

Subs. Royal 1817

THE
Twenty-second of the Improved Word
Sporting Magazine
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,

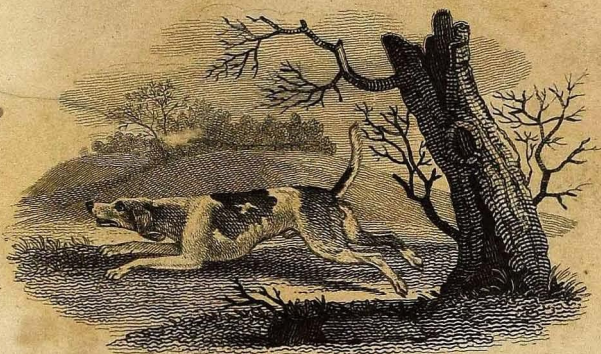
OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprise & Spirit.

VOL. 42.

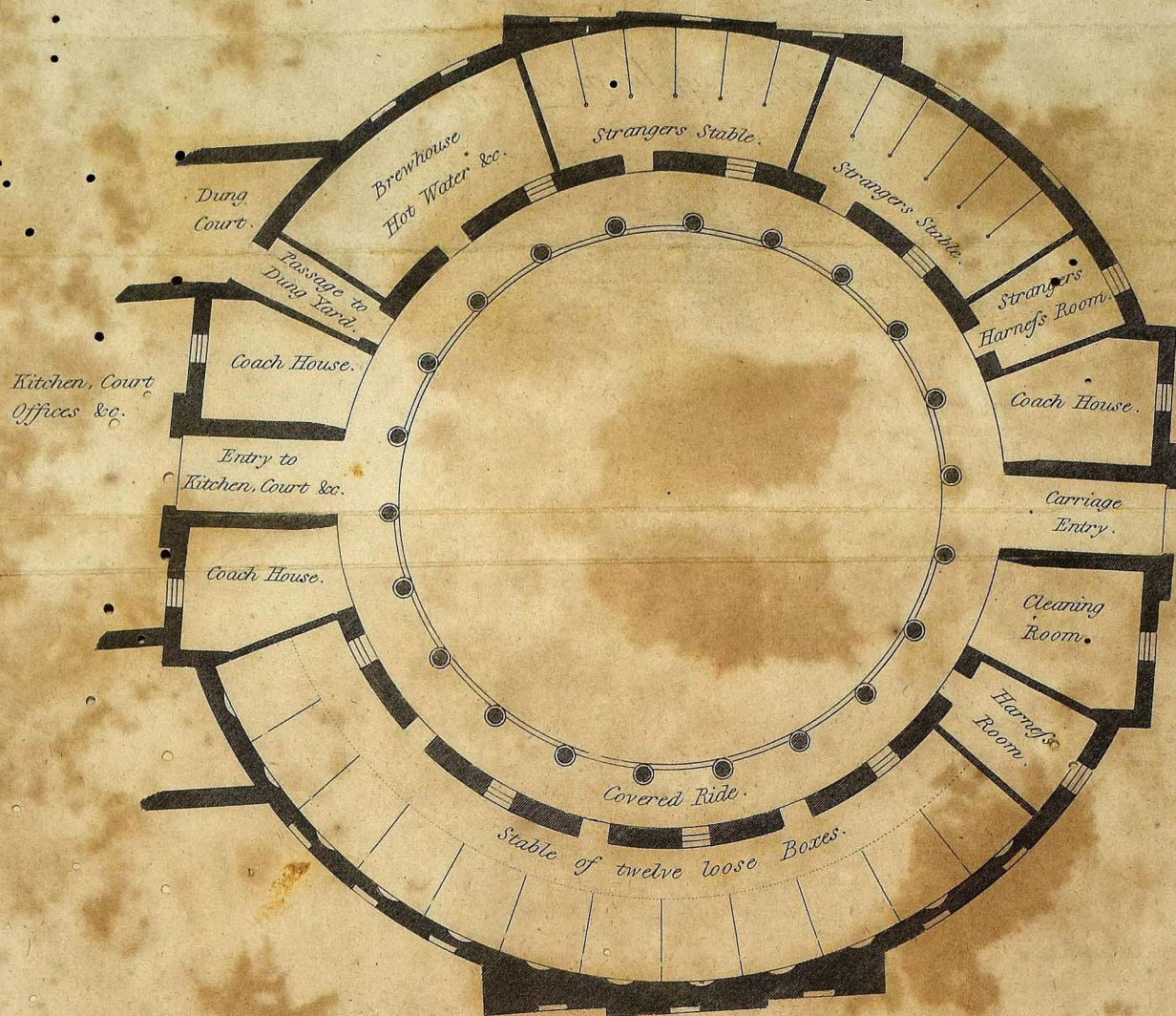


The Beagle.

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North Front of the Stable Offices.



New Stables at Errol House, Perthshire, the Seat of J. L. Allen Esq.^r

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.

APRIL, 1813.

No. CCXLVII.

CONTENTS.

Stables at Errol House, Perthshire	1	The Importance of regulating the Diversions of the People	29
Bettings at Tattersall's	1	Natural History of Mules	30
On the Colour of Devonshire Childers	2	Account of the Louwa, or Fishing Bird	32
Distemper in Dogs	3	Easter Hunts	33
Rural Sport of Bat Fowling	3	Singular Dexterity of a Goat	35
New Comedy called "Education"	4	Sporting Obituary	36
Crib taking Leave of Pugilism	7	Quail Shooting	37
Mr. Cooper's Painting of Tam-o'-Shanter ..	7	Races at Verdun	37
Warrant to take Greyhounds for Charles the Second	9	Stopping Hounds running riot or changing ..	38
Some Particulars of the Life of Djazzar Pacha	10	FEAST OF WIT	39
Curious Particulars of the Sea Gull	15	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	41
An expert Female Shot	17	POETRY.	
Easter Amusements of 1813	18	A Heathenish Medley	49
Ancient Tradition at Tolleshunt-Knights, Essex	21	Fashionable Illness, and Trips to Watering Places	50
Boxing between Molineux and Carter	24	The Essex Stag-Hunt	51
Account of the new Melo-Drama, called "Aladdin"	27	The Woodpecker	52
		The Courtesan	52
		RACING CALENDAR	1

Embellished with,

- I. PLAN of STABLES, erected at Errol House, Perthshire, the Seat of J. L. ALLEN, Esq.
- II. STOPPING HOUNDS RUNNING RIOT or CHANGING, an Etching.

STABLES AT ERROL HOUSE, THE SEAT OF JOHN LEE ALLEN, ESQ.

THE stables, (of which we have here given an engraved ground plan and elevation), are built as a wing to the house; on the left is a twelve-stall stable, fitted up with boxes, in which each horse stands loose; harness room, cleaning room, and coach houses. On the right, are stables, harness room, and coach houses, for strangers' horses, &c.

Errol House stands about ten miles east of Perth, on an elevation, about a mile from the river Tay, of which there is a very beautiful

view from the principal rooms.—The stables front the opposite way, and from the top of the tower is a very fine prospect of the whole of the Carse of Gowrie, one of the finest districts in Scotland.—The stables were designed by Mr. Paterson, Edinburgh; the engraving is by Mr. Scott.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Epsom, &c. &c.

DERBY.

3 to 1 agst Solyman.

7 to 1 agst Brother to Thunderbolt.

A

12 to

- 12 to 1 agst Lord Suffield's Hocuspocus.
 500 to 30 agst Brother to Pan.
 500 to 30 agst Duke of Rutland's Rostopchin.

OAKS.

- 7 to 1 agst Vale Royal.
 8 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Penelope filly.

2000GS. STAKES.

(Tuesday in First Spring Meeting).

- 7 to 4 agst Brother to Thunderbolt.
 9 to 2 agst Hocuspocus.
 7 to 1 agst General Grosvenor's Redman.
 7 to 1 agst Rostopchin.

CLARET.

- 100 to 60 agst Elizabeth.
 7 to 4 agst Cwrrw.
 7 to 1 agst Cato.
 8 to 1 agst Cornus.
 12 to 1 agst Historia.

ON THE COLOUR OF THE DEVONSHIRE CHILDERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Feel not only gratified by the good opinion of your Correspondent, "A CONSTANT READER," but under considerable obligation for his correction of my unaccountable *new reading*, on such a slight foundation too, respecting the colour of Flying Childers, which was incontestibly bay, and of which your Correspondent has at once adduced the most unerring proofs. After this, let not a man be too positive, as to what he possibly may, or may not advance, on occasions of no great import-

ance, during a fit of listlessness or *incuria*! For the fact is, and I even at the time stated it, that I generally supposed the colour of Childers to have been bay, was well aware of the existence of an original portrait of him in the Devonshire collection, and also of another in the possession of Mr. Sandiver, of Newmarket, referred to, as I recollect, in that gentleman's polite and obliging letter to me, whilst writing the History of the Horse. There must have been some mistake, for which I cannot at present account, relative to the picture, presumed to represent Flying Childers as a chesnut horse.

Your Correspondent need entertain no doubt of my accepting in good part his concluding recommendation, so excellent an earnest has he given both of his candour and his ability. And I trust, notwithstanding the slip in question, magnified, however, by the consideration, that the road was of all others, the most firm and level, he has not found me prone—"to adopt new ideas, in opposition to generally-received opinions, unless they can be supported by the strongest possible evidence." For in truth, I have no sort of predilection for novelty and paradox, or the tossing about of right and wrong in a bag, in order to discover which will turn uppermost. I have been long aware of the waste of precious time, the inutilty, the folly, of such procedure. My only objects are truth and right, be whatever the pursuit.—Am I in an error, the common lot? the instant I am rationally convinced, and I hunger and thirst for conviction; my erroneous opinion is discarded, I embrace that of my instructor, whom I thenceforth esteem as a benefactor.

Some

Some explanation is necessary, on the score of my character of Gohanna. I have had little or no *personal* acquaintance with the turf, since the years 1785 or 6, and probably, whilst writing, might have taken an opinion of that racer on trust, from some persons, with whom he was a favourite; or it may be even betting perhaps, that I really wrote, or meant to write, "one of the best four-mile horses of his day." However, that he was a stout runner, nobody doubts; but it may be equally true, that Waxy had a pull or two past him, at even weights, over the course, since the event of their various meetings apparently confirms it.

In my succeeding errors, of whatever nature they may chance to be, I wish I may again be so fortunate, as to meet with a corrector, equally liberal and well informed, as your "CONSTANT READER," and I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Somers Town, April 8.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Shall be glad to know through the medium of your entertaining work, if there is any certain remedy for the distemper in dogs, having tried several celebrated nostrums, but to no effect. Should any of your Correspondents be in possession of a recipe, and willing to give directions on the subject, (particularly when the disorder has settled in a convulsed action of the body, I having lost several valuable spaniels from that cause)

any information in a future number, will oblige, Sir,

A FRIEND TO SPORTING.

Daventry, April 2, 1813.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE OLD RURAL SPORT OF BAT FOWLING.

BAT-FOWLING is the taking of all manner of birds great or small by night, which roost in bushes, shrubs, in hay ricks or under the barn or stable-thatch; but the most delightful part of the sport begins before the grain is cleared from the harvest fields, during the time the domestic sparrows forsake the barns and out-houses about the farms for the wheat-fields, where it is well known they congregate in great abundance; and while the season continues, feed voraciously on the new grain, until they become plump and fat, and of a most delicious flavour. The time for the sportsmen to exercise the net and the bat is about an hour after night fall, when the over fed and weary birds are fast asleep on the roost; sometimes they are found in thick trees, or hawthorn bushes; but if an old castle or ruin of any description, covered with ivy, be at hand, it is this kind of shelter the flocks mostly delight to resort to. One of our own Poets has been particularly successful in describing this ancient sport, and the concomitant pleasures that succeed it:—

"To some tall ruin nodding o'er the
dead,
With rye-grass crown'd, and ivy-boughs
bespread,
The village swains, when daily labour's
done,
And far below the hills has sunk the sun,
With silent tread and ample net repair,
To raise the blazing lanthorn high in air;

A 2

Whilst

Whilst one, at hand, the lofty Bat essays,
 And drives the birds to seek the treach'-
 rous blaze,
 The watchful Netman views with spark-
 ling eyes,
 Shuts close his trap and wins the feather'd
 prize:
 The sport repeats, and when their store's
 increas'd,
 Return all jocund to prepare the feast;
 O'er nut-brown ale recount their rustic
 sports,
 And feel a bliss but rarely known at
 Courts.

I now proceed to give a descrip-
 tion of the manner in which this
 amusement is conducted by our
 young villagers.

The Net-man.

The net, or trap, should be three
 fathom in length, and deep in pro-
 portion, if to be used in a lofty si-
 tuation. If not, the height of the
 place will govern the dimensions;
 it must have a cord at the bottom,
 and be well secured to two pliant
 rods, meeting at the top in a semi-
 circular form, and at least two feet
 longer than the net; that the bearer
 may have room for handling and
 closing it upon the birds. He should
 have a leather pocket at his breast,
 fastened with two straps round his
 shoulders; in the pocket he will
 rest the ends of his rods, and by
 this means manage his net-poles
 with greater ease and dexterity.

The Lanthorn-man

Should be silent, nor show the
 light till at the place of sport; he
 should be careful to place the lan-
 thorn at the extremity of his pole,
 and hold it at least three parts up,
 and behind the net; but not till all
 is ready for

The Bat-man,

Whose business is to thrash the
 ivy-boughs or place wherever the
 birds may be. These rules pro-
 perly observed, will secure plenty
 of sport, and supply the farm with
 a good pudding.

The very intelligent Mrs. Good-
 win, in her art of cookery, has

given us the following directions
 for making

The Autumnal Sparrow Pudding.

Let the birds be well picked,
 and a parsley-leaf put into each
 of them; then take a thin rump-
 steak or veal-cutlet, on which place
 your birds; having applied the
 proper seasoning, lay thereon a
 slice of fresh butter, then let your
 steak be the envelope, and a good
 crust cover all. When the pud-
 ding is sufficiently boiled, place it
 on the table and open a round hole
 at the top; and this the ladies as-
 sert to be one of the greatest dain-
 ties that can be presented; but it
 must be remembered that no time
 is so proper for this delicacy as at
 the conclusion of the harvest, for
 only then are the birds in their
 prime. Bat-fowling may be pur-
 sued at other times, but with little
 profit or pleasure, between Febru-
 ary and September; for while the
 birds are breeding, they are poor
 and of an unsavory flavour.

Such were the sports our rustic Sires pur-
 sued,

Ere soft refinement o'er her tables strew'd,
 The rich ragout, the turtle fine to see,
 Emboss'd with calapash and calipee;
 Dainties 'tis true, but of no other good,
 Than to make foul the current of the
 blood.

Give me our British fare! nor let me
 roam

For food, when we have better, far, at
 home.

N.

NEW COMEDY, CALLED "EDU- CATION."

COVENT GARDEN.

TUESDAY night, the 27th in-
 stant, a new Comedy was per-
 formed at this Theatre, called
 "EDUCATION."—As it was not
 from the pen of any dramatic
 Tyro, but from that of Mr. Mor-
 tor, who is an experienced play-
 wright

wright, and has certainly produced some very pleasing and successful Comedies, it excited considerable expectation. Mr. Morton's general system in writing a Comedy, is to select some of the most prominent fashionable pursuits and follies of the day, and to embody them in different characters; in which he generally succeeds in obtaining an agreeable and lively variety. He is a master of what is called stage-trick, and has great cleverness in preventing his dialogues from running into tedious length, and oppressive heaviness. He is an adept in contriving abundance of incident and bustle, to keep most of his audience awake; and he usually contrasts his lighter scenes and characters by a pretty strong touch of the pathetic; but in the serious he is rather high-flown, and apt to run into the sentimental rant of tragedies that are deemed bombastic. He has, however, unquestionably, the merit of putting together his stock of materials in such a manner, as to ensure a tolerable share of success for his composition. Though much inferior in dramatic talents and genius to Colman, he is superior in fabricating a play to most of our very modern artists.

The comedy of "*Education*," if it does not impair, yet certainly does not equal that degree of reputation which this author has acquired by his "*Speed the Plough*," and his "*Cure for the Heart Ache*." In "*Education*," the characters are numerous, and the plot is thereby somewhat complex.

The Dramatis Personæ are as follow:—

Count Villars.....	Mr. Young.
Sir Guy Staunch.....	Mr. Mathews.
Mr. Templeton.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Vincent Templeton.....	Mr. C. Kemble.
Suckling.....	Mr. Liston.

Aspic.....	Mr. Jones.
Damper.....	Mr. Barrymore.
Broadcast.....	Mr. Emery.
George, his son.....	Master Chapman.
Mrs. Templeton.....	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Ellen.....	Miss S. Booth.
Rosine.....	Miss Bolton.
Dame Broadcast.....	Mrs. Davenport.

