

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

JANUARY, 1814.

No. CCLV7.

CONTENTS.

The Rat-Trap, an Engraving	153	On the Game of Chess, its Origin, &c.	177
Surrey Fox-hunting	153	Character and Manners of the Cossacks ..	181
Review of Powis's Pamphlet on the different Systems of Shoeing	155	On the Usefulness of the Toad	185
Bettings for the Derby, Oaks, Oatlands, and St. Leger Stakes	159	More Anecdotes of Cooke, the Comedian ..	184
The usual Manner of spending a Day in Persia	160	Curious Orthography	185
Alphabetical List of the Winning Horses, &c. in 1813	161	Skating in the Isle of Ely	186
Singular Game Case—the Earl of Aboyne v. Innes	165	A Wild Bear rubbing himself against an Oak Tree	187
Poisoning of Horses	166	FEAST OF WIT	188
Review of Smith's Treatise on the Glanders continued	168	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	191
The View Hallow; or, Folly in Praise of all the World	171	POETRY.	
Pedigree and Performances of Mountaineer ..	173	Freemason Installation Ode	197
The Trick of Swallowing the Sword	175	Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of Mr. John Cooke	199
Deep Play checked, an Anecdote	176	On the Singing of a Modern Lady of Fashion ..	199
		Songs in "Narensky, or the Road to Ya- roslaw"	199
		RACING CALENDAR	41
		RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA	44

Embellished with,

I. THE RAT-TRAP, an Engraving.

II. A WILD BEAR rubbing himself against an Oak Tree, an Etching.

THE RAT TRAP.

Painted by COOPER, and engraved by
SCOTT.

THE subject selected for our first Plate this month, is that of a boy, who, having caught a rat in a trap, is about to deliver it up as a *bonne bouche* to the unrelenting jaws of two young and eager expectants of the canine race.—The picture was designed, as well as painted by Mr. Cooper, and being willing to encourage efforts of the fancy in a young and deserving artist, we caused it to be engraved, and now offer it for the approbation of our numerous subscribers.

SURREY FOX-HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting
Magazine.

SIR,

I Request you will insert the following reply to a letter which appeared in your Magazine of last month:—

To J. A. B.

SIR—Like yourself, I am partial to the manly amusement of fox-hunting, and have partaken of the sport in almost all the counties of England; but of late years my concerns have called me to London, which has obliged me to take the diversion in the most convenient manner. It has been my custom occasionally to visit all the

U hounds

hounds in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, but the Craydon pack has been most commonly those I have hunted with; I therefore consider myself capable of speaking as to the establishment and the country, and to give you answers to your enquiries in your letter of the 27th of November, 1813. Your first serious observation is the difficulty the juvenile huntsman had in gaining the attention of his pack after a fox had broke covert. This might arise from one of two causes—the one, that they were hunting another fox; secondly, it is probable that the huntsman was down wind where the fox broke, and that neither the whipper-in or the hounds heard him. An old huntsman would have been content to have hung to the fox in covert, and have taken the likely chance of coming away handsomely with him. Your observation leads me to think that you have been accustomed to hunt in those counties where furze coverts are only known, and these inconveniences never occur.

Running to ground is a frequent termination to a chase in Surrey, as every landholder preserves rabbits to a certain degree upon his farm for the amusement of his friends who visit him from London, and it is difficult to distinguish those burrows that are occasionally used by foxes, and in general would take a long time to dig out, being situated in a bank with broad hedge-rows; nor am I surprised at the spaniel giving the first information. The appendages to a farm-house in Surrey are two or three of those mongrels and a lurcher or two, who are sure to join in the fox-hunt as soon as they hear the halloo, and I have never known

a season pass without several foxes being caught by these unsolicited assistants, and in many instances the workmen have time to take up the fox and retire from the field. However unsuccessful I may have been in satisfying your mind upon the former observations, I do not the least doubt but that I shall be fortunate upon the last, viz. "You wonder that so near the metropolis, and where no expence is spared, that so ill regulated a pack should exist." I admit that a certain expenditure is necessary, but an unrestrained expence is folly. Money to an establishment is no more than flour to a cake, which, if not put into expert and well-informed hands to mix with proper ingredients, will make but an unsavory food—so in this case; though Mr. M—, who is the sole manager, is beyond all doubt one of the most able men in his line, and I may venture to say, has the clearest head of any man employed by Government—he has neither time nor a mind capable of bending to such minutiae as are necessary to render a fox-hunting establishment perfect; therefore the money here is wasted, and the great and important concerns which must be always upon his mind have occasioned the many blunders he has been guilty of; and I think he will soon find out that to be paymaster is a situation more adapted to him, than to be manager and director. I cannot but congratulate you on your good fortune in meeting so many sportsmen that would do honour to any country; for it has been generally my misfortune to find, the larger the field (which sometimes is very numerous indeed), that they considerably increase the confusion, and the total ignorance of the whole concern is more clearly displayed.—

Now

Now Sir, I believe I have taken notice of all your observations, allow me, as a brother sportsman, to say that I cannot conceive any person, however intelligent, capable of deciding upon the merits of an establishment, or the probability of sport in a country, from one day's attendance. I am certain I may state, without the fear of contradiction, that Surrey, with its permanent and natural difficulties, added to occasional inconveniences, (which I never saw happen in any other county) is the worst in England. A fox in this county starts with every advantage; in sporting counties the hounds have the advantage, or else the great Mr. Meynell, Mr. Ward, Mr. Smith, Mr. Osbaldeston, Stephen Goodall, J. Shaw, W. Dean, R. Grant, and other celebrated characters, have passed their lives in idleness.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF ALL SPORTS.

• POWIS ON SHOEING.

AN EXAMINATION of the DIFFERENT SYSTEMS of SHOEING the FEET of HORSES: particularly the Thin-Heeled System of the College, and the System now practised in the Prince Regent's Stables. To which also is added, a Description of the Kind of Feet to which each of those different Systems will apply with effect; with particular Directions for preparing the Foot, in all Cases, for being shod.—By R. POWIS, Veterinary Surgeon.—Dedicated most respectfully to Colonel BLOOMFIELD.

THE Pamphlet at present before us, is verily of a different de-

scription and tendency to that which engaged our attention in the last Number. This acute and well-trained veterinarian, starts with a caveat against *everlasting fasteners*, hoaxers, and humbuggers of all kinds, who will at some seasons, off their guard, pop out—"If the public do but buy every one of my locks, my fortune is made; and censure and contempt, in my opinion, are very light evils indeed, when accompanied by a full pocket."—Humph! What an unfortunate and uncourtly coincidence, if applied to *iron frogs*! How much more touchingly unfortunate still, should the report of a certain old, profound, and sagacious apothecary be correct, that the very counterpart of the above sentiment, *totidem verbis*, was uttered by a man, not a *professor* of lock-making! Nevertheless, Mr. Powis seems to have his veterinary cue, and to act the part of an able courtier. He is determined, if possible, to keep all those sweet who may have it in their power to do him good or harm. Can any one do otherwise than commend his discretion, and wish him the contingent reward?

To speak without reserve, we apprehend the main purpose of this pamphlet to be that of advertising the public of the residence of an able shoer of horses, and provided the said pamphlets be all disposed of, no doubt such is the cheapest mode of advertising. Moreover, the thing is smartly written, an accomplishment of which we have so many and striking examples in this literary age, when *scribimus toti, docti, indoctique*, not that we rank Mr. Powis with the latter. Far less do we rank him as an unskilful *farrier*, for although he tells us nothing new, his advice and directions are generally good and useful;

ful; and in such respect, we recommend both his book and his services to the public, wishing him all the success which he appears to merit. Granting his publication to be chiefly intended to recommend his practice, he is heartily welcome to the effects of the full extent of our circulation, with the same view. Our duty, however, obliges us to have some small concern with it, before we part.

We think Mr. P.'s reiterated reprobation of the idea of one kind of shoe for all kinds of feet, is weak. It used to be the plea of the illiterate common farrier, against every attempt at improvement. In the mean time, what man in his wits ever conceived such folly? But a good shoe may be made for the generality of feet, which is the object. We were about to object to this gentleman, his treating us with the 'cock of the hat,' but checked ourselves in a moment, as a man must march in the rank to which he belongs: Mr. Moorcroft's shoe! Mr. Coleman's shoe! Colonel Bloomfield's shoe! and why no more—or why so much? But, as Mr. P. justly observes of Moorcroft, p. 16, "who prescribed the flat foot, to give his system altogether an air of novelty, that never-failing passport to notoriety, though in nineteen instances out of twenty, is certain to be short-lived." Now the author might, with the utmost truth, have said the same of the residue of his discoverers, and in fact he tells us plainly, p. 16, that the Carleton-house shoe (Col. B.'s) is the same as that used by Clarke of Edinburgh; and he might have added, that the shoe of Clarke himself was essentially, with some addition in point of substance, that of Osmer, a name so guardedly, and

with so much reason, concealed by all our new discoverers. With respect to the supposed new improvement of Colonel Bloomfield, adopting the College, that is, Osmer's thin-heeled shoe, with such feet as were calculated for it, that plan precisely, was adopted by Mr. Lawrence more than thirty years since, with the concurrence and assistance of Snape and several of the best farriers of that day, as will appear by a reference to his *Treatise on Horses*.*

A word or two on discoveries, before we quit their peculiar share of the subject before us:—"On correcting a presumed error of Professor Coleman," says our author, p. 21, "the only shade of error attributable to him, is want of reflection (a weighty error indeed!) He published his system before pupils enough had been benefited by his personal instructions, so much as to know when the depth of the heels would admit of its application (the low-heeled shoe), and when not." Now persons who knew Mr. Coleman previously to his veterinary career, give quite another turn to the affair. They aver that, on his appointment to the professorship, being totally devoid of practical knowledge in horse-shoeing or management, he had himself need of instructions, which he had however the industry to seek, both from our writers, and from the experience and the failures of his predecessor, St. Bel.

We are thence led to a very important topic, on which, as a practical man, it certainly behoved Mr. Powis to have been explicit; instead of which he has maintained, *altum silentium*, a dead silence. *Are, or are not, the majority, or an average of the saddle-horses of this*

* See *Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*, Vol. I. p. 557, &c.

country, when possessed of good, sound, and full frogs and quarters, able to endure the friction and concussion of the roads, wet and dry, with the thin-heeled shoe, which leaves those parts exposed? Is not Mr. P. aware of this old and hack-nied question, or has not his share of experience reached it? Strange as it may appear, we have known, and do know, many farriers and veterinarians in great practice as shoers, endowed with the smallest possible share of the kind of practical experience alluded to. He acknowledges, that the indiscriminate application of the thin-heeled shoe had brought it into disrepute, but public report goes much further, and Colonel Bloomfield's practice, as well as that of a great majority in the country, appears to sanction the necessity, to be lamented as it undoubtedly is, since no support can be so stable and secure as that of the adhesive frog and quarters. Mr. Percival, of Woolwich, we find quoted, as having successfully used the thin-heeled shoe for the artillery horses during sixteen years, a proof, however, by no means conclusive, if extended to speedy travelling over the roads, with the generality of horses.

In another co-relative branch, we fear our veterinarian decides with too much confidence. In the case of the deep, or ass-formed hoofs and wiry heels, we have nothing to do, it seems, but pare down the crust and clap on a thin-heeled shoe, or even *a la Fosse*, or racing tips, and all will be well—the frogs and quarters receiving pressure, will extend, afford a firm tread, and the nag will be sound. Most assuredly it is the proper and legitimate remedy in the case, but so far from being infallible, that many horses, as the writer of this

has had occasion to know, will, under such circumstances, in work, be far more lame than before. As the Irishman said to his master—what am I to say, if he don't come? And we may say after him, what is to be done next? For, the frogs and heels, and often the no frogs of horses of this description, are so extremely tender, although hard to the touch, as to be in a constant state of inflammation, when exposed in work to the concussion of the roads. Indeed such are of little worth for road work, although they may figure in the park, on the pavement, or the parade. On the topic of paring the sole, too, Mr. P. writes not like a man well informed on what had been done in earlier times. There is not an atom of novelty, nothing indeed but the notoriety of two halfpenny rolls for a penny, in his College paring the sole. However, let him not mislead himself or others on that head. A needful paring along the crust, ought not to lead to the old and ticklish measure, so fatal to horses' feet in general, of paring to produce a concave sole. A good sole, of itself sufficiently tough and elastic, is not often liable to injury, but the best cannot afford the waste of much paring. Defect of sufficient paring the horse's hoof, must indeed be a novelty of the first water. Of that no man can justly accuse the common farriers, God help us—from the days of Gervase Markham to the present, and with respect to the improvers, and those who stickled most for the integrity of the sole, from Osmer to this time, a moderate and sufficient paring has been generally recommended. The ancient remedy of the bar shoe is the last and best resort.

Mr. Powis concludes with some good

good common directions to grooms, and a stylish compliment to the Veterinary College, the pupils of which, according to him, are generally well educated sons of farriers. "These young gentlemen," says our author, "are not only initiated in the various parts of the *Materia Medica*—but in chemistry!" The next novelty, then, we conjecture, will be, that our horses are to be shod chemically. The College has, without dispute, dispensed many of those benefits, originally expected from its institution, and many of the class of farriers have retired thence, after their term, repaid by a portion of valuable instruction. The Veterinary College has also had the frequent effect, a misfortune it must be allowed, of superadding an equal share of coxcombry to the gross-est ignorance.

This may be as proper a time and place as any, for introducing a few quotations from the long, and almost forgotten book of Osmer, celebrated by Mr. Lawrence, as the father of English horse-shoeing, from whose principles and practical instructions, all our late improved methods are derived, whether of the upper class of farriers, or of our scientific veterinarians. William Osmer, as we recollect, about the years 1764 or 1765, occupied those very premises in, then Oxford Road, from which Mr. Moorcroft lately retired. Osmer was equally unfortunate as his successor, being, as was in those days reported, shamefully abandoned, after promises of patronage and support, by the opulent possessors of horses, who at last sapiently preferred the witchcraft of common farriers and leeches, to the science, practice, and common sense of Osmer. We have wit-

nessed many similar instances, with sentiments of utter and merited contempt, and did we aim at personalities, could give a copious and highly respectable list.

Extracts from Osmer.—"But because La Fosse has said, the sole and frog should never be pared, many of our countrymen, mistaking his meaning, have taken into another extreme, and so have not pared the foot at all. Yet it is necessary that the crust of all horses which are shod, should be pared more or less, according to its different degree of strength."—P. 14 and p. 26—"It must be understood that it is impossible to pare the crust, without taking away some of the adjacent sole; and it is also requisite, in order to obtain a smooth and even surface, so far as the breadth of the shoe reaches, and no farther."—(*College paring.*)

"The thick and strong crust of a deep and hollow foot cannot be pared down too low, so that the quick be not touched." P. 15.

"The shoe to be made quite flat, of an equal thickness all around the outside, open and most narrow backwards at the extremity of the heels for the generality of horses—diseased frogs requiring the shoe to be wider backwards; and, to prevent this flat shoe from pressing on the sole, the outer part thereof is to be made thickest, and the inside gradually thinner. The sole will be so preserved from pressure, and the pecker admitted. The frog will then touch the ground—p. 16, 17." For weak heels, Osmer allowed a greater substance of iron, with a variation in forming the shoe for various feet and circumstances.

"Let every kind of foot be kept as short at the toe as possible, so

as

as not to affect the quick, p. 24. The heel of the shoe, on all strong and narrow-heeled horses, should be made straight at the extreme points; the shoe, on no horse, should be continued farther than the point of the heel.

