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Embellished with,

- I. *An highly-finished Engraving of RABBIT SHOOTING.*
- II. *PRINCE PONIATOWSKI, an Etching.*

RABBIT SHOOTING.

*Painted by Mr. Wm. Smith, and engraved
by Mr. Scott.*

THE subject of our present plate is a diversion well-known to sportsmen, in countries where this little animal abounds, and from its rapid and irregular mode of running, requires an expert and excellent shot to bring them to bag. In dry and frosty weather, the rabbit delights in rough, bushy, and uneven ground, or scattered brakes. If under the wind, a couple of well-trained spaniels, that will not beat out of gun shot, and are attentive to call, are then of great use. The dogs should be taught to bring their game, for it frequently happens that the wounded

run a considerable distance before they fall, which often furnishes an excuse to the bungling sportsman, "I have lost my rabbit in the furze."—Our readers are so well acquainted with the natural history of this animal, that it must be quite unnecessary to go further into the subject.

SURREY FOX-HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am an old fox-hunter at present in London, and uneasy at being deprived of this favourite and manly amusement in my own county. I went a few days ago to
N Croydon,

Croydon, near which town, I understood, the Surrey Fox-hounds threw off. When I arrived on the ground, I was much pleased to find a handsome field of well-mounted gentlemen, and a fine looking pack of hounds, from which I anticipated good sport, as we were at a favourite cover. But the first thing that damped my ardour, was seeing the master of the hounds in plain clothes, prepared for his business in town, and no huntsman! On expressing my astonishment to a friend, he pointed out two fine lads, between sixteen and eighteen years of age; one of whom he said was huntsman, and the other whipper-in. Being unaccustomed to see huntsmen of this form and complexion, I must own I was not agreeably surprised to find a boy placed in so important a situation. As this is, however, the age for juvenile wonders, I hoped for the best, and away went the fox in full view, up a beautiful Surrey hill, for nearly a mile. But, alas! he went alone. The gentlemen whooped and ballooned until they were hoarse, the boy sounded his horn, and the child smacked his whip; still the hounds kept the cover, and reynard kept his course. In short, the pack could not be collected for half an hour, and after driving them up the hill, it was discovered by a spaniel, that we had run the fox to earth. Occurrences nearly similar, took place twice afterwards, and thus we finished our day's sport.—Now really, Sir, it is most wonderful, that within so short a distance of the Metropolis, and where, I understand, no expence is spared, such an ill-regulated pack of hounds should exist. I met several gentlemen on the field, who would have done credit to any county as sportsmen;

but as I have not the honour of being acquainted with a member of the Surrey Hunt, I am desirous of knowing, through some of your correspondents, from what cause such bad arrangement proceeds? I trust, Sir, both you and those gentlemen will believe, that I am actuated by no malignant or unworthy motives, in introducing the subject to your notice, as it is done with the intention of obtaining information, and the hope of producing a salutary reform.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A. J. B.

London, Nov. 27, 1813.

ON SHOEING THE HORSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE discussions that have lately taken place in your Magazine and other periodical publications, concerning the best method of shoeing the foot of the horse, have at length produced their effect, by rousing the mental powers of a disciple of the College, who has given his thoughts to the public, in a pamphlet just put into my hands here, and entitled, "An Examination of the Different Systems of Shoeing the Foot of the Horse, now practised in this country, &c. &c. by R. Powis, Veterinary Surgeon," which has given me much pleasure. It is unassuming, explicit, and pregnant with facts, carrying along with them internal conviction, and though evidently a favourer of College practice, to which he states himself to be highly indebted; this preference has nothing slavish about it. If decidedly in favour of Professor Coleman's method of paring

paring out the foot, Mr. P. is by no means sparing of his animadversions on the little aberrations of *Alma Mater*, and most strenuously recommends Colonel Bloomfield's, and other shoes, in every case where they are more proper. But the most valuable part of the work, in my opinion, is, the author's concise directions to coachmen, grooms, and country smiths, (upon the former of whom, in a very particular manner, it is well known, depends the health and comfort of the horse) which combine not only all that is necessary to be known to those persons, but all the practical knowledge, in fact, that is contained in far more voluminous and expensive publications. This highly important part of a person's duty, who writes for the instruction of those supposed to be less experienced than himself, has hitherto been treated with neglect, or contemptuously passed over, authors not having considered how much the well-being of this noble and costly animal depends upon those who are constantly about him. I am not afraid to designate this as a very modestly written and useful little work, valuable to every gentleman who keeps a stud, as well as to the community at large, and more particularly to coachmen and grooms, who will find themselves greatly indebted to Mr. Powis. His advertisement at the beginning of the work, is a spirited and laughably humorous satire on the finders out of new and rare inventions in this and other sciences.—If not superseded, I may resume my pen next month; meanwhile I subscribe myself respectfully, your constant reader,

CRITO.

Cheltenham, Dec. 22, 1813.

COCKING AT NORWICH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE fourth year's great main, between the gentlemen of Cambridgeshire, and the gentlemen of the county of Norfolk, will be fought at the White Swan Inn, in Norwich, on Monday, the 24th day of January, 1814, and two following days, to show forty-one mains, for ten guineas a battle, and two hundred guineas the odd; and ten byes, for five guineas a battle.—A good ordinary will be provided at the above Inn, and every accommodation.—Two in goes each day.

FEEDERS.

FLEMING, Cambridgeshire.

DEAN, Norfolk.

I am your constant reader,

S.

Chatteris, Dec. 23, 1813.

WARRANTY OF A HORSE.

ON the 4th instant, a cause was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, on an action brought by Mr. Kedington, of Rougham, in the county of Suffolk, against Mr. William Elder, of Swallow-street, Mary-le-bone, on his refusing to take again a horse returned as vicious in harness. The facts were as follow:—

On the 24th of July last, Mr. K. paid Mr. E. 108*l.* for a coach horse, warranted sound and quiet in harness, and for the first ten days he appeared to be so: but soon after having rested from his journey, without any provocation, he kicked so violently when in harness,

ness, that it was necessary to put on straps made for the purpose of preventing the kicking; on which, after going half a mile, the horse threw himself down on the ground, and Mr. K.'s coachman gave him up as perfectly unmanageable. He was sent to defendant Elder, to be returned as vicious, with allowance of satisfaction for his trouble, and on his refusing to accept him, notice of action was given. Previous to the trial the horse was driven in town by another experienced coachman, and kicked as he had done in the country.

Mr. K.'s solicitor gave notice to Elder that he should be publicly sold to spare the expence of keeping him. Mr. Thomas Hall, (a neighbour of Elder's and horse-dealer) bought him for forty-six guineas, and soon after sold him to Elder.

Upon the trial, the warranty, being well attested, was allowed.—Mr. K.'s coachman, groom, and footman, and also the coachman who had driven the animal in town after he had been returned, attested the viciousness of the horse. Mr. Hall, above mentioned, and six other apparently respectable evidences, swore positively, that the horse had been perfectly quiet in harness, both before and after he had been sold to Mr. Kedington; Mr. Hall attested he was as quiet a horse as any in London. The other six witnesses swore that each of them had driven him repeatedly, and that he was perfectly quiet.

Mr. Justice Dallas summed up the evidence most clearly and impartially; after which the Jury found a verdict for plaintiff, damages 70*l.*; the plaintiff having received the forty-six guineas for which the horse was sold.

ON THE COMPARATIVE SPEED OF RACERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Have often been surprised that none of your practical and enlightened correspondents have taken up that important subject, of the comparative qualifications of the race horse of different periods—their attention being so often directed to it in your entertaining Magazine. But without farther preface, I shall proceed to specify a few performances, and the time of the horses of former days, with those of the latter. It is now well known there is no performance on record, either ancient or modern, equal to Childers running the Round Course at Newmarket, with 9*st.* 2*lb.* in six minutes and fifty-eight seconds. In 1800, Eagle, carrying 8*st.* ran the Round Course in seven minutes and three seconds. In 1803, Tyrant, same weight, ran the Round Course in seven minutes. In 1804, Ditto (Brother to Walton), with 8*st.* 7*lb.* ran the Round Course in seven minutes and twelve seconds. But with respect to Childers being the fleetest horse upon record, it seems in some instances to admit of a dispute, viz. In 1721, Childers ran over the Beacon Course, carrying 8*st.* 7*lb.* in seven minutes and thirty seconds. In 1755, Match'em and Trojan, same weight, ran over the same Course in seven minutes and twenty seconds. In 1793, Coriander, same weight, ran over the Beacon Course in seven minutes and fifteen seconds. In 1799, Hambletonian, 8*st.* 3*lb.* and Diamond, 8*st.* ran over the same Course in seven minutes and fifteen seconds.

seconds. In 1763, Bay Malton ran four miles at York in seven minutes and forty-three seconds.—Eclipse ran the same distance at York, in eight minutes, with 12st. though going only at his rate, without any inducement to speed. In 1805, Sancho ran the same distance, carrying 8st. 5lb. in seven minutes and fifty-four seconds. In 1812, Slender Billy ran the same distance at Doncaster, with 7st. 7lb. in seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds. In 1812, Octavian, carrying 8st. 5lb. ran the same distance, winning easy, in eight minutes and three seconds. The various performances of Mark Antony and Shark have never been equalled by any horse since, both in respect to speed and bottom—for Shark was proved, next to Childers and Eclipse, to have been possessed of more speed than any horse ever bred or produced in the kingdom. Firetail and Pumpkin ran a mile in a few seconds more than a minute and a half. Young Eclipse (in 1782) ran the same distance in one minute and thirty-eight seconds. In 1793, Buzzard, carrying 8st. 11lb. ran across the Flat in one minute and fifty-seven seconds. In 1811, Phantom ran a mile in one minute and forty seconds; and it is pretty generally known that Phantom ran the mile and a half, when he won the Derby, in less time than it had been performed for some years before. In 1812, General Gower's c. by Walton, carrying 8st. 7lb. ran over the Ditch-in at Newmarket, in three minutes and thirty seconds. This horse, beating very easy the best of his year, ran across the Flat in one minute and forty-eight seconds. In 1809, Pope ran the Two Middle Miles at Newmarket, with 8st. 4lb. in three minutes. I should here wish to introduce in

how short a time Smolensko (of which fame speaks loudly) ran the mile or the mile and a half; but having no opportunity of timing his performance, I can say very little of the comparative speed of that celebrated horse. By this brief comparison it will be seen, with a few exceptions, that the horses of the present day are inferior in speed to those of the former. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Z. B.

Brentford, Dec. 6, 1813.

HUNTING IN NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF you think the underneath worthy of a place in your Magazine, you will oblige

A New Beginner and Constant Reader.

On the 24th instant, a bag fox was turned out at Onley, in the parish of Barley, Northamptonshire, before Sir Theophilus Bidulph, Bart.'s harriers, which, after one hour and sixteen minutes severe running, without a check, was fairly beat by his staunch pursuers; after which they immediately found a game hare, which they killed seven miles from the spot where first started, in the same style they before had done the fox. The day's diversion, upon the whole, far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the numerous field of sportsmen who witnessed it.

The manner in which Reynard was caught, was no less remarkable than the diversion he afforded; he was run by Mr. Berry's pointer bitch (from where, no one knows), into his yard at Onley, and was seen

seen by men in the barn, who immediately shut to the door of entrance, and let loose the pointer dog; after running him some time in the yard, he, not liking such close quarters, leaped through a pane of the window into the kitchen; the well-bred pointers instantly desisted the chase, contented only to view the next scene of action. Such an unwelcome guest introducing himself in so absurd a manner, could not fail of alarming its new acquaintance, which consisted of Mrs. Berry, a lady on a visit, servant girl, child in cradle, and two tailors at work: the mother's first care was to her child: the girl, to shut herself up in a closet—the visitant at the same time shrieking out, "a fox, a fox! Mr. B.! Mr. B.!" whilst the poor tailors were fixed as tight to the shop-board as if riveted. The different alarms soon brought Mr. B. from an adjoining room, who caught the fox and held him fast. Now one bold tailor sprang from the table, and kindly offered his assistance, with his sleeve-board, which was rejected, and Mr. B. bagged him without either sustaining the least injury, which Reynard's condition, when turned out, thoroughly proved on his part. I, amongst others, thank Mr. B. not only for the day's diversion, but for his sportsman and gentleman-like behaviour on that occasion.

Dorset, near Athorstone.

ROYAL HUNT.

THE Diurnal Prints of the present month present us with the following articles relative to the Royal Stag Hounds; and in copying them for the perusal of our readers, we cannot refrain from cordially joining *Humanitas* in de-

testation of the cruel practice referred to in his letter.

"STAG HUNT.—Wednesday, the 8th instant, the fox-hounds presented by the Duke of Richmond to the Prince Regent were taken out to be blooded to their new game. Two couple of the stag-hounds accompanied them. In a plantation, near the Golden Farmer, they found an outlying deer, and ran him heartily with encouragement, as well as they would a fox. The huntsmen were luckily enabled to stop the hounds just as they got to the herd at Swinley, or much mischief would have ensued. A stag was then turned out from a cart, whose leg had been dislocated; although lame, he ran an hour and three quarters, and was taken just beyond Hartford-bridge.—These hounds quite fulfil the great expectations that have been entertained of them; they are described as a capital pack, and, in the sportsman's phrase, have a great deal of devil."

"To the Editor.—SIR, I am only one out of very many of your numerous readers, who have been disgusted and shocked at the wanton instance of barbarity narrated in your paper of this morning: I allude to the mode in which a certain personage's fox-hounds were, as the phrase is, "blooded to their new game," by the execrable expedient of *dislocating the leg of a deer* (of course to prevent its out-running them), in which agonizing state it seems the poor animal, according to your correspondent's account, "*although lame, ran an hour and three quarters*," to the inconceivable gratification of its pursuers! Since the destruction of the cock-pit, I must confess I never expected to hear of such a revival of refined cruelty as that I now complain of, and which, I trust, is not

not only now, but will ever remain, if it be suffered to remain at all, confined to the *privileged orders*. Meanwhile, although I deem it needless for me to descant on the evil tendency which such examples must ever have over the morals of the people generally, I am desirous of knowing, what punishment *Lord Erskine's Bill*, had it been suffered to go through Parliament, would have inflicted against offences of this certainly *extraordinary* description, and whether the *prince* and the *peasant* would have been equally liable to its operation? Some of your parliamentary readers may possibly have the ability and the kindness to solve this query for your constant Reader,

"HUMANITAS."

"Dec. 16, 1813."

WEIGHTS

OF THE HORSES NAMED FOR
THE OATLANDS.

	Ages.	st. lb.
MANTIDA-		
mun.....	6 yrs	9 8
Billy.....	5 yrs	9 9
Grimalkin.....	5 yrs	9 5
Crispin.....	6 yrs	9 4
Sorcery.....	5 yrs	9 2
Woeful.....	4 yrs	9 2
Elizabeth.....	4 yrs	9 0
Mountebank.....	5 yrs	8 12
Uncle Toby.....	4 yrs	8 11
Lutzen.....	4 yrs	8 7
Pointers.....	4 yrs	8 7
Smolensko.....	3 yrs	8 7
Aladdin.....	3 yrs	8 7
Octavius.....	4 yrs	8 7
Topsy Turvy.....	aged	6 6
Defiance.....	4 yrs	8 5

	Ages.	st. lb.
Aquarius.....	4 yrs	8 5
Manuella.....	4 yrs	8 4
Euryalus.....	4 yrs	8 3
Corporal.....	3 yrs	8 3
Otterington.....	4 yrs	8 3
Pericles.....	4 yrs	8 2
Regent, by Chance	4 yrs	8 2
Dorus.....	4 yrs	8 1
Wisdom.....	4 yrs	8 0
Don Rodrigo.....	4 yrs	8 0
Phosphor.....	3 yrs	8 0
Vale Royal.....	3 yrs	8 0
Malek Adhel.....	3 yrs	7 11
Punic.....	3 yrs	7 11
Quizzer.....	3 yrs	7 9
Pandora.....	4 yrs	7 8
Pyramus.....	3 yrs	7 8
Vulpecula.....	3 yrs	7 7
Eurus.....	3 yrs	7 6
Accident.....	4 yrs	7 5
Scapewell.....	3 yrs	7 2
Idle-Boy.....	3 yrs	7 2
Alcohol.....	3 yrs	6 12
Banquo.....	3 yrs	6 10
Ocyroe.....	3 yrs	6 7
Filly Erictho, by Sorcerer, out of sister to Rock- ingham.....		6 7

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the Derby and
Oaks Stakes, 1814.

DERBY.

8 to 1 agst Lord Stawell.
11 to 1 agst Partisan.
14 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's filly.
14 to 1 agst Magician.
17 to 1 agst Brother to Sagapa.
18 to 1 agst Ramrod.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's colt.
20 to 1 agst Sir John Shelley's
Woodnymph colt.

20 to

- 20 to 1 agst Sir C. Bunbury.
 25 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's Sorcerer colt.

OAKS.

- 8 to 1 agst Mr. Hewitt's filly.
 10 to 1 agst Vittoria.
 11 to 1 agst the Sister to Whalebone.
 11 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's filly.
 14 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's Selim filly.

WRESTLING MATCHES.

ON Monday, the 29th ult. a grand wrestling match was decided at Barford, Norfolk, between the noted Game Chicken, and the last Tuddenham champion, amidst a vast concourse of spectators. The odds on setting to were greatly in favour of the Game Chicken, being a man whom the knowing ones could depend on. The first fall, after a hard struggle of eighteen minutes, was won by the Game Chicken, who, to the surprise of those who were not in the secret, threw his man easy; the second fall the odds rose 6 and 7 to 1 on the Game Chicken, who, after shewing the spectators what it was in the power of a Blofield-hundred man to do, threw his antagonist a severe fall; the third fall they were all betters but no takers, it being Lombard-street to a China orange in favour of the Game Chicken, who, by his powers and agility, astonished the amateurs in general, and threw his man with the greatest *sang froid*. He was immediately offered to be backed for one hundred guineas, against any eleven-stone man in England.

(From the Carlisle Journal.)—

On Friday, the 8th instant, the grand prize of twenty guineas was wrestled for on the Swifts, in a roped ring of seventy yards circumference, in the presence of the largest concourse of people we ever saw on a similar occasion. Notwithstanding the day was extremely wet during the whole of the contest, the curiosity that had been excited through all ranks of society overcame every obstacle, and we were happy to see on the ground the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Earl of Lonsdale, H. Fawcett, Esq. M. P. together with a large number of gentlemen from all parts of the county and from Scotland, to witness one of the finest exhibitions of activity, muscle, science, and resolution, ever seen in the North of England. The wrestling was of the most superior kind; many of the combatants having been struck by their antagonists from the ground upwards of five feet. Robert Rowentree, the Cumberland shepherd, gained the first prize, having thrown the noted William Richardson and George Dennison in two of the severest struggles we ever saw. We are happy to add, that their peaceable and civil deportment to each other has been the subject of much commendation and praise. The day passed off with great *eclat*, and without an accident, with the exception of George Foster, who had his shoulder dislocated in a cross-buttock; but George Dennison, the celebrated bone-setter and wrestler, in the presence of twelve thousand spectators, instantly set it, and the young man could scarcely be restrained from trying his fortune for the minor prizes.

IDENTITY

IDENTITY OF A DOG.

*Law Case, tried in the Sittings after Term,
in the Court of King's Bench, Saturday,
December 4.*

Randall v. Ambler.

THIS was an action to recover possession of a valuable Newfoundland dog. The case was one of considerable interest, and from its singularity and the nature of the testimony adduced, occupied the attention of the Court nearly four hours. The circumstances were as follow :

About four years back defendant, who lives in Newgate-market, lost a very fine dog, of the Newfoundland species. He used every means in his power at that period to recover the dog, but without effect, and abandoned all thought of recovering him. About six months back, however, as he and his servant were walking near Ball's Pond, the servant directed his attention to a dog, which he perceived following two men at a short distance, observing, "I am sure that's your dog Carlo." Defendant was struck with the appearance of the animal, and declared himself to be of the same opinion. His man then called "Carlo," and the dog turned round, as if recognizing an old friend. The men who walked before him, however, called "*Lion*," and the animal, obedient to their voice, proceeded to them. Defendant and his man then approached, and, on closer inspection, became firmly persuaded that their first suspicion was well founded, and, after some altercation, took possession of the dog, and conveyed him home to Newgate Market, where he was welcomed by all the inhabitants of the place, as an old friend and acquaintance.

