

Suppl. Royal 1814

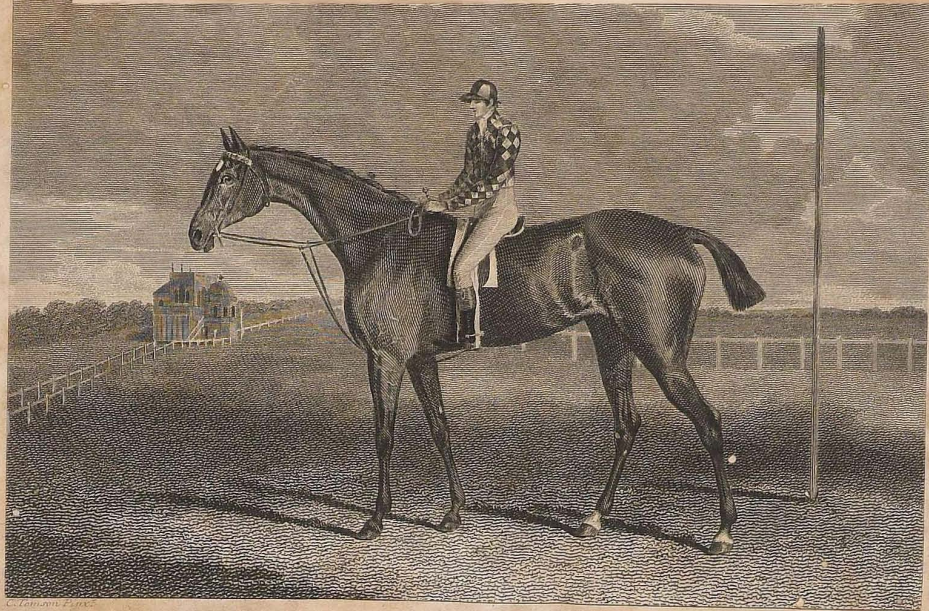
Twenty-fourth of the Improved Edition
THE
Sporting Magazine
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,
OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other Diversion
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure Enterprise & Spirit
VOL. 44.



The Stag.

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Embellished with,

- I. *A beautiful Engraving of the celebrated Mare, ALTISIDORA.*
- II. *TIGER, a Terrier, the property of Mr. Martin, of Nottingham.*

ALTISIDORA,

*With a beautiful Engraving by MR. SCOTT,
from a Painting by MR. CLIFTON TOM-
SON, of Nottingham.*

ALTISIDORA was bred by Richard Watt, Esq. of Bishop-Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1810.

She was got by Dick Andrews; her dam, *Mandane*, (bred by the late Mr. Panton) by Pot8o's; grandam, *Young Camilla*, (Sister to *Colibri*) by Woodpecker; great grandam, *Camilla*, by Trentham; *Coquette*, by the Compton Barb, out of the Sister to *Regulus*, by the Godolphin Arabian; *Grey Robin-son*, by the Bald Galloway, Snake,

out of Old Wilkes, a daughter of Old Hautboy, who was bred by the D'Arcy family, and got by the D'Arcy White Turk, out of a Royal Mare.

At Malton, April 8, 1812, *Altisidora* won the Yearling Stakes, half a mile, beating Ivica, by St. George, and the Sister to Tarquin: —6 to 4 on *Altisidora*.—And at York, May 27, she won a Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. (eleven Subscribers) Two-year-Olds' Course, beating the Brother to Oiseau, Madrid, Flint, and Harlot: —5 to 4 agst *Altisidora*.

At York Spring Meeting, 1813, *Altisidora* won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, (five Subscribers) for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. the last

last mile and half, beating the Duke of Leeds's Selim filly, Miss Platoff, and the Sancho filly, out of Vesta: 6 to 5 on Altisidora. Won easy.—And at Doncaster, in September, she won the St. Leger and Filly Stakes, (*for an account of which we refer our readers to the Sporting Magazine for October last, pages 10 and 13.*)—At this Meeting, she was matched against Camleopard, 8st. 2lb. each, two miles, 500gs. h. ft.—To run on Monday in the next York August Meeting.

ROBBING HORSES OF THEIR FOOD.

WE record, with a great deal of pleasure, the detection and punishment of one of the worst species of thieves that infest society—we mean the unfeeling villain, who, for a trifling gain, will deprive a generous animal of that food, so necessary to enable him to undergo the fatigue attendant on the laborious duties which he is destined to perform.

At the late Easter Sessions for the county of Essex, held in the town of Chelmsford, William Collet, ostler at the Lion and Lamb Inn, Brentwood, was indicted for stealing part of half a peck of oats and three pennyworth of beans, the property of Mr. George Hinde.

Mr. Walford, Counsel for the plaintiff, stated to the Jury, that it was well known that similar crimes were often suspected, but the charge of guilt could very seldom be brought home, because the crime could rarely be detected.—Mr. Hinde, it appeared, called at the Lion and Lamb, Brentwood, and ordered his horse a feed of

corn and some beans; having some suspicion of the ostler, he watched him through a crevice of the door, to see whether he would take the corn from the horse, which he very soon did. The Learned Counsel concluded by stating, that this was a case made out in the most complete manner possible, and an exemplary punishment inflicted on this offender might deter others in such cases; for not only was the person deprived of his property for which he pays, but the poor animal is robbed of that which he needs to strengthen him for his journey.

Mr. Hinde was called, who stated himself to be a traveller for a house in London; that he arrived at the Lion and Lamb Inn, Brentwood, on the 20th of March, and ordered his horse a feed of corn; that having some suspicion the ostler did not act honestly towards his horse, he placed himself behind the door of the stable, the better to enable him to watch his motions; that he saw the ostler with a basket in his hand go to the manger and take some corn out of it; that he then made his appearance, and asked him what he was going to do with it, who told him he was going to keep it for the horse till the next morning.

The Counsel for the defendant here stated that the man must be set at liberty, there being a grand mistake in the indictment, for it there stated that he had stole the property of Mr. Hinde, but it was evident that the corn never was the property of Mr. H. nor was it sold to him, or taken from the premises of Mr. Moull, the ostler's master, as Collet, the prisoner, farmed the yard of his master.—The Court, however, was of opinion, that the corn, as soon as delivered

livered to the man for Mr. H.'s horse, became the property of Mr. H. and that the ostler's taking it away must be considered as theft.

Mr. Moull, master of the Lion and Lamb Inn, Brentwood, said, that Collett had lived with him ever since he entered upon the premises, about twelve months, and had lived there for three years before he came; he had always borne a very good character.

Mr. Haslam, shopkeeper, of Brentwood, gave the prisoner a most excellent character, he having known him about four years, and considered him a very industrious, sober, steady man; he always recommended his friends to put their horses under his care.

The prisoner, in his defence, said, he thought the horse had eaten as much corn as would do him good, and that he intended to give him the other in the morning, as the gentleman said he should set off about five o'clock.—The Jury found the prisoner guilty.

The Court then sentenced the prisoner to three months hard labour in Chelmsford House of Correction.—The Chairman informed the prisoner it was on account of the excellent character which had been given him, that the Court had treated him with such lenity, and hoped his punishment would be a warning to him, and to others, not to repeat similar offences.

BATTLE

BETWEEN MARTIN AND KNOWLSWORTHY.

THE amateurs of the fist made a strong muster at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, the 29th of March, to witness the contest between the above pugilists. Coombe

Wood was first fixed for the *Acel-dema*, but the Judges holding the Assize at Kingston, most of the company thought it best to *steer clear of them as long as possible*, and Moulsey was substituted.—Martin is one of the *Mosaic* tribe, who beat Lancaster; Knowls-worthy was a known good man. The two men set-to at one o'clock; Joe Ward and Paddington Jones seconded Knowlsworthy, and Jacobs and Little Puss (technically named) seconded Martin. Betting 2 to 1 on Martin, with few takers.

Round 1. Martin made play with much gaiety left and right, and immediately found an awkward customer, Knowlsworthy returning his right hand upon the mouth of his antagonist at a well-judged distance. Martin went down, and bled profusely.

2. Knowlsworthy kept himself well together for hitting; but his adversary was cautious at going in, and much sparring ensued. Martin at length hit out again, but, as in the preceding round, it was at too respectful a distance to tell with any effect, and he was again floored. Even betting.

3. Here it was evident Knowlsworthy was at equal fighting, and the heaviest hitter, with the advantage of weight. Martin made a courageous round with him, but he fell under, and strength was served. Six to four on the baker.

4. Some good equal fighting, still ultimately advantageous to Knowlsworthy, although Martin planted a good hit on the eye with the right hand.

5. Knowlsworthy had made much havoc about the head and body of his antagonist, and in this round he hit him through the ropes.

In the succeeding rounds Martin fought

fought at a like disadvantage. His antagonist always hit him without parrying, but by throwing out with the opposite hand to his man.

In the 12th round Knowlsworthy got the head of his antagonist under his arm, and after hitting him as he liked, he threw him a heavy cross-buttock. Martin had no chance after this, but he tried to wear out his antagonist, by getting easy falls. He had not Lancaster to deal with; the baker never left, and after a very severe beating, he resigned, after fighting thirty-six minutes. Knowlsworthy is the best man of his weight of the day. More diversion was cut out, but the Magistrates appeared and the company dispersed.

EXACT DISTANCES
OF THE
COURSES AT NEWMARKET.

	Miles.	Fur.	Yards.
THE Beacon Course			
is	4	1	138
Last three miles of			
B. C.	3	0	45
Ditch-in	2	0	97
Two middle miles of			
B. C.	1	7	125
Audley-End Course			
(from the Ditch to the Green-Post between the Duke's Stand and the Ending-Post of B. C.)	1	6	131
Clermont Course (from the Ditch to the Duke's Stand)	1	5	217
Across the Flat	1	2	44
Last mile and a Distance of B. C.	1	1	156
Ancaster Mile	1	0	18
Rowley Mile	1	0	1
The Ditch Mile	0	7	178

	Miles.	Fur.	Yards.
Abingdon Mile	0	7	211
Bunbury Mile	0	7	208
The Two-year-Olds' Course	0	5	136
From the Turn of the Lands in	0	5	184
The Yearling Course	0	2	147
The Round Course was destroyed, and the Duke and Dutton Courses were both ploughed up.			

* * 220 yards are a furlong.—1760 yards, or 8 furlongs, are a mile.—240 yards are a distance.—4 inches are a hand.—And 14 pounds are a stone.

York four-mile Course, is 3 miles, 3 quarters, and 244 yards, which is 196 yards short of four miles.

Doncaster (twice round for four miles) is 3 miles, 3 quarters, 32 yards, which is 408 yards short of 4 miles.

* * The above measurement was taken soon after Sir Solomon and Cockfighter ran their match in 1801.

SUMMARY

Of the Three First Days of

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING
MEETING.

MONDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, T. Y. C. was won by Mr. Payne's Onyx, beating Mr. Wyndham's Brother to Mouse, and two others.—A Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, B. C. was won by the Duke of Rutland's Grimalkin, beating Mr. Hallett's Cœlebs, and Mr. Blake's Sprightly.—The King's Plate of 100gs. last three miles of B. C. was won by the Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, beating Lord Sackville's ch. f. by Alexander the Great, and four others.—Sweepstakes

stakes of 100gs. each, T. M. M. walked over by Mr. Hallett's Cœlebs.—Mr. Udny's Truffle, 8st. 7lb. beat the Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, 8st. 5lb. R. M. 200gs.

Tuesday, Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, D. M. won by Mr. Andrew's c. Robin Adair.—Lord F. Bentinck's c. by Shuttle, beat Mr. Neville's f. by Young Whiskey, T. Y. C. 100gs. h. ft.—The 2000gs. Stakes, a subscription of 100gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. rising 3 yrs old, R. M. won by Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Sir Oliver, beating Mr. Glover's ch. c. by Haphazard. 17 paid forfeit. The Judge placed but two.—Billingbear Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, won by Lord Rous's ch. c. Araxes.—Fifty Pounds by subscription, last three miles of B. C. won by Mr. Ladbroke's ch. h. Hamlet.—Lord F. Bentinck's b. c. by Gamenut, rec. ft. from Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Hyperion.

Wednesday, the 10gs. Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, won by Mr. Watson's f. by Waxy.—Cockboat Stakes of 100gs. each, won by Mr. Payne's f. by Peruvian.—Port Stakes of 100gs. each, won by Lord Grosvenor's Phosphor, by Meteor.—Newmarket Stakes of 50gs. each, won by Lord Stawell's b. c. Blucher, by Waxy.—Handicap Sweepstakes, of 25gs. each, won by Mr. Crockford's Demoeles.—Fifty Pounds by subscription won by Lord Rous's gr. c. Quizzer.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Understand there was a paragraph in your *Sporting Magazine* a month or two past, which

reflected on my character as huntsman of the Prince Regent's stag-hounds, in a manner I cannot pass over. The paragraph alluded to, informed the world that I had, for the purpose of giving blood to the hounds, maimed an animal in the most barbarous and cruel manner possible. I beg to refer you to the paragraph, and trust you will contradict its assertion.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. SHARPE.