"Now this flat shoe is not to be made with a smooth surface, after the French manner, but channelled round, or what is called fullered after the English manner, by which the horse is better prevented from sliding about, and the heads of the nails are less liable to be broke off, yet our artists (farriers) not one in twenty of them, can make these flat shoes, though a pattern lies before them, for which reason they generally dislike and condemn them," p. 29, 30. (Moorcroft the close imitator of Osmer, though of high pretensions as the pupil of a French Veterinary School, experienced a similar difficulty, fifty years afterwards. I hope our modern farriers have, at least, other proofs, to adduce of their improvement. We have ourselves formerly found the same difficulty.)

"In such (La Fosse's shoe) the heel of the horse rests in some measure upon the ground, receives some share of weight, and is by means of such weight and pressure, kept open and expanded." p. 35. (Pressure.)

We find mixed even with the common sense of Osmer, and a most incongruous mixture it is, a repetition of the Hallerian hypothesis of the torpidity and inelasticity of animal tendons—that favourite theme, formerly, not latterly, flashed with such confidence of superior intelligence, by our great Veterinarians and the young gentlemen their pupils. Osmer gives it with the standard logical proof, which he supports by ano-

ther and singular proof from his own experience, that tendons themselves, as well as tendinous fibres, are susceptible of being elongated and strained!

P. 11.—"All tendons are unelastic bodies." Bottom of the same page—"the tendon is elongated and strained."

P. 12.—"I know there are many people who maintain tendons to be elastic bodies, but it is a ridiculous and vulgar error; for all tendons or muscles are confined to their proper sphere of acting; and from hence it will follow, that if they were elastic, the force of any muscle, part of which is tendinous, would be eluded, before such tendinous part could act on its proper object."

P. 38.—"The tendinous fibres of the leg are more or less strained and elongated." P. 55.—"Straining the tendons of the leg, and what is called a letting down, or relaxation of the sinew." But enough of this—Osmer being one of the first practical horsemen of his day, whether upon the road, the turf, or the field, constituted the superior value of his book; joined to this, his abilities as a surgeon were said to be respectable.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the Derby, Oaks, Oatlands, and St. Leger Stakes, 1814.

DERBY.

- 3 to 1 agst Canopus colt, out of Bobtail.
- 8 to 1 agst Lord Stawell.
- 10 to 1 agst Partisan.
- 14 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's filly.
- 15 to 1 agst Magician.
- 16 to 1 agst Brother to Sagana.

- 16 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's colt.
 20 to 1 agst Sir C. Bunbury.
 20 to 1 agst Brother to Hedley.
 25 to 1 agst Lon Lowther's Sorcerer colt.
 30 to 1 agst Brother to Joke.

OAKS.

- 7 to 1 agst Mr. Hewitt's filly.
 10 to 1 agst Vittoria.
 10 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's filly.
 11 to 1 agst the Sister to Whalebone.
 14 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's Selim filly.
 25 to 1 agst Mr. Scaith's filly, by Haphazard.

OATLANDS—FIRST CLASS.

- 4 to 1 agst Sir J. Shelley's Otterington.
 5 to 1 agst General Grosvenor's Defiance.
 7 to 2 agst Mr. Ladbrooke's Octavius.

SECOND CLASS.

- 7 to 2 agst Lord Lowther's Aquarius.

THIRD CLASS.

- 7 to 2 agst Duke of Rutland's Grimalkin.

ST. LEGER.

- 10 to 1 agst Duke of Hamilton's b.c. William, by Governor.
 13 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's br. f. Alfana, by Dick Andrews.
 14 to 1 agst Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Norton, by Hyacinthus.

A DAY IN PERSIA.

A Man of rank in Persia generally rises before the sun, he says his prayers, and then enters his decwan chanu; his Kuleean is brought him, perhaps some fruit; and here it is that he expects his visitors and dependants. He is probably engaged with them till

nine o'clock, listening to the reports of the morning, settling disputes, and arranging domestic concerns. It is now time for him to visit the Prince or the Governor; and if he is likely to be detained there beyond mid-day, preparations are made for conveying his chast (dinner). He pays his obeisance, and takes precaution to remain sufficiently long in the presence of the person he visits to attract his observation. His Kuleean always accompanies him; and when he thinks he can retire unnoticed, he regales himself with smoking. At noon the Governor probably retires, which is a signal for all those who are attendants to depart. When he returns home, the chast is brought, and eaten with a good appetite. The mid-day prayers are to be said, after which he retires to sleep till three o'clock. He may again have to attend the Duri Khoona; if not, he pays visits; or if he is too high a personage, he remains at home to receive them. He has to perform the Numaziusur, or afternoon prayers. When it becomes dark, the carpets are spread in the open air, and with either his friends or dependants he prepares to pass the night. The Kuleean supplies the intervals of silence; and if he can afford it, a set of Georgian slaves exert themselves for his amusement. The evening prayer is now to be said. In Persia it seems to be an established custom for every person to perform his five daily prayers: this is an observance which is but little attended to in India. The Numazi is a ready excuse for the absence or idleness of a servant. About ten the shoom (supper) is brought, and the hour of eleven usually closes the eventful day.

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

(Continued from page 134.)

<i>Ages.</i>		<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
BY STAMFORD, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)		
4.	AGNES Sorrel, Mr. Don's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Lamberton; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50l. at Kelso; the King's Purse of 100gs. and 50l. at Carlisle; also 110gs. at Dumfries	6
8.	Anna-Maria, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, 60gs. at Burton	1
3.	Chesnut Colt, (dam by Benningbrough) Mr. Bettison's, 25gs. at Nottingham	1
4.	Delight, Mr. Grant's, 50l. at Grimsby	1
4.	Don Julian, Mr. Shawe's, 144l. 10s. at Manchester, 50gs. at Ormskirk, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Warwick, also 45gs. and 50l. at Walsall	5
3.	Emily, Mr. Udny's, 50l. 50gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket	3
4.	Langold, Mr. T. Duncombe's, 275gs. and one of the Subscription Purses of 233l. 15s. at York	2
4.	Macaroni, Mr. Lambton's, 60gs. at Newcastle	1
4.	Marciana, Mr. Garforth's, 100l. at Pontefract, also the King's Purses of 100gs. each, at Lincoln and Doncaster	3
3.	Richard, Lord Queensberry's, 40gs. and 50gs. at Irvine, also 50gs. 80gs. and 50gs. at Ayr	5
4.	Salamanca, Mr. Baillie's, 50l. at Lamberton, 50gs. at Irvine, also the King's Purse of 100gs. and 50gs. at Edinburgh	4
5.	Sophia, Mr. Chaworth's, 90gs. at Nottingham	1
4.	Trajan, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, a Handicap Purse at Newcastle, and the Gold Cup at Lincoln	2
4.	Viscount, Sir W. Maxwell's, 140gs. at Catterick; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Durham; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Stockton; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 190gs. in specie, at Preston; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Pontefract; also 150gs. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and upwards, at Doncaster	7
BY STAR, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)		
9.	Mr. Gundy, Mr. Shawe's, 75gs. and 50gs. at Goodwood	2
BY YOUNG STAR, (SON OF STAR.)		
6.	Arthur O'Bradley, Mr. Ogle's, 60gs. at Morpeth	1
BY STAVELEY, (SON OF SHUTTLE.)		
3.	Bay Colt, (dam by Alfred) Mr. Bettison's, 50gs. at Nottingham	1
2.	Black Colt, (dam by Moorcock) Mr. Scarisbrick's, 120gs. at Durham	1
BY STRIPLING, (SON OF PHENOMENON.)		
3.	Chesnut Filly, Mr. Bramble's, 150gs. at Flambrough	1

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
BY TEDDY THE GRINDER, (SON OF ASPARAGUS.)	
6. Barbara, Mr. Calley's, 100gs. at Stockbridge, and 50gs. at Salisbury.....	3
3. Candidate, Mr. Kneller's, 25gs. at Salisbury.....	1
BY TITYRUS, (SON OF ALEXANDER.)	
3. Chesnut Colt, (dam by Meteor) Sir W. W. Wynne's, 60gs. at Derby, and 50gs. at Holywell.....	2
2. Sister to Melibœus, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 75gs. at Holywell.....	1
BY TRAFALGAR, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)	
4. Euryalus, Mr. Vansittart's, 25gs. and 50l. at Newmarket; Lord Lowther's, the Oatlands Stakes of 360gs. at Ascot-Heath, 180gs. and 120gs. at Bibury, also the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Leicester.....	6
BY TOTTERIDGE, (SON OF DUNGANNON.)	
4. Jesse, Mr. Mills's, 99gs. and 89gs. at Winchester, twice 50l. at Bath, 35gs. (being one-half of a divided Stakes) and 50l. at Stockbridge, 50l. at Salisbury, twice 50l. at Blandford, 60gs. at Chippenham, also 80gs. and 50l. at Monmouth.....	12
4. Polyxena, Mr. Pearce's, 50l. at Yarmouth.....	1
BY TROMBONE, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)	
5. Caroline, Mr. Pearce's, 50l. at Chelmsford, also 60gs. and the Gold Cup at Lewes.....	3
BY TRUE-BLUE, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)	
3. Rastopchin, Duke of Rutland's, 45gs. at Newmarket; also 50l. and 50gs. at Leicester.....	3
BY TRUMPATOR, (SON OF CONDUCTOR.)	
4. Anastasia, Lord Lowther's, the Stewards' Cup, value 50gs. at Chelmsford.....	1
4. Bodkin, Mr. Lucas's, 50l. at Guildford, 50l. at Exeter, and 50l. at Bodmin.....	3
7. Japan, Mr. A. Goddard's, 50gs. at Stockbridge.....	1
5. Merry-go-round, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 200gs. and 150gs. at Newmarket.....	3
BY TRUMPATOR, (MR. HARRISON'S)	
3. Latona, Mr. Vickers's, 100gs. at York.....	1
BY VERMIN, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)	
5. Aspern, Mr. Starling's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Ascot-Heath.....	1
4. Somebody, Sir T. Mostyn's, 50l. and 70l. at Chester, 50l. at Bridge-north, also 60gs. at Holywell.....	4
BY VERNATOR, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)	
9. Romeo, Mr. Dundas's, 50l. at Oxford, 40gs. at Abingdon, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Reading ..	3
BY WALNUT, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)	
2. Bay Gelding, Mr. Kneller's, 25gs. at Salisbury, and 50l. at Bridge-water.....	2
2. Bay Mare, Mr. Pursall's, 45gs. at Burton-upon-Trent.....	1

Ages.

No. of Prizes.

BY WALTON, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

4. Accident, Mr. Eades's, 50l. at Oxford, twice 50l. at Reading, 60gs. at Burderop, and 90gs. at Newmarket 5
4. Chesnut Gelding, (dam by Dungannon) Duke of St. Albans's, 50gs. at Lewes, and 50l. at Barnet 2
4. Tooley, Mr. Craven's, 200gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket 3
3. Wallflower, Mr. Bacon's, 60gs. and 50gs. at Newbury, also 50l. at Chippenham 3
3. Waltonia, Mr. Radclyffe's, 175gs. at Stockbridge, and 50gs. at Salisbury 2
4. Young Walton, Mr. Peach's, the Gold Cup at Huntingdon; Lord Falmouth's, 50l. at Exeter, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50gs. at Bodmin, also 50l. at Bridgewater 5

BY WARRIOR, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

4. Boadicea, Sir T. Stanley's, 60l. at Manchester 1

BY WARTER, (SON OF KING FERGUS.)

3. Chesnut Filly, (dam by Sir Peter) Mr. Bell's, 60l. at Morpeth 1
6. Chesnut Mare, Mr. Uppley's, 80gs. at Lincoln 1

BY WAXY, (SON OF POT80's.)

2. Bay Colt, (dam by Buzzard) Lord Stawell's, 30gs. at Newmarket 1
6. Brown Horse, (dam by Sir Peter) Mr. Lacey's, 50gs. at Nottingham 1
4. The Captain, Mr. Craven's, 500gs. and 25gs. at Newmarket 2
3. Handel, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
3. Jest, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
4. Joe Miller, Duke of Grafton's, 300gs. at Newmarket 1
3. July, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 25gs. and 40gs. at Newmarket 1
3. Music, Duke of Grafton's, the Oaks' Stakes of 1175gs. at Epsom 1
3. Vulpecula, General Grosvenor's, 105gs. at Newmarket, 50gs. and 600gs. at Ascot-Heath, also 50gs. at Newmarket 4
5. Web, Lord Jersey's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Chelmsford .. 1
6. Whalebone, Mr. Ladbroke's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Guildford, also the King's Purse of 400gs. and 60gs. at Lewes 3
3. Wilful, Duke of Grafton's, twice 100gs. at Newmarket 2
4. Woeful, Duke of Grafton's, twice 200gs. 50gs. 150gs. 75gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 6

BY THE WELLESLEY GREY ARABIAN.

3. Ball Sloven, Mr. Morris's, 50l. (in dispute) at Warwick 1

BY WHISKEY, (SON OF SALTRAM.)

9. Ad Libitum, Mr. C. Day's, twice 50l. at Cardiff 2
3. Barsac, Mr. Biggs's, 75gs. at Salisbury; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 50gs. added, and 25gs. at Burderop 3
5. Coniac, Mr. Sadler's, 50gs. at Burderop, and 46l. at Basingstoke 2
3. Redmond, General Grosvenor's, 75gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket, also 250gs. at Holywell 3
5. Rival, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. at Newmarket, and 100gs. at Bedford 2

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
10. Spy, Mr. Thornhill's, 100gs. at Abingdon, and 105gs. at Newbury	2
5. Sprightly, Mr. Blake's, 200gs. at Ascot-Heath	1
3. Tilbury, Mr. Whitmore's, 100gs. and 70l. at Knutsford	1
3. Venus de Medicis, Mr. J. Richardson's, 50l. at Lincoln	1
BY YOUNG WHISKEY, (SON OF WHISKEY.)	
6. Anthonio, Duke of Grafton's, 50gs. at Newmarket	1
2. Black Gelding, (out of <i>Raida</i>) Mr. Grisewood's, 30gs. at Newmarket	1
6. Erebus, Mr. Lucas's, 50l. at Totness, 50l. at Exeter, and 50l. at Bodmin	3
2. Skipjack, Sir C. Bunbury's, 150gs. at Egham, also 25gs. and 50l. at Newmarket	3
4. Spotless, Major Wilson's, 150gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket, 50l. at Bedford, and twice 50gs. at Newmarket	3
BY WINDLE, (SON OF BENINGBROUGH.)	
3. Bay Filly, (out of Green-Dragon's dam) Sir R. Brooke's, 60gs. at Newton	1
4. Don Rodrigo, Sir W. Gerard's, 50l. at Catterick, the Silver Cup, value 60gs. with 45gs. in specie, at Newcastle, and 300gs. at Doncaster	3
BY WITCHCRAFT, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)	
3. Belvidere, Mr. Cox's, 50gs. at Salisbury	1
3. Elymas, Mr. Calley's, 50gs. at Salisbury	1
BY WORTHY, (SON OF POT80's.)	
9. Pembroke, Mr. Parling's, 50gs. at Epsom, and twice 50gs. at Brighton	3
BY YOUNG WOODPECKER, (SON OF WOODPECKER.)	
5. Slender Billy, Mr. Glover's, 50gs. at Newmarket	1
6. Woodman, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, one of the Subscription Purses of 233l. 15s. at York, 100l. at Carlisle, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Northallerton	3
BY EAGLE, OR GAMENUT.	
2. Filly, (out of <i>Ralphina</i>) Mr. Northey's, 300gs. at Epsom	1
BY METEOR, OR DIAMOND.	
4. Ambo, Mr. Price's, 60gs. at Chester, 70l. at Preston, and 50l. at Nottingham; Mr. Shawe's, 190gs. at Holywell	4
BY SIR PETER TEAZLE, OR BENINGBROUGH.	
5. Cœlebs, Mr. Hallett's, 176l. at Bath, 50l. and 55gs. at Abingdon, twice 50l. at Newbury, 145gs. at Kingscote, and 50l. at Basingstoke	7
BY WINDLE, OR YOUNG CHARIOT.	
3. Chesnut Colt, (dam by Buzzard) Sir W. Gerard's, 100gs. at Newton, 200gs. at Preston, and 100gs. at Ormskirk	3
BY YOUNG WOODPECKER, OR BARNABY.	
4. Rowland, Duke of Leeds's, 250gs. at York	1

WINNING

WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1813,

WHOSE GETS WERE UNKNOWN TO THE COMPILER.