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For the recovery of this dog it was the present action was brought by plaintiff, to whom he belonged at the time he was seized at Ball's Pond.

On the part of plaintiff, several witnesses were called, who gave the following account of the "birth, parentage, and education," of the animal. About six years back a person named Wagginton, residing near Moorfields, was in possession of a fine Newfoundland dog. By his permission this dog was introduced to a bitch of the same species in the possession of a person named Monk. In consequence of this, a litter of puppies were produced, and Wagginton was allowed to choose one. When they had arrived at a proper age, he made choice of the handsomest, which was the dog now in dispute. He took it home to his house, where it remained a considerable time in commune with its *papa*, and imbibed all those habits for which he was esteemed. Having finished his education under so able a master, he was transferred by Mr. Wagginton to a person named Hollyhawk, with whom he remained for some years. While in the possession of Hollyhawk, in the course of his antics he unfortunately ran near a carpenter's bench, and a sharp edge tool having fallen upon him, inflicted a severe wound on the inside of his right leg, in consequence of which apprehensions were entertained that he would have been lame for life. This wound, however, healed, and was attended with no other effect, save leaving a large and perceptible scar on the spot where it had been inflicted. At a subsequent period, Hollyhawk becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, the dog was handed over

O

to

to a Mr. Wiggett, in whose possession he remained, until a farrier having heard that Mr. Randall, of Ball's Pond, wanted such a dog, applied to Mr. Wiggett, to know if he would sell him. Mr. Wiggett answered in the affirmative, and agreed to dispose of him for six pounds. The farrier, in consequence, accompanied by another man, conveyed the dog to Mr. Randall, who paid the stipulated sum, and had kept the dog in his possession from that time until it was claimed and seized by defendant.

In the course of the examination of the witnesses, who proved these facts, and established this connected chain of events, which went to prove the identity of the dog, a variety of circumstances, of a trifling but conclusive nature, came out, which went more firmly to connect the link of the story.

The case for the plaintiff having been closed,

The Attorney-General proceeded to call witnesses for the defendant, in considerable numbers. The result of their testimony was, that about seven years back, defendant obtained possession of a puppy of the Newfoundland species, which grew up in Newgate Market, and was remarked by all the inhabitants in that neighbourhood, not alone for his beauty, but for the singularity of his acquirements. He was remarkably fond of the water, and the nephew and son of defendant frequently conducted him to the fields in the neighbourhood of London, to wash him in ponds and other waters. In the course of these excursions, it happened that he approached a mower that was at work in a meadow, and who, with his scythe, accidentally inflicted a severe wound on the inside

of his right leg, which at first exhibited very dangerous symptoms, but was finally cured—leaving a visible scar behind. At a subsequent period, the animal, which was extremely courageous, fought with a bull dog in Newgate Market, and while engaged, the master of his antagonist took him by the tail and broke one of the joints thereof, for the purpose of parting them. This cruel operation had the desired effect, and the dog let go his hold, but his tail became much disfigured, and hung in a crooked form. The son of the defendant perceiving this, foreseeing that if it remained in that state the beauty of the animal would be considerably diminished, immediately procured four *splints*, or splinters, and putting the tail in its proper form, supported it with these splints, and placing a bandage around it, so let it remain until it became completely knitted. The bandage was then removed; and on feeling the tail, a knot, or enlargement of the bone, where the fracture had been, was perceptible. Among other acquirements which attracted the particular notice of the witnesses to the dog, were the circumstance of his carrying a basket in his mouth—receiving a penny from his master, and going to a tripe shop to purchase food—archly running away with bunches of greens, &c. The external marks on his body were also singular, he had a white spot, surrounded with black, on the back of his neck, and a black mark extending lower down his nose on one side than the other. To these were added a black mark in the hollow of his groin, and a black saddle mark on his back, all of which were recognised by the witnesses, every one of whom swore in the most positive and

and unequivocal manner, that it was the dog of which defendant was possessed, and which he had lost about four years back.—Many of the witnesses said they were in the *fancy*, and from their knowledge of the canine species, as well as from their intimate acquaintance with the dog in question, they had no hesitation in swearing to his identity. The dog being in Court, the Jury had an opportunity of examining him in every particular. They felt his tail, and discovered the enlargement of the bone; examined the scar in his leg, and, in fact, inspected all the other marks alluded to.

The case on both sides having been concluded,

Lord Ellenborough addressed the Jury, and remarked, that this was one of those singular cases that frequently came under the cognizance of that Court. The question of identity was one which had, on many occasions, produced severe contests—and many instances had occurred in which both parties swore, with equal positiveness, to particular facts, where one, of necessity, must have been wrong, and yet neither could be accused of impropriety, as no doubt their testimony was founded on the conscientious conviction on their minds that they were telling the truth. Such, he believed, was the fact in the present instance, and whatever way the case was determined, the party unsuccessful would be liable to no imputation whatever. Various opportunities had occurred of witnessing the similarity which animals of the same species bore to one another, and of the tenacity with which, from that circumstance, persons adhered to opinions, as to identity, which they had formed. An in-

stance of this sort he recollected to have occurred in that Court, in the case of a horse which was claimed by a man who had lost such an animal—and who, finding it, as he supposed, in the possession of another person, commenced an action for its recovery. It appeared, however, on the trial, most distinctly, that he was mistaken, and that the animal to which he laid claim had been in the possession of the person against whom the action was brought, from its birth. So conscientiously was he persuaded, however, of the animal being his property, that he moved for, and obtained a new trial, when he again failed. He was then himself attacked for a malicious prosecution, and after being involved in litigation for several years, at last moved the case to the House of Lords, by a Writ of Error, thus spending the whole of his property in this pursuit; and finally, the wretched man died the victim of his tenacious adherence to his own inconceivable opinion, in the most melancholy situation. His Lordship only mentioned this to prove the extent to which a man might go, in error, while he was conscientiously convinced of the truth of his own opinion. So in the present case he believed all the witnesses to be actuated by no other feeling than an honest one, and, consequently, whatever might be the result of the inquiry, they would stand acquitted of any discreditable motive. His Lordship then commented on the evidence which had been adduced; he remarked that if the testimony on the part of the plaintiff were credited, then certainly he was entitled to a verdict. It was true that the evidence on the other side was equally positive; but there were certain peculiarities

attributed to the dog of defendant before it was lost, which it would have been satisfactory to have had proved were evinced by him on his return. No such proof had, however, been given. The scar on the inside of the animal's leg had been accounted for on both sides; and the most material point to turn to was, the knot described in the tail. It would be for the Jury to say, whether this mark might not have arisen by some other means than that described by the witnesses for the defendant, and upon the whole, to decide to whom the dog, under all the circumstances exhibited to them, belonged.

The Jury retired, and after a short absence, returned with a verdict for plaintiff.

ANECDOTES OF COOKE, THE MISER;

Who died lately in the Vicinity of London.

FROM the life of Cooke, by Mr. Chamberlaine, it appears, that during the life-time of Cooke's wife, his heart seemed to expand a little, and though engaged in the sugar-house business, he actually formed at one time the determination of keeping two horses, and even a carriage. At length, bargaining with a gentleman for a horse, the price was to have been twenty guineas; Cooke, who knew very well the value of a good horse, examined the beast with great accuracy, and ventured to say to the owner, that he would give two and twenty guineas, provided the owner would allow him as a trial, to take a ride for five or six miles, just to know his paces, &c. promising to return at a given time. The hour expired, but no Cooke, though after another hour of expectation

had elapsed, he and the horse returned; when, oh! what a change in the poor animal! He was led in by his rider limping, sweating through pain and anguish, the blood running in torrents down his fore-legs, the skin and muscular parts being lacerated in a state shocking to behold. Cooke, who had always tears at his command, threw himself into a chair lamenting his hard fate, and that his dear friend Mr. ——— should meet with such a misfortune. At length he said, that unfortunately, in a narrow part of the road, he got between a stage coach driving furiously, and a waggon going in the contrary direction; when, notwithstanding all his efforts, the wheels of both carriages coming in contact, the poor horse had his knees broken and lacerated in this miserable manner. Nor did I, continued he, escape, (then shewing his worsted stockings recently torn and dirtied, and a slight graze on his own leg), he pleaded the narrowness of his own escape, urging that he had nearly been killed, &c. The poor horse, he said, his day was done, he would never hereafter be good for any thing; the broken knees, if they could be cured, would ever be a blemish, and hurt the sale of him; for what stranger would buy a horse whose appearance led every one to think him an habitual stumbler. However, Sir, said he to the owner, since I most unfortunately had your horse in my care at the time of the accident, I am willing you shall not be a loser; nobody else would now give pounds for him, but as I was the innocent cause of his misfortune, I will give you fifteen. At this moment, a gentleman who had bid for the horse before Cooke had him, came in and offered to stand

to

to his original bargain of twenty guineas, provided, that in consideration of paying a farrier for curing the horse's knees, the owner would throw him in the saddle and bridle into the bargain. This being agreed to, the horse was soon completely cured and made as well as ever.

Between the interval of the gentleman's first bidding for the horse, and his buying him, it seems Cooke had taken him to a farrier's man, whom he prevailed upon, under the pretext that a great bet depended upon it, to cut and mangle the horse's knees, as if he had broken them by some bad accident, but not so as to injure any of the tendons, or to do him any permanent mischief. In this condition the inhuman wretch rode the miserable animal to town, exulting in the hope of getting him some pounds cheaper; but his knavery, cruelty, avarice, and lies, stood him in no stead on this occasion, and he was disappointed, and of course mortified into the bargain.

Whilst Cooke lived in Winchester-place, Pentonville, he began to think he could maintain the horse he kept there much cheaper at home than at a livery-stable; for this purpose he actually converted the kitchen of his house into a stable, and used to carry and fodder the horse with his own hands, to save the expence of a stable-boy. Besides, in this saving plan, he had the dung for his cabbage-garden, which was before a flower-garden, and this was no small advantage.

As he had the horse, he thought it would be no great expence to keep a chaise for this horse to draw; bargaining, therefore, with a coachmaker, the chaise was sent home with every thing complete, but as Cooke had forgot a chaise-

house to put that in, he found keeping a chaise would be too much for him. The fact was, he never recollected the tax he should have to pay for his carriage, and he found, after all, that he could not do without a man-servant if he kept a carriage. What to do with the chaise then, he knew not. He had the wheels taken off: to keep it in the open area would not do: it might be stolen at night: the rain would render it unfit for use, and the doors were not wide enough to admit of its being run through the house into the back yard. However, the wheels being off, he had the body of it carried backwards, and lifted up through the back window into his bedchamber. Cooke still had an idea of engaging a man servant, but as his parsimony made him defer this from time to time, the chaise body stood in his bedchamber, and the wheels lay against the wall in his garden for years after years, overgrown with grass and weeds, and he at length attempted to sell them for a good price, under the idea that they had never been used but once, namely, from the maker's house to his own, and of course not a bit the worse for wear!

A paper-maker named King, who used to work with Cooke, falling under misfortunes, and who, besides, had often, in his prosperity, drove Cooke with his gig to wakes and fairs, having, from the goodness of his character, obtained many friends; this circumstance Cooke well knew, so that when King applied to him for assistance, he contrived to give him some plausible reasons for delaying his intended benefaction, till he should have tried all his other friends. This being done, "Now, Sir," said King, "I have taken your counsel
in

in making you the last of my friends whom I call upon, and as you always said you would do something handsome for me, now is the time for you to shew your friendship, and give me your assistance." "How much have you got," said Cooke. King answered, "about two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds, Sir!" exclaimed Cooke; "why, Sir, you ought never to want money again as long as you live!—Two hundred pounds, Sir! why it is a fortune! an immense sum! You cannot want any more money with so large a sum in your possession; but, Sir, I will give you a piece of advice worth double the money, and that is, if ever you buy a pint of beer again as long as you have existence, you ought to be DAMNED.—There are plenty of pumps, and I will give you nothing."

Mr. Cooke, whose last business before his retirement was that of a sugar-baker, was born of very poor parents at Geist, near Norwich, and at the death of his father was brought up by a grandmother; the little education he had, he improved by his own industry. When arrived at the state of manhood, he worked some time as a common porter for Mr. Postle, of Norwich. Being at length made manager of a paper mill, belonging to a wealthy widow, he availed himself of his knowledge of some frauds practised upon the excise, to compel her in a manner to marry him! After he entered into the sugar concern near Puddle Dock, he kept no table; but gained the greater part of his daily food by making well-timed visits to persons he knew, and by making them empty promises, for which they often returned solid presents.—His collo-

quial powers were admirable. In his latter days it was his practice, when he had marked out any one for his prey, to find his way by some means or other into the house, by pretending to fall down in the street in a fit, or ask permission to enter the house and sit down, in order to prevent its coming on. No humane person could well refuse admission to a man in apparent distress, of respectable appearance, whose well-powdered wig and long ruffles, induced a belief that he was some decayed citizen who had seen better days. For assistance offered, or given, he always expressed his gratitude in a strong energetic manner, peculiar to himself. He would ask for a glass of water, but if wine was offered, "No, he never drank any thing but water." His kind host presses the wine on him, which for some time he resists; at last, seemingly overcome by the cordiality of the invitation, he consents, tasting the wine, he exclaims, "God bless my soul, sir, this is very excellent wine indeed! Pray, sir, who is your wine-merchant? For indeed, sir, to tell you a truth, it was the difficulty of getting good wine, that caused me to leave it off entirely, and take to drinking water." "Come, sir, another glass will do you no harm." "Not for the world, sir; I must be going. Thank you, sir, a thousand times!" He, however, suffers himself to be prevailed on to take the second glass, and then takes his leave with a thousand thanks. The singularity of Mr. Cooke's appearance rendered him remarkable, and caused a desire in those on whom he began to play his tricks, to know who he was; and being very generally known, it seldom happened that the enquirer was long at a loss to learn

learn that his guest was "rich Mr. Cooke, the sugar-baker, worth an hundred thousand pounds." In the course of a few days, he makes his second visit, and takes care to go about dinner time. "My worthy friend, I could not pass your door, without making free to call in again to thank you for your great kindness the other day." "Pray, sir, do not mention it; I am heartily glad to see you. Pray walk into the parlour." "O, sir, by no means; I just called to thank you. Sir, you saved my life. But I cannot come in; I will not intrude; your family are at dinner. Well. Ah! God bless you and them!" "Sir, I cannot think of your staying in the passage (or shop, as the case may be). You praised my wine the other day, I have a few bottles more of it, which you shall again taste; and as my family are just sitting down to dinner, I shall be glad if you will do as we do." "O no, sir; no, I humbly thank you, my gruel is waiting for me at home." Intruderies however prevail; this is just what the intruder wanted; he gets by this means introduction into the family, and insures for himself a good dinner whatever time he chooses to come. But this is not all; his views are directed still farther. When he has made sure that the family know who he is, and the extent of his riches, he affects to take great notice of the children; "God bless these dear children: pray, madam, are all these fine children yours?" "Yes, sir." "And pray, madam, how many more of them have you?" "I have five in all; two at school, and these three that you see here." Ah! ha! a sweet flock! God bless them, pretty dears! Pray, madam, will you have the goodness to give

me all their names in writing!" After his departure, husband and wife congratulate each other on the pleasing prospect now before them: "what could be his meaning for asking all our children's names in writing?" "Why, what but to mention them in his will. You see, Kate, how a good action brings its own reward; this poor gentleman I did not know when he first was relieved by me, when he was near falling down in a fit at my door. We must cultivate his friendship." And now pour in upon him, the geese, the turkeys, roasting pigs, hares, pheasants, and every other acceptable present of this sort, and perhaps now and then a dozen of the fine wine he praised so much. This was the plan he pursued, with perhaps not less than a score or two of different people, all of whom he duped; and so great was the quantity of poultry, game, vegetables, and provisions of every kind, which used to be sent to him, that it did not cost him in housekeeping, for himself and his domestics, more than fifteen pence or eighteen pence a day on an average, for many years back; but it was considered as great extravagance, indeed, when the expences of a single day arose so high as two shillings. It might be supposed, that with the large quantities of game, poultry, vegetables, and other viands sent to this man as presents, he could very well afford to live well at home and give a good dinner to a friend at a cheap rate, once in a way; but no,—he had no notion of giving a dinner to his most intimate friend, unless to get something out of him, worth double and treble the value of the dinner. What then did he do, the reader will say, with the immense quantity

quantity of presents of eatables daily pouring in upon him? why, he just kept as much of the worst and least saleable, as would suffice for his own family, and sold the rest. In the case of an ordinary bird, that he thought would not sell well, he would keep it; but as he was not fond of cold meat, he would quarter a goose or a lean turkey into four, and roast a joint every day while it lasted: this, and a dish of cabbage, formed the whole of each day's entertainment; for the drinkables, he himself drank only water, but as to the "gormandizing, gluttonous maids," as he called them, "nothing would serve them but table beer; they could not drink, not they, what their master did;" therefore he used to have a pin of beer (about four gallons and an half) in at a time, which stood in a corner of his front parlour, with a lock-cock to it, of which he always kept the key; and from which he would regularly at dinner time, and before supper, draw exactly half a pint each woman, and no more. As the word "to give," formed no part of his vocabulary, he had no notion of giving away to any, even those he liked best, the superfluity of his game; but rather than make presents to any one, he would keep hares, partridges, pheasants, &c. until they stunk; their feathers he preserved in a bag, to be sold; if a hare, he would carry it to a dog's meat seller, and haggle for half a sheep's head, or a pig's face, always reminding the buyer that the skin would fetch a groat.

After he had retired from business, and went to reside at a house in Winchester-place, Pentonville, he hit upon a notable expedient for supplying himself with his fa-

vourite vegetable, in high perfection, at a very easy charge. Annexed to his house in Winchester-place, and likewise to another house that he afterwards went to live in, No. 85, White-Lion-street, Pentonville, was a spot of ground, which, when he first took the premises, was laid out prettily for the culture of flowers; but Mr. Cooke was a man who despised the foppery of flowers, and therefore lost no time in rooting them all up, for the purpose of making his flower-garden a cabbage-garden; he therefore dug the ground himself to avoid paying a labourer, and paying the tax for a gardener, and sowed cabbage seed all over it; in order to insure an early growth of his cabbages, he industriously applied himself to manuring the ground, for which purpose, he would sally out in moonlight nights with a little shovel and a basket, and shovel up the horse-dung that had been dropped in the course of the day in the City-road, until he had loaded his basket; but as this did not afford him a constant supply, he used to avail himself of a different sort of manure, procurable from a source nearer home; and has often been seen by his neighbours, whose windows looked into his garden, squatting over his cabbage-plants early in a morning, and manuring them in person, but without spade or shovel.

During the last days of his existence, he was extremely weak; and employed the few remaining hours in which he was sensible, in arranging matters with his executors, Messrs. Reynolds and Day; and departed this life, on the 26th day of August, 1811, aged eighty-six. The executors gave him a more decent funeral than he would have been pleased with, had he been alive;

alive; indeed, the mob who attended the procession from his house to Islington Church-yard, spoke their minds very plainly on this subject, nor did he go to his grave without the execrations of the multitude; some of the fair sex had provided themselves with rotten cabbage-stalks for the occasion, which they threw on the coffin when lowered into the grave, observing, that as he was so fond of cabbage in his life-time, he should have some to take with him to the other world.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

TUESDAY, NOV. 2.

For the Cup.—First Class.

MR. Best's dun b. Rose, beat Mr. Thorold's bl. b. Marcia.

Mr. Best's bl. b. Queen, beat Sir F. Boynton's bl. and w. d. Eagle.

Major Topham's bl. b. Riot, beat Major Bower's bl. b. Black-maid.

Sir F. Boynton's bl. and w. dog, Hamilton, beat Sir F. Boynton's bl. b. Flirt.

Mr. Best's bl. b. Sylph, beat Mr. Harrison's bl. dog, Bachelor.

Major Bower's bl. dog, Bravo, beat Major Bower's black dog, Blinkard.

MATCHES.

Post Matches, bona fide.