Mr. Templeton is a London banker, or merchant, residing at his villa, which is quite in the modern taste. His wife much younger than himself, aims at the fine lady; and wishes, without regard to expense, to display her taste in all sorts of embellishments. To this she is strongly urged by one *Aspic*, who affects the man of taste and literature; but who turns out to be a coxcomb, a libeller of private families, and a beggar. *Damper*, a sturdy old friend of *Templeton's*, sets his face against all this extravagance, and is consequently loathed by the wife, and feared by the coxcomb; but at length, in blunt honesty, he alarms him about his expenditure, his son's prodigality, and a sudden run on the firm in town. *Young Templeton* had lured *Rosine* from a boarding school; and she is driven for refuge to a farm-house, whence she repairs to the neighbouring park of *Sir Guy Staunch*, who is a rich old foxhunter, with many oddities and much good-nature. She meets *Miss Ellen Staunch*, whom she had instructed at school, and who takes her home with her. The Baronet's daughter is intended for *Young Templeton*, who has not lost his affection for *Rosine*; while *Miss Ellen's* partiality leans towards her cousin *Boniface Suckling*, a silly fellow, so educated as to have no taste but for cooking and eating. *Aspic* gives the booby a few lessons, and he fancies himself a philosopher, and vomits torrents of sublime nonsense. *Ellen*, in the interest

interest of *Rosine*, attempts, in an interview with *Young Templeton*, the needless task of making him indifferent to her. For this purpose she opens the amazing stores of her knowledge, and snatters away upon music, botany, chemistry, astronomy, philosophy, philology, and all the sciences in which imperfect, superficial, and unnecessary information is become so fashionable a part of a young lady's education, so intoxicating to her vanity, and so prejudicial to her solid duties. But there was too much of this: and besides, *Ellen's* vulgar fancy for her contemptible cousin, is not consistent with such an exhibition of her talents in a stratagem of this kind. She afterwards elopes with *Boniface*, is overtaken, and brought back; but finally married to him. Affairs are now most unprosperous with *Templeton*, when an old gentleman, named *Cleveland*, dies, and leaves him a large estate. About this time, a French Emigrant, one *Count Villars*, who has been cast away on the coast, losing the property he had saved from the wreck of the French Revolution, arrives in the village to seek his daughter, who is no other than *Rosine*, and to find an opportunity of resenting the conduct of her betrayer. He comes to *Broadcast*, a farmer, whose boy he saves from drowning, by which *Broadcast's* dislike to him as a Frenchman is removed, and he is hospitably treated. This boy of *Broadcast's* is introduced to shew the benefits of good education; but there is rather more of him than is necessary. *Villars* goes in quest of *Young Templeton*; and finding him sorrowfully contemplating a picture of *Rosine*, snatches it from him; and a duel is only prevented by the sudden appearance of *Broad-*

cast, who is a petty constable. *Villars* is carried to *Sir Guy*, who is justice of the peace, who leaves him confined while he is running after his eloped daughter. He finds *Rosine* to be in the house by her singing, and has an affecting interview with her, in which she clears herself from any imputation on her innocence. *Old Templeton* takes possession of *Cleveland's* will, but finds a codicil, declaring *Rosine* his grandchild and natural heiress, and confessing his desertion of her; thus leaving her to *Templeton's* consideration. *Templeton* is now perplexed between the sudden recovery from his embarrassments, and the justice he owes to the unfortunate *Rosine*. After considerable agitation, his nobler feelings prevail; he puts the codicil into the hands of the hitherto unfortunate girl, and destroys the will, thus replacing himself in a state of apparent ruin. *Villars*, struck by this generous deed, immediately consents to the union of his daughter with *Young Templeton*; and to make all the parties as happy as possible, *Damper* brings intelligence that he has set all *Old Templeton's* commercial affairs to rights; and young Miss *Ellen Staunch*, after her own taste, is wedded to her dear, cooking cousin *Boniface*. *Count Villars*, who, as an emigrant officer, wears an old Gallic uniform, bears the cross of St. Louis, and mounts the cockade of the Bourbons, concludes the play with some solemn expressions of regret for the state of his native land, and of hope for the restoration of the repose of the world.

The characters are much of the same class with those which Mr. Morton and others have chosen to depict in former Comedies; the imprudence

imprudence of an elderly man, through his wife's vanity and his son's carelessness—the plain manners, but sincere friendship of *Damper*—the absorption of every thing in the mind of *Sir Guy* by the love of the chace—the vulgarity and vacuity, and gluttony of *Boniface*—the inconsistencies of *Ellen*—and the tenderness and afflictions of *Rosine*.—*Aspic* has more pretensions to distinction. We do not know that such characters are numerous in society: we should rather hope they are not so. That Mr. Morton intends any strong allusions to persons of this base description, who find their way into families of wealth and fashion, we cannot say. We were rather alarmed at the introduction of the Frenchman, who talked very finely of his native country, till we discovered him to be a loyal emigrant.

The dialogue possesses the recommendation of vivacity, though, in the effort to make points, the wit is frequently unsuccessful. It requires much judicious pruning and curtailment. It contains a number of allusions that will not bear a repetition, and is occasionally helped up with some needless praises of a great military Commander, whose merits do not require the aid of dramatic puffing. There is some new scenery introduced; the view of a park and mansion is beautifully designed and painted. The play was given out for a second representation with much applause.

An indifferent Prologue was spoken by Mr. Abbott. The Epilogue, delivered by Miss Booth, was in rather a better strain, and was heard with favour.

* * * When this Play is published we design extracting a few scenes from it into our Magazine.

CRIB TAKING LEAVE OF PUGILISM.

ON Tuesday, the 27th instant, the Fives Court, St. Martin's lane, was numerously attended, for the purpose of witnessing a Sparring Benefit, given in behalf of the Champion Crib, who having arrived progressively to the summit of pugilistic excellence, after many sanguinary conflicts with the best men of the day, now called his friends together to take a formal leave of the profession of boxing, he having recently become Landlord of the Grapes Chop-house, King-street, St. James's.

On this occasion much interest had been excited, and it was much heightened by the appearance of Molineux (who had twice endeavoured to wrest the laurels of championship from Crib) after an absence of nearly two years.

One of the best matches at sparring ever witnessed within the Court, took place betwixt Crib and the Black.—The two last rounds much resembled the fourth round of the memorable battle at Thissleton Gap. The men rallied with much force and spirit, and exhibited some good hits, previously to which they gave some of the best specimens of science. The whole afforded a high treat to the amateurs. Ford also set-to with Molineux, but he was deficient in length and strength, and the Black behaved well in taking off the gloves on finding his superiority.

The other sets-to were between Richmond and Lancaster, Ford and Lancaster, &c. &c. but the whole amusement was centered in the scientific set-to between Crib and Molineux. The Black is much out of condition, compared with his former state.

After the sports of the day had finished,

finished, Crib returned thanks for the distinguished patronage he had met with at the hands of the amateurs, and solicited their further aid in countenancing his endeavours at the Burch of Grapes.

MR. COOPER'S PAINTING OF
TAM O'SHANTER.

AS we always take an interest in the success of a young artist, it is with much pleasure we notice the rising fame of Mr. Cooper, from whose paintings we have, on several occasions, enriched the Numbers of our Magazine.—In the British Institution of this season, he has exhibited a painting of *Tam o' Shanter*, (the subject from the poet Burns) which has gained him great credit, and drawn forth commendations from every one who has seen it.—The two following critiques, which we have copied from the Daily Prints, fully corroborate our opinion of Mr. Cooper's merit in this performance :

“ 36. *Tam O' Shanter*.—*A. Cooper*.

“ And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
But little wist she Maggie's mettle;
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail.”—

BURNS.

“ This picture is most happily imagined; the horse, in anatomy and colour, is excellent, and the expression of the rider admirably appropriate to the ludicrous horror of his situation. The artist, we suppose, considered it necessary, for decency's sake, to drape the fiend; if, however, he had given that drapery less the appearance of a shirt, we conceive it would have agreed better with the nature of the wearer. There is a general harmony in the tone of this picture, and indeed its whole execution

leads us to augur much from the future exertions of this artist.”

“ 36. *Tam O' Shanter*.—*A. Cooper*.—Had this artist been of long standing, his performance would have been highly creditable to him, but when it is considered that he has been only two or three years a votary of painting, we must confess that there is here exhibited a singular union of genius and perseverance—that Nature has been prodigal of her gifts, and that she has been well requited by their cultivation. The noble animal, the horse, delineated with accuracy, and touched with spirit, is always, as in this picture, a treat, but when connected in some circumstance of action or character with his ruler, man—the treat is enhanced tenfold, inasmuch as mere bodily conformation, however beautifully represented, is infinitely less interesting than the active display of the thinking, or even the instinctive faculty. A gratification of both these kinds is conferred by the shuddering terror of *Tam O' Shanter*, and the activity of his horse as he springs from a ghost that tugs at his tail to detain him.”

Mr. Cooper has sold the picture; we believe to the Marquis of Blandford.

RACE OVER NORTHAMPTON
COURSE.

ON Friday, the 23d instant, a match was run over the Northampton Race Course, for 150 guineas a-side, between Mr. Wakefield's Regent, and Mr. Runce's bay horse, bought of Mr. Benton; which was won easily by the former.

WARRANT

WARRANT

TO TAKE

GREYHOUNDS FOR CHARLES
THE SECOND.

MR. EDITOR,

THE power given by the following Deputation or Warrant to take Greyhounds for the King's use, is so contrary to the liberties which the inhabitants of this flourishing kingdom at present enjoy, that it cannot fail of being deemed a curiosity by most of your readers. It seems to have been founded on the antient prerogative of Purveyance, though its legality may be doubted, as between the date of the appointment of the Earl of Northampton to be Master of the Leash,* and that of the Deputation or Warrant, the right was abolished by the Stat. 12 Car. II. cap. 14. Whether the Deputy was expected to pay for the dogs taken by him, as Purveyors were by divers statutes required to do, I cannot pretend to determine, the warrant being silent on the subject. By the Statute 14 Ed. III. cap. 19. the Sheriff only was to make purveyance for the King's dogs, *i. e.* to provide food for them; and in the warrant the number of the dogs was to be expressed for which he was required to make the purveyance.

As to the power contained in the Warrant, of seizing all such dogs

* *Lesia*, a leash of greyhounds: the term is now restrained to the number three, but was formerly double, or perhaps indefinite. "Archiepiscopus Cant. et successores sui semel in quolibet anno, cum transierint per dictam Forestam (*i. e.* de Arundel) cum una lesia de sex leporariis sine aliis Canibus et sine Arcu, habeant unum cursum in eundo, et alium in redeundo." Anno 43 H. III. Reliq. Spelman. p. 118.—By the Charter of the Forest, any nobleman passing through it in his way to the King, *ad mandatum nostrum*, is allowed to take one or two deer, by view of the forester if he be present, or else he shall cause a horn to be blown, that he may not seem to steal the deer: and he has a similar privilege on returning.—Cap. xi.

VOL. XLII.—No. 247.

as were offensive to the game, this was consonant to the Laws of the Forest, which authorized the Forester to retain all dogs found offending, and to send them to the King or the Chief Justice of the Forest. By the Charter of the Forest, dogs kept therein, (which Lord Coke confines to mastiffs only) were required to be lawed or expeditated every third year. I should apprehend that this cutting off of the claws of the forefoot was intended to prevent the dog from chasing the deer, though the learned Judge seems to suppose that it was intended for the purpose of keeping the mastiff at home, "for the defence of the house, or for giving of warning of thieves and robbers." 4 Inst. cap. 73. p. 308.

J. B. R.

"To all Justices of Peace, Maiors, Sherriffs, Bayliffs, Constables, and other his Majesties Officers and Ministers to whome it shall or may appertaine, greeting.

"Whereas his Ma'tie, by his highness's patent bearing date the first day of September in the twelfth year of his raigne, did license and authorize mee James Earle of Northampton, master of his Ma'ties Leash, and my assigns, to take for his Ma'ties use, and in his Ma'ties name, w'thin all places w'thin his Ma'ties realme and dominions, as well w'thin franchises

B

and

and libertyes as without, such and so many greyhounds, both doggs and bitches, in whose custody soever they bee, as I the said Earle of Northampton or my assigns shall thinke fitt or convenient for his Ma'ties disport and recreation, as appertaineth from time to time at all seasons, like as my predecessors, masters of the Leash, or any other for them, in the tyme of his Ma'ties progenitors, King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, or his late sister Queene Elizabeth, or of his Ma'ties late grandfather King James, or of his late deare and royal father King Charles, of blessed memory, deceased, were authorized by them heretofore: And also his Ma'tie did thereby authorize mee the said Earle of Northampton and my assigns to seize and take away all such greyhounds, beagles, or whippetts, as may any way be offensive to his Ma'ties game and disport; and further willing and commanding thereby all Justices of Peace, Maiors, Sheriffs, Bayliffs, Constables, and other his Ma'ties Officers, Ministers, and loving subjects, that unto mee the said Earle of Northampton and my assigns or deputyes in the due execution of his Ma'ties license and authority they be ayding, helping, and assisting, when and as often as need shall require, without their lett or contradiction, as they and every of them would answer the contrary at their perills; as in and by his Ma'ties said l'res patent, under the greate seale of England more at large, it doth and may appear: Now know yee, that I the said James Earle of Northampton, master of his said Ma'ties said Leash, have licensed and authorized Alexander Ekins of Weston Favell, in the county of North-

ampton, Esq. to bee my deputy and assignee during the will and pleasure of mee the s'd Earle of Northampton, to take to his Ma'ties use, and in his Ma'ties name, within all places within tenue miles any way of Weston Favell aforesaid, as well within franchises and libertyes as without, such and so many greyhounds, both doggs and bitches, in whose custody soever they bee, as the said Alexander Ekins shall thinke meete and convenient for his Ma'ties disport and recreation, and in such and as ample manner and forme, as I the said Earle of Northampton may or might have done. And likewise I the said Earle of Northampton, doe hereby authorize and depute the said Alexander Ekins by himself and his serveants, to seize and take away all such greyhounds, beagles, or whippetts, as may any way be offensive to his Ma'ties game and disport, as fully and amply as I my selfe, by virtue of the said authority, may doe; I the said Earle of Northampton ratifying and allowing whatsoever the said Alexander Ekins shall lawfully, by virtue of the said l'res patent, and this my deputation or assignement, doe and execute. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seale, the twenty-sixth day of March, in the eighteenth year of the raigne of our Sovereigne Lord King Charles the Second of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Anno Dom. 1665.

“ NORTHAMPTON.”

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF DJEZZAR PACHA.

DR. Clarke, in his recent Travels through Asia, &c. having visit-
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ed Acre in the Romulus frigate, Captain Culverhouse, had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the celebrated Djeddar Pacha, the same as, aided by the councils of Sir Sidney Smith, so ably defended that city against the attacks of the French Army, under Bonaparte.—The following are some of the curious particulars which the Doctor gives of his life, habits, &c.

“ Soon after we arrived, we went on shore with the Captain, to visit Djeddar Pacha, whom Baron de Tott found at Acre, and described as a horrible tyrant above twenty years prior to our coming. Having acted as interpreter for Captain Culverhouse, in all his interviews with this extraordinary man, and occasionally as his confidential agent, when he was not himself present, I had favourable opportunities of studying Djeddar's character. At that time, shut up in his fortress at Acre, he defied the whole power of Turkey, despised the Vizier, and derided the menaces of the Capudan Pacha; although he always affected to venerate the title and the authority of the Sultan. His mere name carried terror with it over all the Holy Land, the most lawless tribes of Arabs expressing their awe and obeisance, whensoever it was uttered. As for his appellation, Djeddar, as explained by himself, it signified *butcher*; but of this name, notwithstanding its avowed allusion to the slaughters committed by him, he was evidently vain. He was his own minister, chancellor, treasurer, and secretary; often his own cook and gardener; and not unfrequently both judge and executioner in the same instant. Yet there were persons who had acted, and still occasion-

ally officiated, in these several capacities, standing by the door of his apartment; some without a nose, others without an arm, with one ear only, or one eye; “*marked men*,” as he termed them; persons bearing signs of their having been instructed to serve their master with fidelity. Many wretched objects, similarly disfigured, might be observed daily in the streets of Acre.—Through such an assemblage we were conducted to the door of a small chamber, in a lofty part of his castle, over-looking the port. A Jew who had been his private secretary met us, and desired us to wait in an open court or garden before this door, until Djeddar was informed of our coming. This man, for some breach of trust, had been deprived of an ear and an eye at the same time. At one period of the Pacha's life, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his wives, he put seven of them to death with his own hands. It was after his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca; the Janissaries, during his absence, having obtained access to the charem. If his history be ever written, it will have all the air of a romance. His real name is Achmed. He was a native of Bosnia, and speaks the Slavonian language better than any other. It is impossible to give even a detail of his numerous adventures here. At an early period of his life, he sold himself to a slave-merchant in Constantinople; and being purchased by Ali Bey, in Egypt, he rose from the humble situation of a Mamluke slave, to the post of Governor of Cairo. In this situation, he distinguished himself by the most rigorous execution of justice, and realized the stories related of Oriental Caliphs, by mingling, in disguise, with

the inhabitants of the city, and thus making himself master of all that was said concerning himself, or transacted by his officers.—The Author received this information from Djezzar himself; together with the fact of his having been once Governor of Caïro. The interior of his mysterious palace, inhabited by his women, or, to use the Oriental mode of expression, the Charem of his Seraglio, is accessible only by himself. Early in every evening he regularly retired to this place, through three massive doors, every one of which he closed and barred with his own hands. To have knocked at the outer door after he had retired, or even to enter the seraglio, was an offence that would have been punished with death. No person in Acre knew the number of his women, but from the circumstance of a certain number of covers being daily placed in a kind of wheel or turning cylinder, so contrived as to convey dishes to the interior, without any possibility of observing the person who received them. He had from time to time received presents of female slaves; these had been sent into his Charem, but, afterwards, whether they were alive or dead, no one knew except himself. They entered never to go out again: and, thus immured, were cut off from all knowledge of the world, except what he thought proper to communicate. If any of them were ill, he brought a physician to a hole in the wall of the Charem, through which the sick person was allowed to thrust her arm; the Pacha himself holding the hand of the physician during the time her pulse was examined. If any of them died, the event was kept as secret as when he massacred them with his own

hands; and this, it was said, he had done in more than one instance. Such stories are easily propagated, and as readily believed; and it is probable that many of them are without foundation. We must however admit the truth of the terrible examples he made after his return from Mecca, in consequence of the infidelity of his women. From all the information we could obtain, he considered the female tenants of his Charem as the children of his family. When he retired, he carried with him a number of watch-papers he had amused himself by cutting with scissars during the day, as toys to distribute among them; neither could there be any possible motive of cruelty, even in the worst of tyrants, towards such defenceless victims. He was above sixty years old at the time of our arrival, but vain of the vigour he still retained at that advanced age. He frequently boasted of his extraordinary strength; and used to bare his arm, in order to exhibit his brawny muscles. Sometimes, in conversation with strangers, he would suddenly leap upright from his seat, to shew his activity. He has been improperly considered as Pacha of Acre. His real Rachalic was that of Seïde, antiently called Sidon; but, at the time of our arrival, he was also Lord of Damascus, of Berytus, Tyre, and Sidon; and, with the exception of a revolt among the Druses, might be considered master of all Syria. The seat of government was removed to Acre, on account of its port, which has been at all times the key to Palæstine; and hence its tranquil possession, notwithstanding the insignificant figure it makes in the map of this great continent, is of more importance than

than the greatest armies, under the most victorious leader, ever sent for its invasion. This it was that gave to an old man pent up in a small tower by the sea-side the extraordinary empire he possessed. Djeddar had with him, in a state of constant imprisonment, many of the most powerful chieftains of the country. The sons of the Princes of Libanus remained with him always as hostages; for the Druses, inhabiting all the mountainous district to the north and east of Seïde, were constantly liable to revolt. Sir Sidney Smith, by cultivating an alliance with this people, when the French were endeavouring to march through Syria, prevented their affording assistance to our enemies. He undertook to guarantee their safety from all attacks, whether of the French or of Djeddar: and when the latter most unjustifiably violated his treaties with them, he enabled them to protect their territory. It was this circumstance which, ever honourable on the part of Sir Sidney Smith, gave rise to a misunderstanding between him and Djeddar. Matters had not been adjusted between them at the time of our arrival. With due intimation therefore of his prejudice against the Hero of Acre, as well as the knowledge we had obtained of his private character and disposition, we were ushered to his presence.