<i>Ages.</i>		<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
a.	Bandy, Mr. Webster's, the Silver Cup and Purse, value 50gs. at Derby	1
	Bill Soames, Mr. G. H. Dundas's, 40gs. at Stirling	1
	Brandon, Mr. Ashton's, 50gs. at Croxton-Park	1
	Clayhall, Mr. Purling's, 50gs. at Lewes	1
5.	Cowslip, Mr. VEVERS's, 46l. at Hereford	1
6.	Dairy-Maid, Mr. T. Ward's, 50l. at Oswestry	1
	Drury-Lane, Mr. Meyler's, 50gs. at Croxton-Park	1
	Fleet, Mr. Nichole's, the Cavalry Cup at Blandford	1
6.	Hebe, Mr. Niccoll's, the Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry	1
	Hermit, Mr. Charlton's, 50gs. at Croxton-Park	1
	Jack, Mr. Bragg's, 50gs. at Worcester	1
6.	Julia, Mr. Hart's, 71l. (in dispute) at Abingdon	1
	Lamplighter, Mr. L. Weeks's, a Silver Cup at Burderop	1
5.	Lily, Mr. G. Curtis's, 46l. at Basingstoke	1
5.	Lincoln-Lass, Mr. Peacock's, a Stakes at Burton-Hunt	1
	Little Ben, Mr. Charlton's, 65gs. at Worcester	1
	Observer, Mr. Litchford's, 75gs. and 60gs. at Stamford	2
	Pat, Capt. Richardson's, 50gs. at Brighton	1
	Potatoes, Mr. W. Wells's, 100gs. at Peterborough	1
6.	Quirk, Mr. Platel's, twice 50gs. at Peterborough	2
a.	Slamerkin, Mr. H. D'Aeth's, 200gs. and 100gs. at Canterbury	2
	Shughurne, Mr. Maher's, 80gs. and 70gs. at Croxton-Park	2
5.	Teddesley, Mr. Ward's, 45gs. at Walsall	1
	Tramper, Sir H. Mildmay's, 50gs. at Croxton-Park	1
a.	Wellington, Mr. Webster's, 65gs. at Burton-upon-Trent	1

SINGULAR GAME CASE.

THE following game case was lately decided in the Second Division of the Court of Session, Edinburgh.—The *Earl of Aboyne*, plaintiff; *Innes*, defendant.

Mr. Innes, of Balnacraig, holds his estate of Ballogie, in Aberdeenshire, with the liberty and privilege of fowling in the Forest of Birse, which had been conferred on his predecessors by the Bishop of Aberdeen, to whom the property of the Forest anciently belonged. This forest is now the property of

the Earl of Aboyne, and as the game which it contains is an object of considerable importance, his Lordship had recourse to legal proceedings, for the purpose of putting a stop to certain encroachments in the way of sporting, which had been made by neighbouring heritors; and with respect to Mr. Innes's privilege, he contended, that it was of a personal nature, and could not be communicated to friends and gamekeepers, or at least that it could not be communicated.

municated unless Mr. Innes was himself of the party. That gentleman, on the other hand, maintained that his right was entitled to a liberal interpretation, and that he was entitled to communicate it to any friends whom he might choose, as well as to his gamekeepers, and such had been the manner in which it had been exercised by his predecessors from time immemorial, and he referred to the ancient Forest Laws in support of his plea.

Lord Meadowbank, before whom the cause originally came, considered Mr. Innes's right as one of a very unusual nature; but, as it was admitted by the Earl that this Gentleman had such a right, his Lordship proceeded to give judgment on its import, sustaining Mr. Innes's defences. "in respect that this privilege implies, from the very nature of it, a right to communicate the same to friends, gamekeepers, and assistants, when conferred without an express restriction in that respect."

The cause having been carried to the Inner House, a remit was made to the Lord Ordinary, to consider whether the right or franchise in question is communicable as the ordinary franchise of hunting and fowling; when his Lordship found that "the said privileges may lawfully be exercised by the defender personally, or by his gamekeeper, duly authorised for that purpose, or by any qualified friends whom he may permit, whether his tenants on Ballogie or not, or whether the defender be personally present or not; but always in such way and manner as not to be abusively exercised or encroached unreasonably on, or absorb the general right of fowling as well as hunting,

belonging to the pursuer, over the said Forest."

This judgment was afterwards adhered to by the Court.

POISONING OF HORSES.

MR. Stokes, a considerable dealer in horses, lately lost (by dying almost suddenly) two fine horses, worth about a hundred pounds each. A fortnight after, a similar misfortune occurred to two other equally valuable animals in his stables, the circumstance of whose death excited considerable suspicion that they had been poisoned. The contents of their stomach were, in consequence, submitted to the chymical investigation of Dr. Wilkinson; and from him the following particulars have been furnished:—

Two horses belonging to Mr. Stokes were taken ill on the same day, viz. Tuesday evening, December 21;—both extremely well before. They were seized with tremours; difficulty of respiration; a considerable agitation of their tails; the pulse very high; refused their food; and the appearance of their eyes evinced considerable constitutional disturbance.—Both were bled, the blood from one appeared sily; that is, evincing the inflammatory buff; the blood from the other not much altered. On the next morning large doses of calomel and castor-oil were given;—the constipation could not be removed; torpid effects came on, and the animals died in forty-eight hours from their first attack. They both had drank very largely of water. The animals were opened; inflammation was found in different

different parts of the stomach ; and sloughs were formed. Mr. Sewell* observed, that there existed no inflammation in any of the intestines. Unfortunately the contents of the stomach had not been secured, by tying up the superior and inferior openings, hence only such portions could be subjected to chemical investigation as were scraped from the internal surface of the stomachs. This quantity, about three ounces in weight, was well washed in a large quantity of water ; a whitish insoluble powder, about eight or ten grains in weight, was left behind.

As vegetable poisons are not amenable to the laws of analysis, my attention was directed as to the detection of any mineral substance that might have been employed. As these substances consist principally of arsenic, or the white oxide of that metal, of carbonate of barytes, a substance occasionally used for poisoning rats, and the muriate of mercury and sublimate, the waters in which the scrapings had been washed were examined ; no trace of any of the substances was discovered. As white arsenic and the carbonate of barytes are insoluble in cold water ; the residual powder was boiled for a considerable time in water, and the filtered solution was examined by the following tests :—

Hydrosulphuret of ammonia produced no change ; hence no sublimate or any metallic substance in solution. To a portion of the water some carbonate of potass was added, and afterwards a solution of the sulphat of copper gradually dropped in ; a blue precipitation took place, consequently no arsenic, as Scheele's green would

have been produced. To another portion, some of the ammoniated nitrate of silver was gently added, by means of a glass rod ; no precipitation occurred : this delicate test will evince the existence of a single grain of arsenic in a gallon of water, producing a precipitation of either a delicate lemon colour, or of an orange hue, according to the state of the oxygenation of the arsenic. On the residual powder, after the filtration, some nitrous acid was poured, and gently simmered to nearly dryness ; this was boiled in distilled water and filtered : this experiment was conducted with a view of ascertaining whether any carbonate of barytes could be traced, by converting it into the nitrate of barytes, and thus forming a salt soluble in water. To a portion of this, some diluted sulphuric acid was gradually added, without the least cloudy precipitation ;—hence no barytes. As the greatest portion of the powder had disappeared, a grain of it was exposed to the flame of a candle and burnt with a sulphureous smell ; it was then suspected that the portion which had disappeared was sulphur, now converted into sulphuric acid by the agency of the nitrous acid. The supposition proved correct : by dropping a solution of the nitrate of barytes into a portion of the water a dense cloudy precipitation took place ; by thus forming the sulphate of barytes it demonstrated the existence of sulphuric acid.

In order to determine whether any of these symptoms could have been induced by the remedies which were employed ; I deemed it necessary to examine the calomel as to its purity, as this powder in its

* Veterinary Surgeon.

preparation is generally internixt with a considerable portion of sublimate, which ought to have been separated by frequent washing. Mr. Sewell sent me the bottle from whence he took the calomel. The powder was carefully examined, both by boiling it with muriate of ammonia and by rubbing it with pure ammonia, without evincing the least particle of sublimate; it was in a purer state in this respect than what I have generally found it.

OBSERVATIONS.—The symptoms no way correspond to those produced by arsenic, sublimate, or any of the mineral poison. Arsenic induces sickness, convulsions, a slow intermitting pulse; the inflammation is not confined to the stomach, nor does it produce any distinct slough as a caustic. Sublimate produces greater chemical changes on the stomach than arsenic;—death is produced more rapidly.

At an early period of the transactions of the Royal Society, there is a paper by Sir T. Mayerne, on poisons. He remarks that the *nux vomica* generally proved fatal the next day, and always accompanied with considerable constipation. Mr. Courten, of Montpellier, has also tried experiments with the *nux vomica*, and has remarked the circumstance of considerable inflammation in the stomach being induced by it.

The symptoms of active inflammation, terminating in mortification, and the obstinate constipation observed in these animals, with the torpor in the closing stage, lead to a suspicion that something of the nature of *nux vomica* had been given.

C. WILKINSON.

Bath, Dec. 30, 1813.

The Editor of the *Bath Herald*, from whose respectable Journal we have copied this paper, closes it with making the following remarks:—"We have given the above scientific analysis in the words of Dr. Wilkinson, with a hope that if any future diabolical attempt of the kind should occur, and the probable cause thus known, some antidote may be successfully applied. There is no doubt but the poor animals were poisoned. Every means are exerting to discover the monster who committed the atrocious acts. We trust they may eventually lead to his identity and punishment. A man of fairer character than Mr. Stokes does not exist; he is held in universal repute by every gentleman in the city and neighbourhood, who wonder that any wretch could be found to do such a man so much injury."

SMITH ON GLANDERS.

(Continued from page 125.)

MR. Smith, after stating that the glanders may be propagated by inoculation, thus reasons on the old topic of infection; in the mean time, we cannot altogether coincide with him in the decision, that the chronic glanders is merely a local disease; beyond a doubt, it is such whilst recent and acute; but we apprehend becomes in time diffused, assumes a new type, and thence ought to be regarded as constitutional.

"I grant that the disease may be propagated by inoculation, and, of course, admit that a glandered horse may communicate the disease to another, when they stand together: but as I have never seen one

one case of glanders that could, with any degree of certainty, be traced to infection as its origin, while, on the contrary, the real cause was generally easily discovered, if not self-evident; it has long appeared to me, that where one case of the disease proceeds from infection, ninety-nine are produced by the causes just enumerated. I am fully persuaded, that the established opinion, respecting the disease being always produced by infection, must have arisen from the inattention or want of discernment of those who were first employed in the treatment of horses under the influence of this disease, and who, to satisfy the importunity of the owner, and conceal their own ignorance of the real cause, always found it expedient to refer it to contagion, which seems to have been sufficient to satisfy every inquiry. The opinion being thus established, has been handed down from father to son, from time immemorial, until the present time, without the least doubt of its being founded on fact, and supported by the most irrefragable reasoning: hence they have gone on in the dark, and mistaken the consequence of similar treatment, or situation, for the effect of contagion, as is evident in almost every instance where the disease makes its appearance.

"This will be more manifest, if we consider that glanders is a local disease, and cannot be communicated by effluvia, but that its propagation must be accomplished by the absorption of its virus. It is very well known that the cow-pox is transferred from one animal to another by inoculation, yet it is

"universally allowed not to be infectious."* "The lues venerea is also conveyed from one person to another by the absorption of its virus; but there is no instance where it has given the infection by a vapour."† And the reason assigned for this is, that it is considered as a local disease, affecting particular parts.

"Now there is no disease incident to an animal, that is more local and specific than the chronic glanders. I have seen an instance where the surface occupied by the disease could have been covered by the end of my thumb; and in many others, the whole circumference of the diseased surface did not exceed three inches. From this circumstance, and the numerous instances I have seen, of horses that have stood with those really glandered escaping the disease, and of others being affected with it, where no infection could possibly be traced, I am decidedly of opinion, the disease cannot be communicated by effluvia; but that in order to propagate it, it is necessary that the matter discharged from the nostrils, be applied to the action of the absorbents in its most recent state, for which purpose, a perforation must previously be made in the skin; and in this way most of the animal poisons, as the vaccine virus, the poison of the viper, the saliva of the dog, &c. are introduced into the system; that is, either with the point of the lancet, the teeth of the animal, accidental wounds, or excoriation. This will farther appear, if it is considered that the animal poisons, as the saliva of the dog, the poison of the viper, &c.

* Edinburgh Review.

† Hunter, on the Venereal Disease.

exert their baneful influence on the different species of animals to which they are applied. Now, if the mucus issuing from the nostrils of the horse be so infectious as it is generally supposed, how is it that those animals which have access to the places where they stand, and in which they are frequently confined, escape the disease? especially dogs, who also feed on such horses immediately after death, when the noxious influence of the matter retained in the nostrils, must be greater than after it has remained for years in a stable. It is very well known, that horses are affected with hydrophobia, when bitten by a mad dog. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose, that if the glanders were equally contagious, that the disease would be equally reciprocal. It is a fact, well known, that the cow-pox is transferred to the milkers, by having wounds or excoriations in their hands; and I have frequently had my hands scratched with the diseased bones in dissecting the head of glandered horses, and covered with the matter, but never found the least inflammation excited, or any other ill effect produced; and I have often applied it to dogs with the same result."

Again, p. 43.—"That the effects of similar causes are generally mistaken for contagion, will appear from the presence of the disease amongst the horses employed in post-chaises, coaches, &c. where it has always been considered as the effect of contagion. But if we consider that such horses are constantly exposed to the alternate changes of heat and cold, and when almost exhausted by the exertion they are forced to make, are plunged into a river or pond, or have pailfulls of cold water

thrown over their whole body, and are afterwards exposed to a current of cold air in the yard until they are dry, it will appear that the disease is produced without the influence of contagion. And do we not also frequently see those horses employed in stage waggons, when excessively heated and fatigued with dragging those huge machines, halted opposite to an inn, and remain there until they are quite torpid with cold, and when they arrive at the end of the journey, are treated with as little consideration? Consequently some of them become diseased, and are destroyed, and the stable white-washed, and then another horse is put into the same situation, who, from being subjected to the same treatment, also becomes diseased, sooner or later, according to the violence of the exertion, the temperature of the weather, the susceptibility of the animal to the impression of the atmosphere, or predisposition to the disease. Hence they have kept white-washing and shooting *ad infinitum*, having mistaken the maltreatment of the horses for contagion.

"This will appear more evident, if we attend to the presence of the disease amongst the horses in the army. I have known the horses of a brigade of cavalry perfectly free from the disease for a long time prior to their taking the field, yet before they had been encamped two months, some of them became glandered, although they stood on ground where no horses had been for many months, perhaps years before. From whence then did the disease proceed? Was it contagion?"

On the powers of contagion, with respect to distance, he quotes Dr. Haygarth on Infectious Fevers.

"W

"We have learned from experience, that contagious effluvia, diluted by a free admission of air, are not communicated from room to room in a house, nor from bed to bed in the wards of an hospital. In the open air and in moderate cases, I discovered, that the infectious distance (of variolous miasm) does not exceed half a yard. I soon also discovered that the contagion of fevers was confined to a much narrower sphere." These, and a variety of other forcible observations and practical examples, are addressed by the author to those, who, still labouring under antiquated prejudices, delude themselves and others with the notion that the matter of glanders may remain in a stable during a number of years, or be imported from India, and still retain a power of exciting the disease; whereas, in multitudinous instances, horses in confirmed glanders, have stood intermixed with others in the same stable, for weeks and months, the sound still remaining so; nor have we, hitherto, any satisfactorily marked cases of glanders occasioned by infection.