Mr. Thorold beat Sir F. Boynton.

Sir F. Boynton agst Mr. Thorold.—Undecided.

Sir F. Boynton agst Mr. Best. Undecided.

Sir F. Boynton beat Mr. Best.

Mr. Slingsby agst Sir F. Boynton.—Undecided.

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Major Bower beat Mr. Slingsby.
Major Bower beat Major Topham.

Major Topham against Major Bower.—Undecided.

Major Bower beat Major Topham.

THURSDAY, NOV. 4.

For the Cup.—Second Class.

Major Bower's bl. dog, Bravo, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. Sylph.

Major Topham's bl. b. Riot, beat Sir F. Boynton's bl. and w. d. Hamilton.

Mr. Best's bl. b. Queen, beat Mr. Best's d. b. Rose.

For the Cup.—Last Class.

Mr. Best's bl. b. Queen..... 1

Major Topham's bl. b. Riot.... 2

Major Bower's bl. d. Bravo 3

The Cup won by Queen.

MATCHES.

Post Matches, bona fide.

Sir F. Boynton beat Mr. Thorold.

Sir F. Boynton beat Mr. Thorold.

Sir F. Boynton beat Mr. Best.
Sir F. Boynton agst Mr. Best.—

Undecided.

Mr. Thorold agst Mr. F. Bower.—Undecided.

Mr. Thorold agst Mr. F. Bower.—Undecided.

Major Bower beat Major Topham.

Major Topham against Major Bower.—Undecided.

Major Bower beat Major Topham.

Mr. Trotter beat Major Bower.
Major Bower agst Mr. Trotter.—

Undecided.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Thorold's bl. b. Fly 1

Mr. Best's y. and w. b. Daphne 2

Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Bachelor,
(lamed) 3

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FIFTH

FIFTH MEETING OF THE MID
LOTHIAN COURSING CLUB.

DALKEITH, NOV. 22 AND 23, 1813.

A pair of Silver Couples, run for by dogs under twenty months old.

FIRST CLASS.

First Course.—Hon. Baron Norton's b. d. beat the Earl of Ancrum's g. d.

Second Course.—Sir J. Dalrymple's Maitland, beat Mr. Græme's b. b. Needle.

Third Course.—Mr. Baron Clerk's Salamanca, beat Lord Chief Baron's Snow.

SECOND CLASS.

Mr. Baron Clerk's Salamanca, won the couples, and beat Sir J. Dalrymple's Maitland, and Hon. Baron Norton's b. d.

A match for a Silver Cup between eight honorary and eight ordinary Members' dogs, *bona fide* their own property one month before running.

FIRST CLASS.

First Course.—Mr. Binning's Nettle, beat Lord Chief Baron's Vernon.

Second Course.—Mr. G. Wauchope's Troy, beat Gen. Maxwell's b. b. Nora.

Third Course.—Sir G. Montgomery's b. d. Sweep, beat Mr. Baird's Sultan.

Fourth Course.—Gen. Dundas's Chance, beat Mr. Wauchope's b. d.

Fifth Course.—Hon Mr. Abercromby's Vittoria, beat the Duke of Buccleugh's y. d.

Sixth Course.—Sir J. Dalrymple's Maitland, beat Mr. Gordon's Tipsey.

Seventh Course.—Hon. Baron Norton's b. d. beat Mr. Binning's Brand.

Eighth Course.—Mr. Græme's

Needle, beat Sir J. Pringle's Snowball.

SECOND CLASS.

First Course.—Mr. Binning's Nettle, beat Mr. G. Wauchope's Troy.

Second Course.—Sir J. Dalrymple's Maitland, beat Gen. Dundas's b. d. Chance.

The fourth course, and third and fourth class of winners, to be run next meeting, to decide the match.

The fineness of the weather, and the expectation of good sport held out from the well-known characters of the dogs, and the stoutness of the hares at Arniston, where they met, drew together upwards of sixty horsemen each day. The ordinaries at Dalkeith were well attended.

LOUTH.

On Saturday, the 20th ult. the Louth Coursing Meeting terminated for the present season—never was the weather more favourable, or the courses better contested. The first prize was taken by Mr. Sketchley, of Newark, and the second by Mr. Simpson, of Tattershall. The field generally exhibited upwards of two hundred gentlemen from Lincoln and the neighbouring counties, all of whom appeared highly pleased with the diversion; and the particular attention which was paid to every part of the company by Mr. G. Chaplin, the founder and supporter of the society, gave additional zest to the sports. Most sumptuous dinners were provided alternately at the three principal inns, and the sports of the field were each evening succeeded by the pleasures arising from the social glass.

A very superb cup, value fifty guineas.

guineas, decorated with suitable emblems and inscriptions, was on Tuesday evening presented to Mr. Adam Eve, Secretary and Treasurer to the Society, by Mr. John Grant, one of the Stewards for the day, who in a very appropriate speech informed Mr. Eve, that it had been unanimously voted to him by the society as a particular mark of respect and esteem, and for the very able manner in which he had conducted the business of the society ever since its establishment. Mr. Eve, in a short but very neat speech, assured the Society that it was truly gratifying for him to conceive that he had in the smallest degree contributed to their amusements, and that so distinguishing a mark of their respect should never be erased from his memory. He wished the Society health, happiness, and long life, to enjoy their favourite diversions. The cup with nearly a gallon of claret immediately went round, with "the health of Mr. Eve, and success to the Louth Coursing Society."

A ball at the Mansion-house on Friday evening, presented an opportunity to the ladies to take a share in the festivities, nor did they suffer an opportunity so favourable to escape, for all the elegance and beauty in the neighbourhood attended.

TUESDAY, NOV. 16.

Bitches drawn to run for the Cup.

Mr. Sketchley's r. b. Smart, beat Sir Charles Kent's bl. b. Cora.

Mr. Parish's r. and wh. b. Lady, beat Mr. Foster's brin. b. Myrtle.

Mr. Thomas Grant's brin. b. Go-by, beat Mr. A. Eve's bl. b. Fly.

Mr. William Cartwright's r. b. Pomona, beat Mr. E. Holland's r. b. Julia.

Mr. Chester's r. and wh. b. Fly, beat Mr. Taylor's bl. and wh. b. Lady.

Mr. Meredith's bl. b. Lively, beat Mr. Hargrave's wh. b. Fly.

Mr. John Grant's r. and wh. b. Helen, beat Mr. King's bl. b. Lady.

Mr. Simpson's brin. b. Venus, beat Mr. Chaplin's br. and wh. b. Tricksey.

MATCH.

Mr. Nicholson's bl. d. Rolla, beat Mr. Oldham's wh. d. Horkstow; five guineas.

THURSDAY.

Bitches drawn to run for the Cup.

Mr. Sketchley's r. b. Smart, beat Mr. Thomas Grant's brindled b. Go-by.

Mr. Chester's r. and wh. b. Fly, beat Mr. William Cartwright's r. b. Pomona.

Mr. Simpson's br. b. Venus, beat Mr. John Grant's r. and wh. b. Helen.

Mr. Meredith's bl. b. Lively, beat Mr. Parish's r. and wh. b. Lady.

MATCHES.

Mr. Adam Eve's r. d. Doctor, beat Mr. King's bl. d. Start; one guinea.

Mr. Simpson's tanned b. Kate, beat Mr. Chaplin's r. b. Venus; one guinea.

Mr. King's bl. b. Lady, agst Mr. Chaplin's r. and wh. b. Trickett; two guineas—undecided.

Mr. Simpson's brin. d. Dart, beat Sir Charles Kent's r. and wh. d. Spring; one guinea.

Mr. Nicholson's r. d. Rolla, beat Mr. Oldham's wh. d. Horkstow; five guineas.

FRIDAY.—MATCHES.

Mr. Chaplin's wh. b. Trickle, beat Sir Charles Kent's bl. b. Jet; one guinea.

Mr. Chaplin's bl. d. Fleecer, beat Mr. Meredith's bl. d. Liberty; two guineas.

Mr. Edward Holland's tanned b. Sly, beat Mr. Simpson's wh. b. Lady; one guinea.

Mr. Chaplin's bl. b. Wowski, beat Mr. Meredith's r. b. Nimble; one guinea.

Mr. Meredith's bl. d. Mungo, beat Mr. Adam Eve's bl. and wh. Tricksey; one guinea.

Mr. Cartwright's blue and wh. b. Vesta, beat Mr. Carnley's bl. and wh. b. Nell; one guinea.

Mr. John Grant's r. and wh. b. Helen, beat Mr. Nicholson's r. and wh. b. Twig'em; one guinea.

Mr. Chaplin's r. and wh. b. Transit, beat Mr. Littlewood's r. and wh. b. Fly; one guinea.

Mr. Sketchley's r. and wh. b. —, agst Mr. Nicholson's wh. b. —; one guinea—undecided.

SATURDAY.

Bitches drawn to run for the Cup.

Mr. Sketchley's r. b. Smart, beat Mr. Meredith's bl. b. Lively.

Mr. Simpson's brin. b. Venus, beat Mr. Chester's r. and wh. b. Fly.

MATCHES.

Mr. Richardson's r. and wh. b. Violante, beat Mr. Eve's blue b. Lively; one guinea.

Mr. Simpson's brin. d. Dart, beat Mr. Grant's dun d. Nelson; one guinea.

Mr. Nicholson's bl. d. Herod, agst Mr. Adam Eve's bl. b. Fly; five guineas.—Undecided.

Mr. King's bl. b. Lady, agst Mr. Chaplin's red and wh. b. Trickett; one guinea.—Undecided.

Sir Charles Kent's red and wh. d. Spring, beat Mr. King's bl. d. Start; one guinea.

Mr. Nicholson's r. d. Rolla,

beat Mr. Oldham's wh. d. Horkstow; one guinea.

Sir C. Kent's bl. b. Cora, agst Mr. Chester's brin. and w. b. Fly; one guinea.—Undecided.

Sir C. Kent's bl. b. Jet, agst Mr. Sketchley's bl. b. Stella; one guinea.—Undecided.

Mr. Richardson's bl. d. Racer, beat Mr. Oldham's br. d. Castor; two guineas.

Mr. Richardson's wh. b. Phoenix, beat Mr. Parish's r. and wh. b. Lady; one guinea.

Deciding Match for the Cup.

Mr. Sketchley's red b. Smart, beat Mr. Simpson's brin. b. Venus.

SWAFFHAM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1813.

FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.

For the Cup.

Mr. Upcher's blue b. Platoff, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. Lively.

Mr. Young's blue d. Vicar, beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. Comus.

Mr. H. Redhead's blk. d. Yorick, beat Mr. R. Hamond's yel. d. Sunflower.

Lord River's blk. b. p. Roda, beat Sir A. Bertie's blk. b. Tora.

Mr. Gurney's blue b. Ape, beat Mr. Chute's blue d. Nic.

Mr. Villebois's blue d. Gimcrack, beat Mr. Weston's blk. d. Hétman.

Mr. Hamond's blk. b. Queen, beat Mr. F. Hamond's red b. Witch of Endor.

Mr. Scott's blk. b. Fame, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. b. Jemima.

MATCHES.

Mr. Young's blue d. p. Veto, beat Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Antelope.

Mr. Wilkinson's blue b. p. Ceres, beat

beat Mr. Merest's w. d. p. Omnium.

Mr. Merest's two puppies paid forfeit to Mr. Wilkinson.

Mr. Gurney's blk. b. p. Artless, received forfeit from Mr. Weston's p.

Mr. Weston's p. agst Mr. Merest's p.—Off by consent.

Mr. Gurney's blk. b. Anna, beat Mr. Redhead's blue b. Luna.

Mr. Scott's wht. d. p. Fly, beat Mr. Upcher's yel. d. p. Pop.

Mr. Redhead's blk. and wht. b. p. Lynx, beat Ld Rivers's brindle b. p. Rally.

Sir A. Bertie's blue b. p. Thisbe, beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. p. Clara.

Mr. R. Hamond's blk. d. p. Sober, beat Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Augustus.

Mr. Upcher's blue b. p. Puck, agst Mr. Gurney's blk. d. p. Atlas.—Undecided.

Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. b. p. Pepper, beat Mr. Gurney's blk. b. p. Annette.

Lord Rivers's blk. b. p. Rarity, beat Mr. R. Hamond's blue d. p. Slang.

Mr. Wilkinson's red b. p. Czarina, beat Mr. Young's blue d. p. Voulezvous.

Mr. Scott's d. p. Friendly, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. and w. b. p. Julia.

Mr. R. Hamond's blk. b. p. Slender Sally, beat Mr. Upcher's blue b. Perdita.

Mr. F. Hamond's Woeful, beat Mr. R. Hamond's Skylight.

Mr. R. Hamond's red and wt. b. Sly, beat Sir A. Bertie's d. d. Trot.

Mr. Upcher's blue and wt. d. Paragon, beat Mr. Gurney's blue d. Agamemnon.

Captain Wyatt's blk. and wt. d. Juniper, beat Sir A. Bertie's blk. d. Tiger.

Mr. Upcher's blk. d. Plague, beat Lord Rivers's dun d. Rex.

Mr. Wilkinson's red b. Chloe, beat Lord Rivers's blk. and wt. b. Risk.

Mr. Scott's blue d. Fen, agst Mr. Wilkinson's blk. and wt. d. Castor.—Undecided.

Mr. Weston's Henrietta, beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wilberforce.

Captain Wyatt's brindle b. Jennet, beat Lord Rivers's blk. and wt. b. Rosebud.

Sir A. Bertie's blk. d. Touch, paid forfeit to Captain Wyatt's blk. and wt. d. Janus.

Lord Rivers's blk. b. Rosalind, beat Mr. Upcher's blk. d. Particular.

CLEY FIELD.

For the Cup.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Lord Rivers's p. Roda, beat Mr. Hamond's Queen.

Mr. H. Redhead's Yorick, beat Mr. Villebois's Gimcrack.

Mr. Scott's Fame, beat Mr. Young's Vicar.

Mr. Gurney's Ape, beat Mr. Upcher's Platoff.

MATCHES.

Mr. Upcher's blue and wt. p. Pease Blossom, received forfeit from Mr. Young's red b. p. Vittoria.

Sir A. Bertie's Tora, beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. Claret.

Mr. Gurney's p. Abigail, beat Mr. Upcher's p. Phantom.

Lord Rivers's p. Ruler, agst Mr. Scott's p. Foot—no course.

Captain Wyatt's Johnny, agst Mr. Wilkinson's Clio—no course.

Captain Wyatt's Janus, agst Mr. Upcher's Pelter—undecided.

Mr. Upcher's p. Presto, beat Mr. Scott's p. Filby.

Lord

Lord Rivers's Regent, agst Mr. Redhead's Lounger—undecided.

Mr. Gurney's p. Antelope, beat Mr. F. Hamond's Witch of Endor.

Mr. Scott's p. Figurante, beat Mr. F. Hamond's p. Wellingtonia.

Mr. F. Hamond's Woeful, beat Mr. Young's Volunteer.

Mr. Gurney's Arabella, agst Mr. Wilkinson's Castor—no course.

Captain Wyatt's Jason, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Clytus.

Mr. Gurney's Agamemnon, agst Sir A. Bertie's Thalia—no course.

Mr. Weston's Hetman, agst Mr. Redhead's Leander—off by consent.

Mr. Scott's Fen, agst Sir A. Bertie's Truelove—no course.

Sir A. Bertie's Twist, beat Mr. Young's Vulcan.

Lord Rivers's p. Rake, against Mr. Redhead's p. Leda—off by consent.

Captain Wyatt's Junius, agst Sir A. Bertie's Turk—off by consent.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

For the Cup.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Mr. Gurney's Ape, beat Mr. Scott's Fame.

Lord Rivers's p. Roda, beat Mr. H. Redhead's Yorick.

MATCHES.

Mr. Gurney's puppy received forfeit from Mr. F. Hamond's puppy.

Mr. Gurney's p. Artless, beat Mr. F. Hamond's p. Wellingtonia.

Mr. Weston's Henrietta, beat Mr. Scott's Flirt.

Mr. Tyssen's p. Razor, beat Mr. Reed's p. Benvolio.

Mr. Scott's p. Foot, beat Lord Rivers's p. Ruler.

Mr. Wilkinson's p. Ceres, beat Mr. Scott's Fly.

Lord Rivers's p. Rally, beat Mr. Scott's p. Friendly.

Captain Wyatt's p. Java, beat Mr. R. Hamond's p. Soho.

Mr. Scott's Fen, beat Sir A. Bertie's Truelove.

Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cossack, beat Mr. Gurney's p. Augustus.

Mr. Wilkinson's P. Czar, agst Mr. Gurney's p. Achilles—undecided.

Mr. Chute's p. Narcissus, beat Mr. Reed's p. Bernadotte.

Sir A. Bertie's Thalia, beat Mr. Gurney's Arabella.

Mr. Weston's Hetman, beat Mr. Redhead's Leander.

Mr. Chute's Nic, paid forfeit to Mr. Wilkinson's Comet.

Lord Rivers's Riverton, beat Sir A. Bertie's Tora.

Mr. Wilkinson's p. Clara, beat Mr. Scott's p. Figurante.

Mr. Dover's Dart, agst Captain Wyatt's Junius—no course.

Mr. Redhead's Luna, agst Sir A. Bertie's Turk—undecided.

Lord Rivers's p. Rake, agst Mr. Redhead's Leda—undecided.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.

For the Cup.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Lord Rivers's p. Roda, beat Mr. Gurney's Ape, and won the cup.

MATCHES.

Captain Wyatt's Janus, beat Mr. Upcher's Pelter.

Mr. Scott's Fen, beat Captain Wyatt's Johnny Junior.

Mr. Gurney's Atlas, beat Mr. Upcher's Puck.

Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cat, beat Mr. Redhead's p. Lynx.

Mr. Wilkinson's Chloe, agst Mr. R. Hamond's Sly—no course.

Mr. Wilkinson's Comus, against Mr. R. Hamond's Sunflower—no course.

Mr.

Mr. R. Hamond's p. Sylvia, beat Mr. Wilkinson's p. Czarina.

Mr. R. Hamond's Sophia, beat Captain Wyatt's Jennett.

Mr. Tyssen's Razor, beat Mr. Dover's Dart.

Mr. Upcher's Paragon, beat Mr. F. Hamond's Woeful.

Captain Wyatt's Juniper, agst Mr. Redhead's Luna—undecided.

Mr. Dover's Driver, beat Mr. Weston's Henrietta.

Mr. R. Hamond's p. Sober, beat Mr. Scott's p. Filby.

Mr. Young's p. Vittoria, beat Mr. Upcher's p. Pease Blossom.

Mr. Gurney's Anna, beat Mr. Upcher's Plague.

Mr. Redhead's Lounger, beat Lord Rivers's Risk.

Mr. R. Hamond's Slender Sally, beat Captain Wyatt's Jason Junior.

Mr. Upcher's Particular, agst Mr. Gurney's Agamemnon—undecided.

Captain Wyatt's Jemima, beat Mr. Hamond's Sir Charles Snug.

Mr. Wilkinson's Clio, beat Mr. Redhead's Leander.

Lord Rivers's Rosebud, beat Mr. Redhead's Lively.

Mr. Upcher's p. Pepper, beat Mr. Gurney's p. Annette.

Mr. F. Hamond's Woeful, received forfeit from Mr. Upcher's Particular.

(a very capital racer) by Old Babram, a Son of the Godolphin Arabian.

Langton is a beautiful rich bay, fifteen hands two inches high, and free from blemish as a sucking foal.

LANGTON'S PERFORMANCES.

At Malton, April 2, 1805, *Langton* won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, (eight subscribers); colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. the last mile and half, beating Truth, by Totteridge, Sir Reginald, Laura, Norval, &c.—7 to 4 agst Sir Reginald, 2 to 1 agst Truth, and 6 to 1 agst *Langton*.—At Doncaster, Sept. 26, at 7st. 5lb. he won the 100l. Purse for three and four-year-olds, beating, at three two-mile heats, Master Betty, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Cleveland, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. Young Chariot, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. &c.—6 and 7 to 4 agst Young Chariot, 5 to 2 agst Master Betty, and 5 to 1 agst *Langton*; after the first heat, betting nearly the same; after the second heat, 6 to 5 on *Langton*, who won easy. He also, on the same day, received forfeit from Lord F. G. Osborne's Don Felix, 8st. 2lb. each, two miles, 300gs. h. ft.

