it to your own judgment and discretion if you think it worth inserting.

The horses that ran for the plate (which was a subscription from the Citizens, and hence entitled

A

the

the City Plate) were, Hamlet, by Hambletonian; Expectation, by Orville; and Evington Lass, by Walton. The first heat was obtained by Hamlet, after a tolerably smart run between him and Expectation: the second, in all probability, Expectation would have won, had he not run against a young woman, who had imprudently got within the lines, whom he knocked down and very much bruised. This happened within a quarter of a mile of the winning post, when he was at the height of his speed, and about a length before Hamlet. By the extraordinary exertion of his rider (C. Paget), he was prevented from falling, but the shock he received was too violent to be recovered; Hamlet, at that moment, passed him, and won with the greatest ease.

I have been in the habit of attending these races for a great many meetings, and never saw so little attention paid to the important duty of clearing the course, as there has been for the last two or three years; and it is to be feared, unless there is a more systematical method adopted, accidents like the above, and perhaps of much greater consequence, will often occur.—I remain, your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF THE SPORTS OF
THE TURF.

Canterbury, Oct. 24, 1812.

FLYING CHILDERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I have observed that Flying Childers is described as a chesnut horse, both in Mr. Pick's *Turf Register*, and in Mr. Lawrence's

last publication on horses. This I apprehend to be a mistake, as all the portraits of Childers represent him as a bay horse. Perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to account for this contradiction.—I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Newmarket, Oct. 16.

MR. JOSEPH BLAND'S APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

THROUGH the medium of a friend at Newmarket, we have received a copy of an appeal lately made to the Public by the above Gentleman, in vindication of himself against a charge of having been concerned with Dawson in those nefarious transactions, for which he lately suffered the awful penalty of the law. We give it as received by us, without note or comment.

To the Honourable Members of the
Jockey Club, and the Gentlemen
Frequenters of the Turf.

GENTLEMEN,—A very painful office devolves on me in addressing you on a subject which is much to be regretted, and which has had great effect in curbing the diversions of the turf: I mean the POISONING OF RACE HORSES. I must first beg to state, that no man holds the act for which Dawson, the self-acknowledged offender, suffered the sentence of the law, in more abhorrence than myself; and from the number of years I have had the unspeakable honour of being countenanced by many distinguished gentlemen of the turf, it cannot but be conceived that I must have felt, in common with all sporting men who have a particle of honour about them, the evils which

which must have arisen from the vile act of *physicking*, not to say of *poisoning*, horses; that it would cut up horse-racing altogether, and that those who make such a part of business, must inevitably be proportionate sufferers to those gentlemen who should lose part of their stud. With these feelings, Gentlemen, which I profess, and which many of you whom I am addressing, who know me, can judge of, what must have been my situation when I first heard it whispered that *I was an accomplice of Dawson*. Gentlemen, clothe yourselves in innocence, and you will better judge of the shock I sustained than can be described by my pen. Many months have occurred since this false, malignant slander assailed me; and I had no appeal, because there was no charge against me of which I could judge. It was like the serpent emitting his venom: it was the secret slander of a malignant few. Under these circumstances, I waited patiently the next trial of Dawson, but what has been the result? slander has multiplied, although, as on the first trial, no mention was made of my name; but, *it is said*:—Ah, but Dawson said, “*Bland knew of this thing in 1809, but he did not know any thing of the business of 1811.*” Now, Gentlemen, this is a most important feature, to shew you the foul conspiracy which has assailed me. A publication of the trial has since appeared, but no mention has been made relative to me; no, surely the writer would not hazard it: but had he done so, I should have had a more favourable opportunity of defending myself. Then how do I stand? the

answer must be this: It is said loosely, without ever having been committed to print, or without one solitary affidavit, that Dawson should say, *I was in the business*: and even taking that for granted, I shall, by-and-by, shew in colours which cannot deceive, the stimulus, the secret machine, by which this said loose assertion was made. But before I comment further on the case, I shall lay before you a very exact state of my betting upon the race for the *Pavillion Stakes*, and upon that alone I would presume, the gentlemen who know the nature of my turf transactions, would be satisfied of my perfect innocence. I would impress on the minds of those I am addressing, that in no part of the evidence, on either trial, has my name been mentioned, or even alluded to. The reason is obvious: I declare solemnly before God, I should not know Bishop if I were to see him, nor do I ever recollect hearing of his name, until in common conversation, when Dawson was apprehended. Is there no kind of corroborating circumstances to connect me at all in this foul conspiracy? No meetings, no verbal messages, no intimacy, no communications by a third person? I would ask, if there be the slightest shadow of connection in any way, that it be immediately promulgated; my character demands it: and taking it for granted that Dawson said a something about me, I had rather it may turn out so, because I have the means of shewing the intent.

I shall first proceed to lay before the public my bets on the *Pavillion stakes*, at Brighton, in 1808.

THE PAVILLION STAKES.

20 to 30	Vandyke against the field.....	Lord Henry.
20 — 30	Ditto..... ditto	James Bland.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

60 to	40	Vandyke against Rubens, both start	A. Shakspeare, Esq.
20 —	35	Rubens against Vandyke, both start	Mr. Cloves.
150 —	100	Against Rubens, Rubens and Vandyke to start.	A. Shakspeare, Esq.
100 —	80	Vandyke against Rubens.	Ditto.
20 —	100	Chester against the field, if he start	Mr. Crockford.
6 —	2	Against Chester, if he start.	Mr. Valet.
25 —	30	Rubens against Vandyke.	Colonel Draper.
50 —	55	Rubens against Vandyke.	Mr. Gillebrand.
50 —	20	Against Vandyke, for the Pavillion, and Plover for the stake	Mr. Crockford.
50 —	125	Vandyke and Plover, both win	Lord Darlington.
10 —	10	Against Vandyke.	Mr. Saunders.
35 —	11	Against Rubens	Mr. Yafeman.
20 —	120	Trafalgar against the field	Mr. Cloves.
60 —	10	Against Trafalgar	Mr. Bradley.
14 —	2	Against Kellerman's colt	Dawson.
5 —	5	Vandyke	Mr. Spring.
25 —	30	Against Vandyke.	General Onslow.
60 —	12	Against Kellerman's colt.	General Onslow.
20 —	20	Vandyke	Mr. Adams.
5 —	5	Ditto	Mr. Chitty.
20 —	20	Vandyke	Mr. Schooley.
60 —	20	Against Rubens	T. Thornhill, Esq.
25 —	30	Against Vandyke.	Mr. Sanders.
12 —	10	Vandyke	Mr. Abbey.

These were the whole of my bets on the Pavillion race, and I defy any man on earth to state any other. It will be perceived by this statement, that the amount of my losing was *three hundred and thirty-five guineas* on balance, three hundred and ten of which was lost to A. Shakspeare, Esq. and was bet soon after the Derby race. Now, Gentlemen, I appeal not to your feelings, but to your understandings, whether it can be surmised for one moment that I could possibly have any knowledge of the *physicking* transaction; and although I feel sanguine that I must stand acquitted upon the face of the betting itself, yet I must beg to occupy your time for a minute or two in further vindication of myself. It is generally known, that the whole amount of my bets on the *Pavillion* race was a mere

trivial sum compared to what I am in the habit of betting; and I need not state to you the Pavillion was a sporting race, and I could have betted thousands, if I had a knowledge of, and had been base enough, and dishonourable enough, to have lent myself to the vile act. But, Gentlemen, you will perceive, by my statement of betting, that I kept *hedging* to my bets as I laid them, and my losing was all to A. Shakspeare, Esq. with the exception of *twenty-five guineas*; and that money, so lost, was betted soon after the Derby race. With respect to my motive for backing Vandyke, I need only say a word or two: *Vandyke* beat Rubens, equal weights, for the *Derby*, and this was the ground upon which I backed him, uninfluenced by any other consideration. Gentlemen, this is a statement unadorned, which

which must acquit me with you; and I will defy the slander of my dastardly enemies, by any sophistry they might employ, to do away this plain statement, or to persuade the world that I have not here given irrefragable proofs of my innocence.

For the want of some document, or the candour of those who affect to know what Dawson said in prison, I am at a loss to know whether I am further charged; but, as I am proceeding on my defence, without public accusation (for silence would probably be a triumph to my enemies), I shall first proceed to the *St. Leger* race, at Doncaster, in 1808. Had *Clinker* won that race, I should have won *two thousand seven hundred guineas*; but, by *Petronius* winning, I was a loser of *eighty-four guineas*. I backed *Clinker*, by taking the odds to 100 guineas, at *five and six to one*, on the night after he run for the Derby; and upon this strong ground, having been informed, by the jockey who rode *Clinker*, that had he had a *running* rein as he could have wished, so that he could have held him, he would have stood a good chance of winning that race. I need not remind the gentlemen of the turf, that my system of betting varies from that of most people, and where I fancy a horse, I often stand a *heavy stake* upon him alone. A rumour has reached my ear, that it has been said Dawson sent to the stand to say he wished to go *ten guineas* with me; and I mention this, as not concealing any act of mine, but embracing in my statement every thing relative to my knowledge of Dawson, which the malicious might construe against me. I have no recollection of such a message; but this I will take on

me to say, that "*he did not stand a guinea with me.*" It will be now necessary for me to recur to the following spring, at Epsom, in order to shew my disposition and abhorrence, at all times, at any tricks which might be played with horses; and also to demonstrate that such proceedings would at all times seriously affect my interest. I stood to win *two thousand five hundred guineas* on the Derby race, had *Wizard* won; and about a week before the race it was intimated to me, by one Robert Bishop, formerly servant to the late Duke of Bedford, that tricks were about to be played with *Wizard*, and I lost no time in letting the trainer know of such intimation to me, to put him on his guard. I can prove this fact, as also any other I state, by affidavit; and I defy contradiction to this, or to any thing which I here state.

Bishop died two years ago, and many persons can prove having heard him say he could expose something which had been done to prevent horses winning; and I merely mention this as a circumstance, that when I am speaking of a man who is dead, no advantage might be taken on that head.

It appears by the evidence of Cecil Bishop, Dawson's accomplice, and it is said to have been confirmed by others, that Spaniard had been oftener physicked than any other horse; and I have to state, that I lost money by backing *Spaniard* every time he run but twice, when *Florival* beat him in a sweepstakes, and when *Tumbler* beat him: my motive for backing *Florival* was, because *Spaniard's* party was backing against him; that is to say, Bottam, Prince's intimate friend, was backing *Florival*; and it has been credibly reported,

ported, that Prince won *thirteen hundred guineas* upon that race, the truth of which I am tolerably confirmed in, by the assertions of many, and from the manner the race was run. *Spaniard* was allowed to be the speediest horse of the day, but he made the running so desperate, as actually to beat himself. The motive which induced me to back *Tumbler* was, that *Spaniard* gave him *the year and two pounds*, and I stood on him against the field, a thing not unusual with me, as before observed. When *Britannia* beat *Spaniard* for the *Claret*, I lost 300 guineas and upwards. When *Pope* beat *Spaniard*, I lost 600 guineas; and I bet five *fifties* to one against *Pope* at starting.—When *Wizard* beat *Spaniard* the two middle miles, I lost 100 guineas, but of this race I have no account in my book; but my memory furnishes me with having bet the Hon. G. Watson 35 guineas to 10, and the like odds with William Holland at starting.

When *Discount* beat *Spaniard* for the *Oatlands*, I lost seventy guineas.

I am given to understand, that my reported knowledge of the poisoning in 1809 has *vanished*, and I contend that of the Pavillion stakes must too; but mark, Gentlemen, the sophisticated art and cunning which has been studiously resorted to on this occasion, by the vile slanderers who assail me.—Bland, until very lately, was concerned in the poisoning of 1811; but it was afterwards found, that it would be necessary to relinquish that accusation: because, on enquiry into the business, it was found, that this said *object* of accusation was the very man who was the means of apprizing Prince that

he had reason to understand, from what he had heard, that something was going on to injure the horses. I can prove, Gentlemen, by affidavits of persons of the first respectability, that such accusation did exist against me, until the barbarous conspirators felt, that if they proceeded, guilt would reverberate upon their own heads, and they would be held up to the merited degradation and contempt of the world. Gentlemen, my motive is a plain narrative of facts, and I wish to avoid declamation; but I ask you, upon your honour, and upon every liberal principle of feeling, whether my statement, relative to the Pavillion stakes at Brighton, has not most completely falsified the *alleged* statement of any knowledge of that nefarious transaction, with which, it seems, I am now alone accused. It will be necessary, lest at any future period a fabricated story should be raised of any guilty knowledge or connivance on my part, that I should claim your attention to my situation with respect to betting, &c. on that event. Had *Pirouette* won the *Claret*, I should have won *four thousand seven hundred and seventy-three guineas*; but as *Crispin* won, I lost *fifteen hundred and twenty guineas*. I have not the means of knowing whether Prince and his friend betted against *Pirouette*; but of one thing I am certain, that they betted a great stake against the *Dandy*.

My earnest motive, as I have before observed, is to state my whole transactions with Dawson in any part of my life. In the race betwixt *Clinker* and *Juniper*, I stood 300 guineas on *Clinker*, and won. Dawson, who was intimate with *Clinker's* trainer, asked to stand ten guineas with me, and I allowed

allowed him to do so. In the same week, Dawson heard me take fifty to forty that *Lord Egremont* won the *October Outlands*; and, at his request, I suffered him to stand with me *five half-guineas to four*. I also let him stand five guineas even with me on *Wizard* for the Derby. These are all the bets Dawson ever had with me, excepting a trivial thing at Bibury, of which I have no account.