"We found him seated on a mat in a little chamber, destitute even of the meanest article of furniture, excepting a coarse, porous, earthenware vessel, for cooling the water he occasionally drank. He was surrounded by persons maimed and disfigured in the manner before described. He scarcely looked up to notice our entrance, but con-

tinued his employment of drawing upon the floor, for one of his engineers, a plan of some works he was then constructing. His form was athletic, and his long white beard entirely covered his breast. His habit was that of a common Arab, plain but clean, consisting of a white kamlet over a cotton cassock. His turban was also white. Neither cushion nor carpet decorated the naked boards of his divân. In his girdle he wore a poignard set with diamonds; but this he apologized for exhibiting, saying it was his badge of office, as Governor of Acre, and therefore could not be laid aside. Having ended his orders to the Engineer, we were directed to sit upon the end of the divân; and Signor Bertocino, his dragoman, kneeling by his side, he prepared to hear the cause of our visit.

"The conversation began by a request from the Pacha, that English Captains, in future, entering the Bay of Acre, would fire only one gun, rather as a signal, than as a salute, upon their arrival. 'There can be no good reason,' said he, 'for such a waste of gunpowder, in ceremony between friends. Besides,' he added, 'I am too old to be pleased with ceremony: among forty-three Pachas of three tails, now living in Turkey, I am the senior. My occupations are consequently, as you see, very important,' taking out a pair of scissors, and beginning to cut figures in paper, which was his constant employment when strangers were present: these he afterwards stuck upon the wainscot. 'I shall send each of you away,' said he, 'with good proof of old Djeddar's ingenuity. There, addressing himself to Captain Culverhouse, and offering a paper cannon, 'there
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is a symbol of your profession: and while I was explaining to the Captain the meaning of this singular address, he offered me a paper flower, denoting, as he said, '*a florid interpretation of blunt speech.*' As often as we endeavoured to introduce the business of our visit, he affected to be absorbed in these trifling conceits, or turned the conversation by allegorical sayings, to whose moral we could find no possible clue. His whole discourse was in parables, proverbs, truisms, and Oriental apologues. One of his tales lasted nearly an hour, about a man who wished to enjoy the peaceful cultivation of a small garden, without consulting the lord of the manor, whenever he removed a tulip; alluding, perhaps, to his situation with reference to the Grand Signior. There was evidently much cunning and deep policy in his pretended frivolity. Apparently occupied in regulating the shape of a watch-paper with his scissars, he was all the while deeply attentive to our words, and even to our looks, anxious to discover whether there was any urgency in the nature of our visit; and certainly betraying as much ostentation in the seeming privations to which he exposed himself, as he might have done by the most stately magnificence. He was desirous of directing the attention of his visitors to the homeliness of his mode of living: 'If I find,' said he, 'only bread and water in another world, I shall have no cause of complaint, because I have been accustomed to

such fare all my days; but those who have fared sumptuously in this life, will, I suspect, be much disappointed in the next.' We spoke of the camp of his cavalry, then stationed near the town; and of the great preparations he seemed to be making against the Druses, and our rebel Arabs, with whom he was at war. 'It is not,' said he, 'the part of a wise man to despise his enemy, whatsoever shape he may assume. If he be but a pismire, there is no reason why he should be permitted to creep upon your cheek while you are sleeping.' We found we had touched a tender string: he believed these dissensions had been excited in his dominions by Sir Sidney Smith, to divert him from the possibility of assisting the French, by attacking the Vizier's army in its march through Syria; and was much incensed while he complained to us of this breach of confidence. 'I ate,' said he, 'bread and salt with that man; we were together, as sworn friends. He did what he pleased here. I lent him my staff;* he released all my prisoners, many of whom were in my debt, and never paid me a parâ. What engagements with him have I violated? What promises have I not fulfilled? What requests have I denied? I wished to combat the French by his side; but he has taken care that I shall be confined at home, to fight against my own people. Have I merited such treatment?' When he was a little pacified, we ventured to assure him that he had listened to his own

* A short crutch, frequently inlaid with mother of pearl, of which I cannot recollect the Oriental name, serves men of rank in the East to support their bodies while sitting erect. Djezzar always had one of these; and the possession of it enabled the bearer to exercise the authority of the Pacha himself.

and to Sir Sidney's enemies; that there did not exist a man more sincerely allied to him; and that the last commission we received, previously to our leaving the fleet, were Sir Sidney's memorials of his regard for Djezzar Pacha. In proof of this, I presumed to lay before him the present Sir Sidney had entrusted to my care. It was a small but very elegant telescope, with silver slides. He regarded it however with disdain, saying, it had too splendid an exterior for him; and taking down an old ship glass, that hung above his head, covered with greasy leather, added, 'Humbler instruments serve my purposes; besides, you may tell Sir Sidney that Djezzar, old as he is, seldom requires the aid of a glass to view what passes around him.' Finding it impossible to pacify him upon this subject,* we turned the conversation, by stating the cause of our visit to Acre, and requested a supply of cattle for the use of the British fleet. He agreed to furnish an hundred bullocks, but upon the sole condition of not being offered payment for them in money. He said it would require some time to collect cattle for that purpose: we therefore persuaded Captain Culverhouse to employ the interval in making, with us, a complete tour of the Holy Land. Djezzar, having heard of our intention, promised to supply us with horses from his own stables, and an escort, formed of his body guard, for the undertaking; order-

ing also his dragoman, Signor Bertocino, to accompany us during the expedition, and to render us every assistance in his power.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF THE SEA GULL.

(From Letters to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.)

SIR,

HAVING been in Ireland last summer, I was induced by the uncommon fineness of one or two of its latter months, to take up my abode at a retired sea-bathing village on the southern coast of that kingdom. Here, there being little society, I principally employed myself in exploring the caverns and other natural curiosities, with which these bold shores abound. One day, while wandering among the rocks just at the water's edge, I was particularly struck by seeing a shoal of sprats approach the shore, followed by an innumerable flock of sea gulls, who were preying upon these hapless little fishes. At a little distance from the main flock, I perceived one of the gulls pursued by a bird, which, from its distance, I judged to be about the size of a small goose, and of a dun colour. When the gull appeared nearly exhausted, I observed it emit its excrements, which this extraordinary bird caught in its mouth and devoured, ere this precious

* The Rev. J. Palmer, Arabic Professor in the University of Cambridge, has visited Acre since the death of Djezzar. Being at the palace of his successor, Djezzar's secretary confessed to him, that his master had "long made up his mind to put Sir Sidney to death, whenever the means were in his power." Considering the open unsuspecting frankness of Sir Sidney, in all his dealings with the Arabs, it is wonderful this was not effected.

morsel could reach the water.* It then singled out another gull, which it left for a third, and so on. As I was returning home I met a number of fishermen, to whom I related what I had just seen.—These men informed me that it was a common bird on their shores, and said that, as far as they knew, it had no other means of obtaining sustenance; they also mentioned a name, which decency forbids me to repeat. I have searched Bewick's British birds for it in vain, nor have I obtained any information from the various inquiries I have made respecting it. Should any of your numerous correspondents favour the public with a satisfactory account of this curious bird, through the medium of your valuable Miscellany, I doubt not of its being as gratifying to many of your readers, as to,

AN OBSERVER.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for October last, a person signing himself AN OBSERVER, relates a circumstance that frequently occurred while he was on the south coast of Ireland. A bird, about the size of a small goose, was observed to pursue the smaller gulls, and that, when an individual was chased and persecuted till it was nearly exhausted, it emitted its excrements, which the persecutor with great dexterity caught before it reached the water. The Observer wishes to be informed what is the species of bird whose habit is so curious.

Many of the older naturalists make mention of the circumstance,

and, as well as Linnæus, considered it to be the habit of more than one species of the same genus. Even more modern writers have been equally deceived in supposing it was for the sake of the excrements that the larger gulls persecuted the smaller.

The sea eagle, *Falco Ossifragus*, watches the osprey, *Falco Haliæetus*, and, when it is observed to take a fish, it is pursued by the eagle until the osprey drops the treasure, which is most dexterously caught by the former. In a similar manner, *Larus Cataractes* and *Parasiticus*, (the last of which has been called Dung-hawks) persecute the lesser gulls, in order to compel them to *disgorge the fish which they had recently swallowed*.

The Observer might have found the circumstance mentioned in Pennant's British Zoology, Latham's Synopsis, and some other modern works; but the first writer who seems to have noticed that the smaller gulls are persecuted by the larger, for the purpose of making them disgorge, is Mr. Montagu. If the Observer will again turn to vol. ii. of Bewick's British Birds, he will find the subject mentioned in the history of both the Arctic and Black-toed Gulls.—Had the Observer consulted the Ornithological Dictionary he would have found the subject explained under the article GULL Arctic.

From the size of the bird mentioned by the Observer, we may conclude it was the Skua, not the Arctic Gull, which he noticed.

PHYSICUS.

Cornwall, Nov. 15, 1812.

* What amazed me most was the astonishing exactness with which it caught it in the fall, as I never but once saw it gain the water, and it was then picked up before it could sink.

SIR,

SIR,

IN reply to "AN OBSERVER," in one of your late Numbers, respecting the bird which pursues the gull, I have been informed by a friend that the sailors know it by the name of the "Lord-Bird;" that it is often seen on the north-west coast of Ireland, and on the coast of Portugal; it is seldom seen far from shore, or out of sight of land; that it is of a dun colour, and has a long sharp beak; that it does not receive the excrement of the gull in its pursuit, but the fish which the gull might have previously swallowed, and afterwards disgorged for the purpose of safety in its flight from the pursuer. The lord-bird will attack one gull after another until his appetite be satiated; and so terrific is he to the fugitive as to cause him to scream in a most frightful and piteous manner.

The sagacity of the gull is in another respect somewhat remarkable, in the instance of attempts to decoy them within shot from a ship at sea. For the sake of amusement it is not unusual for persons on board to shoot at them; and, to entice these birds sufficiently near, pieces of meat are frequently thrown into the sea, around which they will frequently hover and scream some time before they dart at the object; but, if a piece of meat be attached to a cord thrown on the water, and confined to the vessel, the instant the cord is tightened so as to drag the meat while it floats in the ship's wake, the bird ceases to dart at it, perhaps from a just suspicion that it is a decoy to seal his fate. Hence have we not the modern phrase of "gulling"—deceiving?

I. T.

February, 1813.

VOL. XLII.—No. 247.

AN EXPERT FEMALE SHOT.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IF you think the following narrative not too deficient in interest to lay before your numerous readers, by inserting it you will much oblige a regular subscriber to your entertaining Miscellany.

In the parish of Oldham, and county of Lancaster, resides a young lady of the name of Crompton, whose singular merit in the art of shooting is as follows:—About the middle of last month, on the return of her brother from a shooting excursion, she requested of him to have a shot at a small bird in the hedge, which she killed, being the first time she had ever fired a gun in her life: elated with her success, she requested a second shot, which she likewise killed, and so on to the twelfth, all which she brought down with the exception of two. The steady hand she seemed to possess, induced her brother to take her out the next day, where she performed in the same manner as on the preceding one, killing almost every bird she fired at: In a day or two after, she desired her brother to accompany her into the fields, to have a shot or two at flying marks, and as no birds presented themselves but larks, she was determined to commence hostilities with them, when she knocked down three of her first shots in grand style, which I was witness to; and her brother told me after that, on the succeeding day, she fired eight times and killed five birds more; so that out of her first eleven shots at birds flying, she killed eight larks, and every bird dead but one, which was only winged. The next shoot-

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ing season, she talks of bagging as much game as some of your first-rate shots.—I am, &c. &c.

J. M.

Crompton, April 5, 1813.

P. S. At the beginning of the shooting season last year, her brother killed ten brace of grouse at twenty-two successive shots, within the regular killing lengths, (that is, within the compass of sixty or seventy yards). And I once saw him, when two partridges rose exactly together, at about twenty yards distance, and flew directly from him, kill one of them, and while the remaining bird continued flying, he deliberately took the gun from his shoulder, cocked the second barrel, and killed the other, when his staunch pointer Old Don, brought at separate times, and laid them at his master's feet.

EASTER AMUSEMENTS,

OF THE YEAR 1813.

IN the progress of our work, we have on several occasions, presented descriptions of those amusements, which, at various periods, were most prevalent among our ancestors. It is, therefore, no more than an act of justice, on our parts, to furnish posterity with a similar record of the festivities of our own times at this particular season; and with that view we shall describe the gaieties of Easter Monday, as enjoyed this year by the middling and lower orders of the Metropolis.

Although the season of Lent is not observed with the same degree of devotion in this as in Catholic countries, yet the succeeding festival of Easter is gene-

rally celebrated in the most joyous manner. The gloom which the murky state of the atmosphere during the winter may have engendered in the human mind is thrown off, and, with the first bloom of spring, which is usually bursting into luxuriance about this season, comes that elasticity of spirit which is calculated to produce the most happy effects on the actions and the pursuits of men; all nature, in fact, seems to gain new life and vigour, and mirth and hilarity supersede feelings of a less happy description.

Amongst the middling and lower order of the inhabitants of Great Britain especially, Easter is hailed with peculiar delight. It is the signal for a complete change of garments, as well as of temper; and merriment and fun constitute the prominent motives of action. In the neighbourhood of London the caterers for public amusement are numerous and successful—all offer ample food for curiosity, and all receive their due meed of encouragement.

Among the most conspicuous sources of pleasure, ranks *Greenwich Park* and its environs; and hither generally flocks a great majority of the *Bourgeois*. Never did we witness more anxious preparations for a trip to this field of *sportive gaiety* than Easter Monday. At an early hour, some hundreds of vehicles, of all denominations, from a wheel-barrow to a broad-wheeled waggon, were drawn up, *elegantly* fitted for the accommodation of passengers in the Kent-road. *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* were invited, by the most persuasive eloquence, to take a seat in some one or other of these carriages, with a promise of a speedy and safe conveyance to the town

town of Greenwich. Of customers there were enough, and ere long the road exhibited a truly *lively* and *mirthful* scene: cattle of the most meagre description, a great proportion of which had been respited from the *cat's-meat cauldron*, for the occasion, were seen trembling under the weight of immense loads. Some, unable to bear their burthens, prudently gave up the ghost, and thus escaped the miseries with which they were threatened—while others, occasionally encouraged by the smell of a handful of hay, slowly paced their tedious course. Others, again, possessed of more strength, were doomed to run races with some of their fellow-labourers, and in defiance of the shrieks of the lovely damsels whom they bore, this rare species of *lark* was often pursued until the vehicles broke down, and thus put an end to the contest, and safely landed the passengers *sans ceremonie*, and without any regard to the arrangement of their costume or the delicacy of their persons, in the midst of a dusty road, to the no small delight of the pedestrians, whose indelicate remarks on the exhibitions which were made, became extremely irksome to the sufferers.