At Bibury, June 24, 1806, *Langton*, 10st. 4lb. won a Sweepstakes of 240gs. four miles, beating Pedestrian, 4 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. and Bagatelle, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.—5 to 4 on *Langton*.—At Oxford, August 5, at 7st. 7lb. he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 70gs. in specie, four miles, beating Quiz, aged, 9st. 4lb. and Rumbo, 6 yrs old, 9st.—6 to 4 on *Langton*.—And the next day, at 9st. he won 50l. for three and four-year-olds, two-mile heats, beating Pantaloon, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st.—5 to 1 on *Langton*.—At Egham, Sept. 3, at 8st.

THE PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES Of that well-known Racer,

LANGTON.

LANGTON was got by Precipitate, (own Brother to *Gohanna*); his dam, (*Alonzo's* dam, and own Sister to *Escape*) by Highflyer, Squirrel, out of an own Sister to Sir James Lowther's *Babram*,

8st. 9lb. he won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, (five subscribers) two miles, beating Candidate, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.—6 to 4 on Candidate.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1807, *Langton*, 8st. 8lb. beat Mr. Lake's Rosabella, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. first three miles of B. C. 200gs.—11 to 8 on *Langton*, who won easy. In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. 8lb. he beat Mr. Watson's Charmer, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 50gs.—7 to 4 on *Langton*, who won quite easy.—On Monday, in the Second Spring Meeting, *Langton*, 8st. 9lb. received 100gs. from Pagoda, 8st. 3lb. D. M. 300gs. h. ft.—On Tuesday, at 8st. 4lb. he beat Mr. Payne's Tudor, 8st. Two-year-Olds' Course, 100gs.—6 to 4 on *Langton*.—And in the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 10lb. he received ft. from Briseis, 7st. 6lb. Across the Flat, 200gs. h. ft.

In the Newmarket July Meeting, 1808, *Langton*, 9st. beat the Duke of Rutland's Ned, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. Across the Flat, 50gs.—4 to 1 on *Langton*, who won easy. In the Houghton Meeting, at 8st. 7lb. he won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, Two-year-Olds' Course, beating Tot, 8st. 9lb. and Bramble, 7st. 4lb.—5 to 4 agst Tot, 6 to 4 agst Bramble, and 4 to 1 agst *Langton*, who won easy.—On the same day, at 8st. 10lb. he beat Romeo, 7st. 13lb. Ditch-in, 50gs.—4 and 5 to 1 on *Langton*, who won easy.—And the next day, at 8st. 12lb. he won the Subscription Handicap Purse of 50l. Ditch-in, beating York, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. Prospero, aged, 9st. Rambler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. Cerberus, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. Pelisse, aged, 9st. Hedley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. Momentilla, 4 yrs old, 8st. Weaver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. and Guardy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.

5 to 2 agst Prospero, 5 to 1 agst *Langton*, 6 to 1 agst Rambler, and the same agst Cerberus.

On Monday, in the Newmarket July Meeting, 1809, *Langton*, 8st. 12lb. received forfeit from Podagra, 8st. 3lb. Two-year-Olds' Course, 50gs.—On Wednesday, at 9st. he won 50l. Ditch-in, beating Vanity, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. and Norah, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on *Langton*, who won in a canter. He also, at 8st. 13lb. received forfeit from Woodwell-Head, 7st. 1lb. R. M. 100gs.—On Thursday, at 8st. 12lb. he beat Juniper, 9st. 7lb. R. M. 100gs.—11 to 10 on *Langton*, who won easy. And in the First October Meeting, at 9st. he received forfeit, from Mr. Lloyd's Puck, 3 yrs old, 7st. R. M. 50gs.

In the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1810, *Langton*, 9st. 1lb. won the third Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (14 subscribers) Ditch-in, beating Bulrush, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. Trump, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.—(*The following also started, but were not placed*). Meteora, aged, 9st. 4lb. Thorn, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. Hylas, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. Cecilia, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Black Diamond, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. Æsculapius, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. Little Preston, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. and Sir Edward, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.—7 to 2 agst *Langton*, 7 to 2 agst Thorn, 8 to 1 agst Meteora, and 9 to 1 agst Bulrush. Won cleverly.—On Friday, in the Second Spring Meeting, *Langton*, 9st. 7lb. won the Gold Cup, value 80gs. with 50gs. in specie, Ditch Mile, beating Invalid, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Mr. Gundy, 6 yrs old, 9st.—(*The following also started, but were not placed*), Currycomb, aged, 8st. 12lb. Sunbeam, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. Bramble, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. Cerberus,

berus, aged, 8st. 5lb. Knave of Clubs, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. Black Diamond, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. and The Goblin Page, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb.—2 to 1 agst Langton, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Gundy, 4 to 1 agst Sunbeam, and 6 to 1 agst Bramble.—Won cleverly.—And at Newmarket First October Meeting, *Langton*, 9st. 6lb. won the Trial Stakes of 10gs. each, Ditch Mile, beating Morel, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. Burleigh, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.—(*The following also started, but were not placed*) Benvolio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Cathcart, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. Deceiver aged, 9st. 6lb. and Teasdale, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.—11 to 8 on Deceiver, 6 to 1 agst Morel, and 7 to 1 agst Langton, who won very easy.

In the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1811, *Langton* beat Deceiver, 8st. 4lb. each, Ab. Mile, 100gs.—13 to 8 on Langton, who won very easy.

And on Tuesday, in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1812, *Langton*, 8st. 7lb. won 50l. the last three miles of B.C. beating Bustler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. and Illumination, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.—6 to 5 on Langton, and 2 to 1 agst Bustler. On Thursday, at 8st. 9lb. he beat Discount, 8st. 4lb. T. M. M. 100gs. 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Langton.

Langton will cover the ensuing season at Mr. Kirby's stables, York, at 5gs. and a half. And *Thunderbolt*, at the same place, 50 mares, by subscription, (besides those of his owner) at 15gs. and a half.

IRISH RIDERS—HEALTHFUL HABIT OF RIDING.

MR. Gamble, in his late View of Society in Ireland, speaking of the Irish riders employed in the linen trade, says, "They have in
 •Vol. XLIII.—No. 255.

general a salary of one hundred a year each, and a small allowance for keeping a horse. The fatigue these men undergo is extraordinary—some of them ride upwards of four thousand miles in the course of a year, which, considering the storm and severity of an Irish winter, is equivalent to six thousand in many other countries. In their robust frames and florid countenances, we perceive the favourable and benign influence of the open air on man, and how infinitely the advantage of almost constant exposure to it, counterbalances the slight inconveniences of cold and rain. A habit of riding in all weathers, is, I am persuaded, the most effectual means of strengthening the frame, and I should recommend every delicate person whose avocations would permit it, (to make use of the words of Dr. Fuller) 'to learn like a Tartar to live on horseback, by which means he will acquire in time, the constitution of a Tartar.' I have known several young men, (who had they been put to sedentary employments, would probably have lived but a short time) become stout and vigorous by riding."

SMITH ON GLANDERS.

A TREATISE ON GLANDERS; being chiefly a Plain Narrative of Facts, elucidating the Cause, Preventives, and Cure of that Destructive Malady.—Dedicated, by permission, to Lieut.-Gen. Charles Crawford, Colonel of the Second Regiment of Dragoon Guards.—By Thomas Smith, late Veterinary Surgeon to that Regiment.

THE present publication is the soundest, most practical, and most useful in its department, which has issued from the press during many years. Its author, a
 Q veteran

veteran in the military service, obviously joins to extensive experience in the diseases and management of horses, a very respectable share of anatomical and medical science. A great and inestimable merit in Mr. Smith as an author, is the honest boldness with which he gives the result of his own experience, entirely independent of the servile and interested meanness of truckling to authoritative opinions, or established prejudice. He has, besides, completely demolished, could such a glaring foolery support a moment's controversy, the late monstrous attempts to exclude colds from the list of animal diseases. With such numerous and strongly marked cases before his eyes, as this book affords, a late celebrated Doctor would have had no need to turn a horse into the fields in a winter's night, from the stable, in order to determine on the possibility of cold catching; nor would, it may be presumed, another famous Doctor have continued his doubts as to obstructed perspiration. We have here too full a proof of the morbid and fatal consequences to military horses of the *bivouac*, or standing abroad exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather in cold seasons, as well as of those resulting from the opposite cause, of inhaling the foul and stagnant air of confined stables and barracks. In these critical situations, the author gives advice, highly meriting the attention of the Commander in Chief, who is allowed on all hands to have the good of the service at heart; nor can that service be more powerfully promoted, than by the remuneration and encouragement of able men, who have the rare integrity of postponing, to the public good, that which in all times is too plainly their private interest.

We shall further add, without reserve, that as the name of General Crawford, to whom the book is dedicated, confers honour on the author, so is that honour reflected back on the honourable General himself, by the honesty and worth of the book.

Mr. Smith's opinion of the glanders in horses, is conformable to that of the most scientific and experienced of our elder writers, namely, that the disease is not infectious.—Snape, the best hyppiatric anatomist of his time, and the experienced Bracken after him, held the same opinion. Lawrence, one of the oldest of our latter veterinary writers, allows, indeed, the possibility of infection, from the strength and pungency of the malignant fœtor, (compressed within a narrow space) which issues from the glanderous virus, but knew of no examples to that effect, during many years of observation; on the contrary, (vide Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses) he has adduced various experiments, proving the disease not to be infectious, and decides, in opposition to Dr. Darwin, that the majority of glandered horses contract the disease from common colds, neglect, and hard keeping. The deceptions in this and similar subjects, are easily to be conceived. A number of horses in succession, become glandered from the same cause, inhaling of foul air within, or atmospheric contagion without doors. To the vulgar, who do not investigate or reflect, it is far easier to decide that these horses caught the disease one of the other, and that the first affected received it from some latent infection, which was introduced, nobody can tell whence or by what means, or perhaps some very plausible mean may be ready at

at hand, to solve that difficulty. Again, according to the prevailing current of doctrine among the learned and professional, nothing will satisfy them but infection and a seminal origin—however ill, in this and other cases, they succeed in making it out.

On that hitherto most hopeless speculation, the cure of glanders, Mr. Smith is far more sanguine than other solid writers have been, but without the slightest tincture of quackery, or empirical pretence. He is in this respect also rational and guarded, and has an important circumstance in his favour at the present time, the excessively high price of horses, on which he has given an ingenious calculation. Mr. Lawrence also, recommends attempts to cure the glanders as matter of experimental curiosity, and in the case of favourite and valuable horses. The common notion of danger from infection, with proper precautions, we are fully persuaded, never need stand in the way of such laudable attempts. With that impartiality, however, which we hold it our first duty to maintain, we must declare ourselves not altogether satisfied with the choice Mr. Smith has made, of a class of medicines for the cure of the glanders. They are too generally and powerfully debilitating, for the state to which patients in confirmed cases of this kind, are invariably reduced; not to insist on the well-known fact, that mercurial, arsenical, and copper medicines, have, on repeated trials, proved utterly inefficacious in this obstinate disease. There is, indeed, a species of glanders described by the author above quoted, in which Mr. Smith's mineral plan might probably succeed, the horses affected by it generally

holding their flesh and a considerable portion of strength. But in the real consumptive glanders, so to describe it, we submit, whether the tonic and corroborant plan be not more pointedly indicated, and more probable to enable the languid nature of the animal to throw off the morbid load. In this, opium, the gums and woods, chalybeates, volatile medicines, and those which stimulate the action of the lymphatic system, perhaps, ought to bear a part. Beyond all things, patience, length of time, and the best stable attention, are necessary, together with unceasing, regular topical applications, with the view of cleanliness, deterging, and healing.

To proceed to quotation, of which we mean to be liberal, with the view of recommending a useful book, notwithstanding the author is to us, a total stranger.—Mr. Smith thus defines the glanders:

"This disease is invariably found to be situated either in the nasal, frontal, or maxillary sinuses; as a discharge from the lungs, trachea, or fauces, through the nostrils, does not constitute a real case of glanders. Sometimes the disease is seated in the frontal sinuses alone, and at other times in the nasal, no other part of the head being affected. And it frequently happens that only one of the nostrils, or one of the frontal sinuses, is diseased; but I have never seen either of the maxillary sinuses diseased, unless the frontal sinuses were also affected.

— SYMPTOMS OF GLANDERS,

"Are inflammation, increased secretion, and ulceration of the mucous membrane lining the nostrils, and the other cavities of the head communicating with them;

erosion of the ossa turbinata, and the septa dividing those cavities; also, enlargement of one, or both, of the maxillary glands, contraction of the nostrils, snuffling, and foetid breath. All these symptoms, however, seldom appear in the same subject, especially in the beginning of the disease, but vary according to the relative degrees of the temperature of the atmosphere to which they have been exposed, the susceptibility of the animal to the impression of the above causes, and the seat of the disease. Inflammation of the mucous membrane, accompanied with a secretion of thin mucus, is generally the first symptom of the disease. The inflammation and secretion increase, the membrane becomes ulcerated, and the nostrils contracted. In some cases, slight inflammation and small ulcers about the alae-nasi, precede every other symptom. In others, the ulceration of the membrane, as well as the erosion of the bones, is entirely beyond our view. Then the nostrils are so much contracted, as to occasion a snuffling noise in respiration, and the discharge is a mixture of pus and mucus, often streaked with blood, and adhering to the extremities of the nostrils, having an offensive smell, and sometimes attended with a considerable hæmorrhage from one or both nostrils, occasioned either by the violence of the inflammation, sloughing of the ulcers, or exfoliation of the bones. Sometimes the inflammation of the nostrils is so great in a few days, as to render them quite impervious, and the subject is suffocated; this, however, is not very common—I have only seen eight cases where death was occasioned in this way."

On a supposed late discovery of the identity of farcy and glanders, Mr. Smith reasons as follows:

"A great deal has been written by many authors respecting the different kinds of glanders, some having whimsically divided the symptoms into an endless variety. It is now, however, pretty generally known, that there are only two species of this disease, *i. e.* the acute and the chronic.

"The acute glanders is situated in the nasal sinuses, and is frequently a primary disease, as well as a sequel of other diseases, previously existing in the system, particularly farcy, which has probably occasioned them to have been mistaken for one and the same disorder. But notwithstanding that they are produced by the same cause, and appear in the same subject, they are, nevertheless, distinct diseases, having no other affinity than there is between a primary and a secondary disease; and although they often co-exist, yet they frequently precede each other, and exist separately, without a reciprocal production. In one subject, I have seen glanders without farcy, produced by a diseased liver. In a second, both farcy and glanders, the consequence of a diseased mesentery; in a third, farcy alone; and in a fourth, glanders only, the effect of the same disease. Now, if farcy and glanders were one and the same disease, the same result would always take place, and both diseases would certainly exist in the same subject for a certain period before death. This, however, not being the case, it appears that there is no more affinity between glanders and farcy, than there is between the same complaint

plaint and a variety of other diseases. Now, would it not be absurd to say, that hepatitis and a morbid secretion of the nasal or frontal sinuses were one and the same disease, because they both co-existed in the same subject? the affection of the liver being the primary disease, and that of the mucous membrane the consequence of it, or rather of the debility produced by it."

Those who are acquainted with the general tenor of fashionable veterinary opinions, are well aware of the affectation of excluding cold from the system, as productive of disease. This error has also been too prevalent in human medicine, and many physicians of great repute and practice, from a kind of hardihood, and the apparent desire of running counter in an extreme degree to the errors of ancient practice, have suddenly exposed their patients in a debilitated and susceptible state, to opposite currents of cold air, and in consequence, to sudden relapse and the imminent danger even of their lives. The present author thinks and prescribes more rationally and with greater caution on the subject. He observes, p. 23,

"As the heat and impurity of the stables may in general be deemed a remote cause of glanders, by inducing a predisposition in the system, so exposure to cold air when hot may be considered as an immediate and exciting cause, and perhaps, these combined, more frequently produce, not glanders only, but every other disease that prevails amongst the horses in the army. The injurious effects of cold applied to the surface of the body, are probably nowhere so frequently experienced as in regiments

of cavalry; particularly in barrack stables, where the doors and windows are so parallel to each other, that the horses are continually exposed to a current of air whenever they are set open. It is besides a constant practice of the dragoons, who are ever more careful to preserve their bits, stirrups, &c. from rust, than the horses from disease, to unsaddle them the moment they return to the stable from exercise; and even though the horses are in a profuse sweat at the time, and exposed to a current of air from the doors and windows which are thrown open for the admission of light, the horses remain nevertheless in this state until the appointments are cleaned; consequently, if they are much exhausted, or the perspiration has been greatly increased, cold is produced on the skin, and the animal seldom escapes either farcy, or other cutaneous disease, spasm, &c. of the intestines, inflammation of the lungs, trachea, or nostrils, which frequently terminate in glanders. Whether the cold be thus admitted to the external surface of the body, or cold water be taken into the stomach, the same effects are frequently produced; hence permitting them to drink cold water when hot, and continue at rest afterwards, is extremely dangerous; as diseases of the most obstinate kind are often produced by such inconsiderate conduct."

He farther remarks, that notwithstanding the fact of very injurious effects, resulting from great and sudden transitions, in both extremes of heat and cold, yet he has always found glanders to prevail during a campaign.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE VIEW HALLOO ;

OR,

FOLLY IN PRAISE OF ALL THE
WORLD.

No. V.

*Eucullus non facit Monachum.*Tho' robes may saintly thoughts inspire,
The cow! does not create the Friar.*Folly declaims in commendation of her
Clerical Friends.*

TIS I who keep the pretty farce-
on,
Of big-bellied red-nos'd parson;
For each to th' other sticks so close
They may be call'd synonymous.
Of strength on head he boasts a tow'r,
I mean the wig like cauliflower,
Translating consequence to phiz,
Surrounded by the bushy friz;
Which must great store of knowledge
harbour,
When perfected by gossip barber,
Who, parson like, dispenses all
He knows—his knowledge vastly small;
Since from his news there is no gleaning
Truth:—Just the same is parson's mean-
ing
Condens'd in metaphysic words,
Resembling converse sweet of birds; *
Which, tho' of import, I'll engage,
Is to all hearers a language

More tough than any old crab-stick
Dispute of bearded Polemic.†
Which thousands have essay'd to scan
Each ending, where?—Where he began.
'Tis I make parson, on pretext
Of deep instruction, choose a text,
Whereon he will for hours comment,
With this all righteous good intent,
To make men render sense a puzzle,‡
And on her as on bear clap muzzle.
Am I not lov'd by curate meek,
That bends the back to vicar sleek;
Who in proportion loves me better,
Being faster bound in fortune's fetter.
Nay, tell me too, who's more my hector,
When perch'd fore pew than red-nos'd
rector;

Whose nasal tones with brays oft vie,
Of brother ass's lullaby.
Next in my service I'll commend
Cathedral drone—my dear Prebend;
Who lolls in stall, and says so glib,
His pray'rs in pretty cherry-bib;
And squints through ferret's eye so keen,
At second in command—Sir Dean,
Who pompous struts along half sick,
Expecting some nice bishoprick.
What think ye then of those keen biters,
That glut on me in robes and mitres;
My Lords, the Rev'rend grave Bi-shops,
Who march Ecclesiastic fops;
And shepherds like in diocese,
Their sheepish herds of coatings ease; §
And lay on heav'n so great a stress,
They'd fain shear all save nature's dress;
Not e'en forgetting shirt and breeches,
Those vile remains of mundane riches—

* Not only the flight but the chattering of many species of birds was construed as ominous by the ancients, some as the presages of good, and others of evil fortune.

† All persons arguing on subjects of a very abstruse nature, but more particularly upon controversial points of divinity, are scholastically termed *polemics*, and more particularly when they appertain to those dogmas, respecting which, there is frequently cause to exclaim with *Martinus Scribterus*.

An præter esse reale actualis essentiae sit aliud esse necessarium, quo res actualiter existat? Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be.