Having thus gone through my statement of betting in that sort of detail, which, I feel great confidence, cannot fail to relieve me from a painful anxiety by your avowal of my innocence, in any sort of connivance of a deed which I hold in the greatest detestation, I cannot close this without a further appeal to your understandings, by which no liberal mind can for a moment doubt the sincerity and truth of these my assertions. First, with respect to my knowledge of Dawson, it extended no further than that sort of casual intercourse, which even gentlemen of the turf had with him on particular occasions; the sentiments of such a man were often listened to by gentlemen of the strictest honour and integrity.—But I had not the intercourse with him others of my superiors often had: I always had an opinion of my own, which such a man as Dawson could not alter; and I solemnly protest, I would neither have given him credit, nor taken his word on any event, for *twenty guineas*, much less have involved myself in a plot where my life was at stake, or left myself in his hands, or at his mercy. Besides, as I have often before observed, the very *physicking* act was defeating every speculation of mine, as I have before shewn. Now, a charge of a capital offence, as being con-

cerned with a man who has suffered the sentence of the law, is *secretly* whispered against me, without the slightest pretensions to truth, and upon what grounds? Why, because some three or four people have set it on foot, that Dawson impeached me whilst in Cambridge gaol! Let the propagators of that alledged impeachment make it public, and with its full force. Had they done so, I should have had a much better opportunity of refuting such declaration. But, taking it for granted that it happened, upon no law or authority, nor upon any principle of honest feeling between man and man, can the very impeachable testimony of an illiterate, deluded man, like the late Dawson, be received. What were the motives which induced him to make any declaration? Why, the motives were obvious, which I shall directly shew—it was with a view of saving his life. It was the situation of two men drowning; would not the one grasp the other to save his own life? That he was deluded and seduced into a hope of saving his life, cannot be disputed.

Prince has publicly said, that I knew of this business, for that I was in all *good things*; but I have reason to believe that Prince has been in more *good things*, and *safe ones* too, as it is generally known I bet upon events as they arise, *nine out of ten*. I would ask Prince, if he will have the effrontery to deny that he said in public, after Dawson's condemnation, *Bland was in the affair of physicking horses with Dawson*; and, if the latter would say so, he would have a good chance of pardon, or that he had no doubt he would be pardoned. I will prove this assertion, from the mouth of Prince, by affidavits, if denied.

Another strong inducement for
him

him to mention my name was, that he knew I was the first to detect the poisoning business, by my information to Prince, of what I expected was about to take place in 1811.

Gentlemen, in corroboration of the former sentences, I intreat your serious attention to the following: Will Prince even verbally, or rather by affidavit, deny a conversation with his *useful* agent, and a third person, at the gate of the Greyhound, in the yard, or in the back premises, I cannot say which, that if Dawson would give up the names of any accomplices, *every exertion would be used to save him*, and that no doubt he *would be saved* if he would do so? I unfortunately have it not in my power to ascertain what subsequent transaction took place; but I will prove such delusive hope was held out to the condemned culprit, by the conversation of Prince, and I will challenge and defy those he mentioned it to, to contradict it. The conversation will be proved if denied, by the affidavit of a fourth person who heard it. Had Prince been as sanguine in the observance of the caution he received by my interference previous to the horses being poisoned, as he was diligent in looking for the offenders after that act had been committed, he would have saved Lord Foley's horses; and I did hope rather to have received the approbation of his Lordship for that act, than to have incurred his displeasure at any future time. It is a consolation to me, that I am addressing gentlemen of strict honour, and of minds flowing with liberality. A whispered charge of guilt is more easily believed, than proofs of innocence are accepted; but after what I have here stated, I shall not presume further to occupy your time. To you, Gentlemen, to

whom my conduct is more known than to others, I leave my case. I seek not favour, but let my actions be taken all together; let my principles be canvassed, and my character be scrutinised; and then I ask of you as my jurymen, deliverance from the foul stigma of being in the most distant way connected in that deed which I abhor, and which, if practised, would put an end to the amusements of the turf.

CRUELTY TO A HORSE.

ON the 11th ultimo, a gentleman named Nash, exhibited at the Union Hall Police Office, in the Borough, a complaint against John Barrett, for cruelty towards his horse. Mr. Nash stated, that as he was passing along the street, he saw the prisoner driving a small poney, which was attempting to draw a cart loaded with bricks:—the animal was in an extremely low and starved condition, and after several ineffectual attempts to move the load, which was by far too heavy for him, he was obliged to give it up. In order to force him to renew his efforts, his inhuman driver took a sharp pointed nail from his pocket, and struck it several times into the poor animal's side, but without its having the effect of rousing him to any further exertion. Upon seeing this, Mr. Nash immediately charged a constable with him, and brought him before a Magistrate.

The Magistrate expressed his abhorrence at the defendant's conduct, and his determination to make an example of him. The defendant, however, expressing (we fear not *feeling*) great contrition for his fault, and promising never to repeat it, the Magistrate, after a very severe admonition, discharged him.

GODOL.

GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IT is of some consequence to breeders of race horses, to have an acquaintance with the shape of that famous Arabian, the *Godolphin*. With due deference to Mr. Lawrence, I have more than doubts against the engraving after Stubbs's picture bearing the least resemblance to that horse.—The strange appearance of the head and neck has struck many; and I shall endeavour to shew that the *Godolphin*, instead of a too small head, and painted in a singular manner, had a large head in proportion to his body. My authority is Osmer, author of a *Treatise on Horses*, and of a *Dissertation on Horses*. He was a sportsman, an excellent judge, and a writer on our blood horses; of more sound sense than any that have undertaken that subject. The principles on which the speed of a blood horse depends, are clearly laid down in the "*Dissertation*," and in part iii. chap. iii. of the "*Treatise*." The first was republished in the *Sporting Magazine*; but both ought to be reprinted in a pamphlet, for the instruction of gentlemen who breed for the turf.—Osmer saw the *Godolphin Arabian*, and though he does not in direct terms say the horse had a large head, yet I think every sportsman will admit that such may be inferred from the following description :

"According to these principles of length and power, there never was a horse, (at least that I have seen) so well entitled to get racers as the *Godolphin Arabian*; for whoever has seen this horse, must remember that his shoulders were

deeper, and lay farther into his back, than any horse's ever yet seen : behind the shoulders, there was but a very small space; before, the muscles of his loins rose excessively high, broad, and expanded, which were inserted into his quarters, with greater strength and power than in any horse, I believe, ever yet seen of his dimensions. *If we now consider the plainness of his head and ears*, the position of his fore legs, and his stunted growth, occasioned by the want of food in the country where he was bred, it is not to be wondered at that the excellence of this horse's shape, which we see only in miniature, and therefore imperfectly, was not so manifest and apparent to the perception of some men as of others."—*Dissertation*, p. 50.

Again, at page 19.—"If it should be asked why the sons of the *Godolphin Arabian* were superior to most horses of their time, I answer, because he had a great power and symmetry of parts (head excepted), and a propriety of length greatly superior to all other horses of the same diameter."

At page 39, he writes, "I well remember this to be the case (namely, the fore legs standing much under him) of the *Godolphin Arabian*, when I saw him, who stood bent at the knees, and with his fore legs trembling under him."

Now a plain head never, in the language of sportsmen, can be interpreted a too small head, and pointed to the muzzle.—On the contrary, it is either a large coarse head in proportion to the body, or a long *sour* head. I think there is a particular run of blood that is given to the long and *sour* head. Is this feature in the line of the *Godolphin blood*? Besides, when

Osmer speaks of the stunted growth, by which the excellency of the Arabian's shape was not obvious, I think he alludes to the body being small in proportion to the head.

I have mentioned that what Osmer writes on blood horses, should be republished.—It would add greatly to the value of the work, if correct measurements of the most celebrated race horses and mares of the present day were added, with remarks on their shapes by way of notes. Let Sorcerer, Remembrancer, Hambletonian, Gohanna, Eleanor, Meteora, and Old Queen Mab, be among the number. To which might be contrasted some of the lately imported Arabians. Such a republication, carefully executed, will meet with a rapid sale. M.

COACH-OFFICE DEPREDATIONS.

FEW of our readers, most likely, are unaware of the frequent depredations committed by petty thieves employed in stage-coach offices, through whose hands parcels of game pass, which the kindness of sportsmen may intend for the table of their friends resident in the Metropolis. A case of this description lately came before the Court of Requests, at Guildhall, the circumstances of which may prove useful to many, by guarding them against similar impositions.

COURT OF REQUESTS, SEPT. 29.

Lewin, Esq. v. ———.

The defendant in this case was the proprietor of a stage-coach, and the plaintiff a gentleman of

considerable property, residing in the country. The sum sought to be recovered was 5s. 6d. the value put by the plaintiff upon a brace of *plump* partridges, sent to town to a friend by the defendant's coach. The case arose out of an existing grievance of serious magnitude to the public, namely, the birds in question having been changed by the persons about the coach office after their arrival in town. The following circumstances led to a discovery of the transaction. A friend of Mr. Lewin's, to whom for some years past he has been in the habit of sending game during the season, wrote to him a few days since, requesting him not to send any more, unless he could send them *fresh and fresh*. Mr. Lewin, conscious that he never sent any that were not so, immediately on receiving his friend's letter, intimating that his friend's civilities in future would readily be dispensed with, procured a brace of fine birds, and while yet *warm and fluttering*, and with the life's blood quivering round their hearts, sealed them with his own *signet*, in a private place under the wing, and directing them to his friend, dispatched them to London by his usual conveyance, and, in the course of the day, took his journey himself by another coach, and was at his friend's house almost as soon as his feathered *outriders*. On his arrival, he told his friend he was come to partake of the supper he had sent him in the morning, and was, in reply, assured, that not only was he welcome to *partake*, but that the *whole* were fully at his service, if he could prevail on the *goddess* who presided over the *culinary utensils* and kitchen department, yecept Mrs. Cook, to defile her delicate fingers and punish her

her *olfactory* nerves, by *spitting* them.—Mr. Lewin expressed his surprise that these unfortunate little victims of his *murderous air*, which in the morning were sporting in the regions of air, should so soon have exhibited such strong symptoms of mortality, and requested to see them. In compliance with his request they were introduced, and gave notice of their approach long before they reached his *nose*, and upon as *close* an examination as circumstances would allow taking place, he was convinced, without looking under their wings, that they were not the dear little creatures with whom he parted in the morning; and that if he had ever had the pleasure of hearing their *sweet notes*, so agreeable to the ears of every sportsman, it must have been many days before, as they were in such a state that they would scarcely hold together. To check this abuse, if possible, he instantly determined on bringing the case before the Court, and to hear their decision on it.

The defendant being called on for his defence, did not attempt to deny that the abuse of exchanging game did exist among the porters and others about the great Inns to a considerable extent; but said, he trusted he should not be held answerable for that to which it was not possible for him personally to attend.

The Court, however, were of a different opinion, and informed him he was liable for all the acts of his agents; and to mark their opinion strongly, ordered him to pay the sum demanded by Mr. Lewin, together with costs, and that gentleman's travelling expences.

NEW DRAMA CALLED "THE ÆTHIOP."

A New grand Romantic Drama, entitled, *The Æthiop*; or, *The Child of the Desert*, was produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, on Tuesday, the 6th instant. It is written by Mr. Dimond; the overture and music composed by Mr. H. R. Bishop. The following are the principal characters:—

The Æthiop.....	Mr. C. Kemble.
Giafar (the Visier of	} Mr. Egerton.
Haroun Alraschid).....	
Mustapha (the Imaum	} Mr. Simmons.
Ben Mousaf (the Cadi)	} Mr. Liston.
Abdallah	Mr. Murray.
Almanzor	Mr. Young.
Orasmyn (the Child of the Desert) ..	} Miss S. Booth.
Alexis	Mr. Fawcett.
Sifania (the Sultana).....	} Mrs. H. Johnston.
Zoa	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Grimnigra	Mrs. Davenport.

The serious part of the drama arises from the attempt of Almanzor to place on the throne of the Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun Alraschid, his nephew, Orasmyn, whose father, Ali, had been murdered and deposed by the father of the reigning Caliph. On the night of Ali's destruction, his brother, Almanzor, conveyed the infant Orasmyn to the desert, where, for fifteen years, he watched over him; and, during that time, used every means to inspire the survivors of the tribe of Ali with the desire of revenging his fate. The piece commences when the plot is ripe for execution, and Almanzor is leading his nephew to the tomb of his race, within whose caverns the conspirators meet. Here they encounter The Æthiop, who procures them

them admission to the tomb, and promises to assist them in the completion of their scheme, on condition of being rewarded with the hand of Sifania, Haroun Alraschid's sultana, and sister to Orasmyn. The conspirators agree to his demand, and he conveys Orasmyn and his uncle into the Caliph's garden. They ultimately, apparently by means of an ivory wand, which The Æthiop describes as having the power of rendering the possessor invisible, enter the Caliph's chamber, who, with his pages, they are taught to believe, are plunged in a magic sleep, and are on the point of assassinating him, when Sifania stands forth to avert the blow; the Caliph suddenly arises, and the galleries surrounding the chamber appear filled with armed men.—In despair, Almanzor calls on The Æthiopian, but is thunderstruck when he learns that Haroun Alraschid and The Æthiopian are the same person; the Caliph having discovered the conspiracy, gained access to the haunts of his enemies in that fictitious character, defeated their projects, and proved the affection of Sifania, who, he feared, was favourable to a design, which would avenge the death of her father, and place her brother on the throne.

Lest the numerous horror-fraught incidents which occur in the course of the piece should, if too rapidly introduced, plunge the audience into gloom and melancholy, the author has been pleased to *chequer* the scenes. One moment a set of conspirators, with a magician at their head, and the bowels of the earth their council-chamber, affright us with the horrid subject of their deliberations; but immediately after, every terrific feeling

is banished by the loves of Alexis and Zoa, or the intrigues of Mustapha and Ben Mousaf. The insipidity of those scenes, abounding in antiquated jests, joined to the romantic nature of the others, which soar far beyond the boundaries to which even an entertainment of this kind should be restricted, throws an air of ridicule over the whole drama—which is, in every respect, inferior to Mr. Dimond's other scenic productions. There are a few good stage situations—but, in several instances, the uplifted dagger and elegant attitude were freely censured by the audience, because the occasions on which they were introduced appeared forced and unnatural.—Thus, when Almanzor threatens to assassinate his innocent nephew and his virtuous niece—or where the Caliph presents his dagger to his implacable enemy, and bids him strike—the scene created disgust, not pity or admiration; passions which can never be commanded by incidents that are strained or overcharged. The music is very beautiful. The overture, which is composed in a bold military style, is a scientific and masterly production. The scenery is of the most brilliant description—the machinery very ingenious—and the dresses superb. Those, therefore, who are fond of shew and spectacle will find much to amuse them—but the lover of mental entertainment will retire from the representation of The Æthiop, chagrined and disappointed.