In defiance of all impediments, however, the town of Greenwich was soon inundated by some thousands of visitors, who, hungry and thirsty after their journey, instantly prepared to gratify the cravings of their appetites, in compliment to which, almost every house was converted into a magazine of provisions. Here was most *delicious* or *beef*, most *magnificent hams*, *tremendous legs of pork*, *lots of weal and winnegar*, and other solid belly-furniture, upon which the most voracious and cormorantic at-

tacks were made. Never, perhaps, was such destruction witnessed; the carvers could not be sufficiently expeditious, and in many instances were the throng so impatient, that the bar-maids began to entertain some apprehensions for their own fair persons, which became an imminent danger of being devoured with the other savoury articles. While the grosser part of the crowd were employed, individuals of more *delicate* stomachs were paying their devoirs to the *dog sausages*, *gingerbread*, and *ally campayne*, which was provided in prodigious quantities. In fact, there was not a species of eatable which could be devised or furnished, that did not meet with marked approbation. Due attention having been paid to the calls of palate, the *mobocracy* advanced to the *fair*, where the most *stupendous* and *horrific* preparations were made for the gratification of their fancy. The divine harmony of the *Gong*, the *French-horn*, and the *Salt-box*, came with its wonted sweetness o'er the enraptured ears, to which the occasional chorusses of Mr. *Polito's* wild beasts gave additional interest. Mr. *Richardson*, Mr. *Gyngell*, Mr. *Moritz*, and others of the *Thespian Corps*, were, as usual, conspicuous for the brilliancy and splendour of their Theatres; and held forth the most flattering promises of the astonishing and astounding excellencies of their respective performances. To these were added a number of the minor order of exhibitors. In one place you saw the *miraculous* and *flambuginous* sea-monster, known by the name of the *Non-Descript*. Next to it stood the *Musical Rat*, which played most divinely on the *mouth-organ*. Here again was Mr. *Hobson*, and his com-

mical family, who in addition to the ordinary performance of jumping down their own throats, would eat a living cat and her kittens, for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry. Then came the renowned *Lady D.** whose peregrinations round Blackheath⁶ have of late excited such astonishment. This Lady had of course a considerable number of visitors, and materially injured the receipts of *Miss Beffin*, who writes such a beautiful *hand* with her *mouth*, and who was in an adjoining booth. To give, however, a full description of all the wonders in the fair, would be impossible. We must, therefore, hastily conclude, by stating that there were as usual *swings*, *ups-and-downs*, and *roundabouts* in abundance, and accompany the multitude to *Holiday Hill*, where they had now assembled in great strength.

On the brow of the hill stood a number of bashful maidens, who at first seemed fearful of venturing down the declivity, but on seeing others pursue the rapid career with safety, they soon joined in the festive race, and exposed, with their wonted generosity, those beauties which are easier to be imagined than described. Many who were mere spectators, were unwillingly dragged into the vortex, and shared in the universal sport; at times receiving a species of reward, at which modesty would at other seasons be shocked, but which, on this occasion, was regarded merely as the effervescence of good humour. While the *lamb*s and *lambkins* were thus *innocently* amusing themselves on the Hill, many groupes were seen in the

lawn below, occupied in the various diversions of "*Threading my Needle Nan*," "*Hunt the Slipper*," "*Kiss in the Ring*," "*Lug at the Crust*," &c. the frolic of which was considerably heightened by falls and other humorous accidents. This species of *fun* continued until night approaching, drew her curtain over the whole, which we, in respect for our readers, will not attempt to withdraw.

The town of Greenwich and the road to London, exhibited a scene of great confusion for the remainder of the evening. Some accidents of a trivial nature occurred, but we did not hear of any calculated to make any serious drawback upon the pleasures of the day.

While Greenwich was thus conspicuous in its attractions, *Tothill Fields*, Westminster, the ancient scene of *British Olympics* was not deficient in amusements of taste and elegance. Here, too, were assembled some of the itinerant managers, amongst them *Mr. Saunders*, *Mr. Pike*, *Mr. Dawson*, *Mr. Gregory*, and other celebrated characters, whose booths shone forth with singular brilliancy. Indeed the progressive improvement of this part of this great city has tended, in a great measure, to increase the celebrity of the fair, and hence, that which was formerly but a scene of the lowest riot and debauchery, has now become somewhat more orderly. The great majority of the visitants were of course of the lowest description, and the scenes exhibited such as were calculated to impose upon their classic minds. The moral diversions of *gambling*, *dog-*

* A lady whose evidence against a persecuted Princess, has brought on her much reproach.

fighting, and gin-drinking, were of course much in favour. To these were added, a race between three damsels for a shift; jumping in a sack for a cheese, and grinning through horse collars for a hat, which considerably increased the humour of the evening. The customary jokes practised on such occasions, were repeated with all due archness, and we were happy to observe, throughout the motley groupes that were assembled, the most perfect harmony. The God of mirth prevailed with undisputed sway, and although a few wrangles did occur, they terminated in the most amicable manner. The *swings* and *roundabouts*, were almost as numerous here as at Greenwich, and their proprietors, no doubt, reaped an ample harvest, for their vehicles were literally in perpetual motion.

Primrose-hill, near Chalk-farm, formed another favourite place of resort, and on this were displayed scenes of frolic in some degree resembling those which we have described as having taken place at Greenwich, but not quite so interesting.

Next in favour came the respective tea-gardens in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, all of which were crowded with visitors; among those most numerous attended were, *Bagnigge Wells*, *White Conduit House*, *Cannonbury House*, *Chalk Farm*, and *Cumberland Gardens*, in which the consumption of those delicacies—*tea and hot rolls*, *ale*, *gin and gingerbread*, and other trifles, was truly surprising; indeed, so great was the call for *grub*, as it was poetically termed at *White Conduit House*, that it became necessary to send off a man express to London, to fetch a new cargo of second-

hand hot-cross buns, which were received with as much delight as if the Gardens had undergone a siege as severe as that of *Dantzic*, and the inmates had not tasted food for a month.

The Theatres, too, were not neglected; and Sadler's Wells, Astley's, Surrey Theatre, Little Drury, Sans Pareil, and other places of summer diversion, had to boast of overflowing houses. *John Bull* and his happy family seemed, in fact, to have forgotten all their cares, and that course only was pursued which was likely to produce a laugh or a sentiment of satisfaction. On which ever side the eye was turned, notwithstanding the burthens with which it is said we are oppressed, and the causes of discontent which it is known exist, happiness seemed to reign triumphant. The gloom of the English character was dissipated, and gaiety shed its influence over every countenance.

For the Sporting Magazine.

AN ANCIENT TRADITION,

Relative to the Effigy of an Armed Knight, recumbent upon a Tomb-Stone, in the Church of Tolleshunt Knights, Essex.

A Learned Doctor of the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, some few years since, presented the world with a pamphlet, setting forth the actual operation of a miraculous cure, at the Well of Saint Winifred, in Wales; let us see, whether we also, cannot perform something in the miraculous line, for the amusement at least, if not for either the instruction or conversion of our readers; always duly acknowledging our inferiority to

to his reverence above quoted, in that our miracle is of the ancient, his of the modern stamp; with the reserve, however, of whether such accident may or may not be, deemed a mark of inferiority.

Some few years of my early life were spent in the vicinity of the ancient parish of Tolleshunt Knights, or, as it is locally and vulgarly called, Tolleshunt Bushes, in the county of Essex, a few miles N. E. of the town of Malden. That parish, together with its immediate neighbour, Tolleshunt Darcsey, formed a part of the patrimony of the noble family of D'Arcey. My childish curiosity was powerfully attracted by the little Church of Tolleshunt Knights, with its wooden steeple and three candlestick bells; by its lonely sequestered situation, but still more by a tomb of soft chalky stone, within side the church, and in juxtaposition to, if I recollect rightly, at this distance of time, the northern wall. Upon this tomb, recumbent at full length, frowned an armed hero of our iron age. At his feet, were two canine figures, somewhat defaced by time, or sacrilegious and boorish hands. The whole appeared then, namely about one-and-fifty years ago, to have just received the benefit of a modern white washing. The old tradition respecting this hero, to which I repeatedly listened among the tales of the evening, strongly interested my attention, and I well recollect the traces of that kind of impression which it made upon my mind, such as to excite these opposite cogitations—could such a tale possibly be fact, or could it possibly be related without any ground of fact? It was indeed at that time, in full currency among all the old women

and children of the parish; doubtless honoured with entire credence by some, as well as other ancient fables, and half believed by all. The wonderful feats atchieved by this heroic and self-devoted victim of patriotism, had been handed down from the primitive age, in which they were performed, and the relation runs as follows:

Once upon a time, there existed a great dispute among certain proprietors, as to the particular spot where a manor house, to be called Barn Hall, afterwards situated where a house of that name at present actually stands, within four or five miles of the little church of Tolleshunt Knights, should be built. Its erection, it seems, was attempted in the neighbourhood of the church, but, for some supernatural reasons, which customarily in these cases, are not always assigned, as fast as either the foundation was laid, or the walls run up by day, the whole was, with equal certainty, torn up or pulled down, and carried clean away by night. This nightly operation too, was attended by portentous and frightful noises, and appalling sights, heard and seen, or not, yet related and believed, and great dismay fell upon all the parish. No doubt but these sights were too tremendous to be witnessed by any but those by whom it was proper they should be seen; and it is well known, that upon all such solemn occasions, there are such people. At length, one man generously offered to take upon himself the consequences, be whatever they might, of his neighbours' misfortunes or errors. And this scape-goat hero, suffering his neighbours to retire quietly to their beds, at night-fall, boldly marched to the dreadful spot, armed *cap-à-pèe*, and attended only by his two faithful

faithful spayed bitches. About twelve o'clock at night, the moon and stars suddenly retired behind the scenery of black clouds, as if to get out of harm's way, the lightning flashed incessantly, the thunder growled minute guns, the wind rattled, with all the usual accompaniments in such a concert, when in a furious whirlwind, up arose — the devil! When two game cocks meet, a battle is inevitable; and in natural conformity, the devil and the knight instantly set to, and surely enough, a dreadful combat there was, although no bottle holder or second, or other living soul of a spectator was at hand, to see or hear, or take note of the rounds, the devil, the knight, and the two spayed bitches aforesaid, only excepted. But witnesses are quite unnecessary in far more important similar relations. After a round of five minutes hard fighting, in which each combatant stood up to his man without flinching, or attempting the indulgence of a fall, the devil, quite blown, made a full stop, and resting upon the immense, infernal club, with which he was armed, (I really imagined I saw the battle and heard the dialogue, so well were they related to me), thus catechized the valourous knight, his antagonist—"Who helped you?" To this the wary and religious knight made answer, "God and myself, and my two spayed bitches." In an instant, to it again they went, ding dong, but in five minutes more, the well-lathered and jaded devil made another full stop, and supporting himself upon his club, bellowed out, "Who helped you?" The religious knight again replied, "God and myself, and my two spayed bitches." After the third set-to, according to my informants,

more terrible than either of the other, for both knight and devil it seems, had rare plucks, the usual pause was made, and question asked; but whether from the power of original sin in the knight, or that he had, after all, a white feather in his wing, or from whatever error or backsliding, it might happen, he made the fatal blunder to answer, "myself and God, and my two spayed bitches,"—putting himself before God! The learned reader, recollecting the necessarily fatal consequences of such a slip in the knight, will not be at all surprised, that from the moment, his ghostly enemy had full power over him, soul, body, goods and chattels, including his two spayed bitches. Satan, then, rolling his goggle eyes, belching forth fire and flames from his mouth and nostrils, and lashing his infernal flanks with his tail, thundered out a roar, which shook all the neighbouring lands, and waked all the good people out of their first sleep. The poor recreant knight was, at the next moment, discomfited and slain; when striding over his fallen enemy, the victorious devil exclaimed, with a voice which shook air, earth, and hell, "be you buried by land or by sea, in church or church yard, I will have you." Then seizing his club, he threw it five miles, saying, wherever you drop, there Barn Hall shall be built. And behold it came to pass, that Barn Hall was built upon the very spot on which the infernal club alighted, and the said club became the main beam of the house. Things thus far settled, with the becoming resignation of the people, it became next an enquiry, in what manner to dispose of the body of the fallen Knight, so that it might be preserved safe from the claws of Satan;

Satan; when it was proposed by a sagacious elder, skilled in cheating the devil, to *bury it in the church wall*, contiguous to which, I found its representative, in such armour, as no doubt he fought, and his two spayed bitches at his feet.

I recollect, however, some discrepancy in the above relation, as so commonly happens in ancient traditions. It is often the case, after a poor man's death, and sometimes before, that he has swallowed the three black crows, as Smollett well knew. And many persons supposed the story to be relative to building the Church itself, instead of the Manor House, a supposition which, true or false, can have little effect upon the great truths of the combat.

The real ground of the tradition, at last, may be, that in some midnight period of the feudal ages, when land-marks were uncertain, and property insecure, some powerful persons had an interest to prevent a house or church being erected on a certain spot, and so embraced the measures already related, working in part by actual force, and partly upon the superstitious fears of the people. Reasons of state might promote the maintaining the credit of this story, so well countenanced by the tomb-stone adjoining the wall, and the figures of the two spayed bitches; and there is nothing improbable, that the knight there buried, might have actually fallen in some such dispute: or that, a real tradition, garnished by various and customary additions, may have been handed down through a long series of ages. I do not find in Kirby, or in any history of Essex which has come under my notice, any thing beyond a mere mention of this monument, which

seems to be of very high antiquity; nor have I heard of its fate of late years, any further than the information, about three years since, as I passed within three or four miles of the church, that it still exists. How many old stories, in far higher veneration than the above, Mr. Editor, might be traced to the source of reason of state, had we but permission to use our wits in the research. But hush! hush!!—we shall wake the children—or their nurses.

L.

BOXING.

TWO battles have been fought this month, between professors ranking high on the list of pugilists.—The first of them, which took place on Friday, the 2d of April, was between

MOLINEUX AND CARTER.

This battle had excited much interest; the place of combat was situated in Gloucestershire, six miles from Banbury, it having been forbidden in three adjoining counties. The prize contended for was a purse of one hundred guineas, raised by the Oxonians chiefly, who, on this occasion, had a fine opportunity of acquiring another sort of classical language, technically termed *slang*, and if not to be found in the library of a proctor, is a necessary dialect for a modern young man of fashion, in whom it would appear degrading and *flat-like* to appear at a mill, a *hanck*, or a *dog-fight*, without so elegant an acquirement. The company consisted of at least 20,000 persons; although from the arrest of the Black, and the uncertainty of

of a fight, but few from London were present. Besides, some *dared* to call the *honour* of the pugilists in question, for wanting to *draw* 150*l.* for an alledged debt, purporting to be due by Molineux, in addition to the purse, when the same was settled by arbitration a year ago.

Molineux was considered a formidable pugilist, by the stands he made against the champion Crib, and his *notoriety* has enabled him to pick up money about the country by sparring, by which he kept his servant, who, in opposition to other *great* men, was neither a *Black* nor a Frenchman. He is a two-handed fighter, of first-rate weight and science. Carter was beat in a hard battle by Power, a better man than either, not long since, and he had become formidable, and acquired good science, with proportionate strength and weight. The men set to at two o'clock; Joe Ward and Gibbons seconded the Black, and Richmond and Cooper, Carter. Betting 5 to 2, and 3 to 1 on Molineux.

Round 1. The men sparred to plant first hit above two minutes, when Carter got an opening, and hit his adversary a slight blow on the mouth, which was slightly returned, and they closed by counter, and the Black was thrown.

2. The Black bled from the mouth, and he was hit there again, after parrying twice without returning. A rally took place, when some blows were exchanged to the advantage of Carter, who again threw his man; and it was evident the Black had lost that sort of gaiety with which he fought Crib, and he also shewed bad condition. Even betting on Carter.

3. The Black, with some warmth,

rallied with a kind of over-hand hitting, but he was well parried, and often returned upon. Carter had no inferiority in science, and he bored his adversary against the ropes, when he was again thrown, and the odds became in favour of Carter.

4. The Black, open mouthed for want of wind, would have been glad to put himself on the defensive; he parried blows without attempting to return, and at the end of the round he gave himself an easy fall.

5. Carter made play, to benefit by the distress of his adversary, and planted a smart left-handed blow upon the mouth of Molineux, who returned by a good blow upon the head, followed by a rally, which made this the best round in the fight. Both went down, the Black under.

6. Both cautious of approach, and hits were exchanged at too great distance to be effective. In closing, the Black was so weakened, that he went down by a mere push with the right hand.

7. This round produced a wrangle, left for the decision of the umpires. Carter, availing himself of his adversary's distress, rallied upon him, and got his head under his left arm, when he fibbed, and gave him much punishment. The Black could not get away, but at length fell upon his knees, when he received a hit which was deemed fair by the umpires. Molineux was at this time dead beat, a quarter of an hour only having elapsed, and he would have left the ring but for his seconds and the ropes.

It would not be adding to the description of the fight, to detail the ten following rounds, for the Black fought as a beaten man, and had the worst of every round, and

D

in

in the 12th he was thrown on a balance upon the lower ropes with Carter upon him, when he sung out lustily. In the 20th round, Molineux seemed inclined to give in, but he was temporarily refreshed by brandy, and in the 21st round he fought with a sort of frantic desperation which had some effect, but he yet had the worst of it, and was thrown; and in following the same method in the 22d round, he was also worsted. In the 23d and last round, some smart rallying took place, but the hits were all chanced. Molineux had used his last effort, when Carter, who was on his second's knee, suddenly dropped his head, and remained senseless nearly half an hour, from a hit on the side of the head, by which Molineux got the purse. Carter was bled on the ground. He had bled freely from the ear from the twenty-first round.