‡ I should feel mortified beyond expression, were I to draw upon myself the frowns of this most sanctified body; yet is there an individual having been at church, who has not experienced the delight of gentle slumbers, on frequently hearing the inexplicable jargon alluded to above? As for the Creed of Saint Athanasius, or the Apocalypse of Saint John, they are mere *plain-sailing* concerns, when compared with the pulpit discourses of many of our moderns of the cloth.—*Duns Scotus* and *Thomas Aquinas*, are nothing but A. B. C. to those specimens of elocution, which are not unfrequently divested of sense but even of morality.

§ Our gentlemen of the cloth, it must be confessed, are by no means deficient in adopting the advice of *Suetonius*, who says,

Boni pastoris est toridere pecus non deglubere.

It is the province of a good shepherd to shear the flock, but not to flay them.—As to flaying them, they are only prevented from so doing under the conviction, that nothing can be had of the cat but its skin; otherwise, good heaven defend us!

Thus

Thus 'raying them like mankind's chief,
Adam—who wore a plain fig-leaf.
 Yet how shall I praise *Bishops Arch*,
 Those twain in sleeves white, loose, and
 starch;

That for a brace of butchers might,
 Well pass in sacerdotal light;
 Since they opponents down can pull,
 And level *John* as with *Pope's Bull*.
 For Johnny's horns 'gainst either see,
 Of York or fam'd Can—ter—bu—ry,
 Are but as vassal papist's hope,
 Opposed to Bull of Emp'r or pope:
 For both are glean'd from self-same
 schools,

Myself the goddess of all fools.
 Who then can dare dispute I'm friend,
 Of each right godly Reverend;
 No matter if Archbishop dubb'd,
 Or into See of Bishop drubb'd
 By fortune—to command Arch-Deacon,
 Who's brave as Taffy with his leek-on;
 Or puff'd up Dean that like elector,
 For loaves and fishes leads on Rector;
 Whose taff, though turn'd in selfish
 scorn,

Vicars pursue like jack-lantern;
 Whilst they in turn to inferiors,
 Their Curates—show posteriors.
 Whereby I've prov'd from inference,
 They're mine, being foes to common
 sense;

Treading in one another's shoes,
 And rather looking after dues,
 Than heeding him they'd follow—for
 The rules of their divine pastor
 However sterling, are quite musty;
 So have they also dubb'd 'em crusty;
 And in conjunction think with me,
 They're better sent to Coventry:
 Will not your priest in language frank,
 From pulpit tell ye all point-blank,
 That when a devout congregation,
 In church is met to yield oblation;
 Thus bound as 'twere by holy tether,
 Religion warms 'em in cold weather?
 It may be so, but my desire
 Is during frost to pray 'fore fire;
 Since notwithstanding all research,
 A man may freeze tho' in a church;
 Yea some there are will firmly think,
 That praying yields both meat and
 drink.

In ancient church of Exeter,
 There lies entomb'd a Rev'rend Sir;*
 Who forty days must needs stay fasting,
 That he might shape crown everlasting;
 But who found out upon the trial,
 Of all this goldly self denial,
 That emptiness made bowels limber,
 For want of dear friend—Belly timber;
 Wherefore poor Bishop gave up ghost,
 Who'd better been at Pentecost.†
 Thus spite of Bible and Pray'r-book,
 When hungry, give me a good cook;
 Prepar'd to serve meats when I tell her,
 And order wines from well-stor'd cellar.
 But if according to this prating
 Of Parson—Service is so sating,
 How comes it he's so great a sinner,
 To eat on Sabbath-day his dinner?
 Having most surely play'd his part,
 In sound at least, if not in heart,
 A feast sufficient to delight
 The most capacious appetite;
 Without employing mouth and hands,
 To carve up first, then eat viands;
 With this I put him at non-plus,
 His fire but—*Ignis fatuus*;
 Which may look vastly well on paper,
 But proves in practice merely vapour;
 Since thousands praying, never cou'd
 Dispense such warmth as coals or wood:
 So farewell pray'rs when ta'en for meat,
 The Parson's boast—I seek a treat,
 Which more my feelings doth elate,
 Pleasing both stomach and palate.

TIM. TANTIVY.

Roary Hall, near Parnassus Puddle.

DRINKING AND DINING ANECDOTES,

Of Mr. Horne Tooke and the late Professor Porson.

THE Professor, it seems, at Mr. Tooke's own table, had threatened to *kick* him and *cuff* him.—Tooke, however, persisted in their fighting it out "in a couple of quarts of brandy," a kind of duel

* On one side of the choir in the cathedral of Exeter, stands the tomb of a Bishop, who, we are traditionally informed, was desirous of imitating our Saviour, by fasting forty days; in consequence of which attempt, he was starved to death.

† Among the Jews, Pentecost is a feast that continues for seven weeks, during which epoch they abstain from all labour for the space of two days; devoting that period to dress, feasting, and decorating their houses, with the most sumptuous furniture.

sufficiently

sufficiently to the Professor's taste, but which soon laid him senseless on the floor. Upon this, the victor of this new *Olympic* game, taking hold of his antagonist's limbs in succession, exclaimed, "This is the foot that was to have kicked, and the hand that was to have cuffed me!" And then drinking one glass more to the speedy recovery of his prostrate adversary, ordered "that great care should be taken of Mr. Professor Porson." After which, he withdrew to an adjacent apartment, where tea and coffee had been prepared, with the same seeming calmness as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Holcroft, who in the latter part of his life experienced many crosses, vexations, and disappointments, happening to be one day at Wimbledon, found himself suddenly assailed by his host, who seemed

disposed to empty the whole quiver of his ridicule on the head of his unfortunate guest. Irritated beyond endurance at this conduct, the latter got up, and clenching his fist in a paroxysm of rage, exclaimed, "I am sorry, Sir, to say to a gentleman in his own house, what I now tell you, that you are the greatest rascal in the world." Mr. H. T. who by this time began to recollect himself, thinking he had carried the joke too far, and imagining also, perhaps, that the act of vengeance was a legitimate return for his recent conduct, without altering a single muscle in his face, turned round and calmly addressing his acquaintance, said, "Is it Friday or Saturday next, that I am to dine with you?"—"Saturday, Sir."—"Then you may depend upon it I shall be there at the hour appointed."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1813.

(Continued from page 83.)

Ages.	BY KILL-DEVIL, (SON OF ROCKINGHAM.)	No. of Prizes.
6.	H ATTERSS, (late Peggy) Mr. Finch's, the Yeomanry Cup at Salisbury	1
	BY KING BLADUD, (SON OF FORTUNIO.)	
6.	Januette, Mr. Peach's, 450gs. and 220gs. at Bibury, 25gs. at Stockbridge, and 50l. at Monmouth	4
	BY L'ORIENT, (SON OF STAR.)	
5.	Platoff, Mr. Nedham's, the Belvoir Stakes of 50gs. and 30gs. at Leicester	2
	BY LOGIE O'BUCHAN, (SON OF ROCKINGHAM.)	
	Red Logie, Mr. Guthrie's, 45gs. at Cupar, and 50l. at Perth	2
	BY LIGNUM-VITÆ, (SON OF WALNUT.)	
4.	Mulberry, Mr. Glover's, 100gs. at Newmarket; Lord Sackville's, 50l. at Newmarket	2
	BY LISMAHAGO, (SON OF ACASIA.)	
	*Bay Mare, Mr. Walker's, the Cavalry Stakes at Ludlow	1
	BY	

<i>Ages.</i>	BY LUCK'S-ALL, (SON OF STAMFORD.)	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
2.	Scawby-Lass, Sir H. Nelthorpe's, 40gs. at Stamford	1
	BY MAGIC, (SON OF VOLUNTEER.)	
11.	Mountaineer, Mr. Calley's, 200gs. at Kingscote, and 100gs. at Chippenham	2
	BY MASTER ROBERT, (SON OF STAR.)	
4.	Bay Colt, (dam by Highflyer) Lord Belhaven's, the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 90gs. at Doncaster	1
	Young Robert, Captain Maitland's, 40gs. at Cupar	1
	BY METEOR, (SON OF ECLIPSE.)	
4.	Chesnut Filly, Mr. Dod's, a Silver Cup at Tarporeley	1
5.	Meteorina, Mr. Munsey's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Worcester, and 50l. at Hereford.....	2
3.	Onyx, Mr. Payne's, 50gs. at Newmarket	1
3.	Pyramus, Mr. Dundas's, 120gs. at Abingdon, and 90gs. at Reading	2
	BY MIDNIGHT, (SON OF JUSTICE.)	
3.	Ranger, Mr. Lonsdale's, 80gs. at Catterick, and 50l. at Lancaster	2
	BY MILO, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)	
3.	Rinaldo, Lord Derby's, 50l. at Burton-upon-Trent	1
	BY MIRROR, (SON OF PRECIPITATE.)	
3.	Lustre, Mr. Tate's, 50l. at Basingstoke	1
	BY MR. TRAZLE, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)	
5.	Beresford, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Maddington	1
3.	Brown Filly, (dam by Volunteer) Mr. Hulton's, 80gs. at Chester	1
6.	Teasdale, Lord Foley's, 200gs. and the Gold Cup, value 80gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Newmarket	2
	BY NEWCASTLE, (SON OF WAXY.)	
3.	Tartar, Sir Wm. Wynne's, 50l. at Shrewsbury	1
	BY OBERON, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)	
4.	Bay Gelding, (dam by Royal Slave) Mr. Stevenson's, 50l. at Durham, and 70gs. at Stockton	2
	BY ORLANDO, (SON OF WHISKEY.)	
3.	Aladdin, Sir H. Crewe's, 50l. at Peterborough	1
5.	Bluster, Mr. Terrett's, 95gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket	2
4.	Sir Roger, Mr. Bainbrigg's, 110gs. at Chester, 50l. at Bridgenorth, and 50gs. at Derby	3
	BY ORVILLE, (SON OF BENINGBROUGH.)	
4.	Algernon, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 50gs. at Malton, and the Produce Stakes of 350gs. at Doncaster.....	2
2.	Bay Filly, (out of Minstrel) Lord Milton's, 80gs. at Pontefract ..	1
2.	Bay Filly, (out of Trumpetta) Duke of Leeds's, 150gs. at York ..	1
3.	The Corporal, Mr. Andrew's, 400gs. and 90gs. at Newmarket....	2
4.	Elizabeth, Duke of Rutland's, 100gs. at Newmarket	1
4.	Expectation, Mr. Baldoek's, 80gs. and 50l. at Canterbury	2
3.	Lama, General Gower's, 50gs. 50l. and 216gs. at Newmarket....	3
3.	Malek Adhel, Lord Stawell's, 200gs. at Newmarket.....	1

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
4. Octavius, Mr. Ladbroke's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Epsom, and 35gs. (half of a divided Stakes) at Stockbridge	1
BY PASTOR, (SON OF DUNGANNON.)	
a. Off-she-goes, Mr. Merrick's, 500gs. at Oxford	1
BY PATRIOT, (SON OF ROCKINGHAM.)	
Bay Mare, Mr. Fenwick's, 50gs. at Durham	1
BY PATROCLUS, (SON OF BENINGBROUGH.)	
3. Æther, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. at Northallerton	1
3. Catherine, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. at Richmond	1
BY PAYNATOR, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)	
5. Marksman, Mr. Mason's, 70gs. at Catterick	1
3. Nought-thought-of, Mr. Howson's, 50l. at Stockton	1
6. Offa's-Dyke, Lord C. Somerset's, 160gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket, 110gs. at Ascot-Heath, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Winchester; Lord Foley's, 300gs. at Newmarket	4
5. Speculator, (late Ben Nevis) Mr. Hart's, 50l. at Stockbridge, also the King's Purse of 100gs. and the City Silver Bowl, with 21gs. added, at Salisbury	3
3. Touchstone, Mr. Crockford's, 100gs. at Newmarket	1
BY YOUNG PENCIL, (SON OF PENCIL.)	
Chesnut Gelding, Mr. S. Byrchall's, a Silver Cup at Burderop	1
BY PHŒNIX, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)	
5. Starlight, Mr. Cuttmore's, the Devonshire Cup at Totness	1
BY PILGRIM, (SON OF RESTLESS.)	
John Bunyan, Mr. Calcraft's, 200gs. at Croxton-Park	1
7. Wellington, Mr. Hanson's, two Gold Cups, and 50gs. at Barton-Hunt	3
BY PIPATOR, (SON OF IMPERATOR.)	
11. Welch-Harp, Mr. Morland's, 45gs. at Barnet	1
BY POPINJAY, (SON OF BUZZARD)	
3. Chesnut Filly, Mr. Bond's, 50l. at Barnet	1
5. Mock-Bird, Lord Stawell's, 30gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket, 50l. at Swaffham, and 50l. at Beccles	4
3. Poodle, General Grosvenor's, 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket	2
3. Yaffil, Mr. Payne's, 100gs. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket	3
BY QUIZ, (SON OF BUZZARD.)	
4. Aquarius, Lord Lowther's, the Port Stakes of 500gs. at Newmarket, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, also 140gs. 90gs. the King's Purse of 100gs. and 90gs. at Newmarket	6
3. Hocuspocus, Mr. Vernon's, 200gs. at York; Duke of Leeds's, 50gs. at Doncaster	2
BY REMEMBRANCE, (SON OF PIPATOR.)	
4. Benedict, Lord Foley's, twice 300gs. and 80gs. at Newmarket ..	3
4. Caroline, Lord Queensberry's, 100gs. at Catterick; Captain Page Turner's, 80gs. at Brighton, and 50gs. at Lewes	3
3. Catterick,	

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
3. Catterick, Lord Queensberry's, 50gs. at Catterick, 165gs. at Ayr, and 50gs. at Dumfries.....	3
2. Claxton, Mr. Porritt's, 40gs. at Stockton.....	1
3. Memory, Mr. G. Linton's, 90gs. at Catterick.....	1
3. Miss Platoff, Mr. G. Linton's, 325gs. and 100gs. at Catterick, also 50gs. at Newcastle.....	3
3. Silverlocks, Mr. Lonsdale's, 50l. at Newcastle; Mr. James's, 50l. at Kelso, and 50gs. at the Caledonian-Hunt.....	3
3. Trissy, Sir W. Maxwell's, 50gs. at Stockton.....	1
BY RUNAWAY, (SON OF ESCAPE.)	
3. Actæon, Mr. Hopkinson's, 25gs. at Beverley.....	1
BY ST. GEORGE, (SON OF HIGHLYER.)	
3. Bay Colt, (Brother to Pan) Lord Darlington's, 100gs. at Newmarket, and 200gs. at Doncaster.....	2
3. Belmont, Sir Wm. Wynne's, 50gs. at Chester.....	1
4. Llewellyn, Lord Queensberry's, 100gs. at Catterick, 50gs. at Irvine, and 50l. at Ayr.....	3
3. Nectar, Mr. Yates's, 80gs. and 70l. at Preston.....	2
8. Topsy-Turvy, Mr. Rawlinson's, 200gs. and twice 50l. at King-scote.....	3
Walsingham, Mr. Vane's, 50gs. at Croxton-Park.....	1
BY SANCHE, (SON OF DON QUIXOTE.)	
3. Banquo, Duke of Leeds's, 200gs. at York.....	1
3. Bay Colt, (out of Grimaldi's dam) Mr. Gascoigne's, 450gs. at York, and the Produce Stakes of 550gs. at Newcastle.....	2
3. Bay Colt, (dam by Teddy) Mr. Keen's, 83l. at Manchester.....	1
3. Bay Filly, (out of Brunette) Mr. Gorwood's, 50l. at York, and 60gs. at Chesterfield.....	2
3. Billy, Mr. S. Pearce's, the King's Purse of 100gs. and twice 50l. at Ipswich, also 50l. at Bedford.....	4
4. Brother, Colonel King's, 50l. at Grimsby; Sir H. Neltherpe's, 50l. at Stamford, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Nottingham.....	3
3. Br. Colt, (out of a Sister to Benningbrough) Lord Queensberry's, 110gs. at Newcastle, and 60gs. at Lamberton.....	2
3. Brown Colt, (out of Sir Marrinel's Sister) Sir M. M. Sykes's, 300gs. at York.....	1
3. Cap-a-pee, Mr. Maitland's, 60gs. at Durham.....	1
4. Careless-Lass, Mr. Lewis's, 50l. at Cardiff.....	1
4. Cato, Lord Stawell's, 55gs. and 50l. at Newmarket.....	2
3. Chesnut Colt, (out of Golden-Locks) Mr. Gascoigne's, 50l. at Malton, and 50l. at Newcastle.....	2
3. Dulcinea, Mr. Grimston's, 300gs. and 60gs. at York.....	2
4. Knight-Errant, (late Kid) Mr. Gascoigne's, 50l. at York; Mr. Lambton's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newcastle.....	2
3. Platowua, Lord Grey's, 325gs. and 100gs. at Chester, 225gs. and 50gs. at Knutsford, also 40gs. at Tarporley.....	5
3. Prime-Minister, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 125gs. at Malton.....	1
3. Salamanca,	

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
3. Salamanca, Mr. Scaife's, 50l. at Beverley	1
3. Sampson, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Doncaster	1
4. Scancataldi, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50l. at Beverley	1
3. Spangle, Colonel King's, 50l. at Beverley, and 50l. at Nottingham ..	2
3. Villager, Mr. J. Croft's, 50l. at Northallerton	1

BY SCREVEYTON, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)

6. Slate, Mr. Annesley's, the Ladies' Purse at Totness; Mr. Rooke's, 50gs. at Bodmin	2
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BY SELIM, (SON OF BUZZARD.)

3. Brown Bay Filly, (out of Rosabell's dam) Duke of Rutland's, 50gs. at Newmarket; Duke of Grafton's, 50gs. at Newmarket ..	2
3. Chesnut Colt, (out of Pipylina) Lord Foley's, 50l. at Newmarket ..	1
3. Chesnut Filly, (out of Zoraida) Mr. Payne's, 500gs. at Newmarket ..	1
3. Chesnut Filly, Major Wilson's, 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket ..	2
3. Justina, Mr. Bacon's, 65gs. at Newbury; Lord Ducie's, 25gs. at Kingscote	2
2. Mustapha, Duke of Rutland's, 25gs. at Newmarket, 75gs. and 25gs. at Swaffham, also 50gs. at Newmarket ..	4
3. Pentagon, Mr. Vansittart's, 200gs. and 450gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Craven's, 200gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket	3
3. Scheherazade, Mr. Goddard's, 150gs. at Burderop	1
3. Selima, Mr. Vansittart's, 100gs. 50gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket	4
3. Solyman, Duke of Rutland's, 1300gs. 250gs. and 300gs. at Newmarket	2

BY SHUTTLE, (SON OF YOUNG MÅRSK.)

4. Barbara, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, 50gs. at Pontefract	1
6. The Engraver, Sir H. V. Tempest's, 92l. at Stockton	1
a. Grey Mare, Mr. G. Kay's, 50gs. at the Raby Hunt, held at Catterick	1
7. Hambleton Jack, Mr. Jones's, 50l. at Uttoxeter	1
3. Riddle, Mr. Neville's, 300gs. 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket ..	3
4. Sligo, Mr. Fletcher's, 160gs. and 230gs. at York	2

BY SIR CHARLES, (SON OF DIOMED.)

3. Don Carlos, Mr. Riddell's, 70l. at Durham, 200gs. at Pontefract, and 100gs. at Richmond	3
4. Snodgrass, Lord Eglinton's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Ayr	1

BY SIR OLIVER, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

3. Bravo, Sir Wm. Wynne's, the Dee Stakes of 350gs. at Chester ..	1
4. Caledonia, Mr. Duncan's, 81l. 10s. at Worcester	1
3. Cossack, Lord Stamford's, 50l. at Tenbury, 75gs. at Walsall, and 60gs. at Stafford	3
3. Fitz-Oliver, Mr. Stevens's, 50l. at Worcester	1
4. Olivera, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. at Ludlow, 45gs. and 50l. at Oswestry	3
4. Olivetta, Lord Grey's, 40gs. at Knutsford, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Warwick	2

5. Stella,

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
5. Stella, Lord Grey's, 60gs. and 50l. at Chester; Lord Stamford's, 120gs. at Newton, 90gs. at Knutsford, 100gs. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Shrewsbury, also 105gs. at Wrexham.....	7
5. Worcester, Mr. R. Williams's, the Earl of Chester's Purse of 100gs. at Chester.....	1

BY SIR PAUL, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

3. Platowna, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 40gs. at Poutefract, and 100gs. at Richmond	3
3. Tiger, Sir G. Armytage's, the Peregrine Stakes of 300gs. at York	1

BY SIR PETER TEAZLE, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)

8. Poulton, Mr. Jones's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 60gs. in specie, at Oxford, and 140gs. at Kingscote.....	2
5. Sir Malagigi, Sir M. M. Sykes's, one of the Subscription Purses of 233l. 15s. at York, and twice 150gs. at Doncaster.....	3

BY SIR REGINALD, (SON OF PRECIPITATE.)