Ascot Heath, April 23, 1814.

* * * *We have referred to the Paragraph alluded to by Mr. Sharpe, inserted in our Magazine for December, and find it is stated to have been copied, as well as the remarks of HUMANITAS thereon, from the London Daily Prints; it also appeared in the Windsor Express of Dec. 12, a newspaper published close to Mr. Sharpe's residence—yet this is the first time, we believe, the correctness of the paragraph has been disputed. Be that as it may, we trust we shall no more hear of the legs of animals being dislocated, and afterwards running an hour and three quarters, merely for the purpose of giving blood to young hounds.*

BETTINGS.

BETTING on the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Newmarket, Thursday, April 14.

DERBY.

- 4 to 1 agst Lord Stawell's Blucher, by Waxy.
5 to 1 agst Bourbon, by Sorcerer.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's Dauntless, by Eagle.

14 to

- 14 to 1 agst Brother to Hedley,
by Gohanna.
14 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's colt, by
Walton.
15 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's Dick
Andrews filly.

OAKS.

- 4 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's Dick
Andrews filly.
13 to 1 agst Sister to Scorpion,
by Gohanna.

Mr. Hewett's filly is sold to Mr.
Blake for 2000gs.

Lord Sackville has bought Ma-
nuella.

BETTING ON THE ST. LEGER AT
CATTERICK.

- 9 to 1 agst William, by Go-
vernour.
11 to 1 agst Alfana, by Dick
Andrews.
12 to 1 agst Mr. Grimston's
Belville, by Orville.
32 to 1 agst King David, by
Remembrancer.
1000 to 50 agst Norton, by Hy-
acinthus.

Bettings at Newmarket, Wed-
nesday, April 27.

DERBY.

- 7 to 2 agst Blucher.
5 to 1 agst Bourbon.
7 to 1 agst Mr. Glover's Hap-
hazard.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's colt.
14 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's filly.
16 to 1 agst any other.

OAKS.

- 7 to 2 agst Duke of Rutland's
Selim filly.
9 to 2 agst Mr. Hewett's filly.
6 to 1 agst Wilson.
6 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor.

DESTRUCTION OF SPORT-
ING DOGS.

THE following cause, decided at
the late Somerset Assizes, is of
importance to the sporting world,
as it promulgates a law not gene-
rally known—that no gentleman,
however exalted his station, has a
right to destroy greyhounds, or
dogs of any other description, be-
ing the property of other persons,
whether trespassing or not: cau-
tionary boards are of no avail.

Corner v. T. S. Champneys, Esq. and
another.

This was an action brought
against T. S. Champneys, Esq.
and his gamekeeper, Ralph Cro-
zier, for shooting the plaintiff's
greyhound, which was proved by
several sporting gentlemen to be
of such extraordinary value, that
had it been their own they would
not have taken 50 or even 100
guineas for her. It appeared that
Mr. Champneys had ordered his
servants to destroy all dogs found
on his premises: and one witness
stated that the greyhound was forc-
ibly taken and tied to a stump in
Mr. Champneys' wood, and there
shot and buried. This action was
attempted to be justified by Mr.
Champneys having caused boards
to be put up on the outside of his
grounds, specifying that all dogs
found therein would be shot; but
the Judge was clearly of opinion
that such notice could not justify
them in shooting the greyhound:
and he, in summing up the evi-
dence, animadverted on Mr. Champ-
neys' conduct in suffering such a
cause to be brought into Court;
observing, that if Mr. Champneys
authorised such practices in his
keepers, he would find in the end
a losing

a losing game. The Learned Judge directed the Jury to find for the plaintiff to the full value of the greyhound, and the Jury, without hesitation, accordingly returned a verdict, damages 50*l*.

On the above trial, the following has been addressed
To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR—Having seen a statement in your paper relative to the above cause, tried at the late Taunton Assizes, I am induced to intrude upon you the following affidavit, which *will clearly prove* the evidence of Zachariah Broderib to have been no less *false than malicious*, in regard to the manner in which the Greyhound bitch of William Corner was killed; and here it is not inapposite to state that both William Corner the prosecutor, and Zachariah Broderib the witness, have very recently been convicted by the Magistrates of this division under the same laws, and the latter committed by my warrant to prison, the former having paid the penalty, as he has heretofore done: neither the one nor the other therefore entered the Court with very clean hands.

It was also stated in evidence, that I had said that express orders had been given by me to kill William Corner's dog. This is no less false than the former. I expressly said that if the dog of my father, or any dog of my own, was found hunting *by itself*, at that season, in the Orchardleigh woods, it would be destroyed; and that if any servant of mine refused to obey my orders in shooting such dogs under such circumstances, I would discharge him: Considering as I then did, and perhaps still do, that under the Act of the 22d and 23d of Charles the Second,

chap. 25, sect. 2, and having likewise given public notice for many years past, by boards placed around my woods, signifying that all dogs found therein would be shot, that I was justified in giving such orders.

And I will now beg leave to ask every honest man, with the true feelings of an Englishman, whether under the circumstances which I have suffered, namely, that of having had no less than fifty head of beautiful deer killed in my deer-paddock during five successive Saturday nights, by two dogs, which were at length only destroyed by having ten men armed at night for the purpose, he would not be induced to give similar orders to mine for the destruction of dogs?

From what I have heard of the late trial at Taunton, I do not entertain the slightest idea that the Jury could have returned a different verdict, *believing, as they no doubt did*, the evidence of Zachariah Broderib, as well as the testimony of the "*sporting friends*" of William Corner, who valued a greyhound bitch of seven years old, and an arrant poaching dog, at FIFTY POUNDS.

You have also been directed to state, Mr. Editor, "that the learned Judge *animadverted upon my conduct for suffering such a cause to be brought into Court.*" In answer to this, I have only to say, that under every principle of right, as far as can attach to the sacred protection of property, I felt at the time, and still do feel, myself justified in defending my conduct; and had I not been sacrificed to the false evidence of Zachariah Broderib, who I can safely state, as a Magistrate, is not to be believed upon his oath, and which evidence, by the artful manner in which the action was brought,

brought, including the only two persons competent to contradict the evidence, it would have been quite impossible for the learned Judge to have animadverted on my conduct in defending the action, nor could the Jury have given such extraordinary damages.

It must be obvious to every gentleman resident upon his estate, as well as to every true sportsman, that unless you have the power of protecting your woods from the depredations of self-hunting dogs, run wild from starvation, like those of William Corner in my case, it is quite impossible to preserve game either for one's self, or, what is far more desirable, for one's friends.—And as I may possibly appear to the county at large, upon the report of this trial, as an arbitrary person respecting game, I beg leave to add, that, with four manors and some thousand acres of land to sport over, I have had two pheasants and three partridges at my table this last year produced under my own manorial privileges, and that I have frequently requested a supply of game from my friends, in order to oblige others who had applied to me for it.—I remain, Mr. Editor, your most obedient humble servant,

THOS. S. CHAMPNEYS.

Orchardleigh, near Frome, April 12, 1814.

Crozier's affidavit avers, that Zachariah Broderip was employed by him in February, 1813, to destroy vermin in the woods and plantations round Orchardleigh House, and that Broderip frequently complained to him of a greyhound bitch and another dog belonging to Wm. Corner, being in the habit of hunting in the woods around Orchardleigh, and killing the young hares and rabbits;—that Broderip's statement given at the Taunton Assizes, of he, Crozier having gone after the said greyhound bitch to William Corner's, and led her from thence to Orchardleigh wood, ordering him to destroy her, and tying her to the stump of a tree in order to have her shot, is total-

ly void of foundation in truth;—that Broderip was discharged for gross misconduct in May, 1813;—and that he solemnly believes on his oath that Broderip, instigated by William Corner, has been actuated by revenge and personal enmity towards him, the said Ralph Crozier, and thereby induced to deliver in evidence upon the late trial at Taunton Assizes a statement no less false than scandalous and unjust.

KENT ASSIZES.

Kingsnorth v. Breton and another.

The Common Serjeant stated, that this was an action against the Rev. Dr. Breton, a magistrate, and Mr. Jemmett, a solicitor of great practice in the county, for causing the plaintiff's dog to be killed. The facts of the case were, that the plaintiff was summoned by Mr. Toke, a Magistrate, to attend to answer a charge for keeping a lurcher. He attended accordingly, when the defendant, Dr. Breton, Mr. Toke, Mr. Brett, and two other Magistrates, were present, Mr. Jemmett acting as their clerk. Some investigation took place, at the end of which Dr. Breton told the plaintiff that he was convicted in the sum of 5l. and that the dog was forfeited, and should be destroyed. A constable, of the name of Norley, was then called, and desired to destroy the dog; but he hesitating, Mr. Jemmett repeated the order, and said he would pay him for so doing. Norley then took the dog out into the town of Ashford, where the Magistrates were sitting at the Saracen's Head Inn, and he was shot in the market-place. The plaintiff borrowed of a friend on the spot the sum of 5l. to pay the fine.

Mr. Serjeant Best contended, that all this proceeding was warranted under the statute of Queen Anne, in which the Lord Chief Baron concurring, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.

"Ridentem dicere verum
 "Quid vetat?" Hor.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

HAVING seen in former numbers of your entertaining Miscellany many relations of "*supernatural beings*," I have transmitted you the following curious occurrence, which, though it happened in the early part of my life, yet as often as it is recalled to memory, never fails to excite my risible faculties.

About twenty years ago, I was on a visit at Lantarnin Abbey, then the seat of my friend J. B. Esq. who, by the bye, had as staunch a pack of hounds, and as fine a stud of hunters, as any in the surrounding counties. As his affluent fortune furnished him with the means of shewing his hospitality; it was his custom to have always, during the hunting season, a house full of sporting acquaintances.

One evening after a capital day's sport, the whole party were seated round a cheerful fire in a snug apartment of the Abbey: after supper the bottle was circulated pretty briskly, and many a flowing glass was emptied to "*The Pleasures of Fox-hunting*." The conversation at first turned on the events of the day, and other cursory matters; when one of the company happening to touch upon the ancient appearance of the house, the monastery that formerly stood on its site, and the many marks of antiquity about the mansion, the discourse imperceptibly deviated to the existence or non-existence of *apparitions*: but the clock in the

great hall striking the hour of twelve, admonished us to relinquish the convivial delights of "*Bacchus*," for the sober luxuries of "*Somnus*." Accordingly we retired for the night to our different chambers. About half an hour had elapsed, when strange noises were distinctly heard in the passages leading to our apartments. At one time the distant sound of footsteps, passing in rapid succession struck our ears; at another, the clanking of a chain, and a noise as it were of something falling from a great height. At length all was silent, when a Capt. S. who slept in a room contiguous to Mr. B.'s, slipped on his dressing gown, and groped his way to the apartment of our worthy host. Having awoke Mr. B. who was fast asleep, he told him of the strange tumult that had taken place—was surprised that B— had not heard it—asked what could occasion it—adding with an oath, that "*By G— he believed the house was haunted*." Mr. B. told him he could not conjecture, but that at all events he would unravel the mystery. Capt. S. promised to accompany him; on a sudden all was repeated, the same sounds were heard by both. A rush-light was yet burning in the room; B. took a pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and sallied forth; S. followed with a drawn sword! They proceeded up two pair of stairs, and followed the sound; it seemed as if it retired from them; they passed through four or five passages, and at last came to a door that opened into the long gallery. There they heard a faint struggling within—a seceding footstep—again all was silent; S. tapped B. on the shoulder, and much alarmed, said, "*This is certainly some ghostly concern*;

B

some

some one guilty of murder in his life-time now performs penance—let us return nor attempt to"—“Hush!” cried B. smiling at the superstitious fear of the Captain, “we’ll see the end of it.” Ere they had proceeded half way across the gallery, large drops of blood were apparent on the floor! Both paused—looked at each other—rush’d forward—and arrived at a bed-chamber, that had not been occupied for some time. The door of it was a-jar. B—cock’d his pistol—S. grasp’d his sword—and on the tiptoe of expectation they entered; when, lo! in one corner of the room appeared the mangled and half-eaten body—of a “fox”—in another, were the ghostly pursuers, the fiend-like murderers, three old hounds, who upon B—calling them, came up wagging their tails, and fawning at the feet of their master!!! Both laughed heartily at the issue of their expedition, and retired to rest.