The battle, which was fought in a twenty-four feet ring, lasted forty-five minutes.

The Black has fallen off much in his fighting, and his condition was very bad. He did not appear to punish when he hit, and he was inferior to his antagonist in strength, and not superior in science. This battle has lost him much popularity, although the winner, for had he fought Crib no better than he did Carter, he could not have stood a quarter of an hour.

Carter is an adept with his left hand, but cannot get his right into action. The fight upon the whole excited disappointment; there was no violent hitting, and both instead of striking home were seemingly glad to get away before delivery.

FULLER AND JAY.

This battle took place on Tuesday, the 6th instant, at Coombe Wood, Surrey, for a handsome subscription purse, in the presence of a numerous ring of amateurs. Much interest had been excited, the parties having before fought a hard battle at Rickmansworth, Herts, when Jay beat his adversary in a confined ring by the strength of hitting, with the compliment of a couple of broken ribs. Fuller is a twelve-stone man of much science, and Jay weighed betwixt thirteen and fourteen stone. The friends of Fuller backed him on the supposition that science in an open ring would subdue weight. The combatants set to at one o'clock, with Joe Ward and Gibbons seconds to Fuller, Richman and Norton for Jay.—Betting was 5 and 6 to 4 on Jay.

We are only furnished with a general description of this fight, on which much was pending. Fuller fought his adversary with that sort of skill which places him amongst the most formidable of scientific fighters. He pursued that system which alone could enable him to succeed against a game man of such superior weight—that of hitting and breaking away. He, however, sustained considerable injury, for Jay is a fresh young man, although a novice at fistic sport, and he succeeded in planting some good hits in return. The first round last five minutes, and Fuller, by hitting at the head with his left hand, bled his adversary very considerably. He continued this system of hitting and getting away, with much coolness, during the whole of the fight, and seldom hit with his right hand, by which

he would have thrown himself in, and made himself liable to some crashing hits.

In the third round, Jay planted a heavy hit on his adversary's temple, and in the next round he succeeded in finding the mark where the ribs were originally staved. Jay, however, never turned the battle in his favour, for Fuller was the favourite after the first round, in which he got his man down.

Some smart rallies took place in the sixth and eighth rounds, but Fuller always kept his adversary bleeding by superior science, which, together with punishment about the eyes, reduced Jay to a state of blindness, and he was beat in forty-two minutes in fourteen rounds.

Much bravery was displayed in this combat, and much interest was excited by the trial betwixt science and strength. Jay proved himself a good man, but Fuller's knowledge and courage, and the manner in which he fought, could not fail in securing victory, with that due regard to coolness of temper which he manifested.—What is remarkable, there was not a single close during the fight; the men fought until exhausted in every round, and never were off their legs without apparent cause.

The beating Jay received rendered him an object truly deplorable. He fought with determined courage, and although quick on his legs, the activity and courage of his adversary were equal to any competition. Fuller may be considered a promising pugilist of first-rate courage and skill, not inferior to Power.

Two other battles took place, which afforded much merriment.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

AFTER a representation on the evening of Easter Monday, of the Tragedy of *Douglas*, at this Theatre, a Grand Melo-Dramatic Romance was performed, for the first time, called "*Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Aladdin	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Tahi Tongluck (Cham of Tartary)	Mr. Creswell.
Karar Hanjou (his Vizier)	Mr. Bologna.
Kalim Azack the (Vizier's son)	Mr. Bologna, jun.
Abanazar (the African Magician)	Mr. Farley.
Kazrac (his Chinese slave)	Mr. Grimaldi.
The Princess Badroulboudour)	Miss Bolton.
Amrou and Zobyad (her Chief Attendants)	Miss E. Bolton, and Mrs. Parker.
The Widow Ching Mustapha	Mrs. Davenport.
Genie of the Ring ..	Miss Worgman.
Olrock (Genie of the Air)	Mr. Jefferies.
Genie of the Lamp..	Mr. Howell.

STORY.

The Magician Abanazar, a native of Africa, having discovered by his study in necromancy, that every wish would be obtained in the possession of the Wonderful Lamp, travels through various climes in search of it: at length fixes his abode in Cham Tartary. When in his cavern, he invokes the presence of his guardian Genius Olrock, who informs him where the treasure may be found; but that it can only be obtained by sacrificing a fatherless youth; for which purpose, Abanazar, accom-

panied by his dumb slave, Kazrac, sets forth; the Magician comes to the habitation of the Widow Mustapha, who is scolding her son Aladdin, and by an artful tale, seduces the boy from his mother; they journey towards the mountains, where, in a deep cavern, lies concealed the Magic Lamp. After many dangers, Aladdin obtains the prize; but refusing to give it to the Magician, till out of the cavern, he is so enraged, that he dooms both Kazrac and Aladdin to be buried alive in the cavern. Aladdin knows not where to seek for release; when Kazrac, recollects a magic ring the magician gave the boy before he entered the Cavern, by the aid of which the Genie of the Ring appears, and sets them free. They arrive at Aladdin's cottage, whose mother is in grief for the supposed loss of her son; being in want of food, Aladdin gives the Lamp to his mother to sell; she wishing to make it look bright and well, rubs it with her apron, when the Genie of the Lamp appears to them, and a most magnificent table of refreshments rises at his command. During their repast, music announces the procession of the Princess Badroulboudour to the Royal Bath: Aladdin determines to see her, and quits his mother for that purpose. The Princess arrives at the Bath; where Kalim Azack, the Vizier's Son, has secretly followed to carry off the Princess, in revenge for her refusing him her hand. Aladdin and Kazrac rescue her from his power, and, by the aid of the lamp, escape the fury of the enraged Azack and his guards. Aladdin, arriving at his cottage, tells his mother the Princess possesses the very form which has so long appeared before him in his nightly

dreams, and resolves to ask her in marriage of the Cham. He prevails on his mother to make the demand, and gives her, for a present to the Cham, the jewels he plucked from the trees in the garden of the Magic Cavern. The Cham, surrounded by his Court, receives with wonder the jewels, and consents to the approach of Aladdin, who appears before him in grand procession, (prepared by the Genie of the Lamp), attended by slaves bearing most costly plate and jewels of immense value, which induces the Cham to consent to the union of Aladdin with the Princess; she recognises in Aladdin the preserver of her honour from the attack of Azack, and with joy gives her hand.

The Magician having discovered Aladdin, in disguise, contrives to enter the splendid palace, and gains admittance to the chamber of Kazrac, where he steals away the lamp, and, aided by the Genie and his agents, they carry the palace through the air, and fix it in Africa. Aladdin having been informed by Kazrac, of his loss, invokes the Genie of the Ring to aid him. They, in a cloud, follow the Magician, and arrive at the Palace in Africa; where Abanazar, enjoying the luxuries of the banquet, Aladdin secretly pours poison in his cup. The Magician dies in agony; Aladdin is again (by the aid of the Lamp) re-conducted back to Tartary, where the Palace descends, to the joy and amazement of the Cham, the Nobles, and the people, who flock to behold the power of the Wonderful Lamp.

This story affords the most ample scope for scenery, machinery, processions, &c. of which the greatest advantage has been taken, and the interest most forcibly supported, from

from the commencement to the end. The scenery is beautiful beyond description; the waterfalls, caverns, &c. are so finely executed, that the delusion never ceases for an instant; and the variety of music, chorusses, and dancing, is so happily introduced, as to make it one of the most enchanting spectacles we ever witnessed. Miss Bolton, as the Princess, sang a very sweet air, with her usual taste and delicacy.—Mrs. Parker danced a *Pas Seul* with much grace and agility. Mrs. Charles Kemble, in the male attire, as the hero of the piece, was very impressive and interesting. The liberality of the Managers has known no bounds in brilliancy of costume, and expensive decorations. The Piece was announced for a second representation, amidst the most unbounded applause.

THE IMPORTANCE

OF

REGULATING THE DIVERSIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

AS in human nature there is required a relaxation from the severity of business and the cares of life, it is a prudential policy in a government to regulate the pleasures of the people, and have for public sports and games, such as may allure their minds to virtue, or inure their bodies to strength and activity.

The games and exercises of the Grecians, are celebrated with the highest encomiums by their poets and historians; they were instituted by their wisest law-givers, as the most proper to train up their youth to virtuous actions, and the service of their country. It is on

the same maxim that the bull-fests of Spain took their origin, which initiated their Cavaliers to contempt of danger, and taught them to excel most other nations in the exercises of horsemanship. Our own nation has been famous for several exercises, which have been of use to it on the most eminent occasions. The shooting with the long bow was a diversion in which the people of England excelled the whole world; and it was owing to this, that two most famous victories were obtained, for had it not been for the English archers, Cressy and Agincourt would have been as illustrious for a French victory as they are now for a British conquest. This exercise, since the invention of gunnery, became useless in military service, but we still have several others worth encouragement, as they are mainly recreations, and naturally form the body to agility and strength. I never in the summer see the rural diversions, but I wish the gentlemen in the neighbourhood would allot some rewards for the victors: By such proceeding, cudgel-playing and wrestling would improve the inhabitants in courage and activity, and prevent all the drunkenness and ill effects of nine-pin grounds and cock-pits. But some of our country gentlemen have introduced some new diversions among the inferior people, destructive of the genuine manliness of thought and active courage of Britons. It is not uncommon now, to see a numerous assembly of brawny fellows meet together on a summer's evening, to contend in a jingling match, or run a race, tied up in sacks; instead of shewing the activity of their feet, they emulate one another by making the most distorted gain. A laced hat

that is grown a very scarce reward for a brave fellow; a silver spoon is a more frequent prize for a gourmandizer who can scald his jaws most, and swallow down a gallon of hot hasty pudding, in the least compass of time.

I would not confine rural diversions to trials of strength and courage. I would admit other amusements, from which the inferior part of the other sex, might not be excluded. Dancing on the green at "Wakes and Merry Tides," should not only be indulged but encouraged; and little prizes being allotted for the maids who excelled in a jig or a hornpipe, would make them return to their daily labour, with a light heart and a grateful obedience to their superiors. Mirth and innocence would appear in an agreeable light, while

The sturdy swains
In clean array, for rustic dance prepare,
Mixed with the buxom damsels; hand in
hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes
weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth
mien
Transported, and sometimes an oblique
leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes a hasty
kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with
scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd
bliss.
Meanwhile blind British bards, with
volant touch,
Traverse loquacious strings, whose festive
notes
Provoke to harmless revels.

PHILIPS'S CYDER.

But we may little expect such diversions to be encouraged by persons of distinction, among our common people, when their own are sunk to so low an ebb. Cards and dice are at present the chief sports of our quality of both sexes. Hazard and whist are the busi-

ness of their lives, instead of the amusement of an idle hour. And for what but vice and intrigue can masquerade meetings be calculated? What improvement can be received from a pantomime of horses, or the unwieldy march of an elephant? Are our modern pretty fellows of the army to have their courage excited by the squall of an eunuch, or the immodest caper of a French dancer?

I cannot conclude without giving my advice to our country gentlemen, as the summer season is approaching, to revive the ancient, manly, and innocent sports of their country, which will tend to make their tenants and dependants brave and good subjects.

April 15.

J. J. B.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MULES.

From the Writings of Buffon, Goldsmith, &c.

THE wild mule is of the size and appearance of the common mule, with a large head, flat forehead, growing narrow towards the nose, eyes of a middle size, the irides of an ash colour, thirty-eight teeth in all, being two in number fewer than in a common horse; ears much longer than those of a horse, quite erect, lined with a thick whitish curling coat, neck slender, compressed; mane upright, short, soft, of a greyish colour, in place of the foretop, a short tuft of downy hair, about an inch and three quarters long. The body is rather long, and the back very little elevated, the breast protuberant and sharp. The limbs are long and elegant; the thighs thin. Within the fore-legs there

is

is an oval callus; in the hind legs none. The hoofs are oblong, smooth, and black; the tail is like that of a cow, slender, and for half its length, naked, the rest covered with long ash-coloured hairs. Its winter coat grey at the tips, of a brownish ash-colour beneath, about two inches long, in softness like the hair of a camel, and undulated on the back. Its summer coat is much shorter, of a most elegant smoothness, and in all parts marked most beautifully with small vortexes. The end of the nose is white, from whence to the fore-top inclining to tawny; the buttocks are white, as are inside of the limbs and belly. From the mane, a blackish testaceous line extends along the top of the back to the tail, broadest on the loins, and growing narrower towards the tail. The colour of the upper part of the body, is a light yellowish grey, growing paler towards the sides. The length, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is six feet seven inches; length of the trunk of the tail, one foot four; of the hairs beyond the tail, eight inches. The height of the animal is three feet nine.

This species inhabits the deserts between the rivers Onuñ and Arguin, in the most southern parts of Siberia, and extends over the vast plains and deserts of western Tartary, and the celebrated sandy desert of Gobi, which reaches even to India. In Siberia, they are seen only in small numbers, as if detached from the numerous herds to the south of the Russian dominions. In Tartary they are particularly conversant about Taricnoor, a salt lake, at times dried up. They shun wooded tracts, and lofty snowy mountains; they live in separate herds, each consisting

of a chief, a number of mares, and colts, in all to the number of about twenty; but seldom so many, for commonly each male has but five, and sometimes fewer females; they copulate towards the middle or end of August, and bring for the most part, but one at a time, which by the third year, attains its full growth, form, and colour. The young males are then driven away from their paternal herds, and kept at a distance, till they can find mates of their own age, which have quitted their dams! These animals always carry their heads horizontally; but, when they take to flight, hold them upright, and erect their tail; their neighing is deeper and louder than that of a horse; they fight by biting and kicking, as usual with the horse; they are fierce and untamable; and even those which have been taken young, are so untractable, as not to be broken by any art which the wandering Tartars could use. Yet, were it possible to bring them unto fit places, and to provide all the conveniences known in Europe, the task might be effected. But it is doubted, whether the subdued animal would retain the swiftness it is so celebrated for in a state of nature. It exceeds that of the antelope; it is even proverbial, and the inhabitants of Thibet, from the fame of its rapid speed, mount on it. Chammo, their God of Fire. The Mongolians despair of ever taking them by the chase; but lurk behind some tomb, or in some ditch, and shoot them when they come to drink, or eat the salt of the desert. They are excessively fearful animals, and provident against danger. A male takes on him the care of the herd, and is always on the watch. If they see a hunter, who

who by creeping along the ground, has got near them, the centinel takes a great circuit, and goes round and round him, as discovering something to be apprehended. As soon as the animal is satisfied, it rejoins the herd, which sets off with great precipitation. Sometimes its curiosity costs it his life; for it approaches so near, as to give the hunter an opportunity of shooting it. But it is observed, that in rainy, or in stormy weather, these animals seem very dull, and less sensible of the approach of mankind. The Mongolians and Tugusi, according to Du Halden, kill them for the sake of the flesh, which they prefer to that of horses, and even to that of the wild-boar, esteeming it equally nourishing and wholesome. The skin is also used for the making of boots. Their senses of hearing and smelling are most exquisite, so that they are approached with the utmost difficulty. The Mongolians call them *dshikketaci*, which signifies the eared; the Chinese, *yo to tse*, or mule. In ancient times, the species extended far to the south. It was the hemionos or half ass, of Aristotle, found in his days in Syria, and which he celebrates for its amazing swiftness, and Pliny, from the report of Theophrastus, speaks of this species being found in Cappadocia, but adds they were of a particular kind.

The domestic mules of the present times, are the offspring of the horse and the ass, or ass and mare. They are very much commended, for their being stronger, surer footed, going easier, being more cheaply maintained, and lasting longer than horses. They are commonly of a black-brown, or quite black, with that shining list

along the back, and across the shoulders, which distinguishes asses. In former times, they were much more common in this country than at present; being often brought over in the days of popery by the Italian prelates. They continued longest in the service of millers; and are yet in use among them in some places, on account of the great loads they carry on their backs. As they are capable of being trained for riding, bearing burdens, and for draught, there is no doubt that they might be usefully employed in many different services. But they are commonly found to be vicious, stubborn, and obstinate, to a proverb; which, whether it occasions or is produced by the ill usage they meet with, is a point not easily settled. Whatever may be the case of asses, it is allowed that mules are larger, fairer, and more serviceable, in mild, than in warm climates. In the present British American colonies, both on the continent, and in the islands, but especially in the latter, they are much used and esteemed, so that they are frequently sent to them from hence; suffer less in the passage, and die much seldomer than horses, and commonly yield, when they arrive, no inconsiderable profit.

ACCOUNT OF THE LOUWA, OR FISHING BIRD.

From the Embassy of the Dutch East India Company to China.

NEAR the city of Cining, we saw them catch fish with a bird, which they call Louwa, and because this way of fishing seems notable, and no where used but in China,

China, I here present you with an account of it.