The performers exerted themselves to the utmost—Mr. C. Kemble, as The Æthiop, was dignified and impressive.—Almanzor, whose ruling passion is the desire of avenging his brother's death, found, in Mr. Young, a most energetic repre-

representative. Miss Booth sustained the character of Orasmyn with exquisite feeling—particularly her scenes with Sifania, which were rendered extremely interesting by the excellent acting of Mrs. H. Johnston. Messrs. Liston, Simmons, and Fawcett, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Davenport, used their best efforts in the comic scenes, but they were too trite and contemptible to please, although aided by so much genuine talent.

Much disapprobation was manifested from the beginning of the second act, which increased as the piece proceeded, and, long before the curtain dropped, the expression of applause and disapprobation filled the house with uproar.—The piece has, however, been several times repeated—but will ere long, be consigned to the shelf of oblivion.

HARDSHIPS ARISING FROM THE GAME LAWS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

PERHAPS the following observations on a grievance, now too much and very severely felt in many districts, may not be considered unsuitable to your publication.—

Your's,

J.

Buckinghamshire, Sept.
28, 1812.

THE hardships to which our cultivators are exposed, from the operation of the Game Laws, have become so general and intolerable, that it is no longer possible to conceal the evil.—Parliament will find it absolutely necessary to take the subject into their consideration early the next Session, and we

trust to their wisdom for providing a remedy which may at once afford to agriculture that encouragement which it ought to have, and put an end to these excesses that begin to break out in the country against the persons who are deputed to carry these obnoxious laws into execution. The extent of the injuries sustained by the farmers from game, may be estimated by the following facts, which have been furnished us from the most indisputable authority:

A farm, called Tuncroft's, in the parish of Great Marlow, was till lately occupied by Miss Batling; it was her own freehold estate, but unfortunately for her situated close to the preserve of a most tenacious sportsman. In consequence of this bad neighbourhood, her wheat-crops in the winter and spring were generally eaten down, quite bare, with hares and rabbits; many times, as is notorious to the whole country, was she obliged, towards the end of spring, to plough the wheat she had sown in the autumn, and crop the land over again with some other grain. She readily invited qualified persons to sport on her land, but never could, by such means, clear herself of hares and rabbits, which, when started, took shelter in the preserve; and, if the dogs followed them, they were either shot by the keepers or caught in the dog-spears. The pheasant is a very destructive bird when the corn is nearly ripe; Miss Batling's steward, in order to get quit of this nuisance, thought fit to sow some poisoned corn, and for this his mistress was subjected to a prosecution, although the corn was scattered on her own ground.—Tired out with this oppression, and having lost more than a thousand pounds by her farm, Miss Batling

was at last compelled to sell her estate, which had descended to her from her ancestors, and to which she was attached, as it was the place of her nativity, and to go and live in another county.

Since the Game Laws have been extended to rabbits, they have proved the ruin of many a farmer; but there is also another class of men who have been grievously oppressed by them, and who are still less able to bear it than the farmers, and that is the superior order of peasantry in that part of Buckinghamshire called the Chilterns. There is much waste and wood land; many cottages are there found with a small slip of land belonging to them, perhaps originally taken from the waste. These cottages were inhabited by men who work for the farmers; commonly their masters give them a day's work with a team, which is sufficient to plough their little field; the rest they do themselves. When these men find their little crop of corn entirely destroyed and laid waste by rabbits, and even their colverts in their gardens ate down to the very stumps, they have seldom fortitude sufficient to bear the loss. Generally they have also to endure the aggravation of seeing a gamekeeper in their neighbourhood, who watches all their motions, in order to punish them if they should be found setting a snare, or even be detected with such a thing in their possession; nor is it a small mortification for these poor fellows to see this keeper carry to market the very rabbits that have devoured the food with which they hoped to maintain their families over the winter; perhaps likewise bread will be very dear, and they will find themselves incapable of buying a substitute

for that food which they have lost by the devastations of these destructive animals. These circumstances naturally create great heart-burnings and discontent; and, however we may deplore it, we cannot be much surprised that some unpardonable excesses should be the consequence.

On Tuesday night, a hay-stack belonging to one Tyler, in the parish of Great Marlow, who is a game-keeper and considerable vender of rabbits, was discovered by a neighbour to be in flames.—It was fortunate that this discovery was made just in time to prevent the fire communicating to the dwelling-house where Tyler and his family were in bed and asleep.—About fourteen months ago, some valuable pointers that were in Tyler's care were poisoned. A reward of fifty guineas was offered, but it did not produce a discovery of the offender, or prevent a repetition of the offence. Tyler's horse was also stolen, and is supposed to have been destroyed; and last spring, a small house, or hut, built in the woods, for the keepers to take shelter in bad weather, and for keeping their dog-spear and rabbit-traps, was set fire to, and burnt to the ground.

One is at a loss which most to condemn, the oppression of the Game-Laws, which have certainly brought many an industrious and useful member of society to ruin, or these acts of atrocity, by which some desperate men seem inclined to oppose them. Surely Englishmen forget that they live under a Constitution, which says, that there shall be no wrong without a remedy, and that the people themselves depute Representatives to Parliament for the express purpose of hearing and redressing all popular grievances.—Let application be made

made to Parliament: it is their duty to find a remedy for the evil; but let not the sufferers, however great may be their hardships, take redress at their own hands. Such excesses are a disgrace to the country, and every good man must desire to see them repressed by the utmost severity of the law.

OPENING

OF

NEW DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS Theatre opened on Saturday, the 10th instant, with *Hamlet*, to an immense audience. The public expectation had been so much excited, that the doors were crowded at an early hour, and the whole neighbourhood kept in a state of tumult until the time of admission came. The multitude then rushed forwards, and the difficulty of entrance became excessive. When at length the crowd had slowly laboured their way into the hall, they found other difficulties, and the passages to the doors for receiving money, were scenes of nearly as much struggle and danger as the street. This hall was a large unornamented oblong entrance, lighted by a handsome circular lamp, with a range of narrow iron railing enclosing the pay doors. The next progress was into a circular apartment, surrounded by columns, and covered by the dome; a figure of Shakspeare standing on a large stove opposite to the entrance, and the openings on the right and left leading to the grand staircases. On the landing-place of each, a line of railing, bronzed and gilt, was drawn across for the ticket-receivers, and those once passed, the

audience were let loose among the galleries of this striking edifice. The general avenue to the upper part, in the interior, was a showy circular passage, running round the Shakspeare-hall, at about a third of its height, lighted with antique lamps of bronze, and branching off to the saloon and the boxes. The saloon, on whose construction the Architect probably occupied much of his means, was handsome, so far as size might assist its effect. Large ottomans were placed at intervals in two lines down the middle, and the recesses in the sides lined with sofas. —The colour of the furniture throughout was scarlet. Two coffee-rooms close the extremitities. Chandeliers and lamps, on antique models, were interspersed in great profusion. On the box doors being opened, the Theatre blazed upon the eye; and it was scarcely possible for any eye to look upon it without being for the moment dazzled and delighted by its prodigal and luxuriant beauty. The back of the boxes sweeps, as it appeared to us, a segment of about two thirds of a circle; but the front deviates with uncommon elegance, from a figure almost too precise and too unmanageable for the purposes of a Theatre, and assumes the form of an irregular conchoid, or, to use a more familiar illustration, a horse-shoe, considerably flattened in the middle. This form gives great advantages in seeing and hearing, from bringing forward the audience more equally to the front. We understand that the centre boxes are seventeen feet nearer the stage than in the Covent-Garden Theatre, and sixteen feet nearer than in the former house. The front of the dress-boxes is simple and delicate: that

that of the first circle, retiring by a slight bend, is covered with gilding and colours; the fronts of the upper rows are gorgeously decorated with green and gold. The back of the boxes is a strong red; the cushions a deep crimson. The pit contains only seventeen rows of seats, but it seems capacious and well arranged: the entrances are at the back. The orchestra occupies but a part of it, and the seats at either end reach down the stage. The aspect of the stage is admirable: the place of the stage-doors is filled up by two immense groups of gryphons or sphynxes in bronze, supporting each a brazen tripod of lights. The flame rises from a circle of thirty-six small tubes above the edge of the urn; and from its brilliancy, wavering delicacy, and slight connection with its support, excited universal admiration. Over these, on a line with the first and second circles, are the Managers' boxes, small and singularly tasteful; above these is a magnificent cornice, and the whole is surmounted by the statue of a muse. This is all finely picturesque. From the overpowering brightness of the stage and the tripods, the eye rises to the graceful ornament of those recesses, that look, with their gold and imaged work, like pavilions in an Eastern garden, and from them gradually fixes on the pale and marble form of a Muse, surrounded with the severer lines of the architecture, slightly shaded from the burning brightness of the stage, and standing in all the grace of chaste, lovely, Greek simplicity. Two large green columns, with gilded capitals, limit the stage on either side; and the Architect seems to have availed himself of them in a very able manner. From the comparative nar-

rowness of the stage, it might have been feared that the figures of the performers would appear disproportionately large, at least to all that majority of the audience not perfectly on their level: but by bringing forward those pillars, and still more by, if we may so express ourselves, extending their pedestal on both sides of the proscenium, an immediate contrast is formed, which reduces the stature of the performer to the due proportion. From this, which struck us as a very happy expedient, the stage appeared to have all the advantage, without the inconvenience, of that size, which has given rise to so much complaint in the Covent-garden Theatre. On a comparison with this latter Theatre, defects occur to us in both; but the mutual character differs so widely, that a perfect contrast is impossible. The one produces its effect by rigid regularity; the other by various elegance. In the one, decoration obtrudes itself reluctantly, and is submissive to the sterner spirit of the Temple; in the other, the very wantonness of a luxuriant taste sports in all its fancies, and impresses all its touches with the spirit of an Oriental palace.—Shakespeare would have chosen Covent-garden for the stern passions of his *Othello*, for the desperate and sublime cruelty of his *Lady Macbeth*; but for the light elegance, and fairy beauty, and fantastic splendour of the *Tempest*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he would have turned unwillingly from Drury-lane. They are both able works, and do honour to the liberality and the skill by which they have been raised within so short a period; but a decision on their respective merits must depend on the peculiar habits of the de-

cider.

cider. An ancient Greek would scarcely have refused to Covent-garden the praise of his grave and silent admiration. We are convinced, that a modern Frenchman could not restrain his clamorous delight at the coup-d'œil of its glittering rival.

Shortly after half-past six the curtain rose for the first time, and the *Corps Dramatique* appeared drawn up in battle array. *God save the King* was struck up by the orchestra, and sung by the performers. The first strain seemed to fill the audience with ecstasy, and a burst of applause, which resembled the thundering roar of the ocean, rendered it impossible to hear any sound from the stage or from the orchestra. The tumult soon subsided, and the audience attended to the concluding verses with all the usual demonstrations of joyful respect.

The performers were retiring when a loud *encore* arrested their steps. They returned, but did not exactly comply with the mandate of the audience; as, instead of "*God save the King*," they sung the national air of "*Rule Britannia*." To say this was honoured with approbation is saying too little; it was received with enthusiasm and with rapture.

Mr. Elliston now came forward to speak the address—(see our *Poetical Department*.)—After which the Tragedy of *Hamlet* was performed, and the farce of the *Devil to Pay* concluded the amusements of the night.

THE BRETON.

A Fragment.

I Soon after, not discouraged by what had befallen me, entered on board another

privateer, which had the good fortune to capture two West-India ships richly laden, and to bring them safely into L'Orient, where we disposed of their cargoes, and my share was so considerable, that I determined to quit the sea and return to my friends. When, in pursuance of this resolution, I arrived at home, I found my father and elder brother had died during my absence, and I took possession of the little estate which I thus became heir to, and began to think myself a person of some consequence. In commencing country gentleman, I set myself down to reckon all the advantages of my situation. An extensive tract of waste land lay on one side of my little domain, on the other a forest—my fields abounded with game—a river ran through them, on which I depended for a supply of fish, and I determined to make a little warren, and to build a dove-cote. I had undergone hardships enough to give me a perfect relish for the good things now within my reach, and I resolved to enjoy them. But I was soon disturbed in this agreeable reverie.—I took the liberty of firing one morning at a covey of partridges that were feeding on my corn, and having the same day caught a brace of trout, I was sitting down to regale myself on these dainties, when I received the following notice from the neighbouring *Seigneur*, with whom I was not at all aware I had any thing to do.