In the morning, at breakfast, every one recounted the strange noises he had heard in the night. Our worthy host told them his nocturnal adventures; and observed, he had discovered, that one of the foxes who were chained up in the plantations, had the day before got loose, and escaped with the chain about its neck; and by some means or other concealed itself in the house. Three hounds who were suffered to lie in the kitchen, got scent of Reynard in the night, pursued him for some time, without opening, and at last killed him in the “Long gallery!” All the party were convulsed with laughter at the “dénouement” of the “ghost;” and not a few rallied the Captain on his fertile imagination!

Should you think this worthy of insertion in your next, you will much oblige a constant reader and occasional correspondent.

VENATOR.

Malvern Wells, April 11, 1814.

TIGER HUNT.

MADRAS, MAY 18, 1813.

INFORMATION having been brought to the first battalion, 4th regiment of Native Infantry, commanded by Capt. Hull, that a royal tiger had committed great devastation; he immediately formed a party, and in the course of the pursuit the retreat of two of these ferocious animals was discovered in a thick jungle near a village. One of them escaped; the other, a tigress, crossed the bed of a river, and in her flight was struck by two well-directed shots. The pursuit was continued with spirit, and after a long search, a Sepoy traced the place of her concealment. The party advanced towards the spot, but on the way approaching the edge of a deep ravine, the animal burst upon their view sooner than was expected. With a tremendous roar, she instantly made a spring at Captain Hull, who was in front of some of his Sepoys, who rushing forward to interpose themselves and their bayonets, and crying out, save the “*Fortune and Father of the Corps*,” fired at the same time. The furious animal, though wounded by several shots, and her tongue pierced by a bayonet, completed her spring, ripped up the pantaloons and boot of Captain Hull, broke the leg of a Sepoy, and then fell with them into an adjoining ravine, where
after

after receiving five balls in her shoulder, she met with the *coup de grâce*. She measured ten feet in length. All the party were handsomely rewarded, and a very liberal subscription raised by the gentlemen of the station, for the Sepoy, whose leg being broken, was obliged to be amputated.

The circumstance which most enhances the bravery and gratitude of these Sepoys, was their knowledge on the very day that this honourable event happened, that Captain Hull, who had commanded them five years, was to quit his battalion immediately for a staff situation at the Presidency.

THE HORSE RACE.

(From Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*.)

“THERE was to be a famous match between Col. Hauton's High Blood, and Squire Burton's Wild Fire. All the preparations of the horses and their riders occupied the intervening days. With all imaginable care, anxiety, and solemnity, these important preparations were conducted. At stated hours Col. Hauton, and with him Buckhurst, went to see High Blood rubbed down, and fed, and watered, and exercised, and minuted, and rubbed down, and littered. Next to the horse, the rider Jack Giles was to be attended to with the greatest solicitude; he was to be weighed, and starved, and watched, and drammed, and sweated, and weighed again, and so on in daily succession; and harder still, through this whole course he was to be kept in good humour! None that ever *sarved* man or beast, as the stable boy declared, ever worked harder for their

bread than his master and master's companion did this week for their pleasure.

“At last, the great, the important day arrived, and Jack Giles was weighed for the last time in public, and so was Tom Hand, Squire Burton's rider, and High Blood and Wild Fire were brought out; and the spectators assembled in the stand and round about the scales, were all impatient, especially those who had betted on either of the horses.—And now Hauton!—Now Burton!—Now High Blood!—Now Wild Fire!—Now Jack Giles!—And now Tom Hand! resounded on all sides. The gentlemen on the race ground were all on tip-toe in their stirrups. The ladies in the stands stretched their necks of snow, and nobody looked at them. Two ladies fainted, and two gentlemen betted across them. This was no time for nice observations—Jack Giles's spirit began to flag, and Tom Hand's judgment to tell—High Blood on the full stretch, was within view of the winning post, when Wild Fire, quite in wind, was put to his speed by the judicious Tom Hand—he sprung forward, came up with High Blood—passed him—Jack Giles strove in vain to regain his ground—High Blood was blown beyond the power of whip or spur. Wild Fire reached the post, and Squire Burton won the match hollow.”

THE DUEL OF THE FLIES.

M. Kotzebue in his account of the various arts practised in the streets of Paris to excite attention, records the following:

“Two flies are fastened to two needles,

needles, placed perpendicularly behind their wings, so that they keep their six legs stretched out before them. They are fixed nearly opposite to each other, and a little ball of cork is then given to each of them, in which is fastened a small straw. As soon as this ball touches their feet, they endeavour to seize it to hold themselves by; upon this touch the ball keeps moving backwards and forwards, and consequently the straw turns against the enemy. Each party moving in the same manner, the two straws often clash together like two swords; and this constitutes the duel of the flies.

WELSH LAWS RESPECTING THE CAT.

IN the tenth century, the Welsh Prince Hoel Adda, among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals, included that of the cat, and described its requisite qualities. The price of a kitten before it could see, was a penny: from then till it caught a mouse, two pence, considerable sums in those days; but then it was to be perfect in its senses, of seeing and hearing; a good mouser, have the claws whole, and be a good nurse. If it failed in any of these points, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer, the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the Prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on a cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a keep high enough to cover the creature to the tip of the tail.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

By M. DUPONT DE NEMOURS.

THIS French naturalist assures his readers, that he was particularly acquainted with a dog belonging to M. L'Abbe Trentmille, a famous politician of Luxembourg. When the Abbe died, his dog never would accept of another master, though courted by many of his friends. However, as the gardens of the Luxembourg were the resort of the newsmongers, his master's acquaintance, one or another of these never failed inviting the dog home with him, the usual form of which was, "Sultan will you dine with me to day," or will you do me the honour of dining with me, &c. During the repast, Sultan was always orderly, but when the cloth was removed, if the door was not opened to him he then became troublesome. One of his friends, who was presumptuous enough to think he could appropriate Sultan entirely to himself, was bitten by him for his pains, and the dog never saw him afterwards without growling. — But though Sultan possessed much intelligence, he was nothing compared to a dog who belonged to a shoe-black in Paris. To make work for his master he would go and daub his feet in the channels and wipe them upon the clean shoes or boots of the first passenger that came by, and which, the moment his master saw, he would run up with his brushes and stool, with the usual salutation of "Black your honour?" As long as the shoe-black was thus busy, the dog was easy, but the moment the stool was free, he naturally began to look out for another customer, and the same business was per-

performed again. M. De Nemours says, "An English gentleman at length persuading his master to sell his dog, took him in a post-chaise and embarked with him at Calais, and from thence proceeded to London; but one morning being missed, it was discovered that he had not only found his way down to Dover, but had the address to get on board the packet, actually arrived at Calais, and from thence proceeding to Paris, there rejoined his master, the shoe-black, in a muddier condition than ever."—The relator says, he knew the dog, and had his shoes cleaned by his master after being purposely dirtied by his four-footed purveyor.

He also relates, that at Pondicherry, while it was in the hands of the French, an elephant having been sent to a brazier's with a copper vessel to mend, the animal waited and brought it home with him; when being made sensible that the job was very imperfectly done, he was sent back with it; but before he got to the house on his return, he nearly filled it with dirty water, and immediately on seeing the bungler that had caused him to come back again, very adroitly threw the water in his face.

ON OLD NICK.

EVIL BE TO HIM, WHO EVIL THINKS.

THERE is no character which has been represented in so many different lights, and in such various points of view, as that of the personage who is by the landmen commonly stiled *the Old Gentleman*; by the gentlemen of this nation, more familiarly, *Old Nick*, or *the Lord Harry*; but is univer-

sally known among British seamen by the name of *Davy Jones*.

He is, at one time, represented as one of the wisest and most powerful, and at another as one of the silliest and weakest of finite beings; nay, very opposite qualities are not unfrequently ascribed to this formidable character by the same persons. The seaman, who attributes to Mr. Jones the power of raising storms and tempests, and causing shipwrecks, and who, though he never trembled in the face, or under the guns, of an enemy, yet shudders at the thought of meeting Davy Jones in the dark, gives as a reason of the Devil's leaving off the sea, (for as it seems, according to naval mythology, he was once a sailor), his having seen two ships sail contrary ways with the same wind, without being able to discover why, or wherefore.

Even Milton, who, according to Dryden, has made the Devil the hero of his poem, amidst all the wiles which he describes him as having recourse to, in order to effect his purposes, upon the whole makes him out a very silly fellow, knowingly to contend with omniscience and omnipotence.

With submission indeed to our great poet, a battle, that is, a contest with *omnipotence*, is a kind of a bull; but from bulls Homer himself does not stand quite excused. The Irishman, who, going to buy breeches, was shewn some of the stuff called *everlasting*, and told it would never wear out, bought two pair, has been laughed at as being guilty of a bull—though, in my opinion, very unjustly, as one pair might accidentally want washing.—But Homer, who makes Venus take a great deal of pains to persuade her husband to make a suit of impenetrable armour for her bastard,

bastard, when he was already invulnerable, all but one heel (so that, as must be very apparent, an horse-shoe would have been sufficient), is certainly in this instance guilty of a much greater bull than honest Teague.

To return, however, from this digression—Satan is hardly ever recorded to have succeeded in any thing he has undertaken, or in any advice that he has given, from his having been kicked out of heaven to the present hour. To give, however, the Devil his due, we must allow, that, in the affair of Hans Carvel, he acted like a Devil both of honour and sagacity.

In opposition, though, to this single instance of wisdom, innumerable are those which the poor Devil hath given of folly and fallibility. Even when our right renowned King Henry VIIIth, as the legitimate proprietor of all he could lay his hands upon, bestowed upon him the lands of some miserable wretch who had the misfortune to differ in opinion with his majesty, the poor Devil had not wit enough to profit by the liberality of this Defender of the Faith. For, not understanding any thing of agriculture himself, he let the farm to its original owner, upon condition of receiving a part of the produce. But having the first year chosen for his share that part of the crop which should come out of the ground, and his tenant having planted potatoes, the poor Devil found that he had not a marketable commodity; and the following year, when, profiting, as he supposed, by experience, he chose that part of the crop which should remain in the earth; he found, that his tenant by sowing wheat on the farm, still contrived to have the best of the bargain; and was at

last turned out of possession by the farmer's wife, in a manner that redounds very little to his credit, and which Rabelais and Fontaine, who both record the fact, very particularly describe, though I dare not.

Thus the Devil had no success in farming:—He would also, it is said, have been a tailor, but that he lost the first stitch. In short—in whatever he turned his hand to, he seems to have been unsuccessful.

Even in his own peculiar vocation (as one may say), the buying up of souls, he is recorded, much to the shame indeed of those with whom he had to deal, to have been very often cheated out of his money;—and although Sir John Falstaff, when he sold his soul for a cup of Madeira and a cold eapon's leg upon a Good Friday, might have had sufficient honour to stand to his bargain, it is very seldom that the Devil has been fortunate enough to meet with so much good faith.

The matter of the *chose impossible*, as recorded in Rabelais and Fontaine, was only a fair bargain; but when the Devil was so kind as to indulge the man whose term was expired, with a respite, until the bit of rush-light which he had in his hand was burnt out; the dipping the said bit of rushlight into holy water, by which it was made to last for ever, was surely a fraud in return for that indulgence, and very much to the discredit of the priest who was guilty of it.

To cheat the Devil is, indeed, so common an aim, that it is become proverbial, and most people seem to glory in, instead of being ashamed of such notions; perhaps upon the principle of Willy Cummins, a North British Rotterdammer, who, on being reproached for some fraud he had committed on

an Israelite, replied, "Sure it is nae muckle sin to nick a Jew, for they are aw damn'd rascals, and an honest man canna leeve by them."

The Devil, indeed, has hardly ever fair play in his transactions with man. But this is not to be wondered at, as we find that even an Archangel thought proper to play all the game, as it is called, with poor Sathanas.—This fact is recorded in a picture which is, or was, in the refectory of a convent in the Austrian Netherlands. The Devil and St. Michael are throwing dice for a soul. The Devil, who had the first throw, has thrown *sevens*.—St. Michael, however, being, like many of our modern gamblers, determined to win, throws *sevens*: and upon the poor Devil remonstrating that there is no such throw on the dice, the Saint replies, "*You scoundrel, 'tis a miracle!*"

Nor has his Satanic Majesty been more fortunate in the treatment he has occasionally met with from his most intimate friends, for when Tom Brown, of facetious memory, invited him to dinner; the poor Devil found the top dish stinking mackerel, and the bottom underdone pork, so that he was fain to sneak off with an empty belly, and trust to Providence, who cannot be supposed to have favoured him much, for his supper. It has been remarked, ever since, that the Devil is always shy of a party, except his host happens to be a Jew.