"This bird is somewhat less than a goose, and not very unlike to a raven; it has a long neck and a bill, like an eagle. With these they fish, after this manner; they have small boats, very artificially made of reeds or bamboos, which they sail upon the Chinese rivers and pools, and place the bird perching upon the outside of the vessel, from whence it suddenly shoots, and diving, swims under water as fast as they can thrust forward their cables with a light pole. As soon as it has caught its prey, it instantly appears above water, and the master of the boat stands ready to receive it, and opens its bill by force, and takes out the fish. Afterwards he turns it out again to catch more, and to prevent these birds from swallowing down their prey, they hang a ring about their necks, which hinders them from gorging such fish as are too big for them to bring up in their bills; they discover to their masters, by making a noise in the water, who then helps to pull them out. Such birds as are slothful or loth to dive, are broken of that bad habit by beating. When they have caught enough for their owners, the iron ring is taken off, and they are left to fish for themselves, which makes them more willing to work for others. The fishermen pay a yearly tribute to the Emperor for the use of these birds, which are in much esteem with the Chinese; and such as are nimble and well taught, are so dear, that oftentimes one of them goes at fifty toel of silver, which is about one hundred and fifty guilders. We offered to buy of an old fisherman a couple of these birds, but he refused, alledging that they

served to maintain him and his family; neither would he inform us, whence those birds came, nor how they were first instructed, only he told us they were left him by his ancestors. We asked him likewise, whether they ever bred with him? Who answered very rarely. We bought a dish of fish of this old man, which were most of them carp of a span and a half long.

EASTER HUNTS.

EASTER Monday, a deer was turned out, according to annual custom, before the King's hounds, at Tower-hill, near Swinley, in presence of a numerous field of sportsmen and spectators. On starting, the deer inclining to the right from Tower-hill, led his pursuers across the forest towards Bracknall, and running through Mr. Guest's park, he made for New Lodge, on Winkfield Plain; here the hounds were at fault for a short time, but regaining the scent, the game took to the woods by Cranbourn, and on to St. Leonard's Hill; there he topped the paling into the Great Park, running through the inclosures; then crossed the long walk, and entered the Queen's gardens at Frogmore, from whence he took his course through the fields by Old Windsor, and was taken at the bottom of Priest's Hill, near the Five Bells, after an excellent run of three hours, and in presence of a numerous field. This was the last day of hunting this season, and considering the limited condition of hounds, horses, and men, the season has been better got through than could reasonably be expected.

E

DIA

DIALOGUE

Between a Diurnal Newspaper Proprietor, and his Editor, on Easter Tuesday.

Proprietor.—Well, Sir, have you got good accounts of the places of summer amusements, such as Astley's, the Surrey Theatre, &c.?

Editor.—Yes; pretty fair.

Proprietor.—The Easter Epping Hunt, and Greenwich Fair?

Editor.—No; I must write these from former newspaper accounts, and my own ideas, for I was at neither of them, nor do I know any one that was present.

Proprietor.—If that's the case, do the best you can, and we must be content.

This dialogue finished between proprietor and editor, the wretched fabricator goes to work, and perhaps turns to an old newspaper, or magazine, and there finds an account written some twenty years ago, with no better information than that he at present possesses, and is about to eke out. The company at his Epping Hunt, is made to consist of the low and the vulgar, in dust-carts and buggies, &c.—the deer adorned with ribbons—turned out at the Roe Buck—falls and tumbles innumerable among the horsemen—and thus, with upsetting of carriages, &c. &c. &c. on goes Mr. Editor to the end of the chapter.

This is a tolerably correct sketch of the manner in which the Epping Hunt has been described by the London Journals, for a series of years past. That accidents will occur on such an occasion, where so many people are assembled, is no more than may be reasonably expected; but we deny that the Hunt has been usually of that contemptible cast which these news collectors would have the public believe; and

with respect to the present year, it affords us much pleasure to be able to state, that some hundreds of gentlemen's carriages, with the most elegant companies, as well as numbers of equestrians and pedestrians, many of the former mounted on the finest hunters in the kingdom, were assembled near the Roebuck, at the entrance of the Forest, on Monday last.—At the Reindeer, below the Roebuck, apartments were fitted up for the reception of Mrs. Tylney Long Wellesley and her friends; and from before this house the stag was turned out, and that much to the disappointment of those ladies and others, in carriages arranged near the summit of the hill, who expected the departure of the stag from the usual place, near the Roebuck.

The stag was brought in a handsome caravan, but not, as formerly, decorated with ribbons; and being whipped off, a few couple of hounds were laid on, and he afforded some sport for about two hours, and then we believe was ultimately lost.

Mr. Tylney Long Wellesley, who occupies the district with his stag-hounds, and was present on his famous chesnut, is now considered the patron of the Easter Hunt; his stud consists of between forty and fifty capital hunters and hackneys. A party of about twenty gentlemen dined with him at nine o'clock, at Wansted House.

Mrs. Pole Wellesley, and her party, attended the hunt in capital style; viz. in an open carriage drawn by four beautiful greys, with two postillions and four outriders, two preceding and two following the carriage.

It is curious to notice, though unconnected with the sport of the day, that on Mr. W. Pole forming his present hunting establishment,

Lord

Lord Derby presented him with a stag, called *Ben the Sailor*, so named from having constantly, when turned out in Kent, made his way to Gravesend: thus always taking the same track to the water, he afforded no variety of sport, and hence his Lordship sent *Ben the Sailor* to Wansted; here, unfortunately, on a day's chase in leaping a gate or bar, he broke his leg, and thus ended the career of *Poor Ben*.

Tom Rounding, of Woodford Wells, the gallant leader of the once famous Essex fox hounds, was present at the hunt, handsomely dressed in scarlet. The uniform of the Wellesley hunt is green.

SINGULAR DEXTERITY OF A GOAT.

THAT ingenious and learned traveller, Dr. Clarke, gives the following account of the dexterity of a goat, which he was an eye witness to in the progress of his journey through the Holy Land:—

"Upon our road, we met an Arab with a goat, which he led about the country to exhibit, in order to gain a livelihood for itself and its owner. He had taught this animal, while he accompanied its movements with a song, to mount upon little cylindrical blocks of wood, placed successively one above the other, and in shape resembling the dice-boxes belonging to a backgammon table. In this manner the goat stood, first upon the top of one cylinder, then upon the top of two, and afterwards of three, four, five, and six, until it remained balanced upon the summit of them all, elevated several feet from the ground, and with its

fore feet collected upon a single point, without throwing down the disjointed fabric whereon it stood. The practice is very ancient. It was also noticed by Sandys, whilst in Grand Cairo. 'There are (says he) in this city, and have been of long, a sort of people that do get their livings by shewing of feats with birds and beasts, exceeding therein all such as have bin famous amongst us. . . . I have seen them make both dogs and goates to set their foure feet on a little turned pillar of wood, about a foot high, and no broader at the end than the palm of a hand: climbing from one to two set on the top of one another; and so to the third and fourth; and there turne about as often as their masters would bid them.'—*Sandy's Travels*, p. 126. Lond. 1637.

"Nothing can shew more strikingly the tenacious footing possessed by this quadruped upon the jutting points and crags of rocks; and the circumstance of its ability to remain thus poised may render its appearance less surprising, as it is sometimes seen in the Alps, and in all mountainous countries, with hardly any place for its feet upon the sides, and by the brink of most tremendous precipices. The diameter of the upper cylinder, on which its four feet ultimately remained until the Arab had ended his ditty, was only two inches; and the length of each cylinder was six inches. The most curious part of the performance occurred afterwards; for the Arab, to convince us of the animal's attention to the turn of the air, interrupted the *da capo*: as often as he did this, the goat tottered, appeared uneasy; and, upon his becoming suddenly silent in the middle of his song, it fell to the ground."

SPORTING OBITUARY.

ON Saturday, the 27th ult. died, *Fenton Scott, Esq.* of Woodhall, Yorkshire. About noon, Mr. Scott accompanied by his gamekeeper, left home to take his favourite amusement of shooting. The keeper, as usual, was sent in one direction to beat up the game, while Mr. Scott went in another. When they had been out some time, the keeper was alarmed by finding that his signals were not answered, and after a diligent search he at length discovered his master laid prostrate with his head upon some brushwood, and his loaded gun, which was cocked, clenched fast in his right hand and laid over his breast. The sight was too much for the poor fellow's feelings—he uttered a loud shriek, which brought a number of Woodhall servants and others to the spot, but too late to afford any assistance. All pulsation had ceased. A surgeon from Wetherby was sent for with all possible dispatch, and on examining the body he gave it as his opinion that the death of the deceased was occasioned by the rupture of one of the vessels of the heart.

At Lyndhurst, Mr. *Flower Archer*, aged 86 years, for many years one of his Majesty's Keepers of the New Forest. His funeral was a most extraordinary one:—It was his express desire (while living) to be buried with all his clothes on, to be conveyed to the grave in his own cart, and that half a hogshead of strong beer, and cakes for every one present, should follow the procession; and that his body should remain one hour on the church hill, in order that the cakes and beer might be distributed. Singular and eccen-

tric as his desire was, it was rigidly adhered to, and strictly observed. The half-hogshead of strong beer was rolled by two men, closely following the corpse, and was, with the cakes, distributed amongst all present. The concourse of people was very great; and amidst such an assemblage of persons of every description, the greatest order and decorum were observed.

In the month of March died, aged 27, in the Earl of Strathmore's stud, at Swaffham Castle, near Barnard-Castle, Durham, the celebrated brood-mare, *Queen Mab*, own sister to Antiochus, Venus, Jupiter, Adonis, Lily of the Valley, Mercury, Volunteer, Bonnyface, &c. by Eclipse; dam by Tartar, Mogul, Sweepstakes, Bay Bolton, Curwen Bay Barb, Old Spot, White-legged Lowther Barb, out of the Old Vintner Mare, whose pedigree is lost.

Queen Mab was bred by the late Col. O'Kelly, and was the last of the Old Tartar Mare's produce.

Queen Mab was the dam of

Foaled in.

Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. Ob-	
ron, by Highflyer	1790
Mr. Corbett's ch. f. by Wood-	
pecker	1791
Mr. O'Kelly's b. c. by Anvil	1793
Lord Strathmore's br. f. by	
Anvil	1794
Lord Strathmore's ch. f. by	
Dragon	1795
Lord Strathmore's ch. c. Lo-	
gie O'Buchan, by Rock-	
ingham	1796
Lord Strathmore's b. c. Lethe,	
by Sir Peter	1797
Lord Strathmore's b. c. (died	
in 1800) by Pipator.	1798
Lord Strathmore's b. c.	
Strathspey, by Sir Peter	1799
Lord	

Lord Strathmore's b. c. Remembrancer, by Pipator	1800
Lord Strathmore's b. c. Witchcraft, by Sir Peter	1801
Lord Strathmore's b. c. Yorkshire, by Sir Peter	1802
Lord Strathmore's br. c. Cassio, by Sir Peter	1803
Lord Strathmore's b. f. by Pipator	1804
Lord Strathmore's b. f. Remembrance, by Sir Solomon	1805
Lord Strathmore's ch. f. (her last produce) by Coriander	1806

She was not covered in 1792 and 1806; in 1807, she missed to Sorcerer; in 1809, to Sir Harry Dimsdale; in 1810, to Young Pipator; and in 1811, to Cardinal York.

Also the week following, died in the above stud, the two favourite horses, *Enchanter* and *Hermes*.

Enchanter was bred by Henry Peirse, Esq. and foaled in 1786; was got by Orpheus; his dam, Old Tuberoze, by Herod; Grey Starling, by the Duke of Bolton's Starling, out of Coughing Polly, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers, Counsellor, Snake, &c.

Hermes was bred by Lord Egremont, and foaled in 1790; was got by Mercury; his dam, Rosina, by Woodpecker, out of Petworth, by Herod.

After *Enchanter* and *Hermes* were taken out of training, they were used as hacks by Lord Strathmore, and supposed to be very superior ones; they also got several excellent hunters and hacks, particularly *Hermes*.—They covered but very few blood mares.

* * * The performances of the produce of *Queen Mab* will be given in our next Number.

QUAIL SHOOTING.

From Galt's Travels in Sicily, &c.

IN the month of September, vast flocks of quails come over from the Continent to Sicily, and being fatigued by their flight, are easily shot on their arrival. The pleasure which the inhabitants of Palermo take in this sport is incredible. Crowds of all ages and degrees assemble on the shores, and the number of sportsmen is prodigious. In one groupe, I reckoned eleven, and in less than half a mile, thirty-four groupes, each consisting of from two to five persons, with as many dogs. The number in boats is perhaps greater than those on the land. From morning to night, they watch the coming of the birds, and Nature seems sometimes to be conquered by patience; for I saw one day a sportsman actually asleep, his head resting on his gun. But on observing the proceedings, this did not appear so much out of character as I at first supposed: for the aquatics first seeing the quails, their firing rouses and gives signal to the landmen: then enviable is the lot of the idle apprentice, who, with a borrowed old musquet or pistol, no matter how unsafe, has gained possession of the farthest accessible rock where there is but room for himself and dog, which he had fed with bread only all the year round for these delightful days, and which sits in as happy expectation as himself for the arrival of the quails.

RACES AT VERDUN.

THE following is an extract from a letter written by a gallant Naval

Naval Officer, who has been several years a prisoner in France, received this month :—

"Verdun, Oct. 24, 1812.—Amongst the few prisoners who support the credit of Old England by their liberal hospitality, Lord Blaney certainly holds the first place, and without him Verdun would be wretched indeed ; for though we have several other men of considerable fortunes here, most of them seem to study "the way to keep rich." Since his Lordship's arrival, he has endeavoured to soften our captivity as much as possible, by his interest and influence with the Commandant. He has procured indulgences never before granted—he has established races once a fortnight, which, though perhaps not equal to those of Newmarket, are by no means despicable. In August he gave a splendid dinner on the course to one hundred French and English ; among the former was the Prefect of Metz, and several other persons of distinction in and out of the department. The day before yesterday he closed the races with a magnificent ball, at which all the beauty and fashion of Verdun, and the neighbouring towns, were assembled. During the many years I have been in Verdun, I have not seen any thing equal in splendour, or that went off so well. A suite of six apartments were filled with dancers, and at two o'clock a vast supper-room was thrown open, and a table with one hundred and thirty covers burst on the view.—You may believe me this was not the least interesting moment of the evening. The profusion of good things was such that it was difficult to make a choice, and the French ladies do much justice to the substantial well-provided feast of an Englishman."

STOPPING HOUNDS, RUNNING RIOT, OR CHANGING.

An Etching, by Mr. Howitt.

THE Plate here given, is another of the set which have progressively appeared in this Magazine ; the subject, our Readers are too well acquainted with, to require any explanation from us.

THE COW AND HER PIGS.

IT is no less extraordinary than true, that Mr. Thomas Ade, a respectable yeoman, of Milton, Sussex, has a cow, which on having her calf taken from her about six weeks ago, seduced two very young pigs from a farrow of six, which, with the sow, were running in the same close, and has ever since suckled and nurtured them as her own, and is now so excessively fond of them, that under a temporary separation, a few days since, she betrayed the strongest symptoms of uneasiness, bellowed incessantly, and actually leaped a high hedge to recover her little grunting charge. The pigs are equally fond of the cow, and on her milk they thrive rapidly.

CRICKETING.

TUESDAY, the 20th instant, at Twyford Down, near Winchester, a match at cricket was played for 50gs. by Mr. Wells, of Farnham and his three sons, against four brothers, of Winchester, of the name of Holloway. The parties being the most celebrated players of the present day, great interest was excited, and bets to a large amount depending. After two well contested innings it was decided by 17 runs in favour of Winchester. Bets 5 to 1 agst the winners.

FEAST



FEAST OF WIT.

DR. John Thomas was Bishop of Lincoln, from 1753 to 1764. Being at Copenhagen, and consulting an eminent physician there, nearly ninety years of age, concerning the best method of preserving health; this rule was given him, among seven others—lastly, *fuge omnes medicos, et omni-modam medicamentas*, which is, ‘fly all doctors, and all kinds of medicines.’ This Doctor Thomas was married four times, and the motto or posy on his wedding ring for the fourth marriage, was—

“If I survive, I’ll make them five.”

The Attorney and Apothecary.—As two of these gentlemen were sitting together in a public-house, the Doctor began to reproach the Attorney with the number of strange words which the law indulged in; viz. “*Habeas Corpus, fieri facias*,” &c. &c. and amongst others, asked, how or what was meant by the words, “Docking an Entail?”—“Why, Doctor,” replied the Attorney, “it is doing what you will not do with your patients, it is—*Suffering a Recovery*.”

Political Advertisement, in reference to a late speech of a LAW Lord.—Lost, near the house of Lords, Lord _____’s Mastiff-dog—TEMPER, supposed to have been lost in running after Mr. W_____, as it was seen attacking him most furiously as he was proceeding through Lisle-street.

Upon this occasion some people asserted that the dog must be mad, but this report is hereby declared to be “as false as Hell”—and “a miscreant imputation.”—Said mastiff is a kind feeder, but very fierce and ungovernable—not much used to sporting, though he has lately been at two Hunts, and though his prey escaped once or twice, he scented them at last, gave tongue in a very fine style, and pinned them with great courage and fierceness, till they were secured by the Whippers-in. Very savage against beggars; but seldom barks or snaps at his feeders.—His well-known bark was lately heard from a stage in Covent-Garden, and as a notorious poacher of the name of Matthews was seen lurking about, he is supposed to have been in his possession, till he was given up by an order from Yarmouth.—Any person wishing to communicate with his lordship on this subject, will be sure to find him at home, in Billingsgate, or he will be able to meet them at St. Giles’s, if more convenient.—Any person harbouring him after this notice, will be prosecuted with the utmost severity, as his master is determined not to part with him so long as Law is to be found in the King’s Bench.

IMPROMPTU.

On a Bald Head.

My hair and I are quits, d’ye see,
I first cut him, he now cuts me.