"The high and powerful *Seigneur*, Monseigneur Raoul Philippe Joseph Alexander Cæsar Erispoe Baron de Kermanfroe, signifies to Louis Jean de Mer-ville, that he, the said *Seigneur*, in quality of Lord Paramount, is to all intents and purposes invested

C

with

with the sole right and property of the river running through his *fief*, together with all the fish therein; the rushes, reeds, and willows that grown in or near the said river; all trees and plants that the said river water, and all the islands and aits within it. Of all and every one of which the high and mighty Lord Raoul Phillippe Joseph Alexander Cæsar Erispoe Baron de Kermanfroë, is absolute and only proprietor.—Also, of all the birds of whatsoever nature or species that have, shall, or may, at any time fly on, or across, or upon the *fief* or *seigneurie*. And all the beasts of chase, of whatever description, that have, shall, or may be found upon it." In short, it concluded with informing me, the said Louis Jean Merville, that if at any time I dared to fish in the river or to shoot a bird upon the said *fief*, (of which it seems my little farm was unluckily made a part), I should be delivered into the hands of justice. To be sure I could not help enquiring within myself, how it happened that I had no right to the game that fed in my fields, nor the fish that swam in the river, and how it was that Heaven had been at work only for the great *Seigneur's*! What! is there nothing, said I, but insects and reptiles, over which man, not born noble, may exercise dominion?—From the wren to the eagle, from the rabbit to the wild boar, from the gudgeon to the pike,—all, all it seems are the property of the great. 'Twas hard to imagine where the power originated, that thus deprived all other men of their rights, to give to those nobles the empire of the elements, and the dominion over animated nature!—

However, I reflected, but did not resist; and since I could no longer bring myself home a dinner with my gun, I thought to console myself, as well as I could, with the produce of my farm-yard, and I constructed a small enclosed pigeon-house, from which, without any offence to my noble neighbour, I hoped to derive some supply for my table.—But, alas! the comfortable and retired state of my pigeons attracted the aristocratic envy of those of the same species, who inhabited the spacious manorial dovecote of Monseigneur, and they were so very numerous and unreasonable, as to cover in large flocks, not only my fields of corn, where they committed numerous depredations, but to surround my farm-yard, and monopolize the food with which I supplied my own little collection in their enclosures, as if they were instructively assured of the protection they enjoyed, as belonging to the *Seigneur* Raoul Phillippe Joseph Alexander Cæsar Erispoe de Kermanfroë. My menaces, and the shouts of my servants, were totally disregarded; till, at length, I yielded too hastily to my indignation, and threw a stone at a flight of them, with so much effect, that I broke the leg of one of these pigeons, the consequence of which was, that in half an hour, *four of the gardes de chasse** of Monseigneur appeared, and summoned me to declare if I was not aware, that the wounded bird, which they produced in evidence against me, was the property of the said *Seigneur*, and without giving me time either to acknowledge my crime, or apologize for it, they shot, by way of retaliation, the tame pigeons on my enclosures,

* Game-keepers.

and carried me away to the *chateau* of the high and puissant *Seigneur* Raoul Phillippe Joseph Alexander Cæsar Erispoe Baron de Kermanfroë, to answer for the assault I had thus committed on the person of one of his pigeons. There I was interrogated by the Fiscal, who was making out a *proces verbal*; and reproved me severely for not knowing, or attending to the fact so universally acknowledged by the laws of Brittany, that pigeons and rabbits were creatures peculiarly dedicated to the service of the nobles; and that for a vassal, as I was, to injure one of them, was an unpardonable offence against the rights of my lord, who might inflict any punishment he pleased for my transgression.—That indeed, the laws of Beannoissis pronounced that such an offence was to be punished with death, but that the milder laws of Brittany condemned the offender only to corporal punishment at the mercy of the lord.—In short, I got off this time by paying a heavy fine to Monseigneur Raoul Phillippe Joseph Alexander Cæsar Erispoe Baron de Kermanfroë, who was extremely necessitous in the midst of his greatness.

Soon afterwards, Monseigneur discovered that there was a certain spot upon my estate, where a pond might be made, for which he found that he had great occasion; and he very modestly signified to me, that he should cause this piece of ground to be laid under water, and that he would either give me a piece of ground of the same value, or pay me for it according to the valuation of two persons whom he would appoint; but, that in case I refused this just and liberal offer, he should, as Lord Paramount, and of his own right and authority,

make his pond by flooding my ground according to law.

I felt this proposition inconsistent with every principle of justice. In this spot was an old oak planted by the first de Merville, who had bought the estate.—It was under its shade that the happiest hours of my life had passed, while I was yet a child, and it had been held in veneration by all my family.—I determined then to defend this favourite spot; and I hastened to a neighbouring magistrate, learned in the law.—He considered my case, and then informed me, that, in this instance the laws of Brittany were silent; and that, therefore, their deficiency must be supplied by the customs and laws of the neighbouring provinces. The laws of Maine and Anjou, said he, decide, that the *Seigneur* of the *fief* may take the grounds to make ponds, or any thing else, only giving him another piece of ground, or paying what is equivalent in money.—As *precedent* therefore decides that the same thing may be done in Brittany, I advise you, Louis Jean de Merville, to submit to the laws, and, on receiving payment, to give up your land to Monseigneur Raoul Phillippe Joseph Alexander Cæsar Erispoe Baron de Kermanfroë.

It was in vain I represented that I had a particular taste, or a fond attachment to this spot. My man of law told me that a vassal had no right to any taste or attachment contrary to the sentiments of his lord. And, alas! in a few hours I heard the axe laid to my beloved oak—my fine meadow was covered with water, and became the receptacle for the carp, tench, and eels, of Monseigneur.—And remonstrances and complaints were in vain!—These were only a part

of the grievances I endured from my unfortunate neighbourhood to this powerful Baron, to whom, in his miserable and half furnished *chateau*, I was regularly summoned to do homage "upon faith and oath"—till my oppressions becoming more vexatious and insupportable, I took the desperate resolution of selling my estate, and throwing myself again upon the world.

DUELLING.

ON Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th October, an inquest was taken by Roger Callaway, Esq. Coroner of the Portsmouth Borough, on the body of Lieutenant John Bagnell, of the Royal Marine Corps, who was mortally wounded in a duel by Lieutenant William Stuart, of the same corps, on South Sea Common, on the morning of Thursday, the 8th instant, of which wound he languished until the Saturday evening, when he died.

Thomas and Jane Haines deposed, that the deceased was brought to their cottage, partly assisted by the said Thomas Haines, and that a pistol ball was extracted from him by Mr. Madden, surgeon, who was sent for to afford him professional aid. The ball entered the right side, near the arm-pit, and was taken out of the left shoulder. Lieutenant B. was subsequently conveyed to his lodgings in Hambrook-row in a post-chaise. Whilst Lieutenant Bagnell was proceeding to the cottage, he said to the gentleman who assisted him (Lieut. John O'Hanlon), "John, he never came back to say he was sorry for it." The gentleman answered, "No." When lying on the bed,

he said, "I am sorry for you, Jack;" and they both shed tears. He also said, "I discharged my pistol, didn't I?" to which Lieutenant O'Hanlon replied, "Yes, you did."

A. Aubell, who nursed Lieut. Bagnell, deposed that she had much conversation with him, and that he said he had been wounded in a duel with Mr. Stuart, and that he would have made it up on the ground, but Mr. Stuart was not agreeable.

Lieutenant Alexander Day, of the Royal Marine Corps, deposed, that having received a message from Lieutenant W. Stuart, who wished to see him, he waited upon him. He met him at the door of his lodging-house, in Stone-street, and was instantly saluted with the following words, or to that effect—"Day, I am the most miserable wretch!" After Lieutenant Day had expressed his sorrow on the occasion, Lieutenant Stuart entered into particulars of a dispute which had recently taken place between him and the deceased. He stated, that as he was about to leave Mr. Bagnell, at his lodgings, he (Stuart) observed that he should make a call on some one, (*a female whom they both visited is here alluded to*), and Mr. Bagnell immediately answered, "You will not be received." That Mr. S. then said, "How do you know I shall not be received?"—Upon which Mr. B. replied, that he would not allow himself to be impertinently catechised. Mr. S. rejoined, that he would not allow himself to be bullied: Bagnell then exclaimed, "What! call me bully in my own house!—walk out of it." That Mr. S. thereupon went towards the door, and Mr. B. followed him, with his hand touching, or nearly touching his great coat; this induced

duced Stuart to say, "Don't touch me, Bagnell, for *that* never can be made up; and when he had got into the street, Stuart told Bagnell he should hear from him—that Bagnell, moving his hand to and fro, said, "Go along, go along,"—that Stuart, in the course of his conversation with Lieutenant Day, said, he was very glad to hear Bagnell's wound was not mortal, and that he was likely to recover. Stuart also said, that Bagnell's first ball had passed very near him.

Lieutenant Philip Kinner Jessop, of the Royal Marine Corps, deposed, that on returning to his lodgings on the Friday afternoon, he found them occupied by Lieutenant W. Stuart, who appeared very much agitated at the time, and said, "Jessop, am I not a wretched fellow? I never shall enjoy a moment's peace of mind as long as I live." That, after Lieutenant Stuart had told him the cause of the quarrel (nearly as described upon the above deposition) he said, Bagnell must blame himself for what had happened, in being obstinate, and refusing to make an apology: that Stuart, however, shewed great distress of mind, and often expressed his sorrow at what had taken place: he said it should be a lesson to him as long as he lived; and that, in future, whatever affront he might receive, or even if he was struck, he would not be induced to fight a duel again; but would rather verify the text in Scripture—"That if he received a blow on one cheek, he would suffer the other to be struck also;" this deponent was part of two days in the house with Lieutenant S. and he constantly evinced his great distress of mind and sorrow for the

state of his poor friend Bagnell, as he called him.

Lieutenant Bagnell was a fine young man, in the 30th year of his age. He married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ashe, of Chippenham, where she now lives, and by whom he had two children, who died. The parties were the most intimate friends previously to the unfortunate dispute that terminated so lamentably.

It is exceedingly to be regretted, that there is such a vindictive tribunal, as that which the modern *Law of Honour*, as it is called, has raised—that a man's best friend, for a hasty word spoken, must not be forgiven; but upon all occasions, let the accusation between the parties be what it may, an appeal must be made to a destructive weapon, which, at the most, can only prove personal courage. The evidence however of the parties, on this event, *after* the deed, is the best commentary that can be made on this shocking and absurd practice.

CERTAIN COMMON ERRORS
IN THE
TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.

De te, fabula narratur.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your late Memoir of one of the most feeling and humane of men, Sir Charles Bunbury, we observe that the good-natured Baronet, anxious to enjoy his favourite diversion as pure as possible, and as little alloyed with animal suffering, the true criterion of pleasure, absolutely inhibits the use of severity of every species to his horses—they

they are neither whipped, spurred, nor beaten, whether in breaking, training, or the race, but subdued and managed entirely by the force of soothing and patience, and urged forward by the cheering and heartening stimulus of encouragement. And by this mild and considerate method, Sir Charles Bunbury's horses are as obedient, well-trained, eager, and successful, as those of his competitors on the turf which undergo the severest lacerations and tortures of the whip and spur. It is a consoling reflection, that such useless severities are at this improving period far less frequent than formerly; and that we, who are attached to the noble and rational enjoyment of horse-racing, are not so often disgusted and appalled at the barbarous spectacle of sides blood-drenched, swollen, and lacerated, and of sheaths cut to ribbands! The day is by-gone, we trust, for ever, when the North-country horses were started under the confounding and dismaying affright and torture of the whip and spur, applied with all the muscular force and hair-brained eagerness of those imps, set cruelly on horseback by unfeeling and unreflecting ideots, who could view with gratification so heastly and barbarous a sight!! We hope never again to witness a sight so sickening to all humane feeling, as occurred at Newmarket about two-and-twenty years since, nor to hear the brutish and idiotic remark, which we did hear. A poor filly, the most delicate and high-bred of her kind, ran her course through, with such excess of honesty and courage, that only her eye-balls did not start, nor her heart-strings burst. She was led from the ending post, dissected alive by the whip, dismay upon

her brow, and the tears rolling down her generous and high-bred face. A sniggering and fat-witted fool, casting a stupid glance, *en passant*, remarked—"Eh, eh, I wonder the little thing's guts don't come out!"—The filly lost her race by half a neck, and it might have been mathematically and practically demonstrated, that she also lost several strides by the barbarous and enervating usage she received. The debilitating severities also, of training race horses, have, within the last twenty years, given way to a more rational and profitable system. Horses are not now so often rattled off their legs, by excessive exercise, nor their speed abridged, or their sinews broken down, by twenty stone of clothes, and a five-mile sweat! Noblemen and Gentlemen Sportsmen have in this case learned to think beyond the bounds, and with due contempt, of the cruel fooleries of ancient prescription. In this humane and rational course, Sir Charles Bunbury took the lead, as the Readers of the *Sporting Magazine* will recollect, in a former account, some two or three years since, perhaps, of the Bunbury method of training.

But we must not expect that the owners or managers of horses, in the common, and, alas! necessarily too severe and oppressive business of life, either will or can follow the mild and glorious example above exhibited. It were enough, could we teach these last some regard for the principles of common justice due to brutes, which feel, as well as to fellow men, and induce them to curb their tyrannical passions, and to abridge those useless and unprofitable severities which, by constant inhuman and senseless custom, they

they exercise upon the poor beasts which Nature has subjected to their arbitrary will.

But, as it was remarked last month, in the account of cruelties inflicted upon cage birds, it is of little or no use merely to declaim against cruelty in general terms, since the bond slaves of custom will never, on their own sense or recollection, make the particular applications: these must be pressed upon the memory and reflection of the delinquents. We will, in conformity, give two or three striking examples of perpetual occurrence, and such as, subjected to reflection, ought to be striking.

A man rides over the London pavement, when it is, pressed by the smooth and probably too wide surface of the horse-shoe, almost as slippery as glass. This always happens in very hot, and in moist and foggy weather. The horse makes a slip—and why? simply, from the impossibility of avoiding it. The man instantly, foaming with rage, and pale as death's head, or red as the gills of a turkey cock in full strut, just as Nature may have formed him, lily-livered or plethoric, snatches at and checks the sharp curb, perhaps ten or a dozen times, with all his force of arms, until he has filled the mouth of the unfortunate and really unoffending animal with blood! In the interim, for Mr. Nincompoop, in his brutal paroxysm, would lose no time, the spurs are both driven into the horse's sides with the most frantic and convulsive muscular exertions.—Who's the fool in this case, the horse or the man?—Not the horse, surely, for he may very well have taken the utmost pains, and have used the utmost solicitude, to keep upon his legs, which I have a

thousand times observed, and yet without the possibility of avoiding a step, little or great. Now on what ground does Mr. Nincompoop aforesaid inflict such excess of correction, or any correction at all, for an unavoidable mischance? To be sure, because the rage of Bobadil must needs command impossibilities, and because custom, the law of fools, has stamped her fiat on the case—the horse has slipped, and must be beaten. The low voice of Reason and Common Sense has hitherto been unheard among too many, that to punish mere misfortune is not only unjust, but utterly useless; that in this present case it is most particularly perilous, since the horse, from the fright and agitation into which he is plunged, must be liable to the risk of the most dangerous falls, not only at the instant, but ever after on the same occasion, from the recollection of former severity. Even carelessness, in this example, if it is most obvious, ought to be corrected with moderation and wariness, and indeed the utmost forbearance and temper should be extended to dumb animals, unable to express their feelings, or explain the causes of their defects and failures. The semi-barbarous inhabitants of the desert, the Bedouin Arabs, are far before the most polished nations in this species of rationality; and, to our utter shame be it remarked, almost all other nations before the English!