The Devil has also always been represented as being, like Snug, the joiner, who was to play the Lion's part in the Midsummer Night's Dream, mortal slow of study.—The French say, that he once lived seven years in Brittany, and learnt

but seven words of the language, four of which he forgot in coming over the bridge which separates that province from Normandy. It may indeed be alleged in his excuse, that the Bretons spoke Welsh.

The greatest trick, however, which perhaps ever was played him, was in Catalonia, and from which probably came our proverb, "*The Devil take the hindmost.*" There was in that province a magical cave filled with most curious and rare books. The cave opened once a year, when every one might go in and bring away what books he pleased; but the Devil was, however, entitled to seize the last who came out. It is easy to suppose that the race, on these occasions, was in general pretty hard run. One year, however, a connoisseur, who had been detained searching for that peculiar copy of *Boccaccio*, that has lately made such a noise in the world, being far behind the rest, was seized upon by Satan as his prize; but being a man of very ready thought, and the moon shining very bright, he said to the Devil, "Upon my word, Sir, you are mistaken, for there is another gentleman behind,"—pointing to his own shadow. The Devil flew at the shadow, and the man escaped with his *Decameron*; but it was observed, that ever after

"His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall."

Lay of the Last Minst. c. 1.

THE KING'S COCK CROWER.

From Brady's Clavis Calendaria, 1812.

"AMONG the ancient customs of this country which have sunk into disuse, was a singularly absurd one, continued even to so late a period

a period as the reign of George the First. During the Lenten season, an officer denominated *the King's Cock Crower*, crowed the hour each night, within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary manner of watchmen. On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the house of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, sat down to supper, this officer abruptly entered the apartment, and according to accustomed usage, proclaimed in a sound resembling the shrill pipe of a cock, that it was 'past ten o'clock.' Taken by surprise, and but imperfectly acquainted with the English language, the astonished Prince naturally mistook the tremulation of the assumed crow as some mockery intended to insult him, and instantly rose to resent the affront; nor was it without difficulty that the interpreter explained the nature of the custom, and satisfied him that a compliment was designed according to the Court etiquette of the time. Since this period, the Court, however, has been left to the voice of reason and conscience, and not to that of the cock, whose clarion called back Peter to repentance, which this fantastical and silly circumstance was meant to typify."

MORE ANECDOTES OF COOKE,
THE MISER,* AND A LIVERY-
STABLE KEEPER.

COOKE bargained with this person to let his horse have the run of a field, at so much per day. When he wanted to ride, he always took a very accurate account

of the number of hours he had him out, the time of his going and returning, and when he took the horse away finally, he desired the man to bring in his bill. On perusing it he flew into a great passion, asking the man, did he mean to be a robber, to plunder and cheat him of his money? The stable-keeper desired him to count the number of days since the horse had been taken in. "Horse taken in! no, it is *me* that you want to take in. Had I not my horse eight hours out of your field on Thursday? Well, Sir, and did I not ride him to Epsom next day, and had him eleven hours; that is nineteen hours; then, Sir, five hours and a half on Saturday; there, Sir, there is two days and half an hour, that you wanted to cheat me of. And have you the conscience, you cheating rogue, to make me pay for my horse's eating your grass, when he has been miles and miles away from it!!!"—"Sir, I have not only the conscience to expect payment of my full bill, but shall make you pay a little more for calling me a cheat and a rogue." Mr. Cooke, who was afraid of nothing so much as law, very prudently made an apology, and paid the full amount of his bill, glad to be secured from incurring farther expence.

The Horse and the Onions.—His favourite horse having a disease in the eyes, Cooke, who mortally hated to pay any medical man, listened to the quackery of some silly journeyman farrier, who told him to take thirty onions, run a string through them, and then putting them round the horse's neck, like a necklace, let him wear them continually, till drawing the humour out of the horse's eyes, the onions

* See last vol. p. 108.

would get dry and shrivelled, and the eyes get well. Cooke, who had not the heart to purchase thirty onions, bought half the number, and did as he was told with them. But, as usual, presuming nothing ought to be thrown away, at a fortnight's end he took them off the horse's neck, put them into a hand-basket, and brought them into the house, as if just returned from market, desiring his maids to make a dish of onion porridge of them for that day's dinner. The maids, however, knowing well from whence they came, peremptorily refused to cook them, which, as usual, set the old gentleman cursing and swearing, that he would not leave them a *farden* in his will; a threat which did not alarm them, knowing well that to disappoint expectants was his greatest delight.

THE
FOLLY OF BECOMING A SPORTS-
MAN IN OLD AGE.

A Publication has lately made its appearance, intitled, "A Series of familiar Letters on Sporting; by Robert Lascelles, Esq." It is intended to be comprised in three parts—1. Angling;—2. Shooting;—3. Coursing and Hunting.—Of these, the two first are published, and it is our intention occasionally to extract a few passages from them for the amusement of such of our readers as may not have perused the work.

The two following letters Mr. L. states he has introduced "to convey some idea of the ridiculous figure a man must make in qualifying himself for a sportsman, at a more advanced period in life. It is of little consequence what his

means may be of acquiring information, if he cannot, at the same time, both reason and act upon it; and equally adopt a plan of his own consistent with each. Necessity, in this case, may do much, and, in some measure, compensate for the want of earlier instruction; but as youth is the most probable period for imbibing an attachment to field diversions, their apparent insignificance will excite less emulation in one whose habits have, perhaps, been very differently formed, and as scrupulously followed. The most intimate acquaintance with theory and practice can only render a man completely *au fait* in his own individual career; and it is the greatest presumption to suppose that one of fifty can quietly submit to the same tedious, but necessary restrictions, which stimulate the attempts of a junior candidate. Indeed it is scarcely possible for a person who takes up fishing late in life, either to reap profit or amusement from it; and I therefore seriously recommend to all those who are thus solicitous to exhibit themselves, never to indulge in the vain hope of eminence or skill."

"SIR,—I am one of those unfortunate beings, who have lately been obliged to turn sportsman, and having seen an advertisement announcing a publication which is attributed to you, I have presumed upon the liberty of laying my case before you, in the hope that you will dispense some of those favours to an individual, which are already promised to the public. It is but a short time since I quitted the drudgery of the shop, and came into possession of a small independence, bequeathed to me by an uncle. I had, however, for some years, anticipated the bequest; not

by *reducing* the value, but in idea enjoying the luxury of quiet possession. Of the death of my relative, therefore, I heard with no other concern, than what generally arises from quitting a state of poverty, to enter upon one of comparative affluence: he was a person whom I scarce knew; and the only idea I had of his principles was, from his having apprenticed me to an eminent bookseller in the city, and paid the usual fee of admission. At the age of twenty-three then, I left London; and, if the good wishes of some, and the envy of others, could in the least actuate a heart not entirely deaf to flattery, I was indeed '*ter et amplior beatus*.'

"The tedious incidents of a stage-coach journey I will not relate, but bring you at once to the spot where my destiny has unfortunately fixed me. No transformation was ever effected under such an obvious disadvantage; and the most judicious naturalist would instantly pronounce me in an ephemeral state. How often have I wished to exchange the pure regions of Caermarthenshire for the gloomy precincts of Paternoster-Row! and with what enthusiastic fondness would I hail the hour which transported me from the romantic banks of the Tivy to the sunny environs of Sadler's Wells! one day in the week *there* crowned the summit of my wishes, whilst six times as many *here* only increase my perplexity. My neighbours are either too proud to notice me, or, what is equally unlucky, too ignorant and supercilious to attract my attention; so that, as a resource against the effects which such a situation might possibly produce, I have at length determined upon assuming the character

in which I first introduced myself to you. With us the season for angling has already commenced; and to have some claim to the character beyond the mere title of a fisherman, I was induced to ask advice of our parson, who has long held the reputation of a *keen* sportsman. I found, however, his secrets were too valuable to be imparted to a stranger, and accordingly I made an overture to the magistrate, who is an old gentleman of seventy, of a very ancient family, and who from an infant had been bred up amidst the cry of hounds, and the yelping of spaniels. To him, I must confess, I looked up with something of a reverential awe; for, besides the situation which he held, his family, by two wives, *both of the purest blood*, was large and respectable; and the numerous tribe which claimed a *similar privilege*, gave him a kind of patriarchal character, ill suited to the disposition of the times. His manner was at once frank and ingenuous; and my reception such as every one, in a like situation, would be anxious to experience. His house, he said, was open to me at all times. His fat, good-looking wife too, was equally solicitous to engage my attentions; and when I had replied to the simple queries of the daughter, and silenced the doubts of all, I summoned resolution to explain the object of my visit. It was most unfortunate, he knew nothing of angling: he was formerly a very Nimrod in the field, and no hare was, even now, too fleet for his greyhounds, or too cunning for his experience; indeed, I soon found that he had long been the terror of the whole race; and in recounting the various exploits of his youth, he bore himself with such an air of triumph,

as, for the first time, convinced me how insignificant I appeared in the company of a downright sportsman. Happily, in the midst of one of these rapturous ebullitions, he was summoned to the aid of some unhappy damsel in distress, and, greedily seizing the opportunity, I took my leave.

"I now determined to enter upon my occupation more systematically; I felt the value of independence, and was anxious to profit from the lesson I had received. Accordingly, I requested a friend in town to send me one or two of the best discourses upon angling: these furnished me with every information; and a second letter soon equipped me in a style very superior to the parson. With such a decided advantage, I sallied forth; and, having selected some of those flies which, from my books, I thought were most appropriate for the season, I laboured hard for a whole day, both in stream and still water, in shallow and deep, without being once able even to see a fish. My patience was exhausted, and, in returning home, I encountered the parson; we scarce spoke; I saw his basket was nearly full; and, to my still greater mortification, at the very moment when we met, he had hooked a fish of more than common size. This was sufficient to check my further progress; and, in spite of all my wishes to the contrary, he was soon secured. My pride, however, was doomed to undergo a still greater mortification; for, anxious to observe the kind of fly he had taken, I found it to be a—worm! For two days we had a heavy rain, and the river was just subsiding within its usual bounds; but it never occurred to me, that at such times I ought to use a ground bait.

Ashamed of my stupidity, I hurried from the spot, and retiring to rest a full hour earlier than usual, that I might have the speediest opportunity of retrieving my fame, soon forgot my cares and perplexities under the influence of sleep. At dawn of day I again sallied forth, with a plentiful store of worms of almost every description; and, to take the full benefit of such advantage, was determined to try the whole river, before it had been otherwise disturbed. I now saw numbers of large fish, which glided away at my approach, with the swiftness of an arrow; and I also frequently observed them to take shelter beneath the roots of trees, or under the hollow of the banks. It was then I thought them as secure as if they had been in my basket, and I only longed for the parson to witness my triumph; but, alas! after baiting my hook, till my stock of worms was nearly exhausted, the only reward which crowned my exertions was once, *I thought*, a nibble. Tired and disappointed, I again gave up the pursuit, and retraced my steps; when who should I see on the opposite side of the river but my friend the divine! he was now attended by a little boy, who carried, in addition to the basket, a long pole, with a net of a circular form attached to the end of it. The idea of a poacher instantly occurred to me, and, for a moment, my cheeks were flushed with a conscious superiority. Alas! my joy was of short duration; for when I was at the point of declaring the unfairness of the practice, I saw the use of the net was only to land those fish, after being hooked, which, from their size, it would be unsafe to trust to the precarious power of the rod or line. This

was sufficient to disturb the most stoical disposition; and the display of a dozen other fish of equal, if not greater magnitude, which the little urchin of a boy thought might probably gratify my curiosity, tempted me, sadly against my inclination, to inquire, "what worm they took?" In a voice which will ever be familiar to me, I was answered, "a dun fly!"

This was a trial which my patience could no longer endure; I had drained my purse, and harassed myself to death, for no good purpose whatever; the branches of almost every tree were loaded with my flies, or particles of my line; and my rod was broken nearly to a stump. Luckily, however, as I thought, I mentioned my misfortunes to our miller, who, *between ourselves*, I believe is no better than he should be, and he promised to gratify my long-anticipated pleasure. Accordingly, the next morning, he brought me a dish of the largest and finest trout I had yet seen, and at the very instant, my diligent pastor was again going forth to his usual occupation: the thought which then struck me, of meeting him on his return, with this trophy of my success, was quickly put in execution, and, for that whole day, very often mounted to the summit of a tree, was I eagerly watching the approach of one, whom, at any other time, I would willingly have gone miles to avoid. At length he came; and, with a step of anxiety which I could ill restrain, I hastened to meet him; from the airy motion of his basket I guessed him to have had no sport—the lid of mine flew open in an instant—his surprise was equal to my utmost wishes, when taking out one of the largest fish, and examining his mouth, he

coolly walked off, saying, "Aye, aye, I see the miller's been with you!!!"