BONA-

BONAPARTE AND HIS SON.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."
 When Emp'rour NAF to France return'd,
 He much admired his boy:
 The Nurse, whose anxious bosom burned
 To increase the father's joy—
 "How much he talks, how much he's
 grown,"
 Would every moment cry;
 "Besides, he's learned to run alone:"
 Says BONEY, "So have I."

CHARLES the Second having walked in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants, a few days after the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, the Duke of York, his brother, remonstrated with him on the imprudence of such conduct. "Take care of yourself, brother James," replied Charles: "don't be at all uneasy on my account; for no man will ever kill me, to make you a King!"

A SAILOR who had been fighting and making a riot, was taken, first to a watch-house, then before a justice, who, after severely reprimanding him, ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll commit you," said the justice. "You will!" said the sailor, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor." "What do you mean by that!" said the justice, "I insist on an explanation of that phrase."—"Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging rope at the yard arm."

JACK Ketch being asked on what ground he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered, "As their executor."

A SURGEON being sent to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders

to his servant to go home with all possible speed and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said, 'Sir, I hope there is no danger.' 'Yes, indeed it is there,' answered the surgeon, 'for if the fellow don't make haste, the wound will heal before he returns.'

PROFESSOR W*** had a most remarkable long nose. A young spark, who sat opposite to him at table, having a mind to be witty, though at the expense of good manners, said, 'Mr. President, you have a drop at your nose.'—"Have I, child," says he, "then do you wipe it, for it is nearer to you than me."

A LADY who thought her servants always cheated her, when they went to Billingsgate to buy fish, was resolved to go one day herself, and asking the price of some fish which she thought too dear, she bid the fishwoman about half what she asked. 'Lord, ma'am,' said the woman, 'I must have stole it to sell it at that price; but you shall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your hands look so white.' 'Nothing,' good woman,' answered the lady, 'but wear dogskin gloves.' 'D—n you for a lying bitch,' says another, 'for my husband has wore dogskin breeches these ten years, and his a—e is as brown as a nutmeg.'

EPIGRAM.

"Nay pr'ythee, dear THOMAS, ne'er rave
 thus and curse;
 Remember you took me for better for
 worse!"
 "I know it," quoth THOMAS, "but then,
 Madam, look you,
 You prove, on the trial, much worse than
 I took you"

SPORT.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Newmarket Craven Meeting was numerously attended, and the sport was altogether excellent. The three races for the Oatlands excited most interest: a great deal of money was betted on them. A match on Friday, between Sir John Shelley's br. g. Merryman, and Mr. Charlton's roan horse (rode by owners), 300 yards at the bottom of the Flat, engrossed considerable attention. The first heat was deemed a dead one; on running it over again, betting was 6 to 4 on Sir John, but Mr. Charlton beat him by a neck.

CURRAGH RACES (IRELAND).—Monday, the 19th instant, the Curragh Races commenced. The day was uncommonly propitious for the amusement, and had drawn together a great number of spectators, particularly from Dublin. So large a meeting had not been collected for several years. His Grace the Duke of Richmond was present at the Stand House, with the Duke of Leinster, and a number of the Nobility. The first race was the Kildare Stakes, won by Mr. Whaley, beating the Marquis of Sligo, Mr. Daly, Colonel Lumm, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Brown, and Lord Rossmore. Mr. Daly's horse was second. An easy race.

The next was the Gold Cup.

Lord Rossmore's Rainbow....	1
Shuttle Pope	2
Waxy Pope	3

This race created great interest, the Stakes bet being for a considerable sum.

Shuttle Pope was the favourite; Rainbow kept the lead the entire way, and won easily; it was a beautiful race over the Flat. Waxy, it was said, broke down, running up the rails.

The third race, Lord Cremorne's ch. c. Sir Oliver, beat Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Lennox, for 200gs. from the Red Post. This race was so well contested, that after the horses passed the winning post, two to one, and even bets, were made against naming the winner.

The fourth, Mr. Whaley's Sunbeam, aged, was beat by Lord Rossmore's two-years-old, Mount Eagle, one mile, for 100gs.

* * Lord Rossmore's Rainbow, which beat the two Popes for the Gold Cup, was formerly General Gower's, and won the Claret last year at Newmarket, beating Sir J. Shelley's Phantom; he likewise won the great Handicap Stakes in the First Spring Meeting, beating Sorcery, Truffle, Soothsayer, and Bethlem Gaber.

CROXTON RACES were held at Croxton Park, on Wednesday, the 31st ult. and were attended by a greater assemblage of beauty and fashion than was ever witnessed on any former occasion. The matches were sharply contested, and afforded excellent diversion.—A marquee was pitched in the centre of the Park, for the reception of company, where a cold collation, consisting of every delicacy of the season, was set out. The following were among the most

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distinguished persons present:—The Duke, Duchess, and Duchess Dowager of Rutland, Mr. and Lady Eliza Norman, Mr. and Lady Catherine Forrester, Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Robert Manners, Earl and Countess of Plymouth, Earl of Harborough, Lords Alvanley, Dartmouth, and Dacres, Sir Henry Mildmay, Sir John Cope, Sir William Manners, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Worral, Hon. B. Craven, Messrs. Charlton, Peters, Bruen, &c.

Mr. Ashton's Brandon, beat Mr. Parker's Poll of Stanton, 11st. each, 50gs. each, h. ft. One mile.

Sir H. Mildmay's Essex, beat Mr. Meyler's Drury Lane, 12st. each, 50gs. One mile.

Mr. Vane's Walsingham, beat Mr. Maher's Sir Robert, 11st. 7lb. each, 50gs. One mile.

Sir H. Mildmay's Trumper beat Mr. Lloyd's Puck, 12st. each, 50gs. h. ft. One mile.

The Croxton Park Stakes of 25gs. each, for horses not thoroughbred, 12st. 5lb. each. Two miles.

Mr. Calcraft's John Bunyan .. 1

Mr. Pierrepont's Champion .. 2

Mr. Lloyd's Skirmish 3

Lord Alvanley's Thoresby 4

Mr. Frisby's Waltham 5

Mr. Charlton's May Bee 6

Mr. Brummell's Conkeybeau .. 7

Sir H. Mildmay's Whetstone . 8

The Farmers' Plate of 50l. given by the Gentlemen of the Belvoir and Quorn Hunts (two-mile heats), ridden by farmers, was won in three heats by Mr. Mackley's grey mare, beating Mr. Clayton's dun horse, and Mr. Dunhill's mare. The first was an excellent heat, run in a minute less than the preceding race, over the same ground.

Mr. Charlton's Hermit, beat Mr. Pierrepont's Champion, 12st.

5lb. each; half a mile.—Won easily.

The Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses not thoroughbred, 13st. (two miles), was won by Mr. Maher's Shugurue, beating eight others.

A free Handicap of 10gs. each (one mile), for the winning horses of the Croxton Park and Hunters' Stakes, and the winner of the Farmers' Plate, with 20gs. or more from the fund, was won by Mr. Maher's Shugurue, beating Mr. Calcraft's John Bunyan, Sir H. Mildmay's Trumper, and two others.

These races were run in the Duke of Rutland's Park. All Gentlemen riders.

MOSTYN HUNT RACES, which are annually held on Cotesford Heath, Oxfordshire, were attended by all the beauty and fashion of the surrounding neighbourhood. Among the company were noticed the Earl and Countess Jersey, Earl of Clonmel, Sir Henry and Lady Peyton, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont, Mr. and the lovely Mrs. Whitmore, Sir Thomas and Lady Mostyn, Sir Edward and Lady Lloyd, Sir Henry and Lady Smyth, Mr. Harrison and family, Messrs. Dorien, Pennant, five Drakes, Grif Lloyd, Bradshaw, Murray, Mildmay, Barry, Hammer, Rawlinson, Pawlet, Fermot, the much celebrated pedestrian, Captain Barclay, and Dr. John Cleaver.

HATFIELD HOUSE, in Hertfordshire, was enlivened during Easter week, by the most elegant festivities. Dinners, concerts, and card parties, hunting, shooting, and horse-racing, occupied the attention of the visitants and the neighbouring

bouring residents: On the Saturday there were matches, called "The Hunter's Stakes." On this occasion Mr. Delme rode several matches, and with uniform success. Several were called "The Brande Races," in compliment to the Hon. Mr. Brande.

GOODWOOD Races are fixed for the 25th and 26th of May. Eleven horses are entered for the Gold Cup, six for the Club Stakes, and six for the 10-guinea Sweepstakes.

In our last Magazine, there appeared a most curious letter, sent by the Emperor of Morocco to the Prince Regent, requesting his Royal Highness to send him a few cart horses of the English breed, for his stud. In consequence of this request, Mr. Dyson, of Parklane, was requested to select four very large English horses, two stallions, and two mares. They were accordingly shipped on, board a transport, and have proceeded to Algiers.

THE Duke of Cumberland's beautiful set of carriage greys were brought to the hammer, on Monday, the 26th ult. at Tattersall's, on account of his Royal Highness's immediate embarkation for the Continent. They were sixteen in number, and sold for thirteen hundred and three guineas.

HIS Majesty's harriers have been purchased by R. W. Walker, Esq. of Muntham, near Worthing, Sussex.

THE Palmsun Horse Show, at Malton, was well attended by the London dealers, who were much in want of horses; and the trade to Russia being now opening, the

demand for mares has increased accordingly; indeed mares of strength and action are as much sought after as horses, both for foreign trade and for military purposes.

WALTER Burrell, Esq. of West Grinstead Park, Sussex, has been compelled to follow Mr. Fuller's example, and destroy all his valuable setters and spaniels, the hydrophobia having found its way amongst them.

Sir M. Sykes's Fox-Hounds.—In a late run over the wolds, the fox was so hard pressed, that he jumped into a parlour window that was open, and after running round the room, to the great annoyance of the company assembled there, he ran into the stable, where he was taken.

THE Melton hounds have had such severe hunting that four very valuable horses died in one day in consequence, and several others are not expected to survive the fatigue they have undergone.—*Stamford Mercury, April 16.*

A FINE stag was turned out on Barnet Common, on Tuesday, the 30th ult. before the hounds of Mr. Wellesley Pole, who was amongst the most dashing riders of the hunt. The stag took his course to Ridge, Herts, but being closely pursued, he took to a pond in a farm-yard. The chase was renewed, and the animal got into a park at Garlick Corner, and as the huntsman was refused admission, notwithstanding the request of the patrons of the hunt, the dogs were foiled, but the stag at length was got out of this park, when he crossed Mr. Ibberson's farm at

Garlick Corner, and after a good chase of four hours, he was taken in an out-house at Barnet. The hunt was uncommonly well attended.

ON Friday, the 9th instant, the King's hounds met at Sunning Hill Wells. The deer was turned out about half past ten, when, after a good run for upwards of three hours, he was taken at Alderman-bottom, between Fulmer and Iver Heath. The early part of the run consisted in *cold* hunting; but the hounds coming up with the deer at St. Leonard's, had a severe burst to the Thames, which both deer and hounds dashed into, and swam a considerable way down, passing under Windsor Bridge, to the great amusement of a large concourse of people whom the novelty of the circumstance had brought together. Being closely pressed by the hounds, and a number of boats being ready to head him, he fearlessly landed in the face of the multitude, and immediately made for a wall into a garden in Datchet-lane, and out again on the opposite side, which he cleared with an amazing strength. This gave time; but being headed, he again took to the Thames, which he crossed, and was run into in good style.

A STAG was turned out before Sir Godfrey Webster's hounds, at Clapham, on Thursday, the 22d instant, but did not afford much sport. After a burst or two he got sulky, and would not run.—However, to guard against any disappointment, the stag was accompanied by a hind, which was afterwards turned out and produced tolerable sport. Sir Godfrey's presence was prevented by indispo-

sition; the field, nevertheless, was very largely attended, and exhibited at least one hundred horsemen, many of whom, after the chase, went to Eastbourne, and dined together at the New Inn.

ON Thursday, the 8th instant, the Finden fox-hounds met at Patching Pond, Sussex, and after drawing Miles's Gorse and Groom's Coppice, found a fox in Amoores Gorse. He first made away to the Decoy, there turned to the left, at his best pace, passed Augmering to Ham House, on to Rustington sea-beach; from thence through the parishes of Littlehampton and Toddington, over the Levels, to Poling, there touched the western extremity of the great covers, and without hanging a moment, left them by Warning Camp; crossed Batworth Park and Arundel Brooks over the river Arun, when the dogs ran into him, close to Arundel water-mill, after a good chase of two hours and ten minutes, without a check of more than two minutes.

ON Friday, the 23d instant, as Benjamin Coddin, groom to Mr. Hallen, a gentleman of fortune, in Alpha-place, was riding a spirited charger, in the New Road, Mary-le-bone, the horse became restive at some boys playing at trap ball, and on the rider clapping spurs to him, the animal reared up, and went over his hind legs with such force, that he was killed on the spot. The rider was taken to the hospital in a senseless state.

WEDNESDAY, the 14th instant, a son of Dr. Girdlestone, of Yarmouth, was out with a shooting party, and whilst resting himself with his hand on the muzzle, the gun

gun by accident went off, and shattered his hand so much, that it is feared he will lose one of his fingers.

A well-contested race took place on the Woodford road, on Monday, the 26th instant, between two ponies, the one belonging to a publican, and the other to a Mr. Hallet, for 100gs. The distance was six miles, and the ponies were rode by feather-weight. Mr. Hallet's grey ran away with the boy at starting, and was two hundred yards a-head after having gone four miles, but the other got up, and won the race by about twenty yards. The distance was performed in seventeen minutes.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.—A pigeon-match took place on Saturday, the 24th instant, on Buckenden Heath, Middlesex, betwixt Messrs. Rhodes, Hemp, Giles, and Fanshaw, at seven birds each, for a sweepstakes of 20gs. The following was the order of shooting:—

Killed. Hit but got away.

Rhodes7.....	0
Giles7.....	0
Fanshaw5.....	2
Hemp5.....	1

In shooting off the ties, Mr. Rhodes won the match by killing five other birds successively.

ON Thursday, the 1st instant, a main of cocks was fought at March, Isle of Ely, for 16l. which was won by Mr. Green, miller, of that place.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A foot-race has been made for 400gs. which excites more interest in the sporting world, than any thing of the kind since the Barclay match. The Kentish pedestrian,

who lately performed ten miles within an hour on Sunbury Common, has been matched against Captain Barclay's groom, to go one hundred miles, and to give the latter an hour at starting. The Captain's groom is a tried man, and is known to possess strength and courage to go through the Herculean task. The Kentish man is supposed to be the fastest of the day; but he is untried at a long distance, and is consequently backed very cautiously, not knowing his own capabilities. The groom is at present the favourite, and is in close training on the Barclay system. The Kentish man is improving in Lancashire, under a celebrated trainer. The match will take place about the middle of May.

On the 8th instant, Abraham Wood ran fifteen miles three hundred and fifty yards over Knavesmire, York, in one hour and thirty-six minutes, being four minutes within the time allowed. He ran the three hundred and fifty yards extra, that there might be no dispute about the distance. On Tuesday, the 20th, at Sheffield, the same noted pedestrian undertook for a wager, to run ten miles within the hour, which he lost by a few seconds. The Brighton Shepherd, and several other noted pedestrians, were present.

A gentleman of the name of Yarrol, ran a mile in four minutes and a half, on Monday, the 19th instant, on the Kingston road, and won one hundred guineas.

On Thursday, the 22d instant, George Wilson, a celebrated pedestrian, of Newcastle, now in his 48th year, undertook, for a trifling wager, to walk fifty miles in twelve successive hours, in the debtors' yard of Newgate, forming a parallelogram thirty-three feet by twenty-

twenty-five feet and a half, and requiring 2,575 evolutions and 10,300 angular turns, which, to the great astonishment of the spectators, he performed five minutes within the time, having walked the last six miles in one hour, twenty minutes, and forty-six seconds—an effort, in so circumscribed a situation, unparalleled in pedestrianism.

On Monday, the 19th instant, that well-known fox-hunter, in the Earl of Scarborough's hunt, Geo. Reynolds, undertook for a small wager, to run fifty-four miles in twelve hours, over Doncaster course. He commenced his performance (without training) at six o'clock in the morning, going a mile backward and forward, and ran the first ten miles in an hour and a quarter. Within seven hours he had gone forty miles, and went the whole fifty-four in ten hours and forty-three minutes, being an hour and seventeen minutes within the time; and ran the last mile in seven minutes. During the race he rested, at intervals, an hour and a quarter.

On Saturday, the 13th ult. at twelve o'clock in the morning, Henry Hammond, of Liley-lane, near Huddersfield, for a wager of twenty guineas, undertook to go eighty miles in eighteen hours. He performed the distance in seventeen hours and a quarter with apparent ease—so much, that he challenged any man on the ground to go twenty miles more for twenty guineas immediately, but no one ventured to accept the offer.

On Saturday, the 27th ult. a pedestrian feat, little inferior to any of the present day, was performed on a piece of ground near Masham, on the Middleham road. A man, of the name of Smith, for the

small wager of a guinea, undertook to walk sixty miles in twelve hours, which arduous task he performed in half an hour within the time allowed. Many wagers were pending, and a vast number of spectators witnessed this extraordinary effort, and greeted the victor with reiterated cheers.

On Wednesday, the 31st ult. a gentleman of Oxford University undertook to walk sixty miles in fifteen hours, which is four miles an hour for the whole time, without allowing any space for rest or refreshment. He performed his arduous task in fourteen hours and twelve minutes, and came in perfectly fresh.