There is a kindred folly and cruelty, in daily and hourly exercise, towards carriage horses. The least misapprehension, and presumed erroneous turn, which a leader in particular makes, is punished with the most cutting severities of the whip, continued, perhaps, by the hot-

hot-brained jack-ass upon the box, through half, or even the whole length of a street, to the great danger of his own, and the annoyance and danger of all other carriages, horses, and foot passengers. This mishap usually occurs to the poor horse during an embarrass of carriages in the streets, or at a turning corner; when perhaps his mouth is directed by the bit a dozen different ways in a minute or two, every one of which he is in duty bound to answer, just as the coachman, in his confused and eager desire of snatching a turn to get forward, on the impulse of the moment, may make his pulls. A horse with much sensibility in his mouth, or having what may be styled too good a mouth, in this dilemma suffers dreadfully. He obeys the first pull, and probably wheels half round, before that is succeeded by another pull, in a contrary direction: ten to one but for that act of obedience he receives as many sharp lashes with the whip, across the ears and face, as Mr. Coachman has leisure to inflict.—The horse now becomes irritated and confused, and plunges this way and that, as he feels the different directions; or sullen, and not being able to distinguish the true from the false pulls, arms himself, with his neck stiff, and refuses to obey the rein. In either case, when the definitive pull comes, it is great odds but he mistake it, and then comes his terror and his punishment. Getting at last into the right track, the affrighted creature, well knowing what awaits his misfortune, sets off as though he expected to be able to escape through his harness, and the madman, or fool upon the box, seeks to expiate or excuse his own error, by lashing it out of the flesh

of his blameless victim. The same abuse is exercised towards horses with insensible mouths, which really have not the feeling to discriminate and obey these momentary pulls, or indications from the hand. In making a wrong turn, and suddenly rectifying it by an opposite pull, should there be the least boggle or stop, the horse is sure of severe correction, merely because he does not possess the supernatural faculty of diving into the mind of his driver, and discovering its motives, errors, and intentions.

I will offer an example in point, within the knowledge and recollection of the Editor: The present writer was driving in single harness a gelding, with an extremely delicate mouth, and feelingly alive to every indication of the hand. A sharp turn was to be made to the right; the horse had wheeled half round, when the driver, supposing he had taken the wrong road, but in a sort of uncertainty, made a sudden slight pull in the other direction, which the horse, from his quickness, and the fineness of his mouth, obeyed so promptly, as to be within a few inches of encountering a bank on the opposite side. Nothing can be more evident, than that the horse was entirely void of blame, yet in how many inconsiderate hands, under the circumstance, would he have been whipped and wheeled, and perhaps harassed beyond his wind, a considerable distance!

It is a discouraging consideration, that not only those pretending humbugs, whose only knowledge of driving consists in whipping and abuse of their horses, which also, in their little opinions, constitutes the bravery and éclat of their display, but also our most experienced stage coach drivers,

are

are guilty of the useless and dangerous foolery and cruelty of which we complain. A coachman in an embarrass, generally whips his own blunders out of the hides of his horses. He is either so tyrannical from his driving habits, as to expect prompt and passive obedience from his horses, understood or not, or so conceited of his driving, as to be ashamed of either the semblance or possibility of error, which he thence always seeks to lay, together with the whip, upon his horses.

The last abuse which I shall at present post upon the pillars of humanity, is that of aged horses, which have acquired the habit of shying. This is constantly and severely punished, and the error infallibly encreases with the punishment. In truth, correction for this vice in a young horse, is invariably useless, and something worse; but to abuse an old horse for such a defect, is contemptible and unmanly cruelty. In aged and debilitated horses, shying generally is occasioned by decayed and imperfect sight, which presents objects to them erroneously, and in frightful forms. Accustomed to the rigours of correction on every such occasion, they are sure to start and fly, endangering both their riders and themselves. Instead of the whip and spur in this case, the true remedy is to throw the rein upon the horse's neck, sooth him under his misfortune, and give him time to make the best use in his power of the small share of vision which old age and unremitted labour may have left him. A horse will soon understand this rational conduct, and both horse and rider will profit by it. It ought also to be remembered, that incorrigible shy-

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ing in young horses, frequently arises from defective sight. Similar reasoning and advice is applicable to the defect of stumbling in aged horses, which is generally to be attributed to limbs worn out in the service, rheumatism, and faltering debility. Yet these steps of the aged and unfortunate slave, are too often punished with the grossest barbarity, and looked upon through the eye of indiscriminatory custom, as real and punishable offences. Surely justice is done to all such creatures as have the faculty of being sensible of its defects; and yet how few men have examined and ascertained the nature of that justice which is due to beasts! The best possible rule in the management of the horse, is to bring into use as much as possible of temperance and patience, and to make at least the resolution, never to correct with passion. I address not myself now to those horrible wretches, who obtain their living or their profit far less honourably than the highwayman does his—from the blood and sweat, and sobs and groans, of the already worn out horse, in which they seek to stimulate and renew the drooping energies of health and strength, by the application of the most ingenious and lacerating tortures. In the height of my abomination, I am at a loss which to curse—the wretches themselves, or the necessity by which they may be impelled. L.

ON CRITICS.

THERE is no character more common in the Metropolis than that of the critic, who condemns

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demns

demns decisively, and in insolent opposition to the general opinion of his fellow men, merely because nature has refused him the faculty of receiving^c delight from one or another particular kind of excellence. If there be any of the tribe who are not quite so presumptuous as the rest, an attention to the following anecdote may be of service to them:

An Eunuch, named Osmin, was commissioned by a Turkish Pacha to purchase stock for his Haram. The poor creature did his best for several years to please his master, but without success. At length a merchant of Marseilles, who was acquainted with him, found him at Smyrna, among a number of female Circassians, exposed for sale, and who, the one more beautiful than the other, kept him in a painful uncertainty as to which he should choose. "Osmin," said he, "observe that little brunette you have hitherto overlooked; if you purchase her you may rest assured your Pacha will thank you." The

Eunuch followed his friend's advice, and had reason to be pleased with it. Six months afterwards he met him again at Aleppo, and thanked him for his opportune interposition, telling him, at the same time, that the Pacha perfectly adored the little brunette, and begging him to acquaint him with the principle which had led to the formation of so sound an opinion. "You shall know it," replied the Marseillaise. "From the moment I saw the girl set on shore from the vessel in which she had been conveyed to Smyrna, which was some days before you purchased her, I never ceased thinking of and longing for her, insomuch that I could hardly sleep of nights; and, you may rest assured, that had I been master of five hundred sequins, I would have raised the market on the Pacha: now you are master of my secret." "Alas!" said the Eunuch, hanging down his head, and walking away, "*I see plainly that I can never make any use of it.*"

WINNERS

OF THE

ST. LEGER STAKES, AT DONCASTER, FROM THEIR FIRST COMMENCEMENT.

BY W. PICK, OF YORK.

Years.	Owners.	Winners.	Sires.	No. started.	No. of sub.
1776	LORD Rockingham's	br. bay filly,	Sampson ..	5	6
1777	Mr. Sotheron's	Bourbon,	Le Sang ..	10	12
1778	Sir T. Gascoigne's	Hollandoise, . . .	Match'em..	8	16
1779	Mr. Stapleton's	Tommy,	Wildair ...	10	15
1780	Mr. Bethell's	Ruler,	Y. Marsk ..	7	17
1781	Col. Radcliffe's	Sarina,	Goldfinder..	9	13
1782	Mr. Goodricke's	Imperatrix, . . .	Alfred	5	9
1783	Sir J. L. Faye's	Phenomenon, . .	King Herod	4	9
1784	Mr. Cortes's	Omphale,	Highflyer ..	7	12
1785	Mr. Hill's	Cowslip,	Highflyer ..	10	27
				1786	Lord

<i>Years.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>	<i>Winners.</i>	<i>Sires.</i>	<i>No. started.</i>	<i>No. of sub.</i>
1786	Lord A. Hamilton's	Paragon,	Paymaster..	8	14
1787	Lord A. Hamilton's	Spadille,	Highflyer..	6	9
1788	Lord A. Hamilton's	Young Flora, ..	Highflyer..	5	10
1789	Lord Fitzwilliam's	Pewett,*	Tandem ..	6	9
1790	Mr. Goodricke's	Ambidexter,...	Phenomenon	9	16
1791	Mr. Hutchinson's	Y. Traveller, ..	King Fergus	8	14
1792	Lord A. Hamilton's	Tartar,	Florizel ..	11	22
1793	Mr. Clifton's	Ninety-three, ..	Florizel ..	8	16
1794	Mr. Hutchinson's	Beningbrough, ..	King Fergus	8	19
1795	Sir C. Turner's	Hambletonian, ..	King Fergus	5	12
1796	Mr. Cookson's	Ambrosio,	Sir Peter ..	7	15
1797	Mr. Goodricke's	Lounger,	Drone	8	12
1798	Sir T. Gascoigne's	Symmetry,	Delpini....	10	14
1799	Sir H. T. Vane's	Cockfighter,...	Overton ..	7	12
1800	Mr. Wilson's	Champion,	Pot8o's....	10	17
1801	Mr. Goodricke's	Quiz,	Buzzard ..	8	11
1802	Lord Fitzwilliam's	Orville,	Beningbro' .	7	15
1803	Lord Strathmore's	Remembrancer, ..	Pipator....	8	23
1804	Mr. Mellish's	Sancho,	DonQuixote	11	24
1805	Mr. Mellish's	Staveley,	Shuttle....	10	27
1806	Mr. Clifton's	Fyldener	Sir Peter ..	15	39
1807	Lord Fitzwilliam's	Paulina,	Sir Peter ..	16	41
1808	Duke of Hamilton's	Petronius,	Sir Peter ..	12	28
1809	Duke of Hamilton's	Ashton,	Walnut ...	14	51
1810	Duke of Leeds's	Octavian,	Stripling ..	8	40
1811	Mr. Gascoigne's	Soothsayer,	Sorcerer ..	24	63
1812	Mr. Rob's	Otterington, ...	Golumpus..	24	57

* The Duke of Hamilton's Zanga, by Laurel, came in first, but in consequence of a jostle, proved to have been given by the Duke's rider, Pewett was deemed the winner, and Lord Fitzwilliam received the Stakes.

AN ELECTION SCENE,

IN A COUNTRY BOROUGH.

A Committee-Room, a Table, and Wine.

Canvass, Bustle, Justice Wine-Vault, Bonfire, a Chandler, Dr. Mac Fracture, Goose, a Tailor, &c. discovered.

CANVASS, *as Pres.* How many votes, Mr. Goose, can you bring?
Goose. I can bring nine to day, nine to-morrow, and nine more, if wanted before the poll closes.

Can. What are they?

Goose. Tailors.

Justice Wine. You know I am, by profession, a wine-merchant, but by trade, a justice of peace; therefore, I think I may venture to promise you all my bad debts, and every poor housekeeper in my district.

Bon. Since I was a tallow-chandler, and my name was Bon-fire, I never knew such times; my interest is burnt out.

Can. You, no doubt, have great interest, Dr. Mac Fracture?

Mac Frac. Nothing like what I had, I scarce sell a dose of physic in a week; never called up a nights; no chance customers dropping in for a dose of salts, or to get rid of a tooth; and as I am a Christian, I have not drawn a drop of blood this fortnight.

Can. Mr. Bustle, how do you stand for votes?

Bust. Why, let me see—there's Will Cogdie, the keeper of the E. O. table, in Black-ball Alley, and his interest; then there's the landlord of the Blue Bear, the Black Horse, and the Green Man, and my bosom friend, Love Frolic, that was put in possession of the round-house last night; all these I can promise, to a certainty, as good reputable votes, besides two Irish cousins of my wife, that at any time are ready to be qualified.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There are several electors come to offer their interest.

Can. Shew them in one by one.

Goose. Aye, shew them in, and I'll examine them.

Enter Bristle.

Goose. Pray friend what's your name?

Bris. Bristle.

Goose. A very good name, truly—what trade are you?

Bris. A Cobler.

Goose. A very good trade too, and suits Bristle to a hair. Are you a housekeeper?

Bris. Yes,

Goose. Where do you live?

Bris. At the corner of Heeltap Alley.

Goose. A very genteel quarter of the town, near the market-place, I know it: do you let any part of your house to lodgers?

Bris. Yes, the roof, to chance customers.

Can. Zounds! this fellow lives in a stall.

Goose. A stall! I say, Sir, it's a very good dwelling-house. Do you eat and drink in it, friend Bristle?

Bris. Yes.

Goose. Do you sleep in it?

Bris. Yes.

Goose. And pay rent for it?

Bris. Yes.

Goose. Then you are a house-keeper, though you lived in a thimble. But, friend Bristle, your appearance wants mending very much.

Bris. No wonder, Sir, for I carry my *awl* upon my back, and my credit's at an *end* every where.

Can. Can we depend upon you, are you sound?

Bris. As a new pump.

Can. Then, here, take this paper, (gives him a folded paper.) Mind, I give you nothing but paper, and let me see you at the hustings in about an hour, (Bristle fumbles with the paper, and drops money.)