The remainder of the book, to which we refer, consists of remarks on the defects of ventilation, and frequently of room, in the cavalry barracks, with proposals of improvement by tubes, which admit the air in a proper mode to be salutary, those strong currents being avoided, by which the health of the horse is endangered in a nearly equal degree, as by the exclusion of air: on certain customary neglects of the horses in the army, and the too great severity to young horses, in drilling and at the Riding schools; on the care of horses on shipboard, &c. with a variety of cases of glanders and farcy. We

had no conception that those diseases prevailed to such extent, among our cavalry, as appears to be the case; but on reflection, it can be no subject for wonder, any more than those other thousands of calamities, attendant upon the horrible business of war.

THE VIEW HALLOO;

OR,

FOLLY IN PRAISE OF ALL THE WORLD.

No. VI.

*Quid non ebrietas designat? Operta recludit,
Spes jubet esse ratas, in praelia trudit
inermem.*

HORACE.

To what does not inebriety point? It discloses every secret, it ratifies every hope, and pushes even the unarmed man to battle.

*Folly declaims to the dear Disciples of
Bacchus and Epicurus.*

ALL such as do dear bellies prize,

On dainty meats shou'd gormandize,
And if while heaving—luscious dish,
Should give 'em still to gorge the wish;
Let 'em to clear cramm'd belly, sick,
Straight swallow down an emetic,
Whereby with appetite of hawk,
Anew they may wield knife and fork,
And stomachs strive to satisfy,
Though in the contest fool shou'd die.
So welcome all who bellies tamper,
And give to constitutions damper;
Thrice welcome friends of bottles, bowls,
Dear jovial crews and drunken souls;
Delights of mind, of sense, and sight,
Are naught to pleasing appetite;
Since *Summum Bonum* of all centre,
In glorious region of the *Venter*.
Your belly is the body's casket,
By vulgar folks y'clep'd *Bread-basket*;
Which tho' to view of small dimension,
Is capable of vast extension.
Who wou'd believe an Alderman,
I'the corporation hath a pan,
So vast that when on-gorging set,
'Twill deem all fish that come to net.

But to the proof:—Thrice turtle soup
Ne'er makes the longing heart to droop,
But serves good natur'dly to chuck
The chin; 'gainst next course, haunch
of buck,

Of which plate four times pil'd; behold,
So quickly clear'd, food can't get cold.
While taking wind my *gourmand* cures
Heavings—with bumpers of *liqueurs*,
Which belly soon capacitates,
Of Game to empty two large plates,
That are reliev'd in like degrees,
By *Fricandos* and *Fricasees*.
Last comes the custard, trifle, jelly,
All chinks to fill up of the belly,
With *Stilton*, sweet-meats, and desert,
At which he proves no less expert.
Then down the gullet like a river,
Run streams of wine to cool the liver;
All which delights my pupils grace,
With pimply nose and blazing face—
Sure ensigns of my eaters, drinkers,
Thro' which, like meteors twain, shine
blinkers.

In gutt'ling none cou'd further go,
And worship me than grand *Trio*,
At eating form'd to merit fame,
As well by nature as by name;
Since thou *Apicius** a-greable,
Didst write on pleasures of the table;
For which 'tis plain thou dost deserve,
That I should here thy name preserve.
Nor while I think on't let me pass,
In modern times, sweet *Mistress Glass*,†
Who, had she later liv'd, with parley,
Had well amus'd my dear son *Farley*;
Twin leaders that have wielded arms,
Thro' ranks of culinary charms;

And having grown this science rich-in,
Stand blazon'd champions of the kitchen;

Whose works shall last as long as time,
Two cooking *Chronicles* sublime.
Aglais,‡ who like Unicorn,
Had crest on front and play'd French-horn,
Wou'd gobble up at single treat,
Twelve pounds of bread and twelve of meat;

And in her throat that none might stay,
Six pints of wine did clear the way.
There was Egyptian *Tachus*§ too,
That abstinence must needs pursue;
Till with the Persian *Vivans* he,
Did fool-like, yield to gluttony,
Whereby he got a dysentery:
'Twas thus he gain'd my just applause,
By dying to support the cause.
Next *Philoxenus* I will quote,
A grave philosopher 'tis wrote,
That stomach lov'd to entertain
So much, he wish'd for neck of crane;
That he might longer guts assuage,
By keeping viands in passage;
So being class'd among the wise,
None now can dare my sons despise.
Last of this countless crew, I'll please,
My pupils with *Swindyrides*,||
A noble dog that went to marry,
And in his retinue did carry,
One thousand men to catch his fishes,
That he might never lack such dishes;
A thousand more in nets to draw,
Birds to give pleasure to his maw;
While a third thousand cook'd the meats,
Which were serv'd up at all his treats.

* Three personages of the above name were rendered famous at Rome, in consequence of their gluttony, the second of whom wrote a book on the pleasures and incitements of eating; this *gourmand*, after expending the greater part of his estate in pampering his appetite, terminated his earthly career by hanging himself.

† Mrs. Glass and Mr. Farley, of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, both published volumes on the Art of Cookery.

‡ *Aglais*, daughter of *Magacles*, was celebrated for blowing the trumpet, which occupation she followed according to *Celian*, who further states, that the female in question wore false hair, to cover an extraordinary excrescence on the forehead; these statements, however, rank as nothing in comparison with this lady's powers of digestion, who is stated by the same writer as being capable of devouring at one repast twelve pounds weight of meat, as much bread as half a bushel of corn yields, while these solids she would wash down with six pints of wine.

§ *King Tachus*, while in Egypt, lived a frugal life, conformable with the manners of his countrymen, and was accounted the most healthy man living, but after passing into Persia, and addicting himself to their luxurious mode of living, he became a sacrifice to the dysentery, which was the fruit of his excesses.

|| The above personage went into Greece to marry *Agarista*, the child of *Clisthenes*, on which occasion his retinue consisted of 3000 persons, who followed the above mentioned avocations, while the desert of this great General in Chief among the followers of *Epicurus*, consisted of white poppies, dried and parched, which was among the ancients esteemed the most delicate dish that could be served upon the table.

No General that hath e'er destroy'd
Foes, hath his men so well employ'd;
With bloody blows they would be kill-
ing,

While these did slaughter, bellies filling,
And 'tis much better sure to gain,
Your dearths by pleasure than by pain.
Now on these topics while I'm think-
ing,

'Twere well record some fam'd for drink-
ing;

Therefore without more preamble,
I'll quote philosopher and fool,

**Lacidias* nam'd; that lov'd the juice
And died thereof; who had a goose,
A fav'rite bird which he did prize,
So greatly as to solemnize

With fun'ral most magnificent,
The defunct, which to grave was sent.

Then there was also King *Agron*,†
That during life swigg'd many a tun,
Who after giving hearty drubbing,
Unto *Ætolians*, he the tub in,

O'erjoy'd, his head did clap so deep,
With Death he therein play'd bo-peep;
But now with single proofs t'have done,
And quoting persons one by one,

Rare drunkards were the *Illyrians*,
And eke my famous *Thracians*,‡

Nor must I here forget to sum,
The natives of *Byzantium*?§
Who, not content themselves with sot-
ting,

Would court all strangers to be potting;
And when they would no longer booze,
Did make 'em with their helpmates
snooze.

So with these sots 'tis render'd plain,
Strange men had best of the bargain;
Sharing by day great *Bacchus'* rites,
And tasting *Venus'* joys at nights.

And tho' my daughters will be prudes,
I still can note down multitudes,
That have been wond'rous fond of sip-
ping

Drams—and in liquor noses dipping;

Of one the name I must advance,
To keep my dames in countenance,
One *Chio*|| that did never shrink,
But challeng'd boldest men to drink,
Who, after swigg'ng long as able,
She'd leave dead drunk beneath the table;
So in full hopes the same you'll do,
In honouring me—I cry adieu.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF

MOUNTAINEER.

MR. EDITOR,

I Do not think I shall be much intruding on the patience of the public and your readers, if I add to the numberless performances of the different noted racers of the age, the performances of that well-known racer Mountaineer, who was bred by the Father (I may now almost call him) of the Turf, Sir C. Bunbury, and afterwards sold to Mr. Cave Brown, in whose possession he won a considerable sum of money. He was afterwards purchased by Mr. Thomas Goddard, of Swindon, in Wilts, conjointly with Mr. W. ———, of Castlecomb, in the said county, in whose possession he bred several noted horses, and won a number of good Stakes, Matches, and Plates.—He was afterwards a short time in the possession of the Hon. Charles Bouverie, and bought

* *Lacidias*, a Greek Philosopher of *Cyrene*, disgraced himself by the magnificent funeral with which he honoured a favourite goose, and died from effects of inebriety.

† *Polybius*, the historian, acquaints us, that *Agron*, King of *Illyria*, having defeated the *Ætolians*, drank to such an excess, that he died immediately.

‡ According to *Celian*, the above nations were greatly addicted to the pleasures of the bottle.

§ The *Byzantines* were such notorious drunkards, that they would let their mansions out to strangers, and retire to the lowest pot houses to gratify this favoured propensity, and even carried their complaisance so far as to give up their wives to the embraces of those who were the companions of their Orgies, and *Leonidas* at a famous siege, finding he could not keep his men at their posts, had public houses erected at the foot of the city walls, by which means he kept them to their duty.

|| By the above lady mentioned in *Ælian*, is not intended the muse known by the same appellation.

at Chippenham in 1810, by Thomas Calley, Esq. of Burderop Park, Wilts, where he now is a most valuable stallion, having covered three years, and run several races during that period, as will be seen by his performances annexed. He is twelve years old, and the most healthy beautiful horse of his day. His stock is very promising, indeed one of his colts, only half bred, has had seventy guineas offered for him, now coming two years old.—If you think it worth while to insert this in your next monthly Magazine, you will oblige your's,

A SPORTSMAN AND A CONSTANT
READER.

MOUNTAINEER'S PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES.

Mountaineer was got by Magic, out of Amelia, by Highflyer; grandam by Match'em, great grandam by Squirt, great great grandam Mogul, Bay Bolton, Pullein's Arabian, Rockwood, Bustler.

Mountaineer, in 1804, when two years old, run only twice.—In 1805, he won a Maiden Plate at Derby of 50l. beating Rattler, Abba Thulle, Mr. Godden's b. c. by Woodlark, and Jupiter. The next day he won 50l. beating Othello and Miss Brown. He run only once more that year.

In 1806, Mountaineer beat Fathom, D. I. 200gs. and received forfeit from Goosecap, 100gs. half forfeit; from Don Felix, D. I. 200gs. half forfeit; from Junius T. M. M. 50gs. half forfeit; 10gs. from Strap, 100gs. half forfeit; beat Fathom, Two-year-Olds' Course, in the Spring Meeting at Newmarket.—He won the Gold Cup at Stamford, four miles, beat-

ing Trafalgar, Tot, and Chicken;—50l. at Nottingham, beating Gallina and Sir Andrew;—50l. at Derby, beating Atlas, and Brother to Vivaldi;—50l. at Leicester, beating Miss Coiner and Goosecap;—and beat Brother to Vivaldi two matches in the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

In 1807, Mountaineer, 8st. 9lb. beat Regulator, 8st. D. I. 100gs. and received 30gs. from Charnier.—He won a 50l. Plate at Winchester, beating Watery, Mirror, and Prodigal.—He won the Kingscote Stakes, beating Clermont, Pigeon, White Rose, and Malmesbury; and 50l. at Tewkesbury, beating Miss Coiner.

In 1808, Mountaineer beat Rubens, 100gs.; and the next day won the Maddington Stakes, beating Cambrian, Bucephalus, Delville, and Chaise-and-one; and received forfeit from Shuffler, 100gs. half forfeit, at Maddington.—He won the Gold Cup at Winchester, beating Gnatho, Miss Coiner, and Rubens.—He won the King's Plate at Salisbury, beating Brother to Hedley, and Buckler.—He beat Grimaldi, 100gs. at Kingscote; and the day following, won 110gs. beating Bucephalus.

In 1809, Mountaineer received forfeit from Grimaldi, 200gs. half forfeit; and won 50l. beating Red Cross Knight, at Maddington.—He won the Sherborne Stakes at Bibury, beating Romeo, Cassio, Cambrian, and Kneebuckle.—He won 50l. at Salisbury, beating Tumbler and Quicksilver.—He won 130gs. at Kingscote, beating Cerberus and Brainworm; and won 50l. at Tewkesbury, beating Scorpion.

In 1810, Mountaineer received 50gs. forfeit from Silversides, at Bibury; and won 50l. at Monmouth,

mouth, beating Barbara, Hymen, Rifleman, and Knavery.

In 1811, Mountaineer ran a dead heat with Scorpion, three miles, Scorpion, 10st. 2lb. Mountaineer, 9st. 10lb. for 100gs. half forfeit, at Bibury.—He ran with Wood-Dæmon, at Blandford, two miles, for 50gs.; and won a 50l. Plate at the same place, beating Conquestador, two four-mile heats. He ran at Burderop, in a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, two miles, agst Cambric; and won the Members' Plate at the same place, at two heats, two miles, beating Conquestador and Barbara. He ran second for the Kingscote Stakes, three miles, agst Romeo, and beat Hephæstion, Poulton, Ploughboy, Julian, Chadlington; and won the Handicap Plate of 50gs. at four-mile heats, beating Matilda, Philadelphia, and Barbara. He ran for the 50l. Plate for all ages, at Basingstoke, three two-mile heats, with Romeo, beating Schoolboy, Janette, Starlight, Bellatop, and Under-Sheriff.

In 1812, Mountaineer beat Romeo, a match of 100gs. half forfeit, two miles, at Burderop—Mountaineer, 8st. 13lb. Romeo, 9st. 7lb.; and won the Members' Plate of 50l. at the same place, at two heats, two miles, beating Morgiana, Windsor, and a colt by King Bladud.—He won a Class of the Kingscote Stakes, at three miles, beating Beverley and Rail; and won a match for 100gs. two miles, agst Rail, giving him 2st.

In 1813, Mountaineer ran second for the Gold Cup at Burderop, four miles, agst Barsac, beating Jesse, Cambric, and Pranks; and won a Match at Kingscote, for 200gs. two miles, agst Poulton, at 9st. 7lb. each; and ran second the same day, for a Class of the

Kingscote Stakes, against Topsy Turvy, three miles, beating York; and walked over at Chippenham, for a match of 100gs. three miles, agst Wood-Dæmon.

Mountaineer, since two years old, has won nearly 4000gs. besides two Gold Cups; and has run upwards of two hundred and fifty miles in his different races—he is perfectly sound and free from all vice; he is a rich bay, and fifteen hands two inches high.

N. B. Mountaineer has won oftener at high weights than any horse in England, and is the only horse that ever won the three great Stakes at Maddington, Bibury, and Kingscote; and though in constant training from two years old till eleven, has never been lame.

THE TRICK OF SWALLOWING THE SWORD.

THIS, it seems, has long been done by the Indian Jugglers at Zinore, as well as by those now in London. The following extract from Mr. Johnson's Memoir, gives so accurate an account of the astonishing performance, that it will enable any person who may not see it done, to conceive a very sufficient notion of it.