On Thursday evening, the 8th instant, a Gentleman undertook to run, on the Abingdon road, near the city of Oxford, one mile in five minutes, which he completed twenty seconds within the time.

On Tuesday, the 30th ult. Mr. Richard Dovey, a cabinet maker, of Worcester, who is now in the ninety-second year of his age, engaged, for a wager, to walk from Worcester to Evesham, and back again, being a distance of thirty-two miles, in fifteen hours, which he completed in thirteen hours and a quarter. He stopped nearly two hours on the road for refreshment. A considerable wager is depending that Mr. D. walks from Worcester to Oxford, fifty-six miles, in thirty-six successive hours, which he means shortly to undertake.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, the Brighton Shepherd and Birkett, of Moor Monkton, were to have run two hundred yards over Doncaster race-course, for forty guineas, but the former paid twenty guineas forfeit. The Brighton Shepherd ran, that day, a butcher from Pontefract, two hundred yards, for twenty

twenty guineas a side, which he won very easy. The same day, Abraham Wood ran once round the course in nine minutes and twenty-eight seconds, for twenty guineas; time allowed, ten minutes.

On Monday, the 19th instant, Mr. Jamieson, the well-known pedestrian, undertook to go on foot five miles on the Hammer-smith road, and back again, in one hour and forty minutes. He started at eight o'clock, and completed the task in five minutes less than the time allowed for the pedestrian feat, the whole distance being ten miles. The wager was for twenty guineas. Several bets were depending between the amateurs who were present.

A gentleman, in Dublin, undertook this month, for a bet of one hundred guineas, p. p. to run four English miles in thirty minutes. A piece of ground, a quarter of a mile in length, in the Phoenix Park, was measured, and he started at twenty minutes past three o'clock. Notwithstanding the many turns, he performed the task in twenty-eight minutes (being two minutes less than the given time), to the entire satisfaction of the judges, and with great ease to himself.

On Tuesday, the 20th, a foot-race took place between Mr. H. Smith, aged forty-seven, and Mr. John Clarke, aged sixty-two, of Stodmarsh, Kent, who undertook, for a wager, to run from that place to the Butter-market, in Canterbury, a distance of five miles, the former giving the latter a mile at starting. The wager was won by Clarke, who, at the place of destination, left his antagonist about forty rods behind.

On Monday, the 29th ult. two gentlemen, of the names of Jones and Downes, ran a race of a mile

on the Barnet road, for one hundred guineas. The former led, but Mr. Downes won the match by ten yards, in five minutes and five seconds.

On the 10th instant, Charles Mumby, a young man of Louth, about eighteen years of age, undertook to run a mile in five minutes, which he performed in four minutes and fifty-seven seconds. The same youth undertook, on the Thursday following, to hop two hundred yards at eighty successive hops, which he completed at seventy-four with ease. He has since matched himself to hop forty yards at ten successive hops.

Marriage of a Veteran Angler.—

At Castlefin, county Donegal, on the 18th ult. was married, Mr. James M'Keever, aged 98 years, to Miss Moore, of said town, aged 19. This gentleman is in full possession of all his mental and corporal faculties. He is an active and keen sportsman. He takes great delight in fishing in the river Finn, near Castlefin, and is a very successful veteran angler.

PUGILISM.

At Wittersham, in Kent, on Saturday, the 3d instant, a severe battle was fought between T. Russell, a journeyman taylor, and G. Manser, a journeyman butcher. The combat lasted nearly fifty minutes, and gratified a numerous assemblage of spectators, with thirty-two severe and well-contested rounds. At setting-to, bets were two to one in favour of the Knight of the Thimble, who displayed the greatest degree of science in the pugilistic art, and manifested much pluck, but owing to the superior strength, weight, and knock-down habits of the Knight of the Cleaver, poor Snip was compelled, by nature,

nature, to yield, though reluctantly, the palm of victory, to the inexpressible disappointment and mortification of his brethren of the order, who met to witness the heroic, though unsuccessful, act of their chieftain.

Molineux has been exhibiting his athletic science in the Potteries. At Burslem he was attended by crowded and respectable parties, who were highly gratified with the display of his uncommon powers. At Stafford, on Saturday, the 17th, he was honoured with the company of a large party; but at Newcastle on the following Tuesday, he was less successful—the Magistrates interfered, and Molineux was vanquished by the strong arm of the law.

A pitched battle, for a stake of ten guineas and a purse of twenty, was fought on Thursday, the 22d of this month, on Bagshot heath, between Greenwood the fighting coachman, and George Gravelle, a navigator. After a most sanguinary contest of an hour and a half, Greenwood was declared the victor.

A tremendous battle, for ten guineas aside, was fought at Dresden Common, Oxon, this month, between Palmer and George, powerful countrymen, who had disagreed at a back-sword match. They fought an hour and twenty minutes, and every round closed with a knock-down blow, and both were at length so disabled, that they had not power to stand, and the stakes were drawn. Some of the rounds were of eight minutes duration.

Some thousands of the Easter holiday folks, assembled on Tuesday the 19th, in Copenhagen Fields, to see a pitched battle, between Master *Snuff* (the former opponent of *Catsmeat*), and a fish-

monger of short and Ajax form, but without science. *Snuff*, availing himself of science, *robbed* his adversary about the head, and broke away the first half hour; but when he got weak, and his hits were not strong enough to move his adversary, he played all kind of mountebank tricks, and when he could not escape his antagonist's grasp by any other means, down he went without a blow, and he repeated this so often that his opponent received the money.

A grand boxing match took place for a subscription purse of 50 guineas, on Saturday morning, the 17th instant, in Harper's Fields, Paddington, between Joe Redhead, of fighting celebrity, and a novice named Wilson, a hackneyman, residing in Seven Dials.—They set to at seven o'clock with determined resolution, and fought a well-contested battle of twelve rounds in twenty-five minutes. The former vanquished his antagonist. Both combatants were much beaten.

A match has been made betwixt Oliver the Battersea gardener, a formidable pugilist, who beat Ford a few months since, and Cooper, a good twelve-stone man, who beat Lancaster, at Coombe Wood. The battle will take place very shortly. A match is also in contemplation betwixt H. Harmer and Fuller.

Two men of the names of Sneath and Webbing, workmen at a manufactory, quarrelled on their way home from Greenwich Fair, Easter Monday evening, and agreed to fight. They were both inebriated, but they got better by exertion, and knocked each other about for three quarters of an hour. Webbing went down with a hard blow on the top of the head, and he survived the effects but a few minutes.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A HEATHENISH MEDLEY.

Being a Delightfully-Classical Composition.

By J. M. LACEY.

ONE Orpheus, 'tis told us, in
times long gone by,
His wife having lost, heav'd a terrible
sigh,
And in search of her wander'd to
hell:
Charon ferried him o'er, first charging a
tester,
Which he said was an order of Pluto
since Easter,
And against it he dar'd not rebel.

'Twas a long way to travel, but there let
us leave him,
If the charge was too high, it was wrong
to deceive him,
'Twas a charge in those times hard
to bear;
But if Orpheus were living, and travell'd
that way,
The charge of old Charon at this time of
day,
Would drive him, no doubt, to de-
spair!

Polyphemus, with only one eye, look'd
much fiercer
Than most who have two—for that one
was a piercer,
'Twas pok'd out by Ulysses at
night,
With a halipenny link that he bought in
Fleet Market;
When the deed was once done, then you
know as 'twas dark, it
Was easy for him to take fright.
Vol. XLII.—No. 247.

But Argus, instead of one eye, had an
hundred,
Yet even this brilliant-ey'd gentleman
blunder'd,
For, at watching not quite a good
hand,
When set by Dame Juno one to to
guard,
Mister Mercury kill'd him, he hit him so
hard,
Knock'd him down, and then told
him to stand.

Then Venus's husband, old Vulcan, they
tell us,
Being ugly, and fit but to blow the large
bellows,
Was kick'd to fair Lemnos's Isle;
His papa, Mister Jupiter, thought he
disgrac'd
Immortality's mansion, so there had him
plac'd,
To hammer his anvil awhile.

But Jupiter kindly, and where was the
wonder?
Gave Vulcan an order to make his best
thunder,
Which his Godship well knew how
to wield;
By the bye this same Jupiter was an odd
fellow,
Compassion, but seldom, his hard heart
would mellow;
Tho' 'tis said that by Vulcan was
steel'd.

There's another queer tale 'bout Leander
and Hero,
(They liv'd, gentle reader, before that
rogue Nero)
For that gemman, with loving ne'er
cloy'd.

G

Ev'ry

Ev'ry night o'er the Hellespont swam,
without thinking
Of the word by some spelling-book ma-
kers call'd sinking,
Which shew'd that of fear he was
void.

But one night as to Sestos Leander was
going,
The cramp seiz'd his stomach, while
puffing and blowing;
He mingled,—poor man! with the
fishes:

So poor Hero,—and Hero was what I
call pretty,
When she heard the sad story, exclaim'd,
" 'tis a pity,"
Thrashed her maids, and broke se-
venteen dishes!

Lament all ye fair ones that love as did
Hero,
And ye lovers that Leander-like know
not fear, oh!

Although ye despise Cupid's quiver;
I pray ye don't swim o'er the Thames,
for 'tis wide,
And if nothing but swimming will keep
down your pride,
Glide by moonlight across the New
River!

'Tis told of Medusa, that nothing would
serve her,
But she must affront Wisdom's Goddess,
Minerva,

Who cried, in a passion, " Odds
life!"

She said nothing more, but to snakes
turn'd her hair,
Which no barber would cut, and for this
I declare,
They defied razor, scissors, and
knife!

Then there's Helen and Hymen, Me-
lissa and Momus,
Diana and Dido, Calypso and Comus,
And Phœbus not fond of the shade;
Paphia, Perseus, Plutus, Pandora,
And with them at least half a dozen good
score-a,

Which to meddle with I am afraid!
March 29, 1818.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SEE yonder faithful Dog that beats the
plain,
Eager his Master's footsteps to regain,—

Crouching, with ambling pace, he seeks
the track,

Then barks impatient on returning back;
To try the path, to snuff the passing gale,
His open nostrils all the scent inhale;
Unerring instinct aids his strong desire,
His feet are wings—his eye darts vivid
fire.

Not so with me; far harder is my lot,—
HORTENSIA lov'd, can never be forgot!
But vain, too vain, her flying steps to
trace—

With scorn and hate she spurns my fond
embrace;

Nor path, nor gale, can aught for me
impart,

Or yield a balm to soothe my broken
heart,

FASHIONABLE ILLNESS AND TRIPS TO WATERING PLACES.

SWEET summer smiles, and on its
balmy wings,
Delightful health and rich abundance
brings;

All feel its influence, hope and joy distil,
Save pleasure's train—and they poor
things are ill.

They have the megrims, vapours, or the
spleen;

They are so nervous, grow so pale and
lean;

They have a sort of something, some-
how got,

Have so much suffer'd from they know
not what,

That they must haste to catch the sea-
side air,

Just when and where such *invalids* re-
pair.

There Pleasure waits, their doctor and
their nurse,

To *fill* their time up, and to *drain* their
purse.

Now all alert, most rapidly they mend,
Ere mirth grows stale—while money
lasts to spend.

Who will may view, with meditative eye,
Fair Nature's scenes of ocean, earth,
and sky;

These daylight things may please the
vulgar sight,

The Theatre gives nobler scenes at night.
Who will, may gaze at stars, or break
his nap,

To see the sun arise from Ocean's lap;
Then would themselves be gaz'd at, and
design

More

More brilliant at th' assembly-room to shine.
 Who will may hear the lark's sweet morn-
 ing song,
 The nightly concert draws, and charms
 the throng :
 Let sober Cits, and people of *no note*,
 According to their cloth, cut out their
 coat ;
 'Twould give these folks of spirit vast
 offence,
 And spoil their mirth, to talk about ex-
 pence ;
 How things go on at home, *who* minds
 the trade,
 How bills run up, or what are left un-
 paid.
 Thus many a jaunt to others' loss is
 found
 To end—in two good shillings in the
 pound.

THE ESSEX STAG-HUNT.

COME here, brother sportsmen, attend
 to my song,

And no more about fox-hunting brag ;
 On Pegasus mounted, I'll canter along,
 And relate how we hunted a stag.
 One morning in April, with hearts light
 and gay,

To Warley's wide common we went ;
 And after we'd loiter'd full three hours
 away,

Squire W——y his whipper-in sent.

Jack open'd the cart, where the stag lay
perdu,

And bolted him out from behind ;
 With amazement we saw our game thus
 in view,

And swore, 'twas a beautiful find.
 The stag trotted off, and the hounds
 soon appear'd,
 (How our bosoms with ardour then
 glow'd.)

The huntsman's loud voice soon the gal-
 lant pack cheer'd,
 And away like the devil we rode.

We skirted the park, and pass'd Thorn-
 don's grand Hall,
 And to Dunton we went " a good
 pace ;"

The number that liv'd with the hounds
 was but small,
 For the burst was so fine—'twas a
 race!

Then for Burstead we bore, and made
 for the church,

And along the green meadows we
 took ;

But some of the riders were left in the
 lurch,

As their horses fell into a brook.

Here W——y, who rode with the first in
 the field,

Cried—" Where are the fox-hunters
 now ?"

" Noble Sir," we replied—" to none
 will we yield,

" There are most of us with you, I
 trow."

Then Laindon we pass'd, and to Basil-
 don came,

Where some lads, with their cattle,
 did lag ;

But to Pitsea they got, though tired
 and lame,

As we view'd, on the marshes, the
 stag.

He first took the soil, then plung'd into
 the flood,

Where old Father Thames rolls his
 tide ;

The hounds were all stopp'd, and he
 quietly stood,

For no horseman could after him ride.
 Determin'd, however, the chase to renew,

The huntsman his pack led around ;
 The stag, in full vigour, again from
 them flew,

Disdainfully spurning the ground.

He took ev'ry fence—neither bank, ditch,
 nor dam,

Nor river impeded his course ;
 With courage undaunted, to Canvey Isle
 swam,

And bounded away with fresh force.
 Then for Bemfleet he made, by Thun-
 dersly fled,

And near Hadleigh's old castle he
 pass'd ;

Till at Leigh, just as eve her grey mantle
 had spread

We came up with, and took him at last.

CHORUS.

Hence Wellesley's proud name in our
 annals shall live,

With the Hero's, whose deeds are our
 boast,

In hunting and war, none so great can
 we give,

So we'll WELLESLEY LONG drink for
 a toast,

April 19, 1813.

THE

THE WOODPECKER.

A favourite Ballad sung by Mr. BRAMHAM, in "Robin Hood."

I Knew by the smoke that so gracefully
curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage
was near;
And I said, if there's peace to be found
in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope
for it here.
The heart that is humble might hope
for it here.

Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not
a sound,
But the Woodpecker tapping the
hollow beech-tree;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not
a sound,
But the Woodpecker tapping the
hollow beech-tree.
But the Woodpecker tapping, &c.

By the shade of yon Sumach, whose red
berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how
sweet to recline:
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent
lips,
Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by
any but mine,
Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any
but mine.

Every leaf was at rest, &c.

THE COURTESAN.

"O! Venus," &c.
Hor. B. I. Ode xxx. imitated.

O VENUS! Queen of ev'ry heart,
From thy lov'd cyprus now depart,
And to MARIA's lodgings pass;
Where she, with colours red and white,
With scents and washes (such a sight!)
Invokes thy presence at her glass.

With thee transport thy glowing Boy,
The Graces, too, loose zon'd employ,

* The concluding Adonic, "*Mercuriusque*," has never been well understood.—Though the Commentators have, always, stupidly classed this piece amongst the *Odes*, I have no doubt that HORACE meant it for an *Epigram*. He, who translated it, "*and MAIA's son*," was like the man, who repeating the jest about the short coat (it will be *long enough* before I have another), said, "It will be *some time* before I have a new one."

To join thy escort on the wing;
Leave not the *Nymphs*, as pure as truth,
Nor, without thee, unpolish'd youth,
And *Mercury** be sure you bring!

TO CELIA.

THE Clock strikes ten, two hours and
more,

Celia! I've watch'd thy window near,
And borne the wintry blast, to pour
My plaints in thy obdurate ear.

Yet Mirth invites, yet Fashion calls,
The chariots clash and flambeaus glare,
And harps resound from routs and balls,
And Dissipation shakes the square.

But Fashion's dazzling glare is dim,
And Music's strains are harsh to me,
Can Pleasure's voice have charms for him,
Whose pleasures centre all in thee?

Come forth, my love, one glance bestow,
One, only one—I'm sure you will—
Methinks I hear her step—Ah, no!
I'm sure she won't—relentless still.

Distraction! furies fire my brains!
Oh, Celia! I can bear no more,
Hast thou not heard of desp'rate swains,
Who've hung them at their Mistress' door!

Or died by pistol, stream, or gun,
Examples sad of passion true!
This, Celia, *other* swains have done,
Now hear what I intend to do:

If still you're bent to serve me so,
And still persist your heart to harden,
I'll go—this instant will I go,
And—see the *Farce* at *Covent-Garden*!

EPITHALAMIUM,

*Upon the Marriage of Mr. Rice to Miss
Sally Bacon.*

WHAT strange, fantastic, airy whims,
By different folks are taken!
She sups upon a dish of *Rice*,
Whilst He prefers the *Bacon*.



A Cooper Fox.

DOGS FIGHTING.

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