Can. Mind, that must be your own—we gave you only paper.

Bris. Yes, yes, it is my own; and my fingers are *wax*—it will stick to them.

[*Bristle runs out.*]

Enter Jail Bird very shabby.

Goose. Here comes a vote that seems to have no great interest with the tailor's company.

Jail. I'm come to give my vote and interest to Master Bribevell.

Can. Why, are you a house-keeper?

Jail.

Jail. Yes; but I was burnt out.

Goose. He was burnt out of Bridewell, gentlemen, but his vote's good; for there's a new house building for him.

Can. Get about your business, friend, we can never venture such a shabby rascal on the hustings.

Goose. Softly, softly, Mr. Canvas, a coat may be soil'd, and still worth turning; this fellow will pass among the journeymen, if you'd disguise him in a clean shirt and a new suit of cloaths—what's your name, friend?

Jail. Jail Bird.

Goose. Well, Mr. Jail Bird, if you'll go wash your beak, and your claws, I'll give you a new suit of feathers to your back.

[*Exit Jail Bird.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Proteus, gentlemen, desires to be admitted.

Can. Shew him in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Proteus.

Can. I suppose, Sir, you are an elector?

Prot. I have six votes at your service.

Goose. When can you bring them?

Prot. I can bring one every two hours.

Can. I wish you could bring them in a body, as we want to cut some figure the first day upon the hustings.

Prot. That is impossible, Sir, for I can't change my dress in less than an hour. I am first a house painter; and the same coat, with the addition of a blue apron and a greasy night cap, serves me for a butcher. I then give my vote as a plumber and glazier; next as a barber; next as a baker; and last of all, in the character of Ned

Proteus, an humble retainer of the law, ignominiously distinguished by the name of a petti-fogger.

Can. Very well, Mr. Proteus, I wish you'd write down your six names for me, and the six different places of your abode, in the order you mean to give your votes, to prevent any mistakes in the polling.

[*Exit Proteus.*]

Enter Servant with a Letter, which he gives to Canvas.

Canvas, (*reading the superscription*), "For the President of the Committee."

Goose. Come, read it out, for its Committee business.

Can. (*reads*), "Sir, being a long time acquainted with the nature of elections, and knowing of how much use certain persons are upon certain occasions, I recommend the bearer of this letter to you; there's no man can do so much; he can raise any number, and is worth his weight in gold. I am, Sir, with hearty wishes for your success, your obedient servant,

"JACOB TITLEDEED."

Zounds, this is Titleddeed, my attorney! this is some great man to assist us with his interest, for he says that no man can do so much.

Goose. Ay, and he says, he is worth his weight in gold; then who knows but it is some rich Jew that's come to lend us money?

Can. Egad, I know who it is! Did you take notice of the words, "certain persons, upon certain occasions?" He does not care to speak out, it's Lord Pollall. Titleddeed promised to speak to him about his interest.—Shew his Lordship in. (*All get up in a bustle.*)

Enter Marrowbone.

Can. Who the devil is this—a butcher?

Goose.

Goose. Ay, this is the Marquis of Leadenhall-market.

Mar. What do ye all stare at, like so many stuck pigs?—Which of ye is the President?

Can. Friend, I am the President, and beg you would remove our suspense by letting us know by what means you came by Lord Pollall's letter.

Mar. Lord Pollall, who the devil is he? I never heard of his name before.

Can. Perhaps you got it from his footman?

Mar. His footman! I got it from old Titled deed. I was going to see some fine calves, when he hoisted me and seven more into a waggon, at Temple Bar, and made me come here to visit you.

Goose. Very much obliged to you, for paying us a compliment, in preference to the calves.

Can. May I crave your name?

Mar. My name is Marrowbone; so crack your jokes upon that if you please.

Goose. What, my old friend Marrowbone, of Cleaver Alley! I had almost forgot you, I have not seen you, since you and I raised the last mob at Brentford.

Can. Your interest must be very great, for Titled deed says you can raise any number.

Mar. So I can at a whistle; I'll have a mob round the hustings in five minutes, that will let nobody vote but whom they please; and burn the poll-books if you think proper.

Can. Upon my word, Mr. Marrowbone, though you may not be worth your weight in gold, you are worth your weight in brass at any election.

Mar. I can darken any man's day-lights at a blow, have every mob in the kingdom at my com-

mand—but all in the way of trade, and for the good of old England, for I hate bribery, d'ye see me, and all undue influence.

Can. Now, Mr. Marrowbone, we are all come to a perfect understanding, Sir, and if you will step to the kitchen, all my interest boiled, baked, and roasted, is at your service for your kindness.

Mar. Good bye, Goose.

Goose. Good bye, Marrowbone.

[Exit Marrowbone.]

Can. Let us be off to the hustings immediately, and be sure cry loudly for liberty and property, and the constitution.

Goose. Friend Canvas, the skirts of the constitution are grown too long. The lappells and buttons are increasing, and they ought to be cut short, after a new fashion.

Exeunt Omnes.

DESCRIPTION OF A CONVICT SHIP.

THE appearance and regulation of a Convict Ship, are as singular as the novel punishment of transportation, or as a regulated colony of very lawless convicts. Order and discipline, necessary to such an abandoned society, prevail in every part of the ship. The men are arranged in one long line, the women in a second; but the sexes are separated. The former dine upon their bedsteads, the latter sleep on a species of table, three longitudinally and two collaterally. To preserve subordination and regularity, a soldier in his regimentals is placed at the interval of ten convicts, as their guard. An adequate space is left in the lowest hall for the cockpit and surgery; a second space between decks

decks for the stowage or stores; and a third on the quarter for the apartment of the free-settlers, and for the cabins or beds of the officers. All the convicts are compelled to wash once in the day their heads, their feet, and their faces; the men under the superintendence of a soldier; the women apart, under the eye of a matron. The males are marched in a body of six across the deck to the pump; the sailors draw up the water, and they are artfully compelled to labour for health at the pump, and rinse away the dirt. By this prudent precaution, in every variety of weather, they obtain fresh air, and avoid the scurvy or cutaneous diseases. A Surgeon every day inspects this human cargo, and reports its state. They are paid, per head, a sum for those who survive the voyage. Hence, it is the Surgeon's interest to preserve the lives of those diseased wretches. To inure the assembly, disgorged from brothels, alehouses, and gaols, to the appearance, or to the idea of decorum, the men wash their bodies above decks, and the women between them. The sexes are forbid to mingle, even at their meals. So vigorous a discipline is only supported by severity of punishment. Chains, fastened round the body, and securely fettered around the ankles, confine and distress each male convict by the clanking sound, and by annoying the feet. This image of slavery is copied from the irons used in the slave ships in Guinea; as in these, bolts and locks also are at hand, in the sides and ribs of each transport, (for the vessels on this service, with peculiar propriety, are so named,) to prevent the escape, or preclude the movements of a convict. If he attempt to pass the centre, he is

liable to be stabbed; for the attempt, a convict was lately shot, and his executioner was applauded by his officer for a faithful, though severe, discharge of duty. If a felon kill his companion, a case very frequent in the quarrels of these highwaymen and robbers, the murderer is hung at the yard-arm, and his body is slowly carried through the ship, and launched into the deep. For the theft of provisions, or of clothes from his neighbour, a case yet more common and more natural to footpads, the convicted depredator is shot. For inferior crimes, as riot or quarrels, a soldier is ordered to whip the offender with martial severity. On the slightest appearance of mutiny, the ring-leader is cast headlong into the sea, in his irons and in his clothes.—“We commit this body to the deep,” the Chaplain repeats; but the words of Shakespeare, would, perhaps, be more applicable:

“O mutineer, if thou hast any hope of
Heav'n's bliss,
Lift up thy hand; make signal of that
hope.
He sinks, and makes no sign!”

It will be remembered, that America was first populated by such characters.

CARD-PLAYING CENSURED.

IN an Essay lately published on card-playing, the writer thus freely condemns this very prevalent amusement:—

“Custom and fashion reconcile us to a thousand odd sensations; otherwise I am convinced, there are many honourable minds, which would revolt at the idea of possessing themselves of other people's money, however trifling the amount,
by

by means of a game at cards; indeed the insignificance of the stake would be an inducement with them to reject, rather than to accept, what they may have won; for those who possess any honourable feelings at all, always estimate them too highly to sacrifice them for an undue consideration. But, however general may be the practice now to receive card-money, and to experience no disagreeable sensation at the time of taking it, all those whose notions of propriety are rightly regulated, must have felt somewhat awkward, when they won their first game, and when, for *play or diversion*, they first permitted somebody, whom perhaps they had little respect for, to empty the contents of his purse into their own. Custom and fashion thus sanction, what a nice sense of honour would not permit; and the card-player coolly and composedly appropriates to himself the property of others, without exchanging it for any value, or even acknowledging an equivalent obligation. If this be morally correct, it is, to say the best of it, an anomaly in morals.

“Shakespeare has said, that ‘Men are but children of a larger growth;’ and if we want any confirmation of the truth of this remark, as applied to the inhabitants of our own nation, we shall find it in their infatuated fondness for cards:—for cards are but toys,—mere playthings for the use of children. It is recorded, that they were invented for the amusement of a Prince, who was prevented by helplessness and affliction, from joining in the common pleasures and pursuits of men. Royalty ever has its imitators, and the accidental defects with which it has been sported, have been the most gene-

rally, because perhaps they are the most easily, copied. A false lustre has thus been thrown over kingly imperfections; and fashions have frequently been invented to supply deficiencies under which some have laboured, while those, who have followed the fashion, have foolishly affected to possess the deficiencies also. Alexander the Great was not the only king, whose personal defects were aped by his courtiers; nor is the hoop the only fashion which was assumed by those, to whose figures it was prejudicial. All the world must become idiots, and play at cards, because a French king once amused himself with them when mad; and every body, by encouraging this foolish diversion, must show forsooth, how much they lack that, which its first invention was intended to supply—reason.

“It is thus that card-playing owes the perpetuation of its influence to the sovereign sway of fashion; for to excel in it has ever been considered as an accomplishment indispensable for the gentleman, although it is the qualification of a sharper. Yet it has always appeared strange to me, that men of high birth and fashion should countenance this diversion; for it is one of their well-known weaknesses, to hold tradesmen, and all the trafficking notions which characterise them, in utter contempt and abhorrence. Cards are inseparably connected with these trafficking notions; for where there is an interchange of money, as at a game of cards, the obnoxious idea of barter and exchange must always obtrude itself. How is it then that men of rank reconcile themselves to this inconsistency?

“But it is not only among folks

folks of distinction, that this custom is encouraged. Every tavern in the kingdom has its whist-clubs, and every family its evening card-party. The Duchess may give her fashionable routs, and throw open her elegant mansion to royalty and nobility; but the *lady* of every shop-keeper has also her whist-tables prepared for her friends, immediately the shutters are closed. Not only is every petty house-keeper and master of a family seized with this mania for cards; but every journeyman mechanic, who can command a room large enough to contain a couple of whist-tables, issues his invitations for "a rubber and sandwiches."

"As 'gentle dullness ever loves a joke,' folly is sometimes ingenious; and many plausible defences of card-playing have been set up, which may have the effect of increasing its votaries, without sanctioning its prevalence. The plain and sober moralist, however, who thinks it his duty to remind men of the value and importance of time, must ever regard it as a custom, which is but useless when it is not ruinous, and frivolous when it is not vicious."

BOXING.

A Most resolute battle was fought on the 6th inst. at Greenford Common, Middlesex, betwixt *Holloway*, known better by the appellation of the Battersea Gardener; and *Ford*, the West Countryman, of whose merit as a pugilist we have often lately had occasion to notice. *Holloway* weighed 12st. 9lb. and *Ford* 11st. 6lb. but the disparagement in weight was not thought much of by *Ford*'s friends, as the gardener was considered a

slow and not a punishing hitter, whilst *Ford* was known to possess game, with the advantage of being a more effective hitter. A battle, which lasted *two hours and three minutes, was fought*. The seconds were T. Jones and Joe Norton for *Ford*, and Caleb Baldwin and Silverthorne for *Holloway*. The contest can be generally described in a few lines. No blow of any consequence was struck until the fifth round, when *Ford* planted a crushing hit on his adversary's left eye, which nearly closed it, and made betting, which was even at setting-to, five and six to four on *Ford*. *Holloway* had the advantage in about the tenth round, and he kept it for some time, *Ford* having gone off from weakness, but he recovered himself twice during the fight, and *led* for some time. He made some good stops, and shewed himself decisively the best hitter, but he was combating with a man who stood over him, and who, if not an alarming punisher, had strength enough to bore *Ford* away. *Holloway* had only a glimmer of sight for the last three quarters of an hour of the battle, but *Ford*'s burts arose more from falls than from blows. He can beat any commoner or ruffian of his weight, but his anxiety to fight leads him into matches, where weight with equal goodness must be served. *Ford*'s right leg is considerably shorter than his left, and the former being much required to support advancing or retreating, fails him when the frame begins to get exhausted, and he cannot avoid going down. The gardener at last had enough to do to win.

The battle was for a subscription purse of twenty guineas to the winner, and five guineas to the loser.

NEWMARKET MEETINGS,

Abridged for want of room, but to be given at length in our Calendar for next Month.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 12.—One-third of a subscription of 25gs. each, B. C.—Ld G. H. Cavendish's Florival walked over.—Mr. Turner's Joan of Arc beat Mr. A. Goddard's Brighton, Ab. M. 100gs. h. ft.—Even.—D. of Rutland's Grimalkin, beat Mr. Shakespear's Tumbler, Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.—7 to 4 on Grimalkin.—Ld G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston beat Mr. Shakespear's Hydaspes. T. Y. C. 300gs.—2 to 1 on Eccleston.—The Thousand Guineas Stakes of 200gs. each, D. I. were won by the Duke of Rutland's Elizabeth; beating Sir J. Shelly's Comus, and the Duke of Grafton's Joe Miller.