“I have elsewhere mentioned some of the feats of the Indian Jugglers at Zinore; I there saw one which surpassed every thing of the kind I had before witnessed, I mean the *swallowing a sword up to the hilt*. I was an eye witness to this in the year 1804; having been visited by one of these Indian Conjurors, I resolved to see clearly his method of performing this operation; and for that purpose ordered him to seat himself on the floor

floor of the *verandah*. The sword he used had some resemblance to a common spit in shape, except at the handle, which is merely a part of the blade itself, rounded and elongated into a little rod. It is from twenty-two to twenty-six inches in length, about an inch in breadth, and about one fifth of an inch in thickness; the edges and point are blunt, being rounded, and of the same thickness as the rest of the blade. It is of iron or steel, smooth, and a little bright. Having satisfied myself respecting the sword, by attempting to bend it, and by striking it against a stone, I firmly grasped it by the handle, and ordered him to proceed. He first took a small phial of oil, and with one of his fingers rubbed a little of it over the surface of the instrument; then stretching up his neck as much as possible, and bending himself a little backwards, he introduced the point of it into his mouth, and pushed it gently down his throat, until my hand, which was on the handle, came in contact with his lips. He then made a sign to me with one of his hands to feel the point of the instrument between his breast and navel, which I could plainly do by bending him a little more backwards, and pressing my fingers on his stomach, he being a very thin and lean fellow. On letting go the handle of the sword, he instantly fixed on it a little machine that spun round, and disengaged a small fire work, which encircling his head with a little blue flame, gave him, as he then sat, a truly diabolical appearance. On withdrawing the sword, several parts of its surface were covered with blood, which shewed that he was still obliged to use a degree of violence in the introduction. He told

me he had been used from his early years to introduce at first small elastic instruments down his throat and into his stomach; and that by degrees he had used larger ones, until he was able at length to use the present iron sword."

DEEP PLAY CHECKED.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE AND
DUCHESS OF QUERNSBERRY.

THE late John Smeaton, F. R. S. early in life attracted the notice of the late Duke and Duchess, from a strong resemblance to their favourite Gay, the poet. The commencement of this acquaintance was singular, but it lasted through life. Their first meeting was at *Ranelagh*, where walking with Mrs. Smeaton, he observed an elderly lady and gentleman fix an evident and marked attention on him. After some turns they stopped him, and the Duchess said, "Sir, I don't know who you are, or what you are, but so strongly do you resemble my poor dear Gay, we must be acquainted; you shall go home and sup with us; and if the minds of the two men accord, as do the countenance, you will find two cheerful old folks, who can love you *well*; and I think (or you are an hypocrite) you can as well deserve it." The invitation was accepted, and, as long as the Duke and Duchess lived, the friendship was cordial and uninterrupted; indeed, their society had so much of the play which genuine wit and goodness know how to unite, it proved to be one of the most agreeable relaxations in Mr. Smeaton's life. But Mr. S. detesting cards, and his attention never following the game, he played like a boy.

The

The game, on one occasion, was *Pope Joan*; the general run of it was high, and the stake in "*Pope*," had accidentally accumulated to a sum more than serious. It was Mr. Sineaton's turn by the deal to *double it*, when, regardless of his cards, he busily made minutes on a scrap of paper, and put it on the board. The Duchess eagerly asked him what it was? And he as coolly replied, "Your Grace will recollect, the field in which my house stands, may be about five acres, three roods, and seven perches, which at thirty years purchase will be just my stake, and if your Grace will *make a Duke of me*, I presume the winner will not dislike my mortgage." The joke and the lesson had alike their weight; they never after played, but for the merest trifle.

ON THE GAME OF CHESS—ITS ORIGIN, &c.

THE earliest European writer who mentions Chess is the celebrated Greek princess, Anna Commena of Constantinople. She calls the game *Zatrikion*, and says that the Greeks derived it from the Babylonians; and that her father Alexius, who was fond of playing, owed the detection of a conspiracy against him to the friend with whom, late at night, he sat at Chess.

It has been surmised by some that Chess travelled into western Europe from Constantinople; and that it was carried by commercial men to Barcelona, to Venice, and to various sea-ports which traded with the Greek metropolis. By others it has been supposed that the Moors of Spain took thither this oriental game, and that France

and Italy learnt it from the Spaniards. It has been said by a third set of antiquaries, that the crusaders acquired this game in the East, and brought it with them from the Holy Land. In the first case, the technical terms would have a Greek, and in the second case a Spanish complexion, or derivation: but the words *chekmate*, *rook*, &c. are Persian, so that they seem in fact to have been directly imported from the East.

Hyde, in his dissertation *De Ludis Orientalium*, states that the Persians do not claim to be the inventors of Chess, but admit that they received it from Hindostan, in the reign of Chosroes Nushirvan, that is, about the middle of the sixth century. This idea Sale confirms in the preface to his translation of the Koran, which work contains the earliest known allusion to the game of Chess. Borzu, the physician of Nushirvan, imported the game from Canyacuvia. Freret, in his *Origine des Echecs*, remarks, that, in the great dictionary of the Chinese, at the word *Stangki*, it is related that Chess was introduced into China under the reign of Vouti, who acceded to the throne in the year 527 of the Christian era: and that the game was brought from Hindostan. Thus all authorities conspire to shew that Chess is derived from the Hindoos, and began to be played at the beginning of the sixth century.

Sir William Jones, in the first volume of his works, (p. 521), gives an account of an Indian game called *Chaturaji*, or the four kings; in which, eight pieces, having such movements as our chess-men, were stationed at each of the four corners, and moved by four players, not according to system, but as

directed by the throw of dice. The observations made during these compulsory moves appear to have suggested the principles of voluntary Chess; which was probably substituted for the older game of chance, in consequence of the prevalence of a superstitious opinion, authorized in the Institutes of Menu, and corroborated in the Koran, that games of hazard are contrary to religious duty. The name *Chaturanga*, or four-corners, was given to this reformed game, and remained attached to it after the subsequent amendment of consolidating the allied armies, and reducing the players to two.

D'Herbelot tells us that a Brahmin named Sissa, the son of Daher, whom Arabian writers call Nassir, invented the game of Chess for the amusement and instruction of King Behram. Whether this be the Vyasa of Sir William Jones, who left rules for playing the old *Chaturanga*, some future orientalist may ascertain. It may be, however, that the Hindoos invented only the *Chaturanga*, and the Persians devised the admirable alteration of reducing the players to two. This conjecture reposes on the etymological indications that *Chaturanga* is a Sanscrit word adopted by the Persians in the form *Chatrang*, as the name of Chess; whereas the piece, which we call the queen, has the native Persian appellation *ferz*, vizir. Now the primitive *Chaturanga* of the Hindoos had no vizirs; each of the four armies consisting of eight figures headed by a king. Surely it is reasonable to imagine that those, who have named this piece, introduced it. We may add that Chess, in its present form, when played by the Hindoos, borrows Persian technical terms. Lieute-

nant Moor, in his *Narrative of a Detachment of the Mahratta Army*, (1794), relates that he played at Chess against four Bramins in a pagoda, and that they pronounced the final *Shah mat*, (these are Persian words) with the most polished gentleness.

Sir William Jones is of opinion that Chess was invented by one effort of some powerful genius; that it was created by the first intention; and that it sprang, like Pallas, full-grown, from the head of the great contriver; others consider a progressive formation to be far more analogous to the usual course of nature; and that they have indicated with probability some of the leading steps in the interesting series. One deserves farther contemplation. The Hollanders have a game which they call Malay draughts, and which they imported from the East Indies. In this game, the pawns move diagonally, and take strait forwards; there are crowned pieces for the beginning, which take backwards and forwards; and a triple crown is acquired with a further privilege, like that of the chess-rook, on reaching the extreme row of the board. This game seems to preserve a trace of one of the intermediate steps between Draughts and Chess; it is played with five queens and ten pawns, on a board of a hundred squares. If we had not the evidence of history, adduced from Vyasa by Sir William Jones, that *Chaturanga* was originally played with dice, we might not have inferred that Chess had been a game of chance in any part of its progress.

The early metrical romances of Europe ascribe much proficiency in Chess to the knights of Arthur, and to the paladins of Charlemagne.

Sir

Sir Trystan plays with Essylda, and Sir Huon with the daughter of King Ivoirin. This, however, is an anachronism; and these writers carry back to a prior period manners which were observed among the crusaders. In the romance of the four brothers, Gawin, Agravain, Gueret, and Galieret, who go in quest of Sir Lancelot, the critical adventure consists in playing at Chess with the fairy Florimel.—In the Romaunt of the Rose, where Chess is mentioned, occurs the following line :

“ Fols, chevaliers, *fierce*, ni rocs ;”

whence it appears that the Persian *ferz*, vizir, was the original European name for the piece called in England the queen. So again, in the Latin monkish rhimes which describe a pawn's advancement,

“ *Tunc augmentatur, tunc fercia jure vocatur.*”

According to Mr. Twiss's book on Chess, the first modern writer on this subject was Jacob de Cæsolis, a Dominican friar, who flourished about the year 1200, and who composed twenty-four chapters concerning the origin and nature of the game; without, however, including any rules of play. This work was translated into French before 1330, by John de Vignay, another monk; whose version was farther translated into English, and is remarkable for being the first book printed in England with metal types by Caxton, in 1474.

Our Exchequer is so named from its pavement resembling a chess-board; and in a book preserved there, which records the personal expences of Henry VII., an entry occurs of fifty-six shillings and eight-pence lost at tables and chess.—Skelton, the poet-lau-

reat to Henry VIII., was fond of Chess, and celebrates the game in rhyme: it often supplies him with an allusion or a metaphor.—Queen Elizabeth was taught to play Chess by her preceptor Roger Ascham; and, as she occupied his time much, both in teaching and in amusing her, it was considered as ungrateful that she never rewarded him with any thing better than a prebendal stall at York.—King James I. was fond of Chess, and willingly taught the game to his young friends. In one of his speeches, he says, that “ Kings can exalt low things, and abase high things, making the subjects, like men at Chess, a pawn to take a bishop or a knight.”

If it be the office of the drama, as Aristotle pretends, to purge the passions of pity and fear, and, by exhausting their excesses on ideal cases, to bring them under the controul of discretion, surely it might be the nobler office of Chess to purge the military passion. While it is feeding hopes and fears, analogous to those of warfare, with harmless gratifications, it is adapted to insinuate the pernicious consequences of a wild and gambling temerity; and to teach the disciple of its lessons uniformly to trust in adequate precaution alone for the means of victory. The poet of Caissa has inculcated a great moral, in making Mars the allegorical contriver of Chess.

It has been said that Chess tends excessively to repress an adventurous disposition. By accustoming men to a struggle in which skill, and skill alone, is always necessarily to predominate, they are brought out of the world of experience into that of philosophy. They acquire an undue reliance on cold foresight and precaution; and they

they are made to look with contempt not only on the magic of prayer, but on the miracles of fortune. Now human life, like whist, is made up of chance and skill; and, though it is worth while to learn the play, yet sometimes the cards, and sometimes the partner, will disappoint the wisest efforts. A mixed game prepares the mind to compliment prosperity with the praise of skill, and to console adversity with the notice of its unlucky deals: but Chess, where wisdom always wins, may lead to that insolent obduracy which worships success with unqualified admiration, and pelts every child of ruin with the nickname, "*fool*." If the laws of nature were not too complex for us to calculate their individual results, not only superstition would expire, but pity also among men; and is there no room for apprehending that an exclusive and persevering application to this game, in which every situation is the obvious result of unswerving laws, may favour a turn of mind that is more welcome in the magistrate than in the neighbour? Against inconsistency in our expectations, however, Chess is a powerful antidote.

It is related of Philidor, who excelled all the London players, that on the 20th of June, 1795, he waited by appointment on the Turkish Ambassador, played six games against him, and lost them all. The Turk had made the condition that his queen, as is usual at Constantinople, should have the knight's move, and this put Philidor out of his combinations. It is farther stated, in the narrative of Mr. Twiss, that the Turkish Ambassador objected to use Philidor's sculptured figures with horses' heads, and produced pieces made

by the turner, which too nearly resembled one another. The Turk stipulated this last condition out of superstition. Chess is prohibited in the Koran: but the Mohamadan clergy, finding it impossible to extirpate the game, wished to discover its compatibility with the faith; and they accordingly argued that Mohammed's objection to Chess was founded on its idolatrous character. The players used images, which it was even forbidden to make, and which might easily restore the use of teraphim or pocket-gods. Having given this opinion, they permitted a Chess which was played with plain pieces.

We are aware with how bowed a neck, with how crouching a step, in how humble an attitude, a man should approach a mufti; with how hesitating an accent, and how faltering a tongue, he should venture to differ from him: but, if we may trust our version of the Koran, and the collocation of the prohibition there among those which are given against games of chance, we should rather lean to the doctrine that Mohammed forbade Chess not as an idolatrous game, but as a game of hazard; and we draw from the prohibition this curious farther inference, that, at the time of the publication of the Koran, Chess was still a game of chance, and existed only in the form called Chaturanga. This prohibition in the Koran so exactly coincides with the period at which the Persians dropped the use of dice at Chaturanga, that it evidently occasioned the reform; and thus the Unitarian prophet may himself be considered as having made the greatest practical improvement in Chess, which that noblest of games has received in the

the course of its progress from infancy to maturity.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE COSSACKS.

THE following are some extracts from a lively description of those celebrated partisans, in a letter from a Gentleman, dated on board his Majesty's ship —, in the *Elbe*, December, 1813:—

"From the official nature of my visits to the head-quarters of General Tettenborn, I was always accompanied by an escort of Cossacks; and thus had the very best opportunity of closely observing them; and, indeed, one sees much of them in a short time. Their actions, unshackled by fashion, and their unsophisticated *naïveté*, give such a transparency to their character, that "he that runs may read." With regard to their persons, there is nothing very remarkable. In general they are stout, and many have elegant and expressive countenances. The old men wear their beards long, and the young, for the most part, have mustachios. They have all a particular uniform, such as, I dare say, you saw worn by the Cossack that was in London some time ago: but it is a rare thing indeed to see the Cossacks in their uniform. So fully do they enforce the utmost privilege of conquest, and so full a harvest has this war afforded, that he has indeed been an unfortunate warrior that is not decked in a suit of French Imperial uniform. The quantity of clothes they carry, thus procured, is astonishing, and suffers no increase or diminution according to the season. It is the state of the *war*, not of the *weather*, that regulates the wardrobe of the Cossack.—

From the same source these roving warriors derive considerable sums of money; and from the immense numbers of the enemy that have fallen into their hands during the late campaigns, it has happened that the Cossacks are rich, few of the common men possessing, as I have learnt from the very best authority, less than 200 *Louis d'ors*.

"With respect to the mental qualities of these warriors, there is one remarkable trait in their character which cannot fail to strike every stranger at first sight, particularly as it is one which the common notions of the day would not lead them to expect. What I allude to, is their excessive mildness and good nature. Good humour and complacency eternally sparkle in their eyes, and play upon their countenances. In their intercourse with one another, to say that they are like a family of brothers, is by no means to make use of too strong an expression. No man I have yet spoken with ever saw the slightest dissension, or even tendency to quarrel, among them; and this surprising mildness remains unruffled even by the most powerful motives: it yields not to avarice itself; so that when a foe falls in battle, though perhaps by the united efforts of several, whoever happens to seize the spoil is allowed to possess it unmolested; nor does any distribution take place, except from the voluntary bounty of the first possessor. Nor is this display of good humour only in their intercourse with each other: it extends to every one; and a stranger may examine their arms, dress, and even the beloved horse, without the slightest chance of experiencing a look even of displeasure, much less a refusal.

"It will readily be believed, that

that men possessed of hearts thus warm will not regard with indifference their native land. In truth, so strong is their love for every Russian (or rather Cossaque) that an officer assured me, he had seen in some part of Germany, his Cossacks alight and kiss the foot prints of the horses of some of their countrymen who had recently passed the same road they were travelling. The love the Cossack bears his horse is proverbial; nor is it surprising that the faithful animal, that has carried him from the banks of the Don to the Weser, that has borne him safe and victorious from so many fields, that has shared all his dangers and comforts, his table, and his couch, should be to the Cossack an object of the warmest affection. For my own part, while travelling with these brave fellows, when I considered that they had left their native land from the purest patriotism, and had traversed so many countries to assist to break in pieces the bonds that enslaved Europe, I could never divest myself of a degree of tenderness which I never felt for any other men who were strangers to me; nor, to speak the truth, could I refuse some portion of this good-will to their friends and companions, their trusty steeds.