3. Cruciator, Mr. Bower's, 50l. at Grimsby	1
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BY SIR SOLOMON, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

6. Mantilamun, Mr. Pigott's, the third Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 550gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket, 60gs. at Bridgenorth, 110gs. at Worcester, 80l. at Kingscote, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Stafford	6
6. Ralpho, Mr. Platel's, 40gs. at Peterborough	1
4. Wisdom, Mr. Dundas's, 50l. at Oxford.....	1

BY SIR ULIC M'KILLIGUT, (SON OF WHISKEY.)

5. Glaurina, Mr. T. Carr's, 50gs. at Epsom, 50gs. at Burton-upon-Trent, and 50gs. at Lichfield	3
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BY SKYSCRAPER, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)

Skyblue, Sir J. Honeywood's, 95gs. and twice 50gs. at Canterbury	3
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BY SORCERER, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)

3. Algarsife, Mr. George's, 50l. at Winchester	1
5. Bethlem Gaber, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket	2
3. Calibap, Lord Foley's, 50gs. at Newmarket	1
3. Chesnut Colt, (Brother to Lady of the Lake) Duke of Rutland's, 50l. at Swaffham.....	1
4. Comus, Sir J. Shelley's, 50l. the Claret Stakes of 600gs. and 650gs. at Newmarket.....	3
4. Gaywood, Major Wilson's, 50l. at Peterborough	1
3. Hocuspocus, Lord Suffield's, 1100gs. twice 100gs. 300gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket	5
4. Lady of the Lake, Lord Sackville's, 400gs. 100gs. and 90gs. at Newmarket	3
3. Lodona, General Gower's, 100gs. 50l. and 66gs. at Newmarket.....	3
5. Magic, Mr. Astley's, the King's Purse of 100gs. (in April) at Newmarket	1
4. Scout, Sir C. Bunbury's, 25gs. at Newmarket, also 92l. and 50l. at Yarmouth	2

3. Smolensko,

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
3. Smolensko, Sir C. Bunbury's, the 2000gs. Stakes, and the Newmarket Stakes of 700gs. at Newmarket; the Derby Stakes of 1425gs. at Epsom; the Magna Charta Stakes of 175gs. at Egham; and 200gs. at Newmarket	5
5. Soothsayer, Lord Foley's, 500gs. at Newmarket	1
5. Sorcery, Duke of Rutland's, 200gs. at Newmarket	1
5. Truffle, Mr. Payne's, 550gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Udny's, 400gs. and twice 300gs. at Newmarket	4
3. Vale-Royal, Mr. Blake's, 200gs. and 100gs. at Ascot-Heath	2
2. Vittoria, Sir J. Shelley's, the July Stakes of 550gs. and 150gs. at Newmarket	2
3. Vorneen, Mr. Gascoigne's, the Sapling Stakes of 500gs. at York..	1
5. Udolpho, Mr. Shawe's, 50l. at Nantwich	1

(To be continued.)

CORRECTIONS TO THE WINNING HORSES, &c.

Given in our last Number.

Add to *Rosebud*, (by Alexander) 70l. at Swansea.

To those got by *DIAMOND*, add

4. *Spark*, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 45gs. at Wrexham
- 1 *Knave of Diamonds*, for 80gs. at Tarporley—read, "80gs."
- Queen of Diamonds*, for 80gs. at Shrewsbury—read, "120gs."

NEWMARKET COURSING MEETING.

MONDAY, NOV. 29.

FIRST CHEVELEY FIELD.

- MR.** Wilkinson's three p. rec. ft. from Mr. Merest's three p.
- Lord Rivers's p. rec. ft. from Mr. Merest's p.
- Lord Rivers's p. rec. ft. from Captain Wyatt's p.
- Captain Wyatt's X Janus, agst Mr. J. E. Kemp's Friday.—Off.
- Mr. Syer's two g. rec. ft. from Captain Wyatt's two g.
1. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. a Lucy, rec. ft. from Mr. Wright's g.
2. Lord Rivers's blk. d. a Regent, beat Mr. Redhead's bl. b. a Luna.
3. Lord Rivers's blk. and w. b. p. Regina, rec. ft. from Mr. Wright's p.
4. Mr. Syer's blk. b. a Pickle, rec. ft. from Mr. Wright's (late Bliss) blk. d. a Neptune.
5. Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. b. a Lively, beat Lord Rivers's blk. and w. b. a Rosebud.
6. Lord Rivers's d. d. a Repress, rec. ft. from Mr. Wright's g.
7. Mr. Wilkinson's red d. p. Zar, beat Sir A. Bertie's w. d. p. Torment.
8. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. a Lynx, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. a Gypsy.
9. Mr. Northey's yel. and w. b. a Nimble, beat Mr. Upcher's bl. d. a Quid.
10. Sir P. Blake's red d. p. Eurus, beat Mr. Kortwright's blk. d. p. Knave.
11. Sir

11. Sir A. Bertie's blk. and w. b. a Twist, beat Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. a. Gossamer.

12. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. p. Zamia, agst Sir Bertie's bl. b. p. Tigress.—Undecided.

13. Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. d. p. Quidnunc, beat Admiral Wilson's blk. d. p. Undaunted.

14. Admiral Wilson's blk. b. a. Una, agst Mr. Upcher's bl. d. a. Quilter.—Undecided.

15. Mr. Palmer's fawn b. a. Patch, beat Mr. H. Redhead's blk. d. a. Yorick.

16. Mr. Kortwright's bl. b. a. Kiss, agst Mr. Upcher's red and w. b. a. Quick.—No decision, third dog loose.

17. Admiral Wilson's blk. b. p. Unity, beat Mr. Upcher's brind. and w. b. p. Quicksilver.

18. Mr. Palmer's blk. b. p. Pert, beat Admiral Wilson's blk. b. p. Unique.

19. Admiral Wilson's bl. d. p. Ulysses, beat Lord Rivers's blk. b. p. Rarity.

20. Mr. Wilkinson's red b. a. Zulma, agst Mr. Upcher's b. a. Queen Mab.—Undecided.

21. Admiral Wilson's blk. b. a. Urania, agst Mr. Jones's blk. b. a. Jet.—Undecided.

22. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. p. Zelia, beat Mr. Kortwright's bl. b. p. Kangaroo.

23. Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. b. p. Queen Ann, beat Sir A. Bertie's blk. b. p. Thalia.

24. Admiral Wilson's blk. d. p. Upstart, beat Mr. Upcher's bl. d. p. Quoit.

25. Mr. Jones's bl. and w. b. p. Jessica, agst Mr. Wilkinson's red b. p. Zest.—Off.

26. Sir P. Blake's w. d. a. Emblem, agst Mr. Kortwright's blk. d. a. Kutusow.—Undecided.

27. Mr. Kortwright's red b. a.

Kate, beat Sir P. Blake's blk. b. a. Endor.

The remaining days' sport in Chippenham, Babraham, Stetchworth, and Dullingham Fields, were postponed on account of the frost.

ADJOURNED MEETING,

MONDAY, DEC. 13.

FIRST CHEVELEY FIELD.

1. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. p. Celia, beat Mr. Kortwright's bl. b. a. Kangaroo.

2. Captain Wyatt's bl. d. a. X Junius, beat Sir P. Blake's w. d. a. Emblem.

3. Mr. Wilkinson's bl. d. p. Czar, beat Mr. Kortwright's blk. d. p. Knave.

4. Lord Rivers's blk. and w. b. p. Regina, beat Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. d. p. Presto.

5. Mr. Kortwright's blk. d. a. Kutusow, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. d. a. X Jason, jun.

6. Sir P. Blake's brind. d. a. Exploit, agst Mr. Redhead's blk. d. a. Lounger.—Undecided.

7. Lord Rivers's blk. d. a. Regent, agst Mr. Upcher's bl. b. a. Platoff.—One loose only.

8. Captain Clayton's bl. d. p. Zealons, agst Mr. Wilkinson's red b. p. Cat.—Third dog loose.

9. Mr. Kortwright's red b. a. Kate, beat Captain Wyatt's br. b. a. X Jennett.

10. Lord Rivers's d. d. a. Reppress, beat Mr. Upcher's bl. and w. b. a. Paragon.

11. Captain Clayton's blk. b. a. Zenith, agst Mr. Kortwright's bl. b. a. Kiss.—No course.

12. Captain Wyatt's blk. and w. d. a. X Java, beat Sir A. Bertie's w. d. p. Tromp.

13. Mr.

13. Mr. Upcher's blk. b. a. Pet, beat Mr. Palmer's blk. b. a. Pink.

14. Sir P. Blake's br. b. a. Evil, agst Captain Wyatt's bl. b. a. X Jane.—No course.

15. Sir P. Blake's blk. b. a. Etna, agst Mr. Upcher's bl. b. a. Perdita.—Undecided, Perdita, won first turn.

16. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Lynx, beat Mr. Northey's Nimrod.

17. Captain Wyatt's blk. and w. d. a. X Juniper, beat Sir P. Blake's blk. and w. d. a. Endless.

18. Sir A. Bertie's red d. p. Tartar, agst Mr. Wilkinson's w. d. p. Cossack.—No course, kit hare.

19. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. p. Clio, beat Sir A. Bertie's blk. b. p. Tigress.

20. Sir P. Blake's red d. a. Ether, beat Captain Wyatt's blk and w. d. a. X Janus.

21. Sir P. Blake's r. d. p. Eurus, agst Mr. Northey's r. and w. b. p. Nettle.—No course.

22. Captain Wyatt's blk. b. p. X Julia, beat Captain Clayton's bl. b. p. Zelia.

23. Captain Clayton's blk. b. p. Zoa, agst Mr. Wilkinson's bl. b. p. Castle.—No course, two hares.

24. Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. b. p. Pepper, beat Lord Rivers's bl. b. p. Ransom.

25. Mr. Redhead's bl. d. a. Linkboy, beat Mr. Upcher's bl. d. a. Particular.

26. Sir P. Blake's r. b. p. Eva, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. d. p. X Johnny.

27. Mr. Upcher's r. and w. b. a. Pelter, beat Sir P. Blake's (Mr. Bliss) E Gipsev.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14.

BAABRAHAM FIELD.

There were 24 matches made for this day, which were not run on account of frost.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15.

STETCHWORTH AND DULLINGHAM FIELDS.

Thirty-two matches were made for this day, but not run on account of frost.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16.

STETCHWORTH AND DULLINGHAM FIELDS.

Thirty matches were made for this day, but not run on account of frost.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17.

STETCHWORTH AND DULLINGHAM FIELDS.

1. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cora, agst Mr. Redhead's p. Lynx.—Undecided.

2. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cossack, agst Mr. Kortwright's p. Kite.—Undecided.

3. Mr. Redhead's a. Linkboy, beat Mr. Wilkinson's a. Comet.

4. Sir P. Blake's a. Emblem, beat Lord Rivers's a. Remus.

5. Captain Clayton's p. Zaffar, agst Mr. Kortwright's p. Knave.—No course, did not see the hare.

6. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Clio, beat Sir A. Bertie's, p. Tiptoe.

7. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Castle, beat Mr. Kortwright's p. Kiss.

8. Mr. H. Redhead's a. Yorick, agst Lord Rivers's a. Rib.—Undecided.

9. Captain Clayton's p. Zelia, agst Sir A. Bertie's p. Tartar.—No course.

10. Sir A. Bertie's p. Thalia, beat Sir P. Blake's p. Eva.

11. Sir A. Bertie's p. Twist, reft. from Captain Clayton's a. Z.

12. Mr. Wilkinson's a. Chlo, beat Mr. Kortwright's a. Kate.

13. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cza, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zador.

14. Capt.

14. Captain Clayton's p. Zeal, beat Mr. Kortwright's Kangaroo.

15. Lord Rivers's a. Regent, agst Sir P. Blake's a. Exploit.—Twice in the slips, bad hare, no course.

16. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cat, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zoa.

17. Lord Rivers's a. Rap, beat Sir A. Bertie's p. Twist.

18. Mr. Wilkinson's a. Calista, agst Mr. Redhead's a. Lively.—Undecided.

19. Sir A. Bertie's p. Tigress, beat Sir P. Blake's p. Eurus.

20. Mr. Dover's a. Dart, beat Sir P. Blake's a. Evil.

21. Lord Rivers's a. Rebecca, beat Captain Clayton's a. Zara.

22. Lord Rivers's Rodney, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zarina.

Captain Clayton's Zarina, rec. ft. from Sir A. Bertie's Trump.

Not run for want of light.

23. Captain Clayton's p. Zaragossa, agst Lord Rivers's p. Rosetta.

24. Captain Clayton's p. Zodiac, agst Sir A. Bertie's p. Thunder.

25. Sir P. Blake's a. Emerald, agst Mr. Kortwright's Kutusow.

26. Lord Rivers's Ready, agst Mr. Syer's Q. Princess.

27. Mr. Bliss's Schoollass, agst Sir P. Blake's Evelina.

28. Sir P. Blake's (Mr. Douglas) hl. b. a. Quick, agst Mr. Mellish's (Mr. Bliss) brind. d. a. Flamingo.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

WESTLEY FIELD.

1. Lord Rivers's a. Rosebud, beat Mr. Kortwright's a. Kate.

2. Lord Rivers's p. Rosetta, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zaragossa.

3. Mr. Redhead's a. Linkboy, beat Mr. Wilkinson's a. Comet.

4. Captain Wyatt's a. X Janus, beat Sir P. Blake's Endor.

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5. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cora, beat Mr. Redhead's p. Lynx.

6. Mr. Kortwright's a. Knave, beat Sir A. Bertie's a. Thunder.

7. Lord Rivers's a. Repress, beat Mr. Redhead's b. a. Lively.

8. Lord Rivers's a. Ringdove, agst Mr. Kortwright's a. Kiss.—Undecided.

9. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Ceres, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zelia.

10. Sir A. Bertie's p. Tartar, beat Mr. J. E. Kemp's a. Frosty.

11. Lord Rivers's p. Rebecca, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zara.

12. Sir P. Blake's Emerald, beat Mr. Kortwright's a. Kutusow.

13. Lord Rivers's a. Rib, agst Mr. H. Redhead's a. Yorick.—Undecided, bad hare.

14. Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cossack, beat Mr. Kortwright's p. Kite.

15. Mr. Dover's a. Dart, beat Sir P. Blake's Emblem.

16. Sir A. Bertie's p. Tigress, beat Mr. Kortwright's Kangaroo.

17. Sir P. Blake's Exploit, agst Lord Rivers's a. Regent.—Undecided.

18. Lord Rivers's p. Ruler, beat Captain Clayton's a. Zealous.

19. Lord Rivers's a. Rap, beat Sir A. Bertie's a. Twist.

20. Lord Rivers's p. Ready, beat Sir A. Bertie's p. Thalia.

21. Sir P. Blake's Evelina, agst Mr. Bliss's a. Schoollass.—Undecided, only one dog saw the hare.

22. Captain Clayton's p. Zodiac, agst Mr. Bliss's p. Venture.—Undecided.

23. Mr. Wilkinson's a. Canute, beat Captain Wyatt's a. X Junius.

MONDAY, DEC. 20.

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

1. Mr. Kortwright's p. Kate, agst Captain Clayton's p. Zadoc.—Undecided.

2. Sir P. Blake's a. Exploit, beat Lord Rivers's a. Regent.

S

3. Capt.

3. Captain Clayton's a. Zealot, beat Sir P. Blake's a. Emblem.

4. Mr. Kortwright's p. Kutusow, beat Captain Clayton's p. Zara.

5. Lord Rivers's a. Ringdove, beat Mr. Kortwright's a. Ki's.

6. Sir P. Blake's p. Eva, beat Captain Wyatt's p. X Julia.

7. Captain Clayton's p. Zelia, beat Mr. Kortwright's p. Kuave.

8. Captain Wyatt's a. X Junius, agst Mr. Wilkinson's a. Canute.—Undecided.

9. Lord Rivers's p. Ransom, agst Mr. Wilkinson's p. Czar.—Third dog loose.

10. Captain Wyatt's a. X Juniper, beat Lord Rivers's a. Repress.

11. Lord Rivers's a. Rosalind, beat Captain Wyatt's a. X Jennett.

12. Sir P. Blake's b. a. Evil, beat Captain Wyatt's X Jane.

13. Captain Wyatt's p. X Java, beat Sir P. Blake's p. Euris.

14. Lord Rivers's p. Ready, agst Mr. Wilkinson's p. Cat.—Undecided.

15. Mr. Kortwright's a. Kate, beat Sir P. Blake's a. Emerald.

16. Mr. H. Redhead's a. Yorick, beat Lord Rivers's a Rib.

17. Captain Wyatt's a. X Jason, junior, beat Sir P. Blake's a. Endor.

18. Mr. Kortwright's p. Kangaroo, beat Captain Clayton's b. p. Zeal.

19. Mr. Wilkinson's a. Comet, agst Mr. Douglas's a. Quick.—Undecided.

20. Mr. Wilkinson's red b. p. Cobby, agst Captain Clayton's blk. b. p. Zoa.—Undecided.

21. Mr. Wilkinson's b. p. Cœlia, beat Captain Clayton's d. p. Zaffar.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15.

It was proposed by Sir Patrick Blake, and seconded by Mr. Upcher, that in future all Meetings shall take place on the third Monday in November. This alteration

is proposed in consequence of the repeated disappointments which have taken place on account of the frost. And the proposer and seconder of this motion, with many other Members of this Society, are not without hope that the gentlemen of the Swaffham Coursing Society will be enabled and be disposed to fix their Meetings earlier in the season, without causing any material inconvenience to themselves, so that the Newmarket Coursing Meeting may be rendered conformable to the wishes of many gentlemen who are members of both Societies, as well as convenient to the Gentlemen Members of the Wiltshire Club, whose distance from the sport is very great, and whose frequent disappointments have proved very serious.

It was proposed by Lord Rivers, and seconded by Mr. Upcher, that a cup should be established and run for at the Newmarket Meeting, according to the regulations of the Swaffham Society.

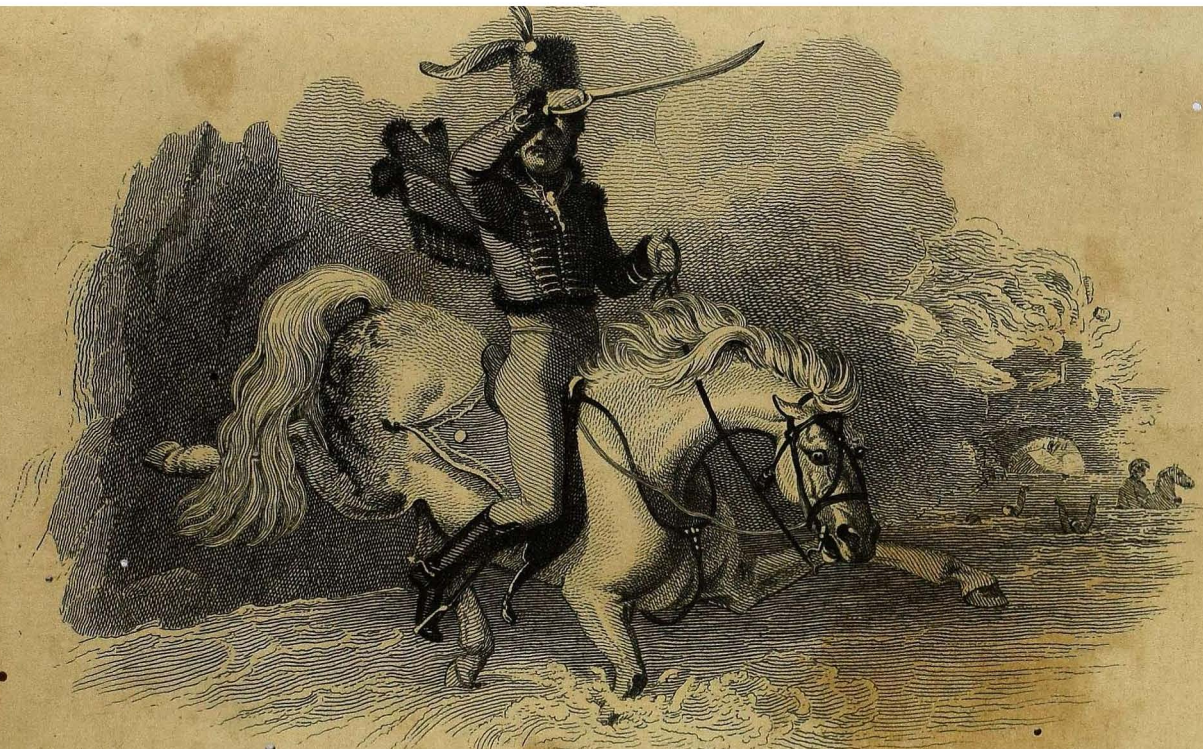
It was Resolved, that, in future, the Society should course on Monday, First Cheveley; Tuesday, Chippenham; Wednesday, Stetchworth and Dullingham; Thursday, Second Cheveley; Friday, where the Society assembled may fix upon; and Saturday, at Westley Field.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.—*An.*

Etching.