Tuesday.—The Fifty Pounds for colts and fillies, T. Y. C. was won by Lord F. Osborne's July, beating Mr. Sandiver's bl. f. Black Beauty, and D. of Grafton's br. f. Picquet, by Sorcerer.—Mr. Lake's Venture agst Lord Rous's Flamingo, D. M. 100gs. h. ft.—Dead beat.—Lord Stawell's Cato beat Mr. Shakespear's Jolter, T. Y. C. 100gs.—Lord Sackville's Young Eagle, beat Gen. Gower's Anastasia, D. M. 100gs.

Wednesday.—The Town Plate of 50l. T. M. M. B. C. won by Sir J. Shelly's Stingtail, beating Mr. Blake's Accident and two others.—The First Class of the Outlands Stakes of 30gs. each, B. M. was won by Mr. Lake's Venture, beating Gen. Gower's Anastasia and two others.

Thursday.—The Second Class of the Outlands Stakes of 30gs. each, R. M. was won by Mr. Windham's Sister to Castanea, beating the Duke of Grafton's Woeful, and

three others.—Mr. Shakespear's Hydaspes beat Mr. Andrew's Trophonius, D. M. 50gs.

Friday.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, T. Y. C. was won by Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, beating Mr. Lake's Britannia and Mr. Shakespear's Jolter.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, T. Y. C. won by Mr. Elwes's c. by Orville, beating Gen. Gower's f. by Sorcerer, and two others.—Lord Lowther's Japan beat Major Wilson's Erebus, T. Y. C. 50gs.—Lord Sackville's Young Eagle, beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Barrosa T. Y. C. 100gs.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

Monday, October 26.—The Garden Stakes of 100gs. each, T. M. M. won by the Duke of Rutland's Grimalkin, beating Mr. Shakespear's Chester and Lord Jerseys Invalid.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, D. I. won by Mr. Dawson's Cambrian, beating Lord C. H. Somerset's Angelo and Major Wilson's Erebus.—Gen. Gower's Anastasia, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. A. Goddard's Brighton, 8st. 7lb. A. M. 100gs.—Sir John Shelley's Comus, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Lake's Pointers, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 200gs.—The Duke of Grafton's Whalebone, 5 years old, beat Mr. Lake's Turner, 2 years old, a feather. Ab. M. 200gs.—Six matches went off, by forfeit being paid.

Tuesday.—Fifty Pounds for all ages, was won by Mr. Thornhill's Aquarius, beating Picquet and Venture.—Lord C. H. Somerset's Offa's Dyke won a sweepstakes of 100gs. beating Scrub and Sorcery.—Lord Foley's Teazle beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, 100gs.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Merry-go-round, beat Lord Foley's Osprey, 100gs.

FLYING LEAP.

AN ETCHING BY HOWITT.

To face this Page.

FEAST



Howitt

FLYING LEAP.

FEAST OF WIT.

WE have been requested by a Correspondent, to insert the following account of the Chichester anecdote, as being more correct than the report given of the occurrence alluded to, in our last number:—

“A gentleman residing at Chichester, has the misfortune to be extremely deaf. One night, about the commencement of the present year, the weather was so uncommonly tempestuous, that the howlings of the hurricane were distinctly audible even to the worthy gentleman in question: a circumstance so unusual gave him such an idea of the fury of the storm, that he naturally enough concluded the terrors of the night would form the leading topic of conversation for the day: with this innocent presumption, he at length sallied forth for his morning's walk, and being shortly afterwards saluted by a friend, across the street, with “How d'ye do this morning? How's your wife?” briskly replied, “Very windy indeed! I never pass'd such a night in my life; I do assure you I thought I should have been blown out of my bed!!!”

ELECTION BON MOT.—During the poll at Westminster, in the year 1784, a dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray's party observed, that it stunk worse than a *Fox*; to which Mr. Fox replied, “there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a *Poll-cat*!”

ON Mr. Blackman's arrival as a candidate, at Kingston-upon-Hull,

a wag gave it out that he was an *African*, on which the mob set fire to his coach and burnt it to ashes. Mr. B. in consequence left the town.

A POOR Hibernian soldier having by some accident received a ball in his back at the battle of Salamanca, was lamenting to one of his companions that he should have been so unfortunate as to be hit behind, as his friends would imagine he was running away. The other reconciled him to his hard fate, however, by advising him to say, *he had got up in such a hurry, that he put his coat on the hind side before.*

It having been whispered that a statue of Mr. Sheridan, in white marble, was to be one of the ornaments of the grand saloon in new Drury-lane Theatre, a wag inquired whether a statue in bronze would not be more appropriate?

AN IMPUDENT THIEF.—Some fellow stole a fine bay mare, this month, near Bolton, and left an old, spavined, broken-knee'd, grey mare in its place. To add to the insult, the fellow had tied to the tail a piece of paper, on which was written the old rogue's motto, “*swappery is no robbery!*”

A COUNTRY fellow was lately examined before the Dover Magistrates, on a charge of having married three wives. His excuse was, his being on the recruiting service.

A WIT, meeting his friend, who was greatly afflicted with the *gout*, heartily shook hands with him, and said, he was happy to see he was so rich: "Rich!" said his friend, (much surprised) "why, I have just failed in business." "No matter for that," said the Wit, "you have a very large *Leg-isee*."

IMPROMPTU.

On a Woman who lately contrived to escape from Prison under her Friend's Petticoats.

How bad her luck, how ill her thrift,
The Girl who's driv'n to her last shift!
But to what straits must she be brought,
Whose last shift proves a petticoat?

AN Englishman visiting Voltaire, at Ferney, was asked by him where he had come from? The traveller answered, he had been for some time with Haller.—"What a great man!" exclaimed Voltaire immediately. "He is a great poet—great naturalist—great philosopher—in short, almost a universal genius."—"That is very liberal in you," answered the traveller, "for M. Haller expresses by no means the same opinion of you."—"Alas!" replied Voltaire, "*we are, very likely, both of us mistaken.*"

AN ale-house wit was much displeased at the shortness of his pipe, and complained of this circumstance to his host; the landlord excused himself, by saying, that his pipes were of "the last make."—"Yes," rejoined the wag, "I perceive you have not bought them long!"

BIBLIOMANIC RAGE!—A singular story is extant, about the pur-

chase of the late Duke of Roxburgh's copy of the first edition of Shakspeare. A friend was bidding for him in the sale-room, his Grace had retired to one end of the room, coolly to view the result of the contest. The biddings rose quickly to twenty guineas—a great sum in former times, when *collecting* was not quite so fashionable as it has since become; but the Duke was not to be daunted or defeated. A slip of paper was handed to him, upon which the impropriety of continuing the contest was suggested. His Grace took out his pencil; and with a coolness which would have done credit to Prince Eugene, he wrote on the same slip of paper, by way of reply—

—————"Lay on, Macduff!
And d—d be he who first cries "*hold,
enough!*"

Such a spirit was irresistible, it bore down all opposition, and was worthy of the cause in which it was engaged. The Duke was of course declared victor, and he marched off triumphantly, with the volume under his arm!

—————
A shoemaker's shop was broke open this month, and robbed of a considerable number of *boots*. The depredators in this case may fairly be called *free-booters*.

—————
A GENTLEMAN at Liverpool, haranguing the multitude, spoke of the services of Mr. Brougham in obtaining the revocation of the Orders in Council, and of Mr. Creevey in his great endeavours to obtain a free trade to the East Indies:—"Free trade!" roared an independent, staggering voter—"d—n your free trade—give us *free drink!*"

SPORT.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WE are informed, that the celebrated produce horse, *Golumpus*, (Sire of Beverley, Catton, Uncle Toby, and Otterington, the winner of the last St. Leger's) will serve mares the ensuing season at Mr. W. Horsley's, Low Catton, near York, at 10gs. each, and half-a-guinea the groom.—Beverley, Catton, Uncle Toby, and Otterington, all winners, are the only ones of *Golumpus*'s get that have been trained.

Mr. Morton, of Croydon, Surrey, has sold Teddy the Grinder to Lord Egremont, for 500gs.

Mrs. Henry Douglas is chosen to be Lady Patroness; the Marquis of Queensberry, President; and Mr. Menteth, of Closeburn, Vice-President, of the Dumfries and Galloway Hunt for the ensuing year.

THE following Members of the Caledonian Hunt were present at the late Meeting:—Marquis of Queensberry, Preses; Sir D. H. Blair, Bart. Treasurer; J. H. Blair, Esq. of Dunokey, and Alexander Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck, Counsellors; Wm. Hagart, Esq. Secretary; Earl of Eglinton, Sir H. D. Hamilton, Bart. Sir J. H. Maxwell, Bart. R. A. Oswald, Esq. of Auchincruive, Colonel Blair, of Blair, Capt. J. Oswald, and Robert Wallace, Esq. of Kelly.

At Hollywell Races, the Mostyn Stakes of 240gs. were won by Mr. Price's Ambo, beating six

others. The Two-year-old Stakes of 150gs. were won by Mr. Keen's Sancho colt, beating four others; and the 15gs. Stakes by Mr. Price's Uncle Dick.

At Monmouth Races, on Tuesday, the 13th inst. the Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Munsey's Meteorina, beating Morgiana and Beresford. The Handicap Sweepstakes of 160gs. was also won by Mr. Munsey's Meteorina, beating three others.

As a proof of the estimation in which the breed of horses, denominated Suffolk Punches, are held, at Sir Robert Harland's sale, on the 6th instant, at Wherstead, Suffolk, thirteen horses averaged 32l. 8s. each; sixteen others, 62l. 4s. 5d.; four others, 81l. each; and five others sold for 700l. or 140l. each! three three-year-old colts sold for 159l. or 53l. each; two two-years for 51l. each; six year-olds for 44l. each; and what is still more out of the way, six suckers averaged the sum of 37l. 10s. 8d. each. What ought these to be worth at five years old?

LORD Derby's stag-hounds are arrived at the Oaks, in Surrey, and have commenced the season, much to the gratification of the sporting gentlemen in that neighbourhood.—The Surrey fox-hounds, and the pack of H. Jolliffe, Esq. have likewise thrown off several times this month.

A SPORTING gentleman makes the

the following remarks on the Royal Hunt:—"His Majesty's stag-hounds are returned to Ascot, after receiving some benefit from their sea-side excursion, as far as relates to the disorder under which they had so long and so dreadfully suffered; but as to the lameness so peculiar to this pack, it is scarcely in the power of medicine to eradicate it. The cause of this lameness is attributed to the soil and situation of the kennel, than which no choice in England can be worse. The hounds look in excellent condition, in coat and general appearance, and will be able to meet the season with as good a prospect of sport, as they have for any season past; which is saying a great deal, considering the extreme ill state in which every thing about the place was found, which it is fair to say, was owing more to the limited circumstances of the hunt, than the ill management of an individual. Much is expected, undoubtedly, by the sporting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, as to seeing a sudden and superior management in the whole. This is expecting too much, were the huntsman superior to all in his line; but it may be hoped, with some degree of confidence, that many old errors will be done away, and if he can advise his assistants to act in concert with him, we shall not again see the hounds bursting after a deer cart, or running a mile or two beyond a scent. The horses, which are just sent down, appear to be suited for their work. They will begin by the end of this month, in a bye-way to enter the young ones, and a few they have from other packs."

THE Finden fox-hounds (Sussex) commenced the season this month

in high condition, and will hunt three times a week regularly.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT. —
 "Heyden, Sept. 29.—Though game is unusually scarce this season, I have the pleasure to hand you an account of the sport Lord Kingston had yesterday. His Lordship surprised all the gentlemen present by bagging in so short a time as two hours, eleven brace and a half of partridges, four brace of hares, and one pair of rabbits, without missing once. Notwithstanding his Lordship is considered a dexterous shot, it is supposed that this success was in some degree occasioned by his using the Forsyth Patent Lock."

As Mr. Hopkins was shooting in Cholsey Field, on the 3d of September, his well-known dog Tippoo found a hare, at which he shot but missed, and she run to a cover; but whilst again charging his gun, Mr. H. perceived something move in the stubble, which proved to be another hare he had by accident killed in her form on firing at the first; singular to relate, the killed hare had a blaze of white down her face, which Mr. H. caused to be stuffed, and has it in his possession.

"WE hear, that a few days since, as a gentleman of Old Salts Farm, Lancing, was shooting over his grounds, he sprung a covey of five partridges, when just as he pulled the trigger, to fire at one of the birds, the other four wheeled, and came exactly in a line with the bird first singled out: the consequence was, four of the five, at a single shot, came wheeling to the ground!"—*Lewes Journal*.

A PIGEON Club, similar to that established at the Old Hats, has been formed at Southall, Middlesex. The members consist of some of the first shots in England, and on the last meeting day, the average killing was 18 from 21.

THE under-mentioned General Order, relative to game, has been communicated to the troops quartered in this country:—"The General Officers, commanding districts and brigades, are directed by the Commander in Chief to adopt every possible precaution for the preservation of game, and to forbid the encroachments of officers and soldiers on manors; or their interference with the manorial rights of individuals; and also to secure the farmers from any inconvenience and damage which might arise from officers or soldiers trespassing over their grounds."

ON the 15th ult. a curious bet (between Captain R. and Mr. B. of his Majesty's ship Duncan) was decided on a level piece of ground at Walmer, near Deal, to the amusement of some hundreds of spectators. The former had backed his brother officer (Lieut. M.) to carry the Master-at-Arms of the ship (of the enormous weight of three hundred pounds) a distance of fifty yards, before the Surgeon could run a hundred. The great difficulty lay in properly placing this *lump of animal fat*, in a riding position, on the back of his unfortunate carrier; and betting at this moment ran two and three to one against his performance.—However, a saddle was at last contrived, and the monster (with the assistance of a chair,) mounted. The dropping a white handkerchief by the fair hand of

the accomplished Emily, was the signal for starting. A dead silence, and much interest, appeared to pervade every countenance for the short space of two minutes, when a sudden and a general burst of applause proclaimed Mr. M. winner. Mr. M. is five feet six inches in height, of light form, and only weighing himself two hundred and sixteen pounds.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Wednesday, the 31st ult. a young man, lately from Cheltenham, of the name of Berdmare, engaged for a wager of 10l. to go on foot from St. John's-street, West Smithfield, to Barnet and back again, in two hours and forty minutes, the whole distance being twenty-two miles; he started at twelve o'clock, took refreshment on his arrival at Barnet, and won his wager, by only one minute and a half, much fatigued.