"Thus, Sir, has ended the unfortunate attempt, which I have been first induced to make as a sportsman; and, truly, I not only grieve at my disappointment, but I doubt it will be the cause of preventing me ever succeeding in a similar character; so that I must be obliged to live in that happy state of ignorance and inactivity, which equally injures the health, and enfeebles the mind. As my stay, however, in this country, must be necessarily protracted till October, I shall perhaps again take the liberty of addressing you, under the title of *THE TRIGGER*, which, I trust, will compensate for every misfortune which has hitherto attended me under that of.

PISCATOR.

"SIR—After your readiness to oblige me in the former part of your work, I should consider myself but ill deserving of any future notice, if I withdrew my promised correspondence. There are few men, perhaps, who would make a *voluntary* confession of their misfortunes: the world, in general, are too prone to the concealment of error, and forget that the acknowledgment of a trivial fault might probably prevent the repetition of another more seriously pernicious. We have daily, and indeed hourly, opportunities of confirming this opinion, and how few there are whose friendship will hazard the experiment of restraining our follies, or directing our pursuits. There is no greater pest in society than an officious, yet indifferent, friend; one whose offers of service are unlimited, but whose feelings are

are absolutely neutral : looking up to him, perhaps, as the standard of excellence, and the mirror of truth, we are hurried on by a too confident security, into a sea of trouble, beyond the power of redemption, and look in vain for that hand as a rescue, which had heretofore acted the conductor.

I was led into this train of thought, from a circumstance which has happened since you did me the honour to acknowledge the receipt of my last, and which that letter, in a great measure, produced. It was not difficult to foresee that my angling would turn to very little account, and I therefore resigned the pursuit of it early in the season ; as it was, however, necessary to fill up the interval betwixt that time and the autumn with some species of amusement, I naturally looked forward to a preparation for the field as the most likely to afford it, and I accordingly gave out that I wanted some pointers. The necessities of an individual are seldom regarded, if he has no means of recompensing the person who shall endeavour to relieve them ; but as the doubts of many had already been satisfied upon this head, I was soon surrounded with such a host of friends, as would have induced many people to think that I had retained the whole country in my service. I had always understood the word pointer to belong to a certain class of dogs exclusively appropriated to the purposes of shooting, but there was such an indiscriminate use made of it upon this occasion, as really staggered the opinion I had so long supported ; in fact, there appeared an universal parentage : some with long tails and some with short, and not a few without any

—some with ears like a blood-hound, and others again scarcely observable ; their colours, too, were as profuse as a lady's wardrobe, and, from the texture of their skins, they were adapted to sustain the varied temperature of any climate ; but the most astonishing of all was, their equally good and surprising qualities. Not knowing, therefore, at all how to act under these circumstances, and having also become perfectly conscious of my late extreme folly, I determined to have the benefit of a trial, at least, before I ventured on the authority of report ; accordingly, the following morning was fixed upon for our excursion, and at the appointed hour we all sallied forth. Had it not been that the people in this country are seldom alarmed by strange appearances, I should have thought we were proper subjects for apprehension ; but as there is rarely a disposition to plunder without hopes of adequate remuneration, we went on our way unsuspected. The number we mustered, men and dogs, was near thirty ; and such an odd mixture of names as was never before collected together : there was Cato eager to outstrip Nero, and Pluto yielding to the superior power of Sancho ; Juno resigned the sceptre to Dido, who, in her turn, disputed the palm with Milo : there was a Dash without spirit, and a Fop without affectation—a Nell all meekness and compliance, and a Belle unconscious of her charms !

“The powers of such an unnatural assemblage did not long remain inactive ; and the little respect which each appeared to have for the other, gave me as quick an insight into the principles of republicanism, as a meeting of choice spirits.”

spirits at the Crown and Anchor or Palace-yard. We continued out for some hours, but all was bustle and confusion; one dog pointed up wind, when another was coming down: some of them were three fields a-head of us, and it was with difficulty we could persuade others to keep pace with ourselves; while the mice, larks, and hedgehogs, that invariably attracted the attention of them all, gave me at length some idea of what a dog ought *not* to be: it was about this period I was accosted, first by one person and then by another, begging me to see *his* dog out alone, that there would be no doubt of my being satisfied; when an unfortunate hare, alarmed at the approach of so many of her direst foes, jumped up in the midst of them all: if any circumstance more than another could have added to my amusement, it was this: all idea of discipline was at an end, and the whole not only joined in the pursuit, but it was rendered more extraordinary by a mixed and indiscriminate cry. The situation I was in afforded me an opportunity of seeing the whole chase, and until the game arrived at a small copse, where she unfortunately squatted, her pursuers were left at a considerable distance in the rear: no sooner, however, was this observed, than the place became instantly blockaded, and if poor puss attempted to escape at one corner, she was immediately hallooted back to another, till, after being literally mobbed to death, and completely exhausted, she yielded, with a sad reluctance, to a small terrier, which, twice before during the day, had drawn off our attention by the slaughter of a mole and a water-rat. The party, as I was

afterwards informed, adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house, where the spoils of the morning soon appeared in a character that once more gave employment to the powers of demolition. As for myself, I had seen enough to deter me from making a bargain with any one; my knowledge of a pointer was not so confined but that I knew he should possess that quality which his name implies, and I had yet seen no symptoms that could induce me to think any one of them was at all that way inclined. I therefore returned home much better satisfied than if I had been tempted to venture upon a recommendation unsupported by proof.

"I was sitting, ruminating upon the past, and looking, with some anxiety, towards the future, when my servant announced the arrival of Mr. H——, and the next moment he made his appearance: I own I was at first surprised to receive a visit from one with whom I was totally unacquainted, and instantly attributed it to some mischance attending my newly-finished excursion; for though hitherto a perfect stranger to his person, report was by no means idle in publishing his character: this gentleman was about fifty-five years of age, stout and overbearing in his appearance, but open and familiar in his address; he was a sportsman of the first class, and as he came habited in character, his introduction was divested of much of that ceremony which generally precedes a first acquaintance: there was no time for apology on either side, for our hands were naturally held out to each other, and a good hearty shake from both established an immediate and mutual confidence

dence. Our discourse quickly turned upon the sports of the field, and he then declared, that having heard I was partial to such amusements, and intended to commence shooter, he had taken the liberty of calling upon me to offer his services, in putting me into a proper method of forwarding my wishes: I could not help feeling highly flattered with his attention, for I had yet received no similar civility from any other of my neighbours, and I judged there was something more in this than appearances warranted. I was not mistaken, for, in the course of conversation, I learnt his grandmother was an English woman of considerable distinction, and his partiality for that people had induced him to pass over the cold punctilio of Cambrian politeness, and to step forward in a more natural and enlightened character.

"It would be teasing your patience to relate all that passed on the subject of sporting: I found myself completely ignorant of its most trifling features; and when I mentioned the circumstance of the hare, which had that morning occurred, he laughed most heartily, and congratulated me upon an escape under such happy circumstances, for had the chase been successful, it is ten to one but half the farmers in the country would, the next morning, have made a demand upon me for damages for ducks, chickens, and turkeys. We have agreed that I shall attend him whenever he goes out with his dogs; and as the season will not commence for some weeks, I hope to gain considerable profit from his instructions, so as to enable me, at some future period, to give you a more full and satisfactory account of your friend,

THE TRIGGER.

ON THE COMPARATIVE SPEED OF RACE HORSES OF THE PRESENT AND FORMER DAYS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR zealous turf correspondent, Z. B. is undoubtedly correct in his main position, as to the inferiority of the race horses of the present and latter times, and that no horse of great note, has appeared at Newmarket for the last twenty-five or thirty years. He is, nevertheless, apparently defective in information upon certain points—for example, in his assertion that the race horses of former days carried lighter weights and ran much shorter distances, than those of the present, the direct reverse of which, is notoriously the fact. For not only four-mile races were more frequent, but, courses of six and eight miles, sometimes were run; occasionally, an hour's running was performed. The weights too, were generally higher in former days, and nine stone a very common weight for young horses. With respect to running colts too early, Bracken, seventy years ago, made that complaint. Farther, the more mild and simple system of our ancestors, combining all that was requisite in this noble pastime, as expressed by Z. B. must be presumed to have slipped inadvertently from his pen, in general judicious. Nothing could be more complex, irrational, and cruelly inconsistent with a knowledge of the animal economy, than the training the race horse in former, particularly early days. Some of the old printed rules are equally silly and abominable, and their different breads and dieting, unnecessary and useless. The violent and frequent purges

purges then supposed absolutely necessary to racing, long training, four, five, and even six-mile sweats, under a weight of clothes, a sufficient load for a dray horse, those sweats, perhaps, repeated twice in ten days, or even in a week, with the preposterous view of getting the horse ready in haste, were too much to be endured with impunity, by the hardiest constitutions and the firmest sinews. Now came a report abroad, that such a horse dropped dead in training,—then, another died in physic; the latter a common occurrence. They were beside, according to custom, starved such an unreasonable length of time before starting for a race, that their animal powers must have been considerably impaired, and both their speed and continuance reduced. To endure all this, one would suppose the horses of former days must have had stamina far superior to those of the present. The grooms are yet too much prejudiced in favour of old customs, and those gentlemen who have aimed at rational improvement, have found all kinds of impediments in the prejudices of their servants. The noted horse of an honourable Baronet last year, attracted vast crowds to Epsom and Ascot. Some persons viewing him just before starting, were assured by the groom or leader, that the horse had tasted neither food nor drink for the last twenty-four hours. This, most probably intended as a hoax by the groom upon the Londoner, was, however, reported by Mr. ——— to Sir ———, whose immediate reply was, “should that be true, or that they starved my horse at all before starting, they shall never taste my beef and pudding again.”

On the subject of the degenera-

tion of the race horse, Z. B. quotes Mr. Lawrence's remark, that Chifney, in assigning too early and severe work as the cause, did not go deep enough. No doubt Mr. L. alluded also to the defects of the breeding system, and to the little attention paid in the turf studs, to the form of the brood mare, blood and pedigree being alone considered. Indeed, he says as much in that part of one of his works, which treats upon the improvement of the horse. Thorough blood is certainly the grand essential to racing, and without it, the most perfect shape cannot be expected to race, more especially, with the requisite powers of continuance; nevertheless, blood being equal, superior form will generally prove superior at the ending post. In breeding, like produces like, and the mare as well as the horse, ought to partake of the best form; instead of which, the breeder is usually determined in his choice of the brood mare, by some fashionable and prevailing opinions of this or that particular blood, as the best—opinions generally groundless, as it invariably proves, by their giving way to others, which, in the course of a season or two, succeed in the fashion. Thus, forty years ago, Squirrel mares were all the *ton*, and the grooms were riding their hacks to death about the country, after mares of that blood. The same fancy took place within the last ten years, in favour of Engineer mares, and with just as good reason. Now Engineer, one would naturally judge, to be a bad choice, were it only on the consideration that he could not even be a thorough-bred horse, as the son of Sampson. Blood being the sole rule of choice, vast numbers of mares with up-

right

right and insufficiently extensive shoulders, crooked joints, weak loins, sickle hams, and otherwise ill shaped, are, and always have been selected, and made use of in the racing stud. This, together with improper and injurious management, the author above cited assigns as the cause why so few horses, out of the great numbers bred and trained, prove to be racers. Mr. L. about twenty years since, pointed out these defects to the racing public, recommending particularly a more lenient, and as it has since proved, equally effectual method of training the race horse. It is somewhat to be wondered at, that Chifney did not also advert to the defects of the breeding system, since the above author's work was before him, and it is known that they corresponded by letter.— Their chief point of difference, was on riding the racer with a loose rein, which Mr. L. himself an amateur and practised jockey, deemed altogether impracticable.