"But this mildness of the Cossack is only the attribute of peace; it is but the calmness of the summer ocean. In the stormy scenes of the battle you can no more recognise, in the terrible and unsparing warrior, the mild being we have described, than you can discover in "the howling waste of mighty waters" any of the soft and placid beauties of the wave of July. Nor is their furious prowess in battle their most valuable quality as soldiers. Their vigilance

and acuteness, their intelligence in procuring information, and their indefatigable activity, are most conspicuous. Their wonderful marches are universally known.

"In their living, the Cossacks are very gross, and commit great excesses in drinking. The quantity of spirits they swallow without intoxication is truly astonishing.

"The camp, or *lager*, of the Cossacks is a curious scene. Those I saw at Verden and Bremen were constructed in the following manner:—From the nearest hedge they cut, with their swords, branches six or eight feet long. One end of these they forced into the ground at an angle of about sixty degrees, and continued planting them in this manner one to another, so as to form a large circular fold or pen, leaving a small gap for a door. These branches they then closely interwove with straw sufficient to keep out a moderate degree of wind or rain. These stakes are inclined inwards, and from this circumstance, as well as from the quantity of straw they employ, it is obvious that one half at least of this circle will be tolerably sheltered from the weather. Around this all their pikes are stuck in the ground, and look, at a little distance, like a grove of leafless saplings. Their horses also are stationed close by them, sometimes tied to a tree, but more commonly left loose: for the Cossack, dearly as he loves his horse, thinks it quite sufficient that he fares as well as his master; and accordingly he also never enters a house. In this, too, the habits of the horse and rider correspond, that the horse is never unsaddled or stripped of any of his furniture, any more than his master is of his manifold investitures. At night they have always large fires in the mid-

gle of these circles; and it is very picturesque to see the flames ascending from the midst of their straw edifices, and the grizzly band of warriors seated around them on the ground, recounting, perhaps with the wildest gestures, the feats of their fathers or themselves: and, in fact, the same narrative may easily include the actions of son and sire; for nothing is more common than to see the offspring of two, and even three, generations in the same troop."

ON THE USEFULNESS OF THE TOAD.

From Fothergill's Essay on the Philosophy of Natural History.

THE object of the existence of the toad is to destroy living insects and worms of almost every genera and species, that are not too large, which cross its humble path through life. And the manner in which it surprises and secures its prey is peculiar to itself. Having a keen and watchful eye, and a steady, piercing, sight, but with very little activity, it generally steals upon its victim with such slow caution, and with so curious a gait, that the spectator is often reminded of the manner of a spaniel, or pointer, when he has first scented any game, and is endeavouring to get as near to it as possible—now crouching close to the earth, now elevating and advancing the head, now slowly moving offe leg, and then another, till it has approached within a few inches of its prey; when its fine and expressive eye seems suddenly to lighten up, and dart forth glances of unusual keenness, and the victim is seized, and swallowed, with a motion so quick, that the eye of a

spectator can scarcely follow it. The tongue of the animal is the instrument which is used upon this occasion, and it has many striking peculiarities, being wonderfully well adapted to accomplish the purposes for which it was intended. It is very long, slender, and singularly elastic; and is covered, particularly at the end, with a kind of glutinous saliva, to which the insect struck at closely adheres, and is thereby more readily and easily secured. But the most extraordinary character in the formation of this part of the animal, is the situation of the tongue, and the manner in which it is fixed, and operates, in the mouth. The basis of the tongue of a common toad is fixed just within the extreme tip of the lower jaw, and that organ lies backward with the point towards the throat, when at rest, in a manner quite different from what I have observed in any other animal, but for a purpose that is very apparent; for, by this folding back of the tongue, the elasticity and quickness of its motion, and the glutinous matter at its pointed tip, an insect is seized and jerked into the throat in a wonderfully rapid and imperceptible manner; and it is reasonable to conclude, that without this peculiar formation, and the celerity of movement of which the part is capable, all winged, or quickly moving insects, would escape the stroke. As the toad frequently preys upon bees and wasps, whose stings are to be dreaded, the upper and lower jaw of this reptile are to be furnished with two protuberances, between which the bee, or wasp, that has had the misfortune to be seized, is almost instantaneously squeezed to death, in order to prevent any dangerous consequences, from the sting,

*ing, in the act of deglutition. Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the part which the toad has to act in the creation, in respect to its prey, than that it uniformly refuses to eat a dead insect. A relative, and an intimate friend of mine, (says Mr. Fothergill,) has tried the experiment at many, and various times, for the last twenty years, but could never succeed in inducing one of these animals to strike any thing that had not sufficient life to enable it to move. In order to try whether it was possible for hunger to conquer this aversion, he placed a vigorous toad in a large garden pot; and having counted into it a certain number of bees, newly killed, covered the top in such a manner as to admit some little air and light, but totally to exclude such insects as were likely for the toad to feed upon. At the expiration of six or seven days, he found that not a single bee had been touched, notwithstanding he was well aware that this insect, when alive, constitutes a very favourite species of food. The havoc made by toads amongst the tribes of insects which constitute their food, is very great; of which any one, who will take the trouble to place a tame and hungry animal of this species under a bee-hive, may be speedily convinced.

MORE ANECDOTES OF COOKE, THE COMEDIAN.

COOKE, while at Dublin, in 1795, one night invited home an Actor with whom he had been pleased, and they sat down to drink—one jug of whiskey punch was soon emptied, and while drinking the second, George Frederick in his turn begins to commend young

Matthews—"You are young and want some one to advise and guide you: take my word for it there is nothing like industry and *sobriety*—Mrs. Burns! Another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns, you make it so good; another jug Mrs. Burns"—"Yes, Mister Cooke."

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is too apt to be the bane of youth—Villainous company, low company, leads them from studying their business and acquiring that knowledge which alone can make them respectable."

Thus he proceeded drinking and uttering advice, while the whiskey punch, jug after jug, vanished, and with it all semblance of the virtues so eloquently praised. It is impossible to describe the ludicrous effect of the scene: Matthews sat gazing with astonishment at Cooke, who began to question him "after each horrible face" as to the meaning of it. "There—what's that?"—"Very fine, Sir"—"But what is it?"—"Oh—anger—anger to be sure"—"To be sure you're a blockhead"—"Fear! fear Sir!"—But when the actor, after making a hideous face, compounded of satanic malignity, and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr, told his pupil that *that was love*, Matthews could resist no longer, but roared with convulsive laughter.—Cooke was surprised and enraged at this rudeness in his young guest, but Matthews had address enough to pacify him.

Mrs. Burns, in the mean time, had protested against making any more punch, having brought up the last jug upon Cooke's solemn promise that he would ask for no more. The jug finished, and Matthews, heartily tired, thinks he shall escape from his tormentor, and makes a move to go.—"Not yet, my

my dear boy; one jug more."—"It is very late, Sir; Mrs. Burns will not let us have it."—"Won't she? I'll shew you that presently"—Cooke thunders with his foot, and vociferates repeatedly, Mrs. Burns! At length Mrs. Burns, who had got to bed in the chamber immediately under them, answers, "What is it you want Mr. Cooke?"—"Another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns."—"Indeed, but you can have no more Mr. Cooke."—"Indeed, but I will, Mrs. Burns."—"Remember your promise, Mr. Cooke."—"Another jug of punch, Mrs. Burns."—"Indeed, and I will not get out of my own bed any more at all, Mr. Cooke, and so there's an end of it."—"We'll see that, Mrs. Burns."

Then, to Matthews's further astonishment, he seized the jug and smashed it on the floor over the head of Mrs. Burns, exclaiming, "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?"—"Yes, I do, Mr. Cooke."—He then proceeded to break the chairs one by one, after each exclaiming, "Do you hear that Mrs. Burns?" and in receiving in reply, "Yes, I do, Mr. Cooke; and you'll be very sorry for it to-morrow, so you will."

He then opened the window, and very deliberately proceeded to throw the looking glasses into the street; and the fragments of the broken chairs and tables. Matthews had made several attempts to go, and had been detained by Cooke: he now ventured something like expostulation, on which his Mentor ordered him out of his apartment, and threw the candle and candlestick after him. Matthews having departed, the wretched madman sallied out, and was brought home next day, beaten and deformed with bruises.

'VOL. XLIII.—No. 256.

The disgrace attending the notoriety of this transaction drove him to further mad intemperance: the stage was abandoned, and in a fit of drunkenness and despair, he enlisted as a private into a regiment destined for the West Indies.

CURIOUS ORTHOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Send you the enclosed, thinking it may afford some amusement to the readers of the next number of your Magazine. I can assure you it is a literal transcript of the original. The word "Hearts," at the end of the direction, means the county of Herts.—Your's,

AN ADMIRER AND CONSTANT
SUBSCRIBER.

Jan. 19, 1814.

My Dear

and engaging creator
I can no more let aday pass without seeing or writing to you my dear, if it be a crime in me my dear to love tis your fair self that is the ocasion of it, and if it be a crime in me to tell you iloo tis myself that only faulty and if respect be a crime it bears it own punishment, but to what purpose is't to conceal aflame that whill discover it self by its own light, I could no longer conceal the resolution wich I have taken to serve you all my life and abear the cabaracter of your lover eternaly and if my love and serves be agreeable to you, you may signefy it to me when you please; that I may have the honour and satisfaction to bear with you in public, for my behavior on Sundy night gives me more pain than I can expre or

A a

you

you imagine tho' in my mind those actions may be forgiven which proceed from the excess of love but I am not so vain as to believe that anything I can act or utter should ever persuade you to retain the least kind regard in recompence for the pain I suffer, I only beg leave and liberty to complain, for they that be hurt in service are permitted to show their wounds, and the more gallant the conquer the more generous is his compassion, so let all my faults be forgiven by your tender heart, that is desir'd for nothing but compassion and all the gentle actions of softest love, but while I am preaching up pity I must remember to practise it my selfe, I thought it very hard that I could not see you my dear when I came, but if you are other ways desir'd, let me know my sentence in one line, speak truth and say you hate me because I love you for tis a pleasure to be out of pain and when one is agoing to be executed the greatest cruelty is the greatest mercy, but I can never think that cruelty can be an aim mate of your fair bosom for indeed you are very dear to me and as long as I live I will be kind to you, and be a father to the fatherless and as good husband that ever lived and with gods blessing and my endustry you may be perfectly happy and want for no good thing for my heart & affections are set upon you for you are two charming ever to let a heart escape and my constant feet will never rove, nor never seeke no other love, and I will willingly except of your hand accompanied with your heart when ever my dear you think me worthy and be happy for time and eternety, and one soull in two bodies reign, I hope tis your fortune to yed with me, for when I see

you instead of been animated as I ought I am utterly confounded, is not this one strong token of ardent love, this is all my hand could write but my heart thinks a great deule more, but I beg a short letter for you thou it be to chide me for troubling you with this long one, pardon all their is amis, mistakes and blots for my heart and hand trembles,

Your Devoted Distrated

Lover,

J. C.

Madam B.

for in my heart there is more confession and disorder'd actions than all the artfull expressions the tongue can utter but could I see you every day, and imagine my company could every day please you I should scarce think it worth my while to please the world, how many lines could I left unfinished had I been permitted to spend all those hours more pleasingly, keep it in secret for tis the secrets of my heart, for to you my love is only known which from the world is bidding, my heart is like a poore bird that is hunted from her nest and after some vain efforts to fly of setled again wear all his cares and tenderness is centered.

Miss Peggy B. ———

C——d Hearts.

SKATING IN THE ISLE OF ELY.

DURING the severe frost experienced this month, a number of excellent skating matches were made in the Isle of Ely, the decision of which afforded much amusement to a number of spectators.

On Tuesday, the 4th of January, and two following days, a variety of small prizes were skated for at Chatteris, in which Davis, Dunham,



Reisinger pinxit

A WILD BOAR, rubbing himself against an OAK TREE.

Published Jan^y 31st 1844, by J. Whittle, 18, Warwick Square, London.

ham, and Selby, three persons of Chatteris, shewed much agility, and came off winners.

On Wednesday, the 12th of January, a capital fat hog was skated for at Mepal by eight persons, and won by Wm. Youngs, a Mepal man.—On the same day was skated for at March, in the presence of a large concourse of people, a purse of five guineas, free prize, which was won by Dyall, a Whittlesea man, beating Thompson, and other well-known skaters.

On Friday, the 14th of January, a purse of five guineas was given away by the Ramsey gentlemen, to be skated for on the river adjoining that town in Huntingdonshire. This prize was skated for in the usual way by eight skaters, and was again won by Youngs, the Mepal man, beating the famous skater, Thompson, of Wimblington, with apparent ease.

On Saturday, the 15th, a silver cup of the value of ten guineas, given by the Chatteris gentlemen, was skated for on the Forty-foot River, near Carter's Bridge, in Chatteris, in the presence of several thousands of spectators: the distance of the course was upwards of a mile, and to return back again, making the course a little more than two miles.—The following is a statement of the heats:

Youngs, the Mepal man, beat Staples, a Crowland man.

Davis, a Chatteris man, beat Beadles, a Whittlesea man.

Hicklin, a Crowland man, beat Smith, a Chatteris man.

Perkins, a Thorney man, beat Thompson, a Wimblington man.

The four winners were then newly matched, as under:

Youngs, of Mepal, beat Davis, of Chatteris.

Hicklin, of Crowland, beat Perkins, of Thorney.

The two remaining winners then started, and Youngs proved the victor.

Youngs is considered to be, without exception, the fleetest skater in this country, and he is ready to run any man in England two miles, from ten to one hundred guineas and upwards. After the cup was won by Youngs, a Whittlesea gentleman backed a man of the name of Dyall, to run him two miles on Whittlesea Moor, for 20l. which took place on the Monday following, and was won by Youngs with very great ease.

A WILD BOAR

RUBBING HIMSELF AGAINST AN OAK TREE.

THIS Plate is one of a series of Etchings designed by the celebrated Redinger, which it is our intention of submitting progressively to our readers, and we hope they will receive their approbation.

ACCEPTANCES

FOR THE

SUPPLEMENTARY FREE HAN- DICAP,

*Given in the last Page of our present
Number.*

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1814.

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each.—D. M.
Mr. Udny's Truffle, 8st. 12lb.
Lord Jersey's Asmodeus, 8st.
Mr. Lake's Pointers, 8st.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, 7st. 13lb.

A a 2

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

WARM COMFORTS.—A gentleman observing to his friend, he wondered how he kept himself warm during this cold winter; was answered, "that he contrived to do it very well—that he had a small house, and a good fire—that he had a son who kept him in a perpetual fever, and a very fat wife."

MR. EDITOR.—Some lines appeared in your *Feast of Wit* last month, upon the subject of Waltzing. They certainly contained heavy charges of impropriety against those Ladies who practise that dance—such as in the following lines:

"What! the Girl of my heart, 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?"

After having allowed your Magazine to be the channel of such serious imputations, you cannot in candour refuse admission to the following Justificatory Address to the author of them, whoever he may be:—

Shall another man touch! by another embraced!

Shall another man taste her lip's dew?
Why, it's only another that can be so grac'd;

For d—n it, she'd never let you.

AFTER the battle of Vittoria, our army advanced so rapidly, that it was impossible to bake bread,

or even to find flour, and the soldiers had served out to them a certain quantity of wheat. In the course of the day, the Captain of a Company told his men that he wanted, for a particular service, twenty of the strongest fellows; upon which a Pat stepped forward with—"Plase your Honour, is it twenty strong fellows you want? Sure now, a'nt we all *strong as horses*, for you know we got a good feed of corn this morning!"

POWER OF MUSIC.—When Yaniewicz, the musician, first came into this country, he lived at the west end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney coach, when this dialogue ensued:—

Coachman.—(Shutting the door.) Where to, Sir?