THERE is no accounting for taste, or else why should a subject of war be made a subject of sporting?—perhaps to introduce a fine horse into the design. This can be the only reason for it, and that but a bad oae. As, however, it is engraved and here, we must make the best of it, and proceed to furnish the history from which it is derived.

On



PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.

By Sir Peter Paul Rubens.

On the retreat of the French from Leipsic, and the disasters which befel Bonaparte's army upon that occasion, Prince Poniatowski mounted on a spirited horse, darted into the water, and appeared no more. The report of this disaster is told in the French papers, and is as follows —

"The Emperor had ordered the engineers to form some mines under the grand bridge which is between Leipsic and Lindenau, in order to blow it up at the latest moment: and thus to retard the march of the enemy, and give time for our baggage to file off. General Dulauloy had intrusted this operation to Colonel Montfort. This Colonel, instead of remaining on the spot to direct it and to give the signal, ordered a corporal and four sappers to blow up the bridge the instant the enemy should appear. The corporal, an ignorant fellow, and but ill comprehending the nature of the duty with which he was charged, upon hearing the first shot discharged from the ramparts of the city, set fire to the mine, and blew up the bridge. A part of the army was still on the other side with a park of eighty pieces of artillery, and some hundreds of waggons. The advance of this part of the army, who were approaching the bridge, seeing it blow up, conceived it was in the power of the enemy. A cry of dismay spread from rank to rank—'The enemy are close upon our rear, and the bridges are destroyed!' The unfortunate soldiers dispersed, and endeavoured to effect their escape as well as they could. The Duke of Tarentum swam across the river; Count Lauriston, less fortunate, was drowned; Prince Poniatowski, mounted on a spirited horse, darted into the water, and appeared no more. The Emperor

was not informed of this disaster until it was too late to remedy it. In fact, no remedy would have been possible. Colonel Montfort, and the Corporal of Sappers, have been handed over to a court-martial. It is impossible as yet to ascertain the losses occasioned by this unfortunate event, but they are estimated at twelve thousand men, and several hundred waggons. The disorder which it has occasioned in the army has changed the state of affairs. The French army, though victorious, is arriving at Erfurt, as a defeated army would have arrived there. It is impossible to describe the regret which the army feels for Prince Poniatowski, Count Lauriston, and all the brave men who perished in consequence of this fatal event. We have no accounts of General Regnier; it is not known whether he is taken or killed. The profound grief of the Emperor may be easily conceived, who sees from inattention to his wise dispositions the results of so many fatigues and labours completely vanishing!"

SPORTING OBITUARY.

ON Sunday, the 7th inst. aged 52, died Mr. Wm. Chown, lately an opulent grazier at Boston, and who in his progress through life, experienced, in no small degree, the vicissitudes of fortune. In his youthful days, he was a great lover of the sports of the field, and a wit.—A few years ago, he attended one of Mr. Chaplin's celebrated coursing meetings at Louth, and was then allowed to run the best dog, ride the best horse, was the best horseman, and cracked the best joke, of any of the light-hearted fraternity of sportsmen.—"Alas! poor Yorick."

FEAST OF WIT.

MUSICALS.—A fashionable haberdasher, who would fancy he had a voice for music, was continually bawling out to the old song of "Horns! horns! I defy you!" His wife, who was tired of his singing, begged him to desist, saying, with great truth, "that he might depend on it *that song* did not suit his voice."

STEEPLE CHASE.—A poor curate, observing a long account of a contest of this kind, observed, "that, had he a decent horse, no man was more qualified than himself, as he visited *four steeples* every Sunday."

THE late fashionable display of Orange ribbons may excuse the repetition of the following anecdote:—The Princess Mary married the Stadtholder of Holland about the year 1748, on which occasion *Orange* ribbons were worn by all the ladies of the Whig party, and also by some of the Tories, merely to conform to the fashion. Amongst the latter was Lady Masssey, who, sitting one evening opposite to Lord Chesterfield at the Opera, his Lordship, on a card, wrote the following lines, and sent them to her:—

"Little Tory! where's the jest
To wear an *Orange* on your breast?
When that same breast too plainly shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose!"

It was lately said of three well-known Counsel at the Irish Bar,

that one had nothing but *Law*, another nothing but *Jaw*, and the third *neither Law nor Jaw*.

'ON A LATE SALE OF HORSES.
Who said the proudest man alive
Could not be taught to "lead or drive?"
When he who *long* could drive so fast,
Is led to Tattersall's at last.

Royal Fun of good Queen Bess.
—The See of Landaff, though now one of the poorest, was before the Reformation one of the richest in South Britain. Henry the Eighth's Commissioners seized and appropriated nearly the whole of its lands. The first Protestant Bishop on his introduction to Elizabeth, was jocosely told by her Majesty, that "he ought to be called Bishop of *Aff*, as the *Land* was taken from his See."

IMPROMPTU.

*On seeing Captain Scott seated calmly on horseback, in the High Street, Lewes, three hours and a quarter, on a cold, dark evening, to make the animal lie down, and at last effecting his purpose.**

Immortal SHAKESPEARE's fine comment
On "PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT"
Sublime tho' 'tis,—had never been,
Had he SCOTT'S HORSE, and SCOTT but seen;

The Bard divine had changed his course,
And drawn his PATIENCE ON A HORSE!

Dutch practical patriotic joke, on a former occasion of insurrection in favour of the House of Orange.—The first insurgents at Rotterdam were in want of colours. At the instant, a strapping middle-aged woman, with a remarkable profusion of

* Vide page 90 of our last Number.

orange locks upon her head, presented herself to the notice of the mob; the most active of whom, as if seized by a sudden inspiration, saw in their patriotic and active sister, a fine and truly coloured substitute for a standard. In a moment they hoist her up—reverse her, and parade her through the streets in a reversed state, rending the skies with acclamations, of *Orange Boven!* (Orange upwards.) This was a joke quite calculated for the Dutch taste, and equally so for the interest of the woman who was the subject of it. She had afterwards a small pension for life conferred upon her.

TOAST given at a public dinner in Norfolk:—"Leipsig Races, and may their next Spring meeting be held on the French side of the Rhine."

ON WALTZING.

What! the Girl I adore, by another embraced?

What! the balm of her lips, shall another Man taste?

What! touch'd in the twirl, by another Man's knee?

What! panting, recline on another than me?—

Sir, she's your's—from the Grape you have press'd the soft blue,

From the Rose you have shaken the tremulous dew:

What you've touch'd you may take:—pretty Waltzer—Adieu!

A LEATHER-seller having been defrauded by his servant of various articles in his trade, applied to an attorney for advice, as to the proceedings he should adopt, who recommended, without hesitation, the *lex talionis*, a good horse-whipping, whereby his servant would lose leather also.

Copy of a Letter from the late William Huntington, to the Rev. Mr. Parsons, at Bath.

"Bristol, Nov. 6, 1786.

"REV. SIR,—If God permit and you approve, I will honour your pulpit next Thursday evening; honour it I say, with the person of the vilest sinner that ever lived, in possession of a hope that can never die. If you want to know my pedigree—I am by birth a beggar, by practice a devil, by trade a coal-heaver, by profession and possession, a sinner saved; by principle a stiff dissenter. If you or your people are fond of the original languages, of eloquence, oratory, or grammar, I am the man that can disappoint them all. But if apostolic ignorance will suit them, they will go nigh to get a few scraps of that—my degrees will promise nothing further.—I remain affectionately yours,

"W. HUNTINGTON."

THE following curious circumstance occurred some evenings since, at a village not far distant from New Buckingham, Norfolk:—As a farmer (a very corpulent man) was amusing his family by relating to them sundry anecdotes, &c. he suddenly thought of one which pleased him so much that he fell into a violent fit of laughter; but all on a sudden he heard something burst, and conceiving it to be a blood-vessel, he immediately fell back in his chair, and insisted on no person touching him until the arrival of a surgeon, who was dispatched for with all possible speed, but living at some distance, he was not able to reach the afflicted man for more than half an hour. On his entering the room he found the person declining on his chair, and was

was informed by the family that he had not moved himself since he was first taken. The surgeon now began to examine the body of the suffering patient, and, after a very diligent search, found, to his surprise, that the only thing which had given way was the *waist-band* of his *small-clothes*. The surgeon here finished his examination, and informed the farmer it must be a *tailor*, and no one else, who could cure him.

MR. EDITOR—In looking over some manuscript scraps of a deceased friend, I found the following lines, written in 1778, when it was reported Colonel O'Kelly would quit the turf; and as I do not believe they have ever appeared in print, perhaps some of your readers may find the same amusement in perusing them as they afford to yours,

T. B.

Of the *turf* when he quits it O'Kelly may
say—
Of its pleasure and profit have I had my
day;
And on it have *Charlotte* and I danc'd the
Hay;
But what by this *turf* in return will be
said,
When beneath its cold surface O'Kelly is
laid!
Why that he who once had all the *turf* to
himself,
And suffer'd no shares in illgotten pelf,
But hedged off and on till he always
rose winner;—
This militia man bluff, this chairman so
rough, and this jockey so tough,
Of *turf* now possesses not more than
enough
To cover the body of one wretched
sinner!

A BOY reading aloud the inscription during the illuminations at Drury-lane Theatre, pronounced the word *Allies*, *Alleys*; upon which a Punster observed, that he

was not so much out, as it was in honour of Foreign Courts.

ANECDOTE OF LUKE MACAN, Esa.—The late Dr. L. Macan, of Armagh, was a man of strong feelings and humanity. At theatrical exhibitions he became so absorbed in the spirit of the drama, as totally to forget that the scenes were merely imitations of actions in human life. To the eyes of Macan, there appeared in these representations to be no fiction; all seemed reality, and he felt all the passions represented by the actors in their full energy. In the year 1782, Macan was present at the performance of a play in Armagh. An interlude was introduced, in which a poor woman was represented as vainly endeavouring to excite the commiseration of a greedy old man, her near relation, for herself and seven starving children. Her intreaties, her tears, were vain.—The old miser spurned her from him. Macan, who viewed the scene with a stern and indignant eye, cried out—"So, so! Damn the curmudgeon. So, poor woman, there's half-a-crown for you, (throwing the money on the stage.)—Come here! come here! we'll all give you something. Let the old rascal go to hell!"—On another occasion, a pilferer was exhibited as stealing a handkerchief from the pocket of his companion, who missed the article purloined, and taxed the other with the crime.—The thief solemnly denied the theft, and began to appeal to heaven in proof of his innocence—"So! you scoundrel, you lie!" said Macan, "I saw you take it! Search, search the rascal's right coat pocket, and, my honest fellow, you'll get it there!"

SPORT.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

EARLY in December, that well-known stallion *Staveley*, the property of Mr. Chadburn, of Blyth, Nottinghamshire, was found dead in the stable by the groom.—He is supposed to have been poisoned, but by what means is not ascertained.—*Staveley* was got by Shuttle; his dam by Drone, Match'em, &c.—He won the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster in 1805, and several other Stakes and Matches.

THE Duke of Hamilton has purchased *Molineux*, by Hambletonian, dam by Shuttle.—Mr. W. Wilson has sold *Tom Tit*, by Dick Andrews, into Scotland.—The Duke of St. Alban's has purchased the *Knave of Diamonds*, by Diamond.—And Mr. Knapton, of York, has sold *Black Trophonius*, by Sorcerer, to go into Russia.

LATELY died, at Epsom, Surrey, Mr. Northey's filly, by Gamnut, out of Ralphina.—She was a favourite for the Oakes Stakes, 1814.

SSMALLHOPES by Hambletonian, dam by Sophia, by Buzzard, grandam Huncamunca, by Highflyer, great grandam Cypher, by Squirrel, out of Fribble's dam, will, we understand, cover this season at Bloxworth, near Blandford, Dorset, at 5gs. and 5s.—Young King Bladud, by King Bladud, out of Fanny, at the same place, at 2½gs. and 5s. Smallhopes is rising eight years old.

ON Tuesday, the 14th inst. the

Warwick November Races took place, and were attended by a numerous and genteel company. The ground was rather heavy from the previous wet weather. The first race was for the Hunters' Stakes, five guineas each, fifteen subscribers, two-mile heats, and won by Mr. Bawcutt's bl. h. Indian, beating Mr. Bisset's Heliogabalus, Mr. Sedgley's b. m. Judy Ready, and Mr. Chambers's br. h. Hit or Miss; a good race.—Lord Middleton's Plate of 50 guineas, was next run for, and won by Mr. Bawcutt's br. h. Little Fidget, beating Mr. Fowler's br. g. Scribe, and four others, won very easy. There was afterwards a match for 50 guineas, between Mr. E. Cattle's b. m. and Mr. R. Robbin's c. m. the latter fell, and lost the race.

AMONG the proceedings of the House of Lords this month, we notice the hearing of the following appeal, from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, in which the subject bears some affinity to sporting:—"In the cause Dempster and others, against the Magistrates and inhabitants of St. Andrew's, in behalf of themselves and all those who choose to play at the game of Golf on St. Andrew's links, Sir S. Romilly and Mr. Brougham, were heard for the appellants, and Mr. Adam and Mr. Horner for the respondents. The object of the original action was to prevent St. Andrew's links from being converted into a rabbit-warren;

ren; the apprehension of which had (as Mr. Brongham stated it) thrown the whole civilized world into the utmost alarm; and subscriptions had even been entered into at Calcutta to maintain the action. Golf was described to be a national Scotch game; upon which the Lord Chancellor expressed his satisfaction, that there was no ground in England, south of Northumberland, where the soil was so bad, and the grass so thin, that it could be played. It was stated, however, at the bar, that the game was often played on Blackheath. The complaint being, that rabbits injured the Golf course by scraping and scratching it, his Lordship asked, whether it was not the nature of Scotch rabbits to *scratch* better than the English rabbits?—This appeal has not, we believe, been yet decided by the House.

HANOVER.—The possession of this district will furnish a recruit of the large-sized cream-coloured horses, the breed of which had fallen off in the pastures of England.

SIR John Shelly, who stands unrivalled as a shot, bagged thirty-five brace of partridges, from his own gun, in two days, lately.

A FEW days since a horse, belonging to Mr. Harison Carr, of Beddingham, Suffolk, for which he had recently been offered ninety-four guineas, broke his thigh, in his spirited exertions to rise, after being cast to undergo the operation of the cautery. Necessity, of course, compelled Mr. Carr to order the poor animal to be shot.

ON Friday, the 26th ult. a fox was so hard pressed by the Brook-

side hounds, Sussex, after a run of more than eight miles, that Reynard, to escape them, threw himself over the cliff, near Rottingdean, and broke his leg; a man was, however, let down the precipice by a rope, who secured him, but when it was discovered that his limb was broken, and that he could afford them no future sport, poor Reynard was mercilessly thrown amongst the pack to be destroyed, but against whom he spiritedly defended himself for a considerable time, notwithstanding his weak and wounded state.

ON Tuesday, the 7th instant, at the Guildhall, York, before the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, and the sitting Magistrates, George Whorler, of Sutton on the Forest, carpenter, was convicted in and paid three penalties of two pounds each and costs, for selling three hares to James Turner, of that city; and the said James Turner was also convicted in the like penalties and costs for buying the same.

So many trespasses have been committed this season by unqualified persons of the city of Winchester and neighbourhood, that, we understand, there are now nine surcharges for keeping dogs without entering them as the Act requires, and eight informations against others for sporting without a game certificate. It is hoped this will prevent improper persons using a gun, as a gentleman this month passing near the Stockbridge turnpike road felt the effects of some of the shot which had been fired at a hare by one of these unqualified persons.

EARLY on Tuesday morning, the 14th

14th inst. two men were discovered by the game-keeper in the service of the Earl of Onslow, in the act of destroying the pheasants in a preserve at West Clandon, near Guildford, Surrey. On being attacked, one of them immediately made off; the other, a remarkably athletic young fellow, of the name of Harris, snapped his blunderbuss at one of the keepers, which happily missed fire, and after a most desperate resistance, he was secured, and committed for the sessions under several charges.

ON Friday, the 17th of this month, the Commissioners of Hackney-coaches convicted John Seabright, the driver of No. 898, in the penalty of fifteen shillings, to be paid to the poor of the parish of St. James, Westminster, for cruelly beating one of his horses.—A truly laudable conviction.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday, the 29th of November, a journeyman taylor, for a wager of five pounds, undertook to go to Salt Hill, Berks, and return to London (forty-two miles). He did the ground in seven hours and twenty minutes, seven hours and a half having been allowed, and he halted twenty minutes in his way.

Thursday, the 9th inst. F. Yates, a groom, engaged, for a wager of ten pounds, to go on foot, in three successive hours, from Shoreditch church, to the twelve-mile stone, at Theobalds, Herts, and back again.—He started at seven o'clock, at a very moderate pace, stopped at Edmonton about ten minutes, proceeded on his journey, and arrived at the twelve-mile stone, at twenty-five minutes after eight o'clock; and, after taking a short refreshment, started on his return; when

he reached Tottenham, he began to be tired, in consequence of the roads being so very heavy, but being supplied with a light pair of shoes, and having taken a tumbler of warm brandy and water, he appeared quite refreshed, and arrived at the starting post ten minutes within the given time.

A man of the name of Westwood, weighing 16 stone, undertook, on Friday, the 10th, in the King's-road, London, to go a mile in five minutes, at two starts. He ran two minutes and halted five, when he started again, and won the match, having eight seconds to spare.

On Monday, the 29th ult. Robert Ellerby, of Wold Newton, Yorkshire, started to go 30 miles in four hours and 20 minutes, over Cansdale race course, which he performed within 12 minutes of the time. He is an athletic man, and would, it is thought, have been a match for one of the first raters had he begun earlier in life.

A match which has been long depending, was decided on Thursday the 16th, in London Field, Hackney, Middlesex; between a man of the name of Thomas Dudley, aged 74, who has acquired great celebrity in the sporting world by running on stilts; and a sailor, who is equally noted for a short heat. About three o'clock they started, for a considerable sum, the wager having been previously made that the sailor was to give the veteran 50 yards at starting, and that the distance which they should run should be an hundred yards. The old man came in, leaving his antagonist at a distance of 30 yards, to the no small amusement of a great concourse assembled on the occasion. The old

man performed the distance in 10 seconds.

Tuesday, the 7th of December, a pedestrian of some note, from Huntingdonshire, of the name of Richall, undertook, without training, to walk from the top of Oxford-street to Bushy Heath, near Stanmore, and return, the whole being 22 miles in four hours. The pedestrian did half the distance something within time, but he failed on his return, and had more than six miles to perform, when lame and knocked up. The match was for twenty guineas.