I hinted in my last, on the little dependence that ought to be placed on the precision of timing the race horse on ordinary occasions, and that no credit ought to be given to the accounts of very great performances by ordinary horses. I have been just now confirmed in this sentiment, by an article in page 325, vol. 3, of the *Sporting Magazine*, stating that Mr. Lamego's Little Driver ran a mile in one minute, over Barnet Course, in August, 1756, being allowed one minute and five seconds by the condition of the bet, between Mr. Meredith and Peregrine Wentworth, Esq. This, I believe, to be utterly unworthy of even the shadow of credit, for the following seasons, and I shall therefore match it, at even weights, with the gen-

tleman's (either Mr. Nokes's, or Mr. Styles's, I suppose) horse in Billiter Square, which in 1782, a year in which there was no eminent trotting match in England, that did not come under my particular notice, trotted thirty miles in one hour and half! My reasons are, first, had Little Driver, or any other horse been proved to have run a mile within a minute, such a transcendant performance could never have been hidden in the early pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, and remain unknown to the late Mr. Vernon, the Duke of Queensbury, and several others of our oldest sporting men, who, to the knowledge of the present writer, had heard of no such thing. Secondly, it is not clear that Little Driver was at Barnet, or even in training at all, in the year 1756, since, according to the most authentic account which I can obtain, he finished his racing career in 1755, by winning with ten stone, although lame and nearly broken down, the fifty pounds for aged horses at Maidenhead, at three heats. Thirdly and lastly, although Little Driver was one of the most stout, lasting, and successful plate horses of his day, and must, in consequence, have been endowed with more than ordinary speed, he was never esteemed, that ever I read or heard, one of the highest form in that respect; nor do such ordinarily, or perhaps ever, make the most useful travellers and plate horses. Nor, had he really been by nature endowed with the speed of Flying Childers, could he possibly have retained the wire edge of it, after so many years of the severest labour, and with his tendons unstrung. He was upwards of fourteen hands high, well formed to carry weight, and the

first give-and-take horse of his day. All the world heard of the famous race between Aaron and Driver, and the latter was in that remarkable meeting at York, where he, Cato, and Blacklegs, ran four heats for the give-and-take Plate. Little Driver, the son of Beavor's Driver, won nearly 1500l. in 50l. plates, exclusive of some other prizes; and Cicero, a son of Little Driver, also won twenty 50l. plates. Driver covered near town, at Sutton, and was sire of a horse sometimes called the last Driver, out of a three-part bred mare, and which horse, an uncommon circumstance, won several plates.

Sir Charles Bunbury, with characteristic humanity and sound sense, has, during many years, been in the habit of reducing the training of the race horse, to the standard of real fitness and utility. And his sensibility and justice, in utterly forbidding the useless and impeding tortures of the whip and spur in a race, intitle him to the love and veneration of men and angels. British women of high degree!—where are your hearts, your sensibilities, your common apprehension of right and wrong, when gracing with your beauty the racing stand? You view with apathy or even apparent delight, the beautiful, delicate, and thin skinned race horse, straining with all his force to the goal, his generous heart apalled, his flesh torn and mangled, by the whip and spur, plied with the most savage and heastly exertions, and his sides streaming with blood! And why all this infamous barbarity towards an animal, to whom the race ought rather to be a pleasure, who ought, indeed, in justice, to be a partaker o' the sport? Why! to compel impossibilities, to force an animal

to exceed his powers, and to cover more ground than his length will admit, by which very sane conduct, no doubt can exist, that a portion of stride and of ground are necessarily and invariably lost.—I remain Sir, &c. &c.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

It has been justly observed, in spite of our peculiar boast of superior speed, that we can point out but comparatively few instances of racers being uniformly successful. Most horses that start often are generally certain of being beat, ere they become aged; nay, it has been the common fate of a race horse, from the Helmsley Turk to the far-famed Smolensko; and since the introduction of carrying weight according to qualifications, I believe we have but two instances upon record of uniform success. At present a great part of our racers, owing to the multiplicity of their engagements, are beat as often as they win. This remark is so obvious to every reader of the Racing Calendar, that it would be an encroachment on your limits to quote the various instances which present themselves. We have no horse upon record since Highflyer, that has never been beat; but we have many which have been beaten but once, and that by mere accident. This simple fact has excited the surprise of strangers, and afforded infinite speculation to deduce whence it proceeds, whether from the injudicious matches which they are usually engaged in, or carrying too much

much weight; and lastly, the severe and frequent running which they undergo. To an unobserving spectator it must appear very strange, that we have but five horses upon record that have never been beat, and that these horses stand unrivalled both in their speed and goodness of their produce. Childers was a famous runner, and esteemed by some the fleetest horse ever bred in this kingdom; he beat every horse of his time with ease. But what is surprising, as Goldsmith observes, few horses have been since found, that ever could equal him; and those of his breed have been remarkably deficient. Regulus (Lord Chedworth's), was the first horse of his year, and then esteemed the best in England, and never was beat. King Herod was the first horse of his time, and beat every horse that could be brought against him. Bay Malton was esteemed the best horse of his year in the kingdom, and won more valuable prizes than any horse of his time, but he was beat though a very capital runner. Eclipse was the most famous horse ever produced in this country; he beat all his opponents with the greatest ease, and was taken out of training for want of a competitor. I have heard it remarked, but I am dubious, that his speed was superior to Childers, his performances to Bay Malton, and his produce to Herod's or Highflyer's. The first question yet remains in equilibrium, whether Eclipse possessed greater speed than Childers?—One asserts that Childers running the Round Course and the single mile at Newmarket, have surpassed every thing

upon record. On the other hand, another affirming that Eclipse's performance at York, and the last match he ever run, leave those of every other competitor an immense distance in the back ground.

De gustibus non est disputandum.

I am sorry to say, this question, like many more, will ever remain in doubt, in consequence of the scantiness of our information on this most important subject. It is true M. Vial de Sain Bel, once published a work relating to the unprecedented speed and astonishing powers of Eclipse; but it was so elaborate, sublime, and remotely abstruse, that it was little read; and as it contained but trifling information, and that founded upon mere conjecture, it failed in the most essential point, to establish a practical account of Eclipse's wonderful powers, and soon sunk into oblivion. A few are just able to recollect that there was such a work, that it flashed like the sparkling bubble of the ocean, the next wave buries its brilliance, and replaces it with similar lustre; so true is the trite remark, that

Time hath a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

Shark was the most capital horse of his time, and was proved, next to Childers and Eclipse, to have been possessed of more speed than any horse ever bred in this kingdom. He beat nearly every horse of eminence, and his distinct winnings amounted in the aggregate to a very astonishing sum. Highflyer was a most excellent racer, and beat every horse of his time with ease.* But Highflyer, who afterwards

* From what your correspondent of last month asserts, it is necessary that I should produce the authorities which incline me to think other-

afterwards became more celebrated as a stallion, owed his wonderful success to a lucky chance, for when a colt he was thought to be getting too large and unpromising for any capital performance upon the turf. But if this had actually been the case, what a lamentable chasm the Racing Calendar must have presented, for he has produced an astonishing progeny, who are transmitting his blood through every stud of eminence, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Here candour compels me to stop, as the race horses from Highflyer, take them for all in all, with a few exceptions, have proved themselves, by their speed and performances, to be no ways inferior to those that went before them. Rockingham was a capital runner, and avowedly the best horse that had appeared at Newmarket for many years; but Rockingham was beat by a horse inferior, as it was proved, both in respect to speed and bottom. The last match he ever run was against Sir G. Armytage's Stargazer, allowing her 8lb. and beat her half a mile from home. This performance stands the first upon record, and admits but of few parallels. Sir Peter Teazle at three and four years old, was the best horse of his time, and beat every opponent with ease. At this period of his uninterrupted success, when running in a sweepstakes, with the odds in his favour,

and supposed to be winning to a certainty, he broke down, the only time, I believe, he was ever beat. Hambletonian was allowed to be the speediest and best-bottomed horse of his time, and his exploits have ranked him with the most famous runners of the present day. Hambletonian once ran out of the Course, when running for a Sweepstakes at York, but never was beat. I am sorry to observe that neither Sir Peter Teazle or Hambletonian can ever be quoted as instances of uniform success, although they were beat by accident, and not in a well-contested race. Mr. Taplin asserts, that Dunganon beat every horse of eminence; but Mr. Taplin, though usually right, is in this case quite wrong, for Dunganon was beat very easy both by Saltram and Phenomenon, and of course could never beat every horse of his time; but these are niceties, which writers on this subject take but little pains to procure sufficient information.—Childers, Regulus, Herod, Eclipse, and Highflyer, are the only instances upon record of uniform success, and it is but justice to observe, that these racers, taken for all in all, stand unrivalled; nay, if you search the whole Racing Calendar from one end to the other it is impossible to find five other horses that would bear to be put in comparison with them, so much has their merits and won-

wise. A Lover of the Sports of the Turf, in some most excellent lines on Highflyer, says,

“He ne’er was conquer’d on the Olympic plain.”

Mr. Taplin asserts, that he was named in the most capital sweepstakes and subscriptions then open, winning *all which* with the greatest ease. Lastly, T. L. B. positively affirms he never was beat. These are the authorities which induce me to assert as above, and if I differ from your learned correspondent, it is with these examples before me.

derful

derful powers eclipsed every other competitor.

To these five patriarchs, the Turf shall owe

The long existence of superior breed,
That blood in endless progeny shall flow

To give the Lion's strength and Roebuck's speed.

The unprecedented speed and extraordinary powers of these racers, have transmitted their names to posterity with such eclat, as not to be obliterated to the end of time.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Z. B.

ACCOUNT OF THE NEW COMEDY CALLED "DEBTOR AND CREDITOR."

A New Comedy, intituled, "*Debtor and Creditor*," written by Mr. Kenny, the successful author of *Matrimony*, *Raising the Wind*, &c. was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday, the 20th instant. The principal characters were thus represented :

Mr. Churlton	Mr. Terry.
Arthur Rushfort	Mr. Jones.
Etherington	Mr. Abbott.
Average	Mr. Blanchard.
Bob Gosling	Mr. Liston.
Balance	Mr. Simmons.
Sampson Miller	Mr. Emery.
Stockland	Mr. Creswell.
Mr. Hammond	Mr. Chapman.
Jenkins	Mr. Hamerton.
Barbara	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Wallis	Mrs. Powell.
Jesse Wallis	Miss Bristow.

Barbara, a spirited country girl, and the ward of Average, a rich London merchant, is designed by her guardian, as a wife for his step-son, Bobby Gosling, a young citizen, who fancies that "the Gods have made him poetical," but who is an arrant fool, in all things, ex-

cept the very essential one, of taking care of his money. The young lady has, however, formed a tender connection with Arthur Rushfort, whose heart, though naturally good, has been led away from its real bias by a series of dissipation, which has swallowed up his fortune, and brought upon him the displeasure of his uncle, Churlton, a species of eccentric, who, with a very misanthropic outside, possesses a very benevolent disposition. Rushfort, by chance, discovers that his mistress is the ward of Average, and is most anxious to be received on a footing of intimacy in the house; but unfortunately, Gosling, who occasionally frequents the west end of the town, has got a bill of his for 300l. which he deems it advisable to pay, that he may, with a better grace, commence his visits. To procure this sum he applies to his uncle, who receives him with indignation, having been informed that he had contracted debts to a considerable amount with Mrs. Wallis, a poor widow, for the purpose of reducing her to penury, and by that means giving his bosom friend, Etherington, a vicious young officer, a more favourable opportunity for attempting to debauch Jessy Wallis. In the mean time, Average, disgusted with the impertinence and ignorance of his step-son, Gosling, (who has discovered that Rushfort is the favourite lover of Barbara, and ineffectually endeavours to have him arrested) gallantly determines to make love to his ward: who, having heard of Rushfort's conduct to Mrs. Wallis, which is fully corroborated by a letter from his uncle, in which he warns her to beware of the unprincipled libertine, is perfectly convinced of his baseness. She seemingly

seemingly favours Average's addresses, for the purpose of getting out of his house; and having effected that point, she calls upon her friend Jessy, whom she had protected, after Etherington's attempt on her virtue had failed. She here encounters old Churilton, who had previously discovered that his nephew was not an accessory to the villainy of Etherington, (with whom, in fact, he had been on the point of fighting a duel, which was only prevented by the young officer proving that he had made the *amende honourable* to Mrs. Wallis and the innocent Jessy), when a complete *eclaircissement* takes place: Rushfort receives the hand of Barbara, with the consent of her guardian; and, except the poetical Bobby Gosling, all parties are satisfied.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Kenny's former productions must be aware, that, from a mere outline of his fables, a very slender idea can be formed of the peculiar merits which characterise his pieces. These merits are of a description, which cannot be well understood, except by those who have *seen* the pieces represented. They do not consist in originality of character—nor even in placing that which is already on the stage in a more bold and prominent point of view—but in a happy mode of combining incidents, always fanciful, and not unfrequently ludicrous, which rarely fails to excite the laughter of an audience. This, we may be told, is more adapted to the province of farce than to that of legitimate comedy—and we do not dispute the truth of the remark. But, certainly in our minds, it is much preferable to those “weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable” lectures, which are con-

tained in our modern *sentimental* Comedies: which neither improve our morals, enliven our spirits, or elicit our laughter; which, if they find us dull in the beginning, are sure to increase our distemper as they proceed. We have here spoken of Mr. Kenny's *peculiar* merit; but we by no means intend to say, that he has not abilities, if he pleased to cultivate them, of a more lofty description. That he has, we conceive the Comedy which was performed, fully evinces. The dialogue is, in general, neat and pointed; many of the witticisms are good; and the sentiment, though it presents no novel *traits*, yet, being unaffected and unforced, is listened to with pleasure. The most novel character in the piece is Sampson Miller, a prize-fighter, from Yorkshire.—Mr. Kenny has given him all the virtues supposed to characterise the northerns, without any of those vices which his profession generally induces. The object of the piece seems to be, to point out the most glaring vices of fashionable life; and Mr. Kenny has certainly displayed, in a very forcible manner, the meanness of contracting debts, without reflecting on the ability to discharge them—the infamy of seducing those who claim our protection—and the gross folly of squandering estates in the encouragement of the humane system of pugilism.