Yan.—Home—*mon ami*—you go me home.

Coachman.—Home, Sir, but where?

Yan.—By gar, I know no—De name of de dam street has *echapé*,—has escaped out of my memory—I have forgot him.—Vat shall I do?

Coachman.—(Grins.)

Yan.—Ah! you are gay—come now—you understand de musique—Eh!

Coachman.—Music—what's that to do with the street?

Yan.—Ah! *vous verrez*—you shall see—(hums a tune)—Vat is dat?

Coachman.—Malbrook.

Yan.

Yan.—Ah! by gar—dat is him
—Marlbro.'-street—now you drive
a me home—Eh!

This is a fact—We have often
heard that “*music hath charms*”
to do many clever things, but this
is, we believe, the first time of its
instructing a hackney coachman
where he was to set down.

DRINKING.

An Ancient Fragment.

Three cups of wine a prudent man may
take,
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best,
The third and last to lull him to his rest,
Then home to bed: but if a fourth he
pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours,
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds, and falling out of
friends;
Seven beget blows and faces stain'd with
gore;
Eight, and the watch-patrole breaks ope
the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes
round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless on the
ground!

EUBULUS.

METROPOLITAN WIT.—A wag
says that the following *improve-
ments* are in contemplation:—
“To augment the number of bar-
row women, monthly reviewers,
and daily papers—To reduce those
parts of the Strand, Fleet-street,
and Cheapside, designed for foot-
passengers, to one half of their
present dimensions, and, at least,
to double the number of print-
shops—To prohibit Mr. Martin
V. B. from shaving—To order a
large assemblage of prostitutes and
pickpockets to attend at the door
of the Little Theatre, Haymarket;
and, in the season, at the front of
the Lyceum, and under the Piazza
of Covent-Garden—To have six

horses to every coal cart, and no
fewer than twenty brewers' teams
to go in a string—The watch to
be in future composed of old men,
and persons of one leg each: those
deaf and blind to be preferred—
The seats in St. James's Park to
be a little more broken, and a few
loads of rough gravel to be laid on
the walks every Saturday evening—
All dead bodies to be buried in
churches, and as near the surface
of the ground as possible—The
doors of entrance and exit at Ken-
sington-gardens to be made nar-
rower—St. Paul's to be moved
into Warwick-lane; and Exeter
Change to advance farther into the
street—To triple the number of
candle-makers and soap-boilers'
shops throughout the capital, and
erect steam-engines in every street
—To loosen the stoppers of all
coal vaults in London and West-
minster, and diminish the glare of
the lamps in every parish—More
stage-coaches to collect opposite
the White Horse Cellar, Picca-
dilly—To reduce the size of the
galleries in the H. of C.—During
the vacation to enlarge Covent-
Garden Theatre to twice its pre-
sent magnitude: raise the prices
of admission; engage two hun-
dred cast troop-horses at liberal
salaries; and dismiss all human
actors and actresses as unnecessary
—To give hereafter all the Prizes
in the Lottery to the Contractors
—To infuse more water into the
porter usually consumed, and ap-
point larger allowances of bone to
all mutton-chops.”

LATELY died, at Falmouth, Mr.
John Bunny; druggist, aged seven-
ty-six. The *Doctor*, (as he was
universally called) was a character
—rich in humour, eccentricity,
and benevolence; the remembrance
of

of which qualities produced from a friend the subjoined effusion:—

“ Long shall the wags of Falmouth laughing tell

Of all thy freaks at Commins's Hotel;
Recount thy bottles—quote the sayings queer—

But mingle with the laugh affection's tear:—

Not thy own “ *Bunny's Mustard*,” doubtless strong,

E'er made them wheeze so loud or weep so long;

Weep, that such spirits to the grave should drop!

The veriest *Pickle* of thy pickle-shop!—
Exalt thy “ *horn*”—thy gallantries relate—

And sigh to yield thee to the stroke of fate!—

Long on thy grave shall mushrooms fondly grow!

Long to thy name the purling liquor flow!

A Skating Anecdote.—A few days since a tradesman of Bath, having ventured on the Kennet and Avon Canal, the ice, near one of the feeders, giving way, he was soused nearly to his middle in the water, to the no small merriment of the spectators, as no material injury accrued. A sand-boy being told that it was Mr. —, the *tailor*, who was thus immersed, archly remarked, as the unfortunate dripper passed by, “ Ah! Measter, you had better been at home minding your *hot goose*, than to ha' come here for a *cold duck*.”

BONAPARTE has certainly not played his cards well, for though at one time he held almost all the *Kings, Queens, and Knaves* in the pack, he has got nothing either by *Honour* or *Tricks*, and is put to his *Trumps* at last.

A GRUB-STREET Poet was re-

cently solicited by one of his itinerant employers, to write a few stanzas on *winter*, which were to commence with the following lines:—

“ Of *purling streams* no more I tell,
They're all choak'd up with frost and snow—

The shivering bard immediately completed the stanza—

A *stream* of *purl* will do as well,
I prithee order it to flow.”

ADVICE FOR COLD WEATHER.—Poke the fire with a link, and leave the poker in it!—Order your confectioner to put Cayenne pepper into your iced-creams!—In bed, in order to be sure that your head be under the clothes, sleep with your feet under the pillow!—During the day, if you talk politics, have the kindness to borrow the tritest ideas of some noisy Democrat, that you may be sure to put every man of common sense into a *heat*!

BANG-UP.—A hackney-coachman, who had had a prime day, went into an ale-house to regale himself, and sat in a box adjoining to one where his master was. Our John, not suspecting who was his neighbour, began to divide his earnings in a manner said to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows:—shilling for master, a shilling for myself; which he continued till he came to an odd six-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, said to him, “ You may as well let me have that six-pence, John, *because I keep the horses you know*.”

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Billingham has purchased *Sober Robin*, by Governor, for 140gs.; also a bay colt, rising two years old, by Newcastle, dam by King Fergus, out of Cotlander's dam, for 180gs.—Sir W. Wynne has purchased a bay colt, rising two years old, by Castrel, out of Slang's dam, by Alexander, for 180gs.—The stock got by Castrel, are remarkably racing like, lengthy, with the truest mechanism.—*Castrel* is engaged to cover this season, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntingdon, near York.—And *Golumpus*, by Gohanna, in consequence of the death of his owner, is to be sold.

THE Duke of St. Alban's has purchased the Knave of Diamonds, by Diamond, out of Lampedosa, by Precipitate. Mr. W. Wilson has purchased *Claxton*, of Mr. Porritt, for 400gs.; also a colt, by Whitworth, dam by Hambletonian, out of Claxton's dam, for 100gs. *Claxton* was got by Remembrancer, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Windlestone's dam, by Le Sang.—He has since been named in the St. Leger Stakes.

Doncaster, January 7, 1814.—Mr. Row's bay mare, 8st. (rode by T. Shepherd) beat Mr. Brotherton's bay horse, 8st. (rode by the owner) four miles, 80gs. Run in about eleven minutes and a half.—Won easy. There was much snow on the Course.

UNION STAKES.—Amongst the

many alterations and improvements which have taken place in the various sweepstakes, &c. at York, we believe none will give more satisfaction to the sporting world than the Union Stakes on the same plan as the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger.—All bets on this race are to be play or pay.—Colts, 8st. 4lb. Fillies, 8st. 1lb.—One mile and three quarters.—To close and name, on or before the first day of February.

THE Prince Regent, on his late visit to Lord Lonsdale, at Cottesmore, expressed much pleasure on going over his Lordship's stable (where are some of the best horses and dogs in the country), and if newspaper authority can be relied on, at dinner one of the days, his Royal Highness declared it to be his intention to make a point of going down into the neighbourhood every year to enjoy the diversion of fox-hunting. Several Gentlemen are said to have certainly received commissions to purchase hunters for him.

FEMALE EQUESTRIAN.—The following anecdote is related of the agile wife of a tradesman at Grantham, Lincolnshire.—On the expected arrival of the Prince Regent this month at Belvoir Castle, to attend the christening of the young Marquis of Granby, a numerous party of the principal tenantry had drawn up at Dehton, to escort the Royal Visitor to the Castle, but, from the number of persons assembled,

bled, and the swiftness with which the Prince's carriage travelled, the ranks became disordered, some being unable to make play enough, whilst others dashed on before the carriage. Amongst the latter was the heroine in question, who, with the intrepidity of a Commander of Dragoons charging an enemy, dashed at every thing, and stood for no repairs. She was mounted on a very fine sky-scraping horse, full of mettle, with neck erect and head in the air, whose speed was highly flattering to the Lady's desire of being amongst the first of the escort to the Castle. A poor butcher, in the vale of Belvoir, also as desirous as any one to accompany the escort and to see the illustrious visitor alight, was working away, arms, head, and heels, at his rough galloway, not remarkable for speed, in the true jockey style, and too busily engaged to look behind him, when our heroine ran him down, steed and all, and the poor fellow and his horse were run over by several others in charge, but providentially without sustaining any injury, except that of being lost to the cavalcade. The story of the lady and the butcher is the subject of much merriment at Belvoir. The heroine was the first at the Castle.

DURING the Duke of Devonshire's late visit to Chatsworth, the slaughter of game was unprecedented in Derbyshire. Eighteen sportsmen went out every morning, all excellent marksmen, and the game on his Grace's estates were abundant.

It is said to be Mr. Osbaldeston's intention to transfer his excellent pack of hounds to Hundleby for a time, as soon as the frost breaks up.

AMONG the serious calamities produced by the very severe weather of the past month, none, next to those endured by the human race, are more deserving our pity and commiseration than the sufferings of the poor horse. In London, the Whip Club was never more effectually burlesqued than in viewing (what daily occurred in the streets) an old hackney-coach, with a miserable creature upon the box, wrapped up in rags and straw, in the shape of a coachman, whipping, with all his might, four starved skeletons of horses through the streets at noon-day, at a foot-pace! with an unhappy passenger in the coach—his head all beaten to pieces against the sides of the carriage occasionally, as he passes over the hillocks of frozen snow, and calling out for assistance, with all the foot-passengers in their snow-shoes, laughing at him as he rides.

A SHOCKING instance of carelessness and cruelty occurred in Bath this month.—Two men went into a public-house in Horse-street, leaving a horse worth upwards of 30*l.* for more than five hours in the street, in a very deep snow, and heavily laden, while they were carousing. The consequence was, that the poor animal, on being released from its burthen, fell down and died soon after it was taken into the stable.

TUESDAY, the 11th instant, a beautiful poodle dog, belonging to Dr. Thackeray, of Chester, was seized by some brutes in the shape of men, who poured on the back of the harmless animal, a quantity of oil of vitriol or turpentine, and sent it home in a state closely bordering on actual madness. Another valuable

valuable dog, belonging to an officer of the Royal Denbighshire Militia, was tormented in a similar way. The actors in such brutality, are disgraceful to the country, and human nature blushes for the depravity of her-offspring.

On Tuesday, the 11th instant, at Harford, Oxon, Mr. Toward, a farmer, undertook to go one hundred miles in twelve hours, to drive and walk, for 100 guineas, and to be allowed but one horse. Mr. T. drove a blood mare in a light chaise, sixty-two miles in six hours, when he took some refreshment, and commenced pedestrian, having thirty-eight miles to perform in six hours. He went twenty miles in three hours and twenty minutes, when he made play, and won the match with much difficulty, in three minutes within the given time.

With the consent and approbation of the Earl of Eglinton, a curling match took place upon the ice at Eglinton Castle, upon Old New-year's Day, between the parishes of Kilwinning and Irvine, when the greatest abilities in that art were displayed on both sides. The match was won by the parish of Irvine, by eighteen shots. After the play, the party, thirty in number, adjourned to the hospitable castle of the Noble Peer, and were regaled with the greatest plenty.—(Our readers will find a copious description of the game of curling, in vol. xl. p. 51.)

One morning this month, Mr. West, master of the King's Head public-house, at Brede, Sussex, went in pursuit of a flock of wild swans, that had settled in the marshes nigh to that place, and

with great good luck, by crawling on his hands and knees, approached them to his wish, without alarm, when he discharged his gun, pretty smartly loaded, and actually brought ten of them to hand, at one shot, the success of which he estimated at ten pounds, valuing the birds at twenty shillings each. Twenty-one of the flock escaped, and quickly winged their way out of the marshes.—*Lewes Paper.*

A few days ago, an assemblage of magpies, as if in debate before a venerable crow, majestically perched on an elevated branch among them, so annoyed Mr. Ashdown, as he was threshing in his barn, at Hellingly, Sussex, by their incessant chattering, that he left his work, and after concentrating the noisy disputants, by stratagem, went for his gun, and soon dissolved the convention by actually killing every individual member of it, consisting of eleven magpies, and the crow, whose fate may be fairly attributed to his keeping bad company.—*Ibid.*

On Christmas-day, a curious conflict took place on the river between Gainsborough and Stockwith. As John Temperton, the postman between those towns, was returning to Stockwith in his chutz, he discovered a fox crossing the river, and immediately bore down in his little barque to attack him. Reynard made some defence, notwithstanding the disadvantages of the element in which he had been surprised; but receiving a mortal blow on the head, he struck his colours, and was hauled into Stockwith harbour.

A REMARKABLE partiality for card-playing was shown, on Thursday

day morning, the 13th instant, by two farmers, near the Castle public-house, in Frieston, Lincolnshire. Each seated on a chair, with a round table between them, they played a *coll* game at All-fours on the *highway*, to the amazement of many a shivering passenger.

ON the 25th ult. as Mr. Samuel English, of Burgh, Cumberland, was in the fields with a gun, the piece burst, and the breech, with part of the stock, penetrated his forehead, the whole frontal bone of which was nearly destroyed. Notwithstanding his dreadful situation, he had the strength and resolution to extricate the breech of the piece, and to walk about a mile to his home; when medical assistance was procured, and, though a large portion of the brain was extracted, he is likely to recover.

W. BOWYER, servant to Miss Bather, of Mitton, near Montford-bridge, Yorkshire, was lately drowned in the river, near that town. He had gone out for the purpose of shooting wild fowl, and not returning at his usual time, some of the family sat up for him till a late hour: he was afterwards found lying on his face near the side of the Severn, about a mile from the house. One wild duck was found in his pocket. It is conjectured that, in stooping down the bank to reach the bird, his hat fell off, and that in his endeavour to regain it, with a briar which was found in his hand, he fell upon his face, and was stunned by the fall, which occasioned a severe cut near the temple. The gun was found on the spot where he fired at the duck.

SPORTING OBITUARY. — On Thursday, the 13th instant, died, at Martock, Somerset, at the age of 94, George Sims, better known by the appellation of *Jumping George*. He spent the greatest part of his life in travelling about the southern and western counties, selling matches, buying and selling hare skins and rabbit skins, performing feats of agility, sleights of hand, &c. in the latter of which he displayed considerable dexterity; coming occasionally to, and spending some time at Martock, which was his native place, and which he always considered his home. It is remarkable that he died on the day on which he was to have presided at a meeting of twenty-four poor old men of the parish, who were to be treated with a dinner on the occasion of the general thanksgiving.

ON Wednesday morning, the 5th instant, died, in a fit, aged 52, Mr. John Tolson, well known at Newmarket, Doncaster, and other sporting places, by the name of *York*.

ON Tuesday, the 11th instant, died, in St. Thomas's parish, Oxford, Daniel Stewart, well known to the sporting gentlemen of that University.

AT the Norwich Quarter Sessions, Robert Cable was indicted under the game laws, which conviction was supported by Robert Beats, an accomplice, who deposed that, in December 1812, himself, the prisoner, and five others, went with guns and sticks into the plantations of his master, Mr. Barker, at Carbrook, for the purpose of killing pheasants, which purpose they effected. When an enquiry was raised, he (witness) ran away from Mr. Barker's service, and two
of

of the poachers with whom he had acted, fearing that he should turn evidence against them, inveigled him aboard L'Utile ship of war, under pretence of getting him employment, and he was detained for nineteen weeks, and Mr. Barker was at much expence in procuring his release.—The prisoner was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Wymondham Bridewell.