On the 1st instant, a young man named Earl, undertook, for a wager of five pounds, to go on foot from the Obelisk, in Fleet-street, London, to Clapham, Surrey, and back again, in two hours and a quarter, the distance marked out being 16 miles. The morning was highly favourable, and he came in two minutes within the time.

A Dutchman, of 14 stone, of the name of Hoggorf, undertook, on Wednesday, the 22d instant, on the Cranford-bridge road, to go two miles in 11 minutes, which is considered a first-rate performance. The pedestrian did the first mile in five minutes and eight seconds, fresh and well; but he was three minutes going the next half mile, and he resigned the disagreeable task. The match was for five guineas.

On Monday, the 13th instant, was run, in the Earl of Egremont's park, Petworth, Sussex, a foot-race, by Mr. May Upton, of that place, surveyor; and a young man from London, of the name of Leach. The distance was 200 yards. The race was well contested for about one hundred and eighty yards, when the Londoner was obliged to yield to the superior

strength and agility of Mr. Upton, who thence gained upon him, and beat his opponent about two yards. Very considerable bets were depending, and so confident were the friends of the stranger of his success, that three to one were betted against Mr. Upton. The race had excited much interest, and the concourse of spectators was very great from the adjacent, and some distant towns in Sussex and Surrey. Mr. Upton has been lately appointed Surveyor and Clerk of the Works to the new intended Wey and Arun Navigation.—On the above match, a punster remarks, "It has always been said, that *land-surveyors* went over ground rather too quickly for their employers; but now that Mr. May Upton has beaten one of the quickest runners in England, and is just appointed *surveyor*, it may be expected that he will go over more work in a given time than any surveyor in England.

On Wednesday, the 24th ult. Thomas Swain, of Belvoir Castle, for a wager of twenty pounds, carried a weight of 20 stone, one mile, and won with great ease, performing the task in 23 minutes, although he is in the 56th year of his age.

PUGILISM. — The *Manchester Mercury* lately contained the following letter:—"To the Editor; Sir, Having observed in the *Manchester Gazette* of Saturday last, a CHALLENGE from a Mr. Ethorington, of Kasley, near Bolton, to Mr. Carter and myself, I do hereby accept the said challenge, on the following terms:—"To fight within three weeks or a month from the date hereof, for any sum exceeding 100l. Fifty pounds to be deposited on Thursday evening next,

next, by each party, in the hands of respectable gentlemen, as security for the due performance of the above articles, and to be forfeited in case of failure.—With all due respect, I remain, Sir, yours,

“THOMAS MOLINEUX.

*Duke of York Tavern, Shudehill,
Manchester, Dec. 20th, 1813.*”

A severe contest, between two ostlers, of the names of Farren and Wentworth, took place on Tuesday the 7th instant, on Ditchley Common, near Longford, for ten guineas aside. Neither of the men possessed science further than giving, and no two ever displayed greater ferocity, and more marks of violence. They fought *ninety-seven rounds, in two hours and forty minutes*; it was courageously maintained, and one was knocked down in almost every round. It was at length made a drawn battle, when neither could see nor stand.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, NOV. 30.

Gregory v. Fraser.—This was an action brought by a Billiard-table-keeper, in George-street, Hanover-square, to recover 50*l.* odd, for money lent and advanced, for the use of the billiard-table, and for wine, &c.

Mr. Park having opened the case, called,

—Goodchild. He was about 13 years of age, and was a marker to Mr. Gregory. His master lent Mr. Fraser 40*l.* at one time, and small sums on other occasions. When Fraser asked for the 40*l.* he was much intoxicated, and Gregory said it was a serious sum, but if he would come the next day he should have it. The next day, at one o'clock, he accordingly came, and had the sum in a 30*l.* note and small ones; and he gave Mr. Gregory his “drafts,” besides, he had

port wine, which cost eight shillings per bottle!

Cross-examined by the Attorney-General.—He had seen Mr. F. play many times with Mr. Collins, who used to visit the room. He had also seen a young person in naval uniform with Mr. F. and playing with him; and she afterwards came there in her own attire! She was not always dressed in naval uniform—[“Now” said Sir W. G. “tell the truth, and shame the Devil,” pointing to the plaintiff; and asked in what shape the 40*l.* was advanced? The lad repeated, in notes.] Mr. F. put the sum in his pocket and went away. *Miss Sinclair* was present, but she was not dressed in naval uniform. Mr. G. was not much acquainted with Mr. Fraser—he brought him one night out of Bond-street in an *intoxicated* state! He (witness) was the only marker that Mr. G. now had—*Collins* used to be the marker. Collins played with different gentlemen that might come in—but he had no salary from Mr. G.—he was obliged to live upon what he could win! The draft for 40*l.* was afterwards put in. It was a dirty piece of paper, and without a stamp, simply signed by Fraser, promising to pay 40*l.* It was not received as any proof of the debt, because it could not, having no stamp on it; but as an instrument to illustrate the nature of the transaction.

The Attorney-General, for the defendant, stated, that his client was a young man of fortune, and had been enticed into the *hell* of the plaintiff, for the purpose of being pillaged, either by the plaintiff himself, who was the head *imp*, or by his assistant *imp*, Collins, whose character could be sufficiently understood. As to the claim

claim of the plaintiff, he considered it as a gross attempt to commit a fraud on a young man, who had already suffered pretty severely for his folly.—The Attorney-General then called Miss Sinclair, who deposed that she was never at Gregory's but once—that she there saw Mr. Gregory, Mr. Fraser, and a fellow named Collins. Mr. F. was very tipsey, and came to her house that evening in such state. He played two games only (in the bill there were fifteen charged.) Wine was fetched for Fraser—two bottles. She went to the room in boy's clothes. Gregory lent some money to Fraser, 3l. and gave the draft in return, and on the one being shown to her just exhibited, she said it was the same. This was at night, and must have been in the winter season as it was very cold. [The draft was dated 25th of May, 1813.]

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up, said, that the Jury of course would scarcely think of allowing for the wine supplied to a drunken man at a gaming table. As to the 40l. "draft," they had to determine between the evidence of the boy and the woman; indeed if they disbelieved him on that head, they could not believe him very well on minor points. Respecting the 40l. item, this could not escape them, that it was on an uncouth and an unstamped piece of paper; and certainly it did seem rather extraordinary that a person of Mr. Gregory's watchfulness and of the caution which he must have imbibed should have lent so "serious" a sum as 40l. on such slender

security, when, according to his own account, the transaction took place at mid-day, and it would have been so easy to obtain stamps. But on these extraordinary facts it was the Jury's province to determine.—The Jury almost instantly returned a verdict for *the defendant*.

A Receipt (of great use) for a Consumption.—A late celebrated Physician observes, that talking, reading with an audible voice, singing, and laughing, much contribute to the cure of this complaint. They all promote the circulation of the blood through the lungs, and tend to strengthen those important organs, when used in moderation. But laughing has the advantage over them all, inasmuch as the mind co-operates with it. He adds, "May unfading laurels bloom to the latest ages on the grave of him (Sterne) who said, that every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life." Sterne was so partial to laughing, that he caused himself to be so painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Boerhaave, that prince of physicians, says, he himself was much addicted to laughing, and which, he believed, much contributed to the healthy old age he enjoyed.—He used to call mirth the salt of life—a great blessing to mankind, and that laughter was an invaluable nostrum, which Nature had denied to every other animal.

That Melancholy in our coffins drove the
nails,
and, no doubt,
That every time we laugh we draw one
out.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall endeavour to insert a part of W. H. B.'s communication in our next number.—X. Y. Z.'s poetry is very indifferent; and as to the Jest, it is much older than Joe Miller.—The purport of VIATOR's request was inserted a few months ago, in a letter from another Correspondent.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Liston in a new Farce performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, called "FAIR GAME."

THOUGH I'm neatly equipp'd,
I had rather be whipp'd
Than go forth with their game-keeping
gang,

For my nerves all declare
They're unable to bear
The smook, and the shock of—*slap-bang!*

Oh, dear! The smook and the
shock, &c.

My Mother keeps crying,
"Child, learn to shoot flying;"
As well she might bid me go hang:
I prefer much I own
The fair game of the town
To the game of the field with—*slap-bang!*
Oh, dear! To the game of the field,
&c.

There so smart drest a figure
Can ne'er pull a trigger,
But down drops his bird at first twang;
Where no partridge on flight,
Whether red-legg'd, or white,
That's not bagg'd, without smook, or—
slap-bang!

Oh fine! That's not bagg'd, &c.

Though with gold touch-hole bright,
And a sharp silversight,
This chap [HIS GUN] may go off with a
flang,

In that case, Master Dickey,
Perchance he may kick ye,
If you trust him to make a—*slap-bang!*
Dear me! If you trust him, &c.

To prevent such a plot,

I'll first put in the shot,
Ev'ry creature to guard from death's
pang,

Then the gunpowder on it,
[Continues loading.]

My life now upon it,
'Twill give neither smook or—*slap-bang!*
'Twill give neither, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE night was dark, and many a
cloud,
O'erspread the black and threat'ning
sky,
The roaring billows thunder'd loud,
And almost drown'd the seaman's cry.

When hapless Henry, forced to rove,
Far from Eliza's blissful arms,
And doom'd in secret grief, to prove
The faithless ocean's dire alarms,

Alone, unmov'd, his eyes upcast,
Submission pictured on his look;
Leaned thoughtful near the bending
mast,
Whilst all his frame, with anguish
shook.

The dreadful thunder roared around,
And o'er the waves the ship was tost,
'Twas here despair a shelter found,
And every rising hope was lost.

At length he spoke, and faintly cried,
(But yet from fear his heart was free)
In peace my love, I could have died,
But, ah! I grieve to part from thee.

He

He said no more—a mighty wave,
At once to ease his misery came,
And as poor Henry sought a grave,
The rocks resound Eliza's name.

R. P.—R.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN NEW YORK, IN NORTH
AMERICA.

*Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno
Cynare.*

Hor. Ode I. Ad Venerem.

WHAT is a Bachelor?—a thing,
A non-descript without a sting;
A pipe unfill'd with Joy's mundungus,
A mule—a manakin—a fungus;
A sterile rock, or seedless grass,
A rusty key—an ought—an ass;
I'll have a Co, if I can get her—
Who would be thus, who could be
better?

I'm full of wind, or bile, or grief;
'S'blood I'll turn o'er another leaf;
As Nature's ebb'd to half my term,
I'll take a partner in the firm.
The cunning, in their cautious will,
Would, with a prop, descend the hill;
I've pass'd the *rubicon* of wealth;
I've topp'd the height of manly health;
And, as I gaze adown the steep,
I see the human phantoms creep;
The lame—the pestilent—the blind,
And I'm not many leagues behind;
Odsniggins, what a truth to know:
The more we are, the more's our woe!
Squeeze the ripe clusters in my glass,
I'll drown the thought, and hail my
lass;

I'll inundate my bane in wine,
No statute bids the heart repine;
We'll circle Hope, and scorn to stir,
Despair's at best a sniv'ling cur;
Though *Bergen's** poor, and *Neuport**
garish,

There's happiness in every parish;
I'll have a spic'd *bonne bouche* to eat;
I want some pickles to my meat;
Time gnaws me (ah that I could noose
him)

While I, a blockhead, but abuse him;
The Tyrant scuds, like *Dian's* hounds,
But even as he runs, he wounds;
Hemars my vitals—spoils my geer,
Yet still my motto's NEVER FEAR;

Those hours we waste, for Love design'd,
Proclaims the folly of our kind:
What are we at! The deuce is in it,
That either sex should slip a minute;
The orbs of beauty lose their rays,
And man, imperial man, decays!
I'll quit these temples, which we sin in,
I want a Dame to darn my linen:
To read the Bible; warm my slops;
Tuck up the bed and broil my chops:
Lead me from Error, like a fairy,
And skim the cream, in Passion's dairy:
To share the nectar of my bowl,
And smooth the angles of my soul:
'Tis woman, lovely woman, gives
The zest to him who truly lives:
Though Cynics satirize and flout 'em,
By Jove we cannot do without 'em;
Now *Joans* and *Xantippes* are rare,
Women are better than they were!
That is if they've been bad at all,
Which yet is problematical.
And infant Stetes, the *Magi* say,
Exact new shoots as trees decay;
Should nymphs live spinsters, like old
Clio,

Pray who will people the *Ohio*?
I'll have my fill of nuptial pleasure,
Honour and arms demand the measure!
Where shall I meet the rosy maid?
I'll seek *Circassia's* spicy glade;
Or *Lesbian* bow'r, or Greek alcove;
Or *Cnidus'* amaranthine grove;
The *Sophis'* blazoning *Serail*;
The *Paphian* grot, or Egypt's vale,
Or *Tempe*, where the *Sylvans* dwell:
But zounds, *New York* will do as well!—

Marry, says Impulse.—Tell me Hy-
men,

For you're accustom'd long to try men;
How I shall choose a loving wife,
Who'd fan the breezes of my life;
Direct me, genial God, to woo,
But recollect—I'm fifty-two;
Advance, said Cupid, on with brav'ry,
But he's a rogue and full of knav'ry.
I think his agency not wise,
Besides, the boy has lost his eyes—
There's *Kate* and *Delia*, *Bell* and *Bess*,
Would take a snack at Rapture's mess;
A Relict too, both sleek and kind,
Pregnant with sweets as either *Ind*:
These hussies play about my station,
And heat my dull imagination;
Eliza's flushed with youth and beauty,
But who can tell her scale of duty;
Codgers, inveigle nymphs too late,
Then blame those faults themselves create.

* Two towns in New Jersey.

Your moralists may preach and tire,
But cannot damp the bosom's fire;
And he's a varlet, who'll pretend,
To separate the cause and end—

Bella's a wench whose radiant charms
Would draw the Thund'rer to her arms;
She trips, as *Atalanta* gay;

She warbles like the Syren's lay;
But ever ogling, nodding, gadding,
And that in wedlock, sets us madding;
Her coquetry's made many sick;

She broke the heart of honest *Dick*!
I must not venture there, because.

The Gypsy's slurr'd Discretion's laws—

The pretty *Dowager*, they say,
Breathes odours like the florid May;
Her hazel orbs announce new blisses;

Her pulpy lips are wet with kisses,
She smacks their ruby dew, and seems
To relish Mem'ry's brilliant dreams:

She calls on men for Love's devotion,

And all her atoms are in motion;

She's got a farm and wood, I hear,

Wash'd by a rill, supremely clear;

Some oxen too, in wild *Kentucky*,

But horns, in marriage, are unlucky:

She's plump and buxom, rich and glow-

ing,

But then your widows are so knowing,

They'll have the payment, when they've

said it:

Young traders take a bill on credit!—

Kitty hath wit, but what of that,

I'll have no witty wife, that's flat:

I have but little, Heaven knows,

And e'en that little's made me foes!—

Delia, ah *Delia*, she's my choice;

When she appears, the lads rejoice;

Delia's good humour'd, e'en when warm,

Good humour rides out many a storm:

Should Care assail in ruin's garb,

She'd search my soul and draw the

barb:

To peace she dedicates her youth:

Her faith to God—her love to Truth;

Infuses balm to the distressed,

And is divine, in blessing, blest.

Now social Charity is blind,

I'll leave this burning world behind,

To policy I give her imps,

That vile, perturbed haggard limps:

In shades to *Delia*, I'll incline,

Be comfort and the muses mine;

Bring me the Zone from *Nephe's* side,

Sweet *Hebe's* vest—the *Persian's* pride;

The lucid gem—the sapphire plume;

A mantle from the *Tyrian* loom.

Yet this is frivolous and vain,

Delia's most charming when most plain:

Too good to hate, or to be hated,

'Tis piteous such a girl's not mated;

Hither then Hymen, with your *suite*,
I'll lay my fortunes at her feet;
I'll have her (tell the gods) with glee,
That's *entre nous* if she'll have me!

A. P.

New York, April 1, 1806.

SONG,

Composed by BROTHER KELLY; sung by
BROTHER TAYLOR, at a Grand As-
sembly of Freemasons, at Freemason's
Tavern, on the Union of the Two Grand
Lodges, on St. John's Day, 17th of De-
cember, 1813.

HARK! I hear the Warden call—
“Masons to your sports away;
Join the banquet in the hall;
Give your hearts a holiday.”

When around the festive bowl,
We delight in song and glee;
Gay and open is the soul,
When it feels secure and free.

Joyous as the jest goes round,
Taunt nor gibe can Masons fear;
None, by sacred pledges bound,
Prate again of what they hear.

When we toast the fair we prize,
Not a tongue shall slander tell;
Masons' hearts, by honour's ties,
Guard the sex they love so well.

And tho' we fill our glasses high,
Feeling still shall warm the breast;
We have not left the poor man dry—
So our cheerful cup is blest.

GLEE,

Composed by BROTHER ATTWOOD, for
three voices, and sung on the same occa-
sion as the above.

In Masons' hearts let joy abound!
Let the fraternal health go round!
Fill all the bowls, then!—fill them
high!
Fill all the goblets there!—for why,
When Masons meet, should they be dry?
Why, Sons of Candour, tell me why?

Our work is done. We've fed the poor;
We've chas'd the wolf from sorrow's
door.

Fill

Fill all the bowls, then!—fill them
high!

Fill all the goblets there!—for why
Should ev'ry mortal drink but I?

Why, Sons of Morals, tell me why?

ANACREONTIC.

CLOSE not those eyes! for they were
made

Like stars, to grace the midnight
shade,

Where Wine and Love are bliss bestow-
ing,

Balmy sighs, and goblets flowing.

Let them, with fresh lustre glowing

Borrow light from Bacchus' shrine;

And, with wakeful pleasure smiling,

The hours of ebon shade beguiling,

Shed around me bliss divine!

As on the cold waves glassy way

The sparkling orbs of ev'ning play,

While o'er the chilly surface gleaming,

It seems with warmth and splendour
teeming,

So, the eyes of beauty beaming

O'er the bowl—else cold to me,

Their brilliant fires it seems to borrow,

And, chasing ev'ry vulgar sorrow,

Fills my soul with harmony!

Smile, O smile! nor suffer sleep

Alone such treasur'd charms to keep;

While Love, the hours from Morpheus
stealing,

Brighter beauties still revealing,

Ev'ry wound of sorrow healing,

Shakes around his dewy wings;

And borne thro' rapture's giddy mazes,

While the midnight taper blazes!

The darts of care to darkness flings!

RIDICULE.

HOW times are chang'd!—In days of
yore,

Good wives and daughters pockets wore;

They deem'd them useful—found them
warm,

Hung at their side below the arm.

That custom now has got the cool,

Turn'd into modern—RIDICULE.

Through summer's fervor, winter's snow,
Lightness, in dress, is "all the go"—

"Lord! What a sight for men to mock
at,

Would be a Lady with a—*pocket*!"

FLAVIA, just from the boarding-school,

Exclaims, and sports her—RIDICULE.

Philosophers may poze their brain,

Effects and causes to explain;

But *Gravity* has lost, in fact,

Its former pow'r the fair t' attract;

And *Nature's*, *NEWTON's*, sober rule

Quite superseded—RIDICULE!

The rose from Beauty's cheek is fled—

The smooth, white arm turn'd rough and
red!

While, shivering in the frosty breeze,

His pale Mamma sad Cupid sees;

He cries, "desist to play the fool!"—

Shes smiles—and shakes her—RIDICULE.

Our modern Eves attempt in vain,

To brave stern Winter's rigorous reign:

Dire rheumatism, consumption, cough,

Will seize them, and *take many off*!

Not physic's skill, nor Bath, nor
Streule,*

Can save the dupes of RIDICULE.

QUIZZICUS.

Ireland.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON SEEING HER DANCE.

OH! may you walk as years advance,
Smooth and erect, as now you
dance;

May you on each important stage,

From bloom of youth to wither'd age,

Assert your claim to merit's eyes,

In which are center'd heav'nly joys:

Observant of decorum's laws,

And moving with the same applause,

May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,

Direct your steps with equal praise;

Its intricate meanders trace

With regularity and grace;

From the true figure never swerve,

And time in every step observe;

Give ear to harmony and reason,

Nor make one motion out of season!

Thus will life's current gently flow,

And pour forth every bliss below;

Till, nature failing, time shall bring

Death with his dart—but not his sting!

* *Streule Well*, a noted and much-frequented spring, near Downpatrick.