The comedy was very well supported. Mrs. Jordan sustained her character with much spirit. It is not so bold as those parts in which we have lately had the pleasure of seeing this excellent actress, but she imparted to it a lightness and vivacity, which rendered it highly amusing. Messrs. Jones and Terry were very happy in their delineation

tion of the volatile man of fashion, and the cynical moralist. Mr. Liston's poetical lover was extremely ludicrous. The *Fighting Yorkshireman*, of Mr. Emery, was a chaste and natural piece of acting. His *pugilistic puns* occasioned much laughter.

The piece was exceedingly well received, and has been repeated with great applause.

EXTRACT FROM THE PLAY.

ACT III.—SCENE III.

A room at Mrs. LAVENDER's, in which Millinery is exhibited.

Enter an APPRENTICE and JESSE WALLIS.

Appr. This way, my dear, Mrs. Lavender is expecting you, and will be very glad to see you.

Jesse. She is very good; and for my dear mother's sake, I shall be for ever thankful to her!

Appr. She means you very well, I can assure you; and you must not be down-hearted. This way, my dear.

[Exeunt.]

SAMPSON MILLER *enters, listening.*

Samp. (aside.) I don't half like this. I mun keep a sharp look out, for t'lassie do seem such a simple soul, that I may wink and wink again, it no but puzzles her. Sir Harry do send me here till he do come to town, to keep out o' harm's way, and make myself agreeable to his flashy friends; but, if these be their games, I doubt I shall be rather more busy, nor agreeable. They have contrived to wheedle me in a plough, but they'll find me a queer chap to manage, I reckon, now they've got me!

Enter APPRENTICE.

Appr. What do you do here?

Samp. I was no but admiring these trinkum-bobs.

Appr. You admire!

Samp. Why, be thesen things for the grown ladies?

Appr. Why, who do you think they're for?

Samp. Well, I declare I thought it had been for t'dancing dogs!

Appr. You impudent clod?

Samp. Nay—but, I say, what be that young woman come for?

Appr. What's that to you? *(knock).* There!—Do you run and open the door.

Samp. Yes. *[Exit, eying her.]*

Appr. Plague on that boxing booby! I wish Sir Harry had never sent him here. Prying impertinent blockhead:—he has some mischief in his head, I see plainly.

ETHERINGTON *enters.*

Appr. Ha, Mr. Etherington! just in time! She is just arrived.

Eth. Heaven bless her! bless you!

SAMPSON *enters.*

Samp. Miss Green and Mr. Gosling.

Eth. Miss Green and Mr. Gosling?

Appr. Desire them to walk in here. *[Exit SAMPSON.]*

Eth. Now, if Rushfort were but here—but this is no time to talk of friends. Conduct me to my heaven, and fortune guide him to his. *[Exeunt.]*

SAMPSON *shews in BARBARA and GOSLING.*

Samp. This way, gentlefolks; Mrs. Lavender will wait upon you, directly.

Bar. Tell her, if she pleases, I can go to her, and leave this gentleman.

Gos. No, you mustn't leave me.

Bar. But you wont like to be teased about caps and bonnets.

Gos.

Gos. Oh, yes! I've a very pretty taste: and beside, I long for a little chat with Mrs. Lavender. Send her here, if you please.

Samp. Yes, Sir.

Bar. Deuce take him! (*aside*.)

Gos. Hark ye.

Samp. Yes, Sir.

Gos. Why, you're a queer subject for a milliner. What branch of the business do you exercise?

Samp. Why, Sir, I can trim a jacket or lace it either, Sir, upon occasion—you wouldn't like a specimen?

Gos. No, curse you! go, about your business.

Samp. Yes, Sir. (*aside*.) Now for t'other spark, and seeing he be gone a'ter t'lassie, I shall spoil sport wi'he to a certainty.

[Exit.

Gos. That mania of pugilism is a perfect nuisance.

Bar. I thought you were fond of sport?

Gos. Not of that sport. To a peaceable man the very spectators at a boxing match are objects of terror.—If you tread on a toe, you're sure to meet with language far from poetical: and, if you resent that, it's ten to one but you're complimented with a right-handed facer. (*Noise without.*)

Samp. (*without.*) Keep off!

Eth. (*without.*) What do you mean?

Jesse. (*without.*) Save me! Save me!

Enter JESSE WALLIS, and SAMPSON.

Jesse. Pray save me! (*runs to BARBARA*.)

Bar. What's the matter, my dear?

Samp. The matter is, that she ha' met wi' bad usage,—that Mother Lavender be a bad woman,

and this be little better than a bad house!

Gos. Mercy on me! I wou'd'nt be seen in it for the world!

APPRENTICE enters.

Appr. Mercy on me! What is the meaning of all this?

Samp. Oh! you and your fine gentleman know the meaning, fast enough.

Appr. I hope, Miss Green, you'll pay no attention to him.

ETHERINGTON enters.

Eth. How dare you conduct yourself in this manner? Leave the room.

Samp. Excuse me, Sir.

Eth. (*to GOSLING*.) Your servant, Sir.

Gos. How d'ye do, Sir?

Eth. This is an affair, Sir, in which, of course, you will not think of interfering.

Gos. Not on any account.

Bar. By dad, but I will though! —The case is pretty plain, and the young woman shall go away with us, I'm determined.

Gos. Cousin Barbara!

Eth. You're deceived, young lady.

Samp. No, miss! No she bent: t'young lady be o' the right sort, and dang me but I'll stand by her.

Eth. And, who are you, Sir?

Samp. Who be I! Come, that be capital! —Why, ben't I Sampson Miller? Didn't I bang the Darby Cooper at York Races for bad behaviour to my father; and didn't Sir Harry Slang bring me up to town to fight Larry Whack, the Irish ruffian, and clap me here i' th' mean time to make myself agreeable? and bent I a doing so at this present writing!

Eth. Yes; and a pretty method you have chosen!

Samp. Why, as to that, I ha' gotten

gotten my style as well as Larry Whack and the rest on 'em; and let me catch any chap at such foul play as tricking a poor lass of her honesty—let him be what they call amateur or practitioner—he'll find me an ugly customer, I promise him!

Eth. Incomparable insolence!

Samp. No, Sir; it be no but my fashion, that be all; and as you sporting lads be so fond of nick names, mayhap you may call me the Yorkshire rum one.

Jesse. I'm quite astonished!

Samp. Yes, I do see you be both rather abroad.

Eth. I'll deal with you, Sir, another time. (*To Apprentice*).—Maddan, on Mrs. Lavender's account I shall take my leave for the present; but, beg that young lady to be assured, however this affair may be represented, no blame whatever can attach to her.—You, Mr. Gosling, I expect, will attend to my injunction. [*Exit.*]

Gos. You hear, cousin!

Bar. Who minds what the vile fellow says!

Appr. I hope, Miss Green—

Bar. Don't speak to me, Ma'am; Mrs. Lavender's a vile woman, and this poor girl shall go away with me, that I'm determined. (*Gosling goes to remonstrate.*) I tell you she shall. As to you, Mr. Sampson, you're a good fellow, though for Mrs. Lavender you are an ugly customer sure enough; and, if you are turned away, come to my guardian, Old Average, at St. Mary Axe, and he shall employ you.

Gos. Indeed he will not.

Bar. Indeed but he will: so pray leave this house, as I shall do, and never enter it again as long as I live.—Come, dear girl, take hold

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of me, and don't be afraid. Good bye, Mr. Sampson. Come along, Bob. [*Exit with Jesse Wallis.*]

Gos. (*to Sampson, who is about to follow.*) The door is open, Sir, and we can very well dispense with your company.

Samp. Thank you, Sir.

Gos. And pray, Ma'am, tell Mr. Etherington, that though my cousin will have her own way, I shall not attend to one word the young woman has to say. [*Exit.*]

Samp. I say, Sir! (*Gosling returns.*) If Muster Etherington do come to our shop to get a feather in his cap, it mun be your white one, I reckon?

Gos. Pshaw!

Samp. You're a shy cock, I see; and, if Mother Lavender do leave off business, the best thing thee canst do, be to take her place!

Gos. You stupid uncivilized barbarian! Begone! I'll tell your patrons of this, depend upon it; and, let me tell you, if Mrs. Lavender had not fashion enough to defy you and all her enemies, she'd send you to the House of Correction, she would! [*Exit.*]

Samp. (*snapping his fingers.*) That for you and my patrons too! Though it do run in my head that one on 'em as I be to call upon, be t' chap as ha' treated this young lassie's mother so shamefully; and, if that be the case, I think I ha' gotten a plan to manage him.—My father do write to me, a specifying, that he do think the flail be a more genteel line than the fist. Sin I ha' been in town, I ha' gotten some as s't same notion; and, if my young spark can't contrive to do the right thing in such a cruel case, the very thought on't would spoil my sport—and dang me, but it shall spoil his.

E

[*Exit.*]

SCENE—*The Chambers of RUSHFORT.*

Enter JENKINS and SAMPSON MILLER.

Jen. Now, Sir, your business, if you please?

Samp. I tell you, my business be with Mr. Rushfort!

Jen. Ay, but perhaps he may not like your business. Latterly his appetite for business is rather squeamish, and he has appointed me as a sort of taster.

Samp. If you had a taste of part of my business, I think it would do you a deal of good.

Jen. I don't know that I shall try it: in the first place, the flavour of your tongue is against you.

Samp. Well; if he don't like my tongue, I think I could send him a calf's head, dressed to his heart's content.

Jen. What d'ye mean by that? You don't seem to know your distance!

Samp. Not know my distance! Ax the Darby cooper! Ax Larry Whack this day six weeks.

Jen. Larry Whack? Why sure it is not Mr. Miller, from Yorkshire.

Samp. Beant it! Who be't then?

Jen. I beg a thousand pardons! Pray give me your hand.

Samp. Shut or open?

Jen. Open, if you please.

Samp. No, that be for your betters. You don't seem to know your distance, I think.

Jen. You must excuse me, Sir. Pray walk this way. I took you for some low shark of a tradesman.

Samp. Sure.

Jen. (*conducting him.*) I did indeed. I'm sure my master will be very happy to see you. Will you have the kindness to follow me.

[*Exit.*

Samp. Well, if this be the difference atwixt treating such chaps as I and the poor tradesfolks that do come for their due, Beelzebub be champion o' Lunnun Town, for sartin. [*Exit.*

SCENE. *An inner Apartment.*

RUSHFORT discovered.

SAMPSON enters.

Rush. Most happily arrived! Miller, I'm glad to see you.

Samp. Thank you, Sir.

Rush. Well, how does London agree with you, my hero?

Samp. Why, Sir, taking one thing and t'other, no but but so so.

Rush. I'm sorry for that, Sampson; but you don't lose heart, I hope. I've ventured handsomely for you. You'll bring us through, eh?

Samp. Why I rather conceit I may, Sir.

Rush. I like the looks of you. Fine foundation, my hero!

Samp. (*looking at himself.*) Yes, Sir, pretty well about the pins. Master Classic, our parson, do say I should have made a capital hand, in old times, at the limping games.

Rush. Ay, or at the modern limping games either.

Samp. I have tickled 'em a bit at the Fives Court.—Mayhap you'd like to try a little exercise?

Rush. No, Sampson, I'm not in the mood to-day; I've had a hard hit on the left side, that has put me out of condition.

Samp. That's a bad job. I've had a hard hit there, too.

Rush. The devil you have! Not of my sort, I hope?

Samp. Why the fact is, I ben't good at long stories; but if you'll take the trouble to read this paper (*taking one from his pocket*), you'll see the nature of it.

Rush. Why, what the devil is it?

Samp.



Samp. A case of great lamentation, Sir, I assure you.

Rush. A case of distress?

Samp. Ay, sad distress indeed.

Rush. Ha, ha, ha! Why you rustic! You desperate ignoramus!

Samp. You won't, then?

Rush. Ha, ha, ha! My dear Sampson, I always hand these things to my valet. Ha, ha, ha! Jenkins!

JENKINS enters.

Rush. Here, Mr. Miller has brought us a case of distress! Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Ha, ha, ha! A case of distress! Ha, ha, ha!—(SAMPSON between them both, eying them alternately; they enjoying his confusion.)