The match between Carter, the Lancashire pugilist, and time, which had excited much curiosity, was decided on Friday, the 2d instant, on Sunbury Common. The match was, to perform two miles in ten minutes and a half, without previous training. He did the first mile under five minutes and a half, when he mended his pace at the rate of winning, but became much distressed in performing the second quarter of the second mile; his game however, recovered him, and he ran in with better speed than before had attended him; but he nevertheless lost the match by fifty-two seconds.

On Saturday, the 26th ult, an excellent foot-race, which was attended by the amateurs of the turf, took place round the Linen Hall, at Belfast, between an old man of seventy years of age, carrying a
lad

lad weighing 10st. 7lb. and a young man, for twenty guineas; the old man went round the Hall during the time the young man went twice round—the old man performed the race in four minutes, which is a quarter of a mile, and beat his antagonist by a few yards. Betting at first even, but when about half round, three to two in favour of the old man.

A tradesman of Salisbury, undertook to walk fifty miles in twelve hours and a half, on Friday, the 25th ult. He started from Gould's Hat, on Salisbury Plain, (two miles out and in), at one o'clock in the morning, and performed the task, with apparent ease, one hour and eighteen minutes within the given time.—What is a little extraordinary, the same person, by way of trial, walked the whole of the above ground in about twelve hours, only four nights before the above undertaking.

A match against time, which had excited much interest, was decided on Thursday, the 15th inst. at Portsmouth, by William Lock, a young man who undertook to run a mile in five minutes, for 50l. which hard task he performed in four minutes and fifty-eight seconds.

Mr. Wesley, a pedestrian of celebrity, on Tuesday, the 20th instant, undertook, for a wager of fifty guineas, to go half a mile in two minutes and ten seconds, on the road from Hounslow to Hampton. He accomplished the task in two seconds within the given time.

A CRICKET-match was played at

Leeds, in Kent, on the 14th and 15th of September, between the gentlemen of the Leeds and Hawkhurst Clubs; when Hawkhurst won by one hand in and sixty-seven runs.—The succeeding week the return match was played at Tenterden, and again won by Hawkhurst, by 145 runs.—Hawkhurst challenges to play any Club in the county next Summer.

PUGILISM.—Late, at Ditton Marsh Fair, near Westbury, Wilts, two labouring men having quarrelled, they proceeded to blows; when one of them received a hit on the neck, fell, and immediately expired.

A match betwixt POWER, a first-rate pugilist, and CARTER, a Lancashire lad of promising qualifications, was made on Thursday evening, the 15th instant, on the following terms:—They deposit 20l. each, to fight for 100l. on Monday, November 16. The money to be made good on the 2d November, or the deposit to be forfeited. A stand-up fight in a twenty feet rope-ring, and to be within twenty-five miles of London.

On Thursday, the 24th ult. as the Rev. Mr. Talbot, Curate of Tisbury, was riding a spirited horse, it leaped over a stone bridge and pitched upon all fours in the water, about ten feet beneath, with the rider upon his back. This gentleman's escape was miraculous, neither the rider nor the horse being materially hurt.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Correspondent S—k, forgot to pay the postage of his letter.—The Painting referred to, is in the hands of the artist he mentions; but we believe the owner is not disposed to permit an Engraving to be taken from it.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

GLORY AT HOME.

Addressed to Henry Austen, Esq. Winchester College.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE insertion of the following juvenile composition will much gratify the author, who remains, Sir, your constant Reader, and sincere well wisher,
NICHOLAS LEE TORRE.

WHAT is glory, what is fame?
What is splendid rank or name?
Fame they call an empty story,
Tell me, Austen! what is Glory:
Not the soldier's high-born merit,
Sent to pluck the blood-red laurel,
Not the Sailor's daring spirit,
Bred 'midst hostile strife and quarrel.
To fame like this the Country Squire,
Fond of home, does ne'er aspire.

Away, ye bloody scenes of strife!
I sing the joys of country life,
Where still the sporting tribe inherit,
A Soldier's or a Sailor's spirit.
Spirit, o'er the proud steed bending,
To pursue the Reynard Foe;
Heav'n, and Earth's wide covers rending,
With Yoicks, away! and Tally-ho!
To fame like this the Country Squire,
In the Chase does oft aspire.

Hark away! from wood to wood,
Pants each heart for Reynard's blood:
Reynard breaks upon the sight,
Sounding horns proclaim his flight.
Now, my Lads, give loose to pleasure,
Fears and anguish cast away;
Yonder lies the huntsman's treasure,
Happy he, who's first to day!
Rapturous joy like this be mine,
And well I know, my friend, 'tis thine.
Vol. XLI.—No. 241.

Hark away! from steep to steep,
Mad with joy, the coursers sweep,
Mad with joy, with hope elate,
Fearless top the five-barr'd gate.
Vain the streamlet's foaming eddy,
Vain the fence or ditch so wide,
O'er the ditch and quickset ready,
Yoicks! my Lads, your Coursers
guide.

Glorious skill like this be mine,
And well I know, my friend, 'tis thine.

Hark forward! forward! hark away!
Reynard's now the huntsman's prey.
See he pants, he gasps for breath,
Louder peals proclaim his death!
Ended now the grateful labour,
Sportsman to thy home return!
Envy not the Soldier's sabre,
Nor for distant glory burn!
Austen! this is noble glory,
Which thy friend hath set before thee.

“Hark forward! forward! hark away!”
Be our death-song every day!
Be it too the sportsman's merit,
Daily Reynard's brush t' inherit.
Friends with envious eyes shall greet us,
When our jovial sport is done;
Friends with ardour flock to meet us,
And admire the trophies won.
Austen! this is noble glory,
This, with joy, I set before thee.
N. L. TORRE.

nches. Coll. Oct. 12, 1812.

THE PLEASURES OF COURSING.

NO more let wine, no longer hounds,
Engage the tuneful Nine.
I chant a nobler theme by far,
And choose the course for mine.

F

The

The well-breathed greyhound on the lawn,
Had long ago been sung,
But dreading lest his verse should fail,
Each Poet held his tongue.

The hunter who pursues his game,
From earliest dawn 'till noon,
Laughs at the courser's rapid joy,
Because 'tis o'er too soon.

Let those who think the course is dull,
Attend where beauties shine;
Where *Townshend*, *Peyton*, grace the plain,
And make the sport divine.

Whether on *Weeting's* well-kept field,
Or *Hammond's* wide domain,
Or at the stouter hares on *Smee*,
Witch, *Quince*, or *Laura* strain.

Or on *Stonehenge's* bounding turf,
Which e'en with Norfolk vies,
Or over *Astley's* well-stocked heaths,
The *Wiltshire* greyhound flies.

By those, how much misnamed the course,

Who beat each hedge with care,
Well pleas'd if in the live-long day,
They start one hapless hare!

No! let me view the high-trained dogs,
In Vale's unerring hand,
Loos'd in an instant from the *Slips*,
And skimming o'er the land.

With Orford, of the coursing train
Deservedly the pride;
Whilst friends around him gladly throng,
By wealth, by sport allied.

Then may you meet each circling year,
And oft renew the sport;
Long may the evening laugh, and tale,
Add flavour to the port.

Each take a glass, the bumper fill,
No truant here be found;
Drink, that the course may flourish still,
And let the toast go round.

Oct. 24, 1812.

M. W.

ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Mr. Elliston on the Opening of
the new Drury-Lane Theatre.*

WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON.

IN one dread night our city saw, and
sighed,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of
pride;

In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakespeare cease to
reign.

Ye who beheld, O! sight, admired and
mourned,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it a-
dorned!

Through clouds of fire, the massy frag-
ments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from
heaven,

Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled
Thames;

While thousands, thronged around the
burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for
their home;

As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly
shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their
own;

Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd
her fall;

Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring Pile,
Reared, where once rose the mightiest in
our Isle,

Know the same favour which the former
knew,

A shrine for Shakespeare—worthy him
and you?

Yes, it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of
flame,

On the same spot still consecrates the
scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath
been—

This fabric's birth attests the potent spell,
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How
well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the
past,

Some hour propitious to our prayers,
may boast

Names such as hallow still the dome we
lost.

On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the
sternest heart;

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew:
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last
adieu.

But still for living wit the wreaths may
bloom

That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed, and claims,—nor
you refuse

One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's
head;

Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!
Dear

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled or Brinsley cease to write;
 Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
 Vain of our ancestry as they of theirs. •
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
 Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
 Pause—ere their feeblér offspring you condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the Stage—to whom both
 Players and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject,
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame,
 If e'er the sinking Stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!—
 Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause:
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And Reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!
 This greeting o'er,—the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive our welcome too,—whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!—
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
 Still may we please, long—long may you preside.

SAILOR TOM;

*Who had one eye to sleep,
 And one to watch the keg!*

A Captain sent his men ashore,
 At Cuba, to procure fresh store
 Of water, and of wood;
 They had a little keg of rum,
 And, when into the green-wood come
 They tried if it was good.

Each Tar drank off his sparkling glass,
 Old mess-mates toasted, or some lass,
 In Plymouth left behind;
 The jest and merry song went round,
 And feats of sea-man-ship profound,
 'Till they were all—half-blind!

At length to work all hands did fall,
 But Tom—appointed by them all
 To stay and watch the rum;
 His orders were, "if there appear
 An Indian band this course to steer,
 Sing-out, and we shall come."

Tom had a pearl upon one eye,
 By nature formed so very high,
 He ne'er could get it clos'd;
 Tho' centinel, he soon got drunk,
 And in deep sleep by Somnus sunk,
 To danger was expos'd.

An Indian chief, who skulk'd at hand,
 Gave an attendant strict command
 To go and steal the rum;
 He reach'd the spot, gaz'd in his face—
 And hasted off with quicker pace
 Than he before had come.

He cried—"Strange white-man I have found!
 He never mov'd tho' I danc'd round,
 And jump'd like a wild stag;
 But when I in his face did peep,
 I found he had—one eye to sleep,
 And one to watch the keg!!!
 Macclesfield. ERINUS,

For the Sporting Magazine.

HUNTING SONG.

Le Diable emporte l'Amour.

WHY sing ye the praises of Fanny or Sue?

Their wit and their beauty soon passes;

Or fret ye for ever that Sally's untrue?

We toil in their springes like asses.

Leave love and its troubles, and rise with the day,

To join in the music of Hark, hark away!

The prattle of love may be very fine stuff,

And beauty may still have her day;

The anguish of love may be pleasing enough,

To those who will bow to its sway ;
But for prattling, why give me Old Echo's
reply,
To Yoicks! Tally-ho! and the hounds in
full cry.

Their wit, and its train of vagaries, you
sing,

That thrills through our bosom a
spell,
But the Tally-ho cry more pleasure can
bring,

When it rattles through dingle and
dell.

But when they're together, crashing the
glade,

Oh! where is the thrilling love's witcher-
ies made!

For beauty, come trot ye to yonder goose
side,

When Sol through his curtain is peep-
ing,

And see how they spread on so gallant
and wide,

Some topping the brake, and some
creeping:

And for *truth*, hark as Maiden begins her
faint cry;

And to Maiden have at him, rings out the
reply.

Then leave ye such idling, such boy-
feeling stuff,

Let beauty o'er fools have her day,
I've known of love's pleasures and follies
enough,

And broke all the bonds of her sway :
And music for me is the Echo's reply,
To Yoicks! Tally-ho! and the hounds in
full cry.

THE WOUNDED CROW.

AS 'cross the meads I took my way,
(Where late the sons of toil made
hay),

Bright shone the hot meridian day,

And herds had fled the plain :

I chanc'd to meet some thoughtless boys,

Whom wanton sport too oft employs,

Exulting in the guilty joys

Which give to others pain.

A sooty Crow, ill-fated thing!

Had got a wounded broken wing,

And closely round they form'd a ring,

T' inflict more gracious pain;

Tho' down its side the blood did flow,
The cruel boys no pity shew—
Vainly the creature strove to go,
And scream'd, and croak'd in vain.

Poor bird! so like some high-born wight,

Whose day of glory's turn'd to night,

Whom sated Envy comes to slight,

O'erjoyed to see him low.

I view in thee and in thy pain,

The wounded soldier on the plain,

Writhing among the mangled slain,

With ruthless foes around.

The artful gunner, lurching round,

Thee, from thy warning comrades found;

He gave the unsuspected wound—

Thou'lt soar on high no more :

Nor friendship's joys must thou e'er
prove,

Nor those of freedom and of love!—

But ah! my pity thou dost move,

Misfortune's child.

Poor bird of jetty plume, adieu ;

Each suffering mortal that I view

I'll turn a tender thought on you,

Thou' art cold and low ;

And when life's thorny paths shall bring

Those *worst* of woes that *inly* sting,

I'll often mind thy broken wing—

Poor wounded Crow!

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

*Humbly inscribed to Joseph W-llw-rth,
Esq.*

O Joseph! thee I love,

All other youths above ;

O, pity me!

Thy charms have pierc'd my heart ;

From thine eyes came Cupid's dart ;

I die for thee!

Too sure has been his aim,

I'm parch'd up by his flame,

Like shrivell'd pease!

With thee the power remains

To rid me of my pains ;

O, give me ease!

Then come unto my arms,

Thou man of many charms ;

Sweet, lovely Joe!

What raptures we will prove,

Our hearts brim-full of love,

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

MARY.