ON Monday, the 3d instant, William Hewitt and James Bunting, were convicted at the Justice-room, bail of Lincoln, of snaring hares in the Riseholm Plantation. Not being able to pay the penalty, they were committed to Kirton House of Correction for three calendar months.

UPWARDS of twenty informations have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, against poulterers for selling hares, at the suit of Richardson, Cook, and other informers. The one accompanies the other in a chaise, and one remains seated whilst the other purchases.

REMARKABLY FINE EAGLE.—On Friday, the 7th instant, J. Hagger, gamekeeper to Thomas Thornhill, Esq. of Riddlesworth, Norfolk, killed an eagle, which is in length, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, three feet; the breadth, when the wings are extended, is seven feet one inch, and it weighs nine pounds.

A WREN's nest, containing five eggs, was this month discovered on the premises of Butt's Farm, Evercreech, Somerset. The eggs were frozen, but their appearance when broke warrants the opinion, that at the commencement of the

present inclement weather, the hen had for some time continued her task of incubation.

ON Thursday, the 20th instant, a beautiful bald Coot, in fine condition, was shot on the banks of the Tees, near Darlington, Yorkshire. It measured eighteen inches in length, the plumage is extremely handsome, and exactly as described in Natural History. This sort of bird is found in Russia and the western parts of Siberia. The severity of the weather has brought a variety of the feathered race to the streams of those rivers and brooks which are not bound in "Winter's frozen chains."

ON Tuesday, the 11th instant, a person of Boston, shot a white starling, which was one of a flock of birds of the ordinary colour flying in the pastures round that town; being only slightly wounded, it is yet alive. The gunner observed another white starling in the flock. A white hare also was lately killed near Salisbury.

ONE of the gardens at Cossimbazzar, in the East Indies, contains a large chrystalline tank, or pond, stored with *tame fish*, which were taught daily to repair to the steps for food and perform certain evolutions. The spectators regaled them with sweetmeats from the bazar, and were much amused by their docility.—*Oriental Memoirs*.

WHEN the Duke of Marlborough was at Berlin, Frederick I. King of Prussia, exhibited for the Duke a battle of wild beasts. A trooper's horse and bull were first turned out; and soon after were let loose a lion, a tiger, a bear, and a wolf, kept hungry for the purpose. The

tiger crawled along upon the ground like a cat, and jumped upon the bull's back, which soon brought the bull down, and then the great scramble began, the beasts tearing the bull to pieces, and likewise one another. The wolf and the tiger were next dispatched. The lion and the bear had a long contest. The lion with his teeth and with his claws wounded the bear in several places, but could not penetrate much farther than the skin. The bear, some how or other, took the lion at an advantage, got him within his grasp, and gave him such a squeeze as squeezed the breath out of his body. The bear then furiously attacked the trooper's horse, who stood grazing all this while at a little distance, and not minding what had been done; but the horse with his hind leg gave the bear such a kick upon the ribs, as provoked him into tenfold fury. At the second attack a second kick, which fell upon his head, broke both his jaws, and laid him dead upon the ground. So that, contrary to all expectation, the trooper's horse remained master of the field of battle.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, JAN.

26.—*Joseph Williams v. Geo. Fred.*

Gregory.—In this case an exception was taken by the Counsel for the plaintiff (Williams) against the answer of the defendant, on the ground that it was not full enough.

—On the part of the plaintiff, it was stated, that he became acquainted with the defendant some time before the year 1803. The defendant frequently invited him to his lodgings, where he instructed him in the game of backgammon. At first they played for small sums, not exceeding a shilling.—

Upon these occasions, the defendant allowed the plaintiff to be so far successful, as to tempt him into bets of greater amount; and the consequence was, that he lost considerable sums, for which the defendant threatened to arrest him, unless he gave security for their payment. The plaintiff further stated, that, by threats of this kind, he was induced to pass a bond for 800*l.* in the year 1803. He again played at the same game with the defendant, and lost other sums, amounting to 348*l.* for which he passed three bills, one for 200*l.* one for 100*l.* and one for 48*l.* Upon these bills, and the bond, he was afterwards arrested, and put in prison. The plaintiff further excepted to the answer of the defendant, that he had not the means to lend such sums to the plaintiff, as he was only a marker at a billiard table. The plaintiff stated, that, when in prison, he gave as a further security for the payment of those debts, a warrant of attorney.

The defendant, in his answer, denied altogether the statement of the plaintiff. So far from being his instructor, he said, that it was he who received lectures from the plaintiff. He denied his ever having been a marker at a billiard-table. He lent the money in question to the plaintiff, upon his representation that he was a man of property, who could, besides payment, be otherwise of service to him. The 348*l.* he said, he lent him in three different sums, and stated, in his answer, the particular times at which they were given—but as to the 800*l.* he could not specify either the particular times, or the particular sums, in which it was lent.

The Court was of opinion, that the answer was not full enough as to the 800*l.*

'POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ODE

At the INSTALLATION of his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT and STRATHEARN, as GRAND MASTER of MASONS of ENGLAND, according to the Old Institutions.—Set to Music by Brother Kelly. Recited by Brother Pope. The Vocal Parts by Brothers Bellamy, Kelly, Philipps, Taylor, Dignum, Pyne, Danby, Bennett, Cook, Wilmhurst, &c. Brother Horn at the Piano-forte, accompanied by the Duke's Personal Band.

Recitative.

FROM what beneficent decree,
Beyond the force of human law—
Beyond the first historic page,
Doth MASONRY its being draw?
Extend its influence benign
O'er every land, o'er every sea;
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
From age to age in splendour shine—
Immutable and pure?
Enlightening the accepted soul
With piety, so deep impress,
As must with thought and life endure,
To make him truly blest?—
What, but to perfect Nature's plan—
It sprang from God, the Architect of
Man?

Song.

Mountains may fall and rocks decay,
And Isle on Isle be swept away—
But Masonry's primæval truth,
Unbroke by force, unchanged by time,
Shall bloom in renovated youth,
And energy sublime.

Recitative.

Behold weak mortal led astray,
Or left to grope his blinded way,

Unaided and alone!

Plunged into Error's vast abyss,
Mistaking frantic joy for bliss;
Or sinking on the bed of pain,
Looking around for aid in vain,
By misery o'erthrown!

But, oh, how different is the sight,
When brought from darkness into light,
And taught of Masonry the plan,
The duty which he owes to man!

Glee.

The well-known sign we mark, and fly
The wound to heal—to still the sigh—
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.
For ours the aim is, ours the art
To meliorate the human heart;
Of wild desires to stem the flood,
And act as if of kindred blood.

Chorus.

These are the gifts we owe to thee,
Mild—benignant Masonry!

Recitative.

Look to the wayward sons of men!
By adverse doctrines driven,
Even in that which most they prize,
(Their future bliss above the skies,
The road that leads to Heaven),
What discord flows from tongue and pen!
What hatred, guile, and woe!
They persecute, they scourge, they kill,
They bind in chains the human will;
Or, seeking proselytes, explore
Both African and Asian shore;
And do not in their zeal disdain
To bribe the soul by thoughts of gain,
Its freedom to forego.

Not so the Mason's holy art!
It leaves the conscience free.
Between the Mason and his God,

We raise no bar—we use no rod ;
But grand internal light impart,
Omnipotence to see!

Song.

The Mason worships God on high :
And feeling in his heart the flame
Of holy love to all the same ;
To all who pure in heart and life,
Seek to be safe from worldly strife,
The door shall open fly.

We do not look to form or sect,
But all the varying creeds respect,
That may from conscience flow.
To the great Architect alone
Their truth and purity are known,
And not to man below.

Chorus.

The Christian, Turk, and Jew may be
Linked in the bonds of Masonry !

Recitative.

Nor yet can Sophistry assail,
With all its lures the Mason's mind ;
Nor false Philosophy prevail
The ardours of his soul to damp ;
For soft affections still shall bind
The hearts that honest laws have join'd,
From Masonry that spring.
In peace to cherish brothers' love,
Faithful when called to field or camp,
Adoring him that sits above,
And loyal to our King.

Chorus.

Our duty done—from labour free,
Sweet are the joys of Masonry !

Song.

Hark ! we 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 though we fill our glasses high,
Feeling still shall warm the breast ;

We have not left the poor man dry—
So the cheerful cup is bless'd.

Chorus.

And still may truth and feeling be
The heart-felt joys of Masonry !

Recitative.

Long by our noble ATHOLL led,
Though innovation raised its head,
We trod the path secure ;
Beneath his banner kept the field ;
The pillars of the Craft we reared,
Its strength and beauty we upheld,
Its ancient principles revered,
And kept its land-marks sure :

Chorus.

For Masons' hearts shall ever be
Firm in the cause of Masonry.

Song.

Now on this auspicious day,
Safe beneath a BRUNSWICK'S sway,
We hail a BRUNSWICK'S son !
EDWARD, by holy truths imprest,
Feels all the precepts in his breast,
By which our hearts were won.

Taught by many an arduous toil,
When placed on India's torrid soil,
Or 'midst Canadian snows ;
His manly heart was made to feel
(And well he knew the art to heal)
His fellow creatures' woes.

Recitative.

For, even in that distant world,
In pity to mankind,
Had Masonry its roll unfurled
To his congenial mind.—
Benevolence the action saw,
And hailed the seed thus sown !
Instructed him in nature's law,
And claimed him for her own.

Chorus.

Then, Brothers, hail the kind decree
That gave the Prince to Masonry !

Recitative.

And, do we not behold the dawn
Of purer skies and brighter days,
When Masonry's unclouded blaze,
With threefold light shall shine ?
When all (to one grand Temple drawn,
Our slightly-differing forms revised,
And little jealousies despised),
In unity combine.

Trio.

For see ! from Heaven the peaceful dove,
With Olive branch descend

AUGUSTUS shall with EDWARD join,
All rivalry to end;
And taught by their fraternal love,
Our arms our hearts shall intertwine,
The union to approve.

Full Piece.

Then EDWARD and AUGUSTUS hail:
For now beneath the BRUNSWICK line,
One system shall prevail,
O'er all the earth, with truths divine,
Shall Masonry extend its sway,
Till time itself shall pass away,
In unity to shine.—

Chorus.

Then, Brothers, hail the kind decree
That gave them both to Masonry!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

On the death of Mr. John Cooke, of Holborn, a celebrated Angler.—By his friend and Brother Sportsman, J. M. LACEY.

DEPARTED friend! my feeble lays
are thine,
They mourn thy worth, now lost to
all below!
Thy breast was ever sacred friendship's
shrine;
Thy heart still panted with its warmest
glow!

True to thy sport, full often thou wert
seen,
In watchful patience, by the river's
side,
Where Lea or Thames diversify the
scene;
And thro' rich plains of verdant beauty
glide.

There quite unrivall'd in your art you
stood,
Where now, alas! thou wilt be seen
no more!
Thy soul has pass'd Eternity's dread
flood!
And gain'd a realm of peace, a heav'nly
shore!

If whisper'd thoughts can reach thy spirit
now,
Be mine upborne, and wafted to thine
ear:
Oh! teach thy friends submissively to
bow,
And check the rising sigh, the falling
tear!

Be those, who were in life thy dearest
care,
Still aided by inspirings from above:
Oh! soothe thy widow's sigh of sad de-
spair!
Oh! dry thy children's tears—the tears
of love!

Teach them to know, that Heaven's high
will is bliss,
Though pain and bitterness may wait
us here:
Oh! wean their thoughts from worlds so
vain as this,
To contemplate "another, better
sphere!"

ON THE SINGING OF A MODERN
LADY OF FASHION.

MARIA sings, the list'ning throng
Attend, admire, applause the song;
You'd think the joy their looks impart,
Proceeded truly from the heart:
And truly too, MARIA hears
No false delights salute her ears;
Unfeigned joy their looks discover,
Not that 'tis sweet, but that 'tis over.

SONGS,

In "NARENSKY; or, the ROAD TO YAROSLAF;" a new Serio-Comic Opera, brought out this month at Drury-Lane Theatre.

SONG—MR. BRAHAM.

CAN wealth or friends thy heart in-
cline
To scorn my humble lot?
And can'thy promise to be mine
Be e'er forgot?
If pity in that bosom dwell,
My fears—my jealous fears dispel;
Forget me not!
My life would waste in griefs sweet maid,
As wounded flow'rets droop and fade!
Forget me not!
Forget me not, my lovely maid!
How oft to meet thee in the grove
At eve I've left my cot,
When ev'ry word and look was love,
And ev'ry thought!
Thou bad'st me thy fond vows believe,
And can'st thou now my hopes deceive?
Deceive me not!

But

But think upon thy vows, sweet maid,
When in the grove at eve we stray'd,—
Deceive me not!
Deceive me not, my lovely maid!

SONG—MR. GATTIE.

Women think that they always can
choose,
When young and paid court to by
many;
This lover and that they refuse,
Till they find it too late to get any:
Like the Sailor who loiter'd on shore,
Till his ship by the wind was detain'd;
Or the man who let sunshine pass o'er,
And began to make hay when it rain'd.

SONG—MR. KNIGHT.

A maid and a man once a courtship
began,
And of course soon determin'd to wed;
But before the fond day was the devil to
pay,
For alas! the poor lover went dead.

To his grave went the fair, with a very
grave air,
And exclaim'd, as she mourn'd her
lost mate,
“Why didn't you, my life, first make
me your wife,
“Then I less might have pin'd at your
fate?”

The damsel then sigh'd, and despairingly
cried—
“Welladay! I shall die an old maid!”
But the Sexton was near, and said, “No,
my dear,
“Look at me, and pray don't be
afraid.”

She was not over nice, so follow'd good
advice,
Not to mourn for a man in his grave;
Took the grave-digging youth, and re-
peated this truth,
“Friends in need are the best friends
we have.”

SONG—MR. LOVEGROVE.

Place me in good service with plenty to
eat,
Contented and happy you'll find I shall
stay;
As long as they give me good drink and
good meat,
I'll patiently wait till they turn me
away;

The weasel that crept thro' a hole in the
wall,
And stuff'd his fur jacket with plenty
of grain,
Was a fool to sneak out till he'd eaten up
all,
'Twere then time enough to grow slen-
der again.

BALLAD—MR. BRAHAM.

In that cottage my father long dwelt,
'Till call'd the proud foe to repel,
With a heart that each keen passion felt
He bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echo'd the sound,
A sound I shall ever deplore,—
Farewell! Farewell!—
Alas! I shall ne'er see him more!
Shouts of victory honour'd the day
When bravely in battle he fell,
Far, far from his village away,
Where he bade his companions fare-
well;
While in distance he echo'd the sound,
&c.

SONG—MRS. DICKONS.

The captive bird for freedom pines,
And mournful ev'ry joy resigns;
But viewing thro' the wiry cage,
His gay companions of the air,
On waving wing
Exulting sing,
Their happy notes his grief assuage;
He bids adieu to selfish care,
Forgets his loss of liberty,
Then joins in song
The feather'd throng,
And half believes himself is free.

SONG—MR. BRAHAM.

March on, my brave lads, to the field,
This day shall be ever renown'd;
Our foes in the battle must yield,
And their banners be hurl'd to the
ground;
The tie that unites our good cause
In vain shall their swords try to sever;
March on!
Our freedom and laws,
Our righteous just cause,
Our monarch and country for ever!
The spirit that urges us on,
No pow'r, no force can subdue;
With glory the day shall be won,
We'll fight, overcome, and pursue;
To defend, to support the good cause,
Ev'ry soldier will bravely endeavour;
March on! &c.



J. Ward R.A. pinxt.

H.R. Cook sculp.