Samp. Ha, ha, ha! We be three comical chaps! I don't know which be the comicallest.

Rush. A good hint, faith! Jenkins, leave the room.

[Exit JENKINS.]

Samp. It were rather letting you and I down, Sir, I thought.

Rush. Temper, Sampson, temper!

Samp. Will you read my case, Sir?

Rush. I'd rather not, I assure you.

Samp. Humph! You ha' backed me handsomely upon the match?

Rush. I have, play or pay.

Samp. Why then I be sorry to tell'ee, for want of play you'll pay, that's all.

Rush. What do you mean?

Samp. I mean that, if you don't chuse to oblige me, I don't oblige you. No petition, no battle with Larry Whack; and that's the short on't.

Rush. (looking at him stedfastly) You come to me, you're joking.

Samp. No, I'll be shot if I be. I never fought yet but for t'sake of good manner, and I should like to keep up the practice as much as

possible. If I be a rustic, it be of the right country for Lunneners, at any rate; and when I do find a pretty lass that one fashionable chap have abrought to want, for another fashionable chap to bring to shame, it do give me a thump that do make my blood rise; and to gain her reparation, damn me but I'd fight my way right lovingly fra' this to Yorkshire, without backers or bottle-holders.

Rush. (looking stedfastly and giving his hand.) You're an honest fellow! Give me your case, and if I don't read it, Larry's punishment light on me!

Samp. That's hearty, Sir.

Rush. You have argued manfully; and whatever the merits of her case may be, your pretty lass shall be attended to.

Samp. That's all she do ax, Sir; and for want of that a dashing chap have abrought she and her mother to starvation, while he ha' been feasting upon champagne and plum-cake w' lords and ladies, and spending his hundreds upon curricles and racers, and me and Larry, and such like nicknacks, and extravagant daintiness.

Rush. (betraying uneasiness.) Ay! No matter, Sampson; I'll read your case.

TIGER;

An Etching; from a Painting by Mr. CLIFTON TOMSON.

THE celebrated red terrier here delineated, is the property of Mr. Martin, of Nottingham; he is famous for hunting in the field, or in water, has fought several severe battles, and never was beat, owing to a superior bottom, not to be excelled; he is now turned nine years old, and yet is considered a staunch and good terrier.

FEAST OF WIT.

A Young lady of New York, remarking on the late rage for Perry shoes, Perry mantles, &c. observed, "that if it continued, she must also be in the mode, and should, she believed, begin by wearing a Perry wig."

The Pun Unintentional.—A provincial paper, among other deaths, mentioned that of Sarah Atwood, who put an end to her existence by hanging herself, in the *privy* of her residence, at Bumbridge, in the parish of Eling.

THE BEST CLUB.

Scene, Durham.—Card Assembly, Saturday Night.

The Priest play'd his card, and said,
"there's a bold club;

"Let the man play a better that's able;"

The clock it struck twelve, 'twas the midst of the rub,

When a thump shook the baize colour'd table.

The Doctor look'd sick, the Colonel look'd shot,

And the Parson's gills too were a neat hue,

When the Lawyer exclaim'd, "Zounds, Parson, od rot,

"There's the Devil's club foot play'd to beat you."

Will look'd at his watch, and cried,
"This is no fun,

'Tis past twelve o'clock, and I go with the Sun;"

"Here, house!" roar'd the Vicar,
"Fother bottle," he cries,

"As you go with the Sun, we must wait till he rise."

An English French Translation.
—A Frenchman in Sicily, having

been induced to think that if the French inscription over his house was put into English, it would increase his business, applied to another to do it for him, who produced the following:

"M. Barthelemy having Eating House at the Hotel St. Peter, believe of his duty to advise the Gentlemen that have made great reparations to his house.

"The Gentlemen whom shall favourise him to come to his house can be persuaded to have an entirely satisfaction.

"They will find great stable and house for all coach sort.

"This eating house have the sight upon the sea and gardens."

Anecdotes of Frenchmen, selected from Grimm's Memoirs.—Some one was talking about England before M. de Voltaire.—"It is certain," said he, "that in this island the sheep are fatter, the horses run faster, the dogs hunt better; this may justify the presumption that there is also some superiority in the human species."—"Yes," answered some one, "I have remarked that the spirit of the constitution influences every thing in the country, even the physical nature of things. The flocks are suffered to wander about freely in their pastures without dogs, and without a shepherd."—"Undoubtedly," replied Voltaire, "but that is because there are no wolves."

M. d'Alembert being once upon a visit at Ferney, where also was M. Huber, it was proposed as a pas-

pastime that each of the party should tell a story of robbers.—The proposal was agreed to, and M. Huber began; his story was received with great applause.—M. d'Alembert, who followed next, invented one which was not less applauded. When M. de Voltaire's turn came, he began:—*"Gentlemen there was once a farmer-general—I beg your pardon, I have forgotten the rest."*

'Louis the Fifteenth was remarkably absent. He asked one day of Gradenigo, the Ambassador from Venice, "How many members does your Council of Ten at Venice consist of?"—"Of forty!" answered the Ambassador.—The King paid no more attention to the answer than to his own question.'

'M. Rouelle, the celebrated chemist, was extremely absent at his lectures; he usually brought with him a brother and a nephew to assist him in his experiments; but, as his assistants were not always there, he would cry, "*nephew! why nephew!*" but the nephew not coming, he would go himself to the laboratory, always continuing his lecture as if he had still been with his auditors, and, at his return, had commonly finished the demonstration he was then about. One day, in the absence of his brother and nephew, being left to perform the experiments by himself, he said: "*Gentlemen, you see this cauldron upon this brazier.—Well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air.*" This was no sooner said than he forgot to stir, and his prediction was accomplished; the explosion took place with a horrible crash, all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two

hundred auditors whirled away into the garden.'

'One of the inhabitants of the mad-house at Zurich, afflicted rather by imbecility than madness, was allowed his entire liberty, which he never misused. His happiness was confined solely to ringing the bells of the parish church, but when he grew old, whether he was really less capable of filling this august function, or whether the jealousies and intrigues that reign in republics penetrate into the hospitals, the poor creature was deprived of his employment. This stroke plunged him into the utmost despair, but without making any complaints, he sought the master of the great works, and said to him, with that sublime tranquillity which is inspired by a determined resolution: "*I come, Sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they would not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure, then, of cutting off my head; I cannot do it myself, or I would spare you the trouble*"—At the same time he placed himself in an attitude to receive the favour he solicited. The Magistrate, to whom this scene was related, was extremely touched by it, and determined to recompence; even in the lowest among the citizens, the desire of being useful—the man was re-established in his former honours, some assistance only was ordered him in case it should be wanted, and he died ringing the bells.'

Anecdote of Algernon Sydney when in France.—The King of France having taken a fancy to a fine English horse, on which he had

had seen him mounted at a chace, requested that he would part with it at his own price. On his declining the proposal, the King, determined to take no denial, gave orders to tender him money or to seize the horse. Sydney, on hearing this, instantly took a pistol and shot it, saying, 'that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a King of slaves.'

SINGULAR MISTAKE.—The following we have copied literally from the *original* letter (now in our possession), which was addressed to the Clerk of St. Ann's, by a person married at that church on the 10th ult.—(*Liverpool Paper.*)

Rev. Sir

Wm. B. who was married on last thursday to a whoman calling herself Hellen Macer of Kirpy has been imposed upon and deceived her name was not what shee represented neither is shee the person he expected her to be though an exact likeness her name is Margaret W—— I here state the case honestly and beg the favour of your advice.

Nine years ago I was in love with a young whoman of the name of Hellen Macer but from being unfortunate in business I ceased to pay my addresses to her and left the Country and Saturday previous to Our marriage I unfortunately Met this Margaret W—— shee stopd ask'd me how I was a few compliments past I told her she had the advantage of me but observed pray is your name Ellen Macer she answered in the affirmative I then invited her to take a glass of wine she consented when seated shee began to talk about her Father and Mother her relations and particu-

larly our last parting every thing so accurate as thear did not then appear the shadow of a doubt In short I enjoud what my heart wished for as an earnest of my future happiness. Marriage then became the subject of her conversation at the same time declaring sheed make herself away if I refus'd I consented the time fixed I was punctual the deed done I had scarce found my error when shee do:vn on her knees and Confess'd she was not the person I took her for, but hoped sheed make me a good wife and used every Art to reconcile me to what was done, and though shee has committed a forgeray and Perjury before God and man yet do I fear the law is against me. If any think can be done by writing to the bishop or in any way that you may advise I will gladly pay all expence but my finances will not admit of me seeking redress by the Commou Courts of law I will wate upon you at twelve O'clock or any hower you may think convenient.

Yours Wm. B.

Be so good as to Call on Mrs. W. and I beg her pardon but I cannot for shame call to see her myself.

HOW TO MAKE A SHIFT.—(*A real Fact*)—Sarah Smith was charged at Hatton-Garden Police Office this month, by Margaret, the wife of William Kelly, of Saffron-hill, with whom the prisoner lived servant, with stealing a sheet, and making it into a *shift* for herself, and which she then had on her back. The Magistrate demanded of the prisoner what she had to say to the charge against her? She answered as follows:—“Please your Lordship, I did not steal the sheet; my mistress desired

aired me to make a *shift* of it, and I thought she was in earnest, and did not mean afterwards to take me up like a thief." She said to me, "Sally, go up and bring down one of the *sheets* off your bed to be washed, and make a *shift* with the other."—I says, "thank you Ma'am," and went up and brought down one sheet, and being much distressed for a shift, I sat up all night, and made myself a shift of the other. In the morning, my mistress says to me again, "Sally, bring down your other sheet to be washed." I told her, your Worship, that I made it into a shift as she desired me: on which she flew into a passion, called me a thief, sent for a police officer, and had me brought before your Worship.—The manner of her telling the story, and her mistaking her mistress's orders, whether intentional or accidental, caused much mirth. The Magistrate advised the prosecutrix to try to settle it with the prisoner, to which she very cheerfully consented: the charge was dismissed, much to the satisfaction of all present, and the parties returned home together good friends.

MASQUERADE EPIGRAM.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
 "By pleasure I am beckon'd,
 "And think 'twould be a jolly trick,
 "To go as *Charles the Second*."
 Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
 And thus to Richard said,
 "You'd better go as *Charles the First*,
 "For that requires no head."

ONE of the *à-dévant* members of the *Four-in-Hand Club* being asked why it was broken up? Very dryly answered, "It's not broken up, it's broken down; we had'n't enough in hand to go on with it."

GRAMMARIAN'S ADVICE.

When *Man and Wife* at odds fall out,
 Let *Syntax* be your tutor;
 "Twixt *Masculine* and *Feminine*,
 What should one be but *Neuter*!

THE entrance of Magdalen College, Oxford, was formerly decorated with boughs and other greens on St. John the Baptist's day, when a sermon was preached to the Society, from the stone pulpit. The celebrated Dr. Bacon used to preach in turn. He would say to his friends, "Well, I can't promise you much *entertainment*, but you shall be sure of *Bacon and greens*!"—In the same University, curious instances are given of the absence of comprehension in the exhibitors. The man who shews St. Mary's Church and its appendages, tells you, when he comes to Adam de Brome's Chapel, "this, Ladies and Gentlemen, is *Madame Broom's Chapel*, &c."—The same lack of knowledge appertains to the shewfolk of Windsor. The woman who shews the pictures there, informs you, "This is a *Precious Andromedary*," meaning Perseus and Andromeda.

AN Irish basket-woman in Covent-garden having said lately, as a reproach to a companion, "Your forefathers would not do so," the insulted fair one exclaimed, "My *four-fathers*! would you bastardize me! I never had more than *one* father in my life."

A GENTLEMAN, who had attended a political dinner, at which there was much huzzaing, but a very scanty bill of fare, being asked what sort of entertainment he had had, replied, "Plenty of cheer, but nothing to eat."

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.—

On Wednesday, March 23, a cup of 50l. value was run for over Northampton course. Ten horses were entered, but five were drawn. It was a well-contested race.

Mr. Wilson's Slender Billy, 5 yrs old.....	1	2	3	1
Mr. Odell's bay gelding, aged.....	3	3	1	2
Mr. Drage's ch. g. by Expectation, aged.....	2	1	2	3
Mr. Barber's br. m. by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old.....	4	4		dr.
Mr. R. Earl's bay mare, 6 yrs old.....				dis.

MOSTYN HUNT RACES.—Wednesday, the 30th ult. a gold cup, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, a subscription of 10gs. each; 13 stone each; rode by members of the hunt.

Mr. Whitmore's c. g. Diggory, aged.....	1
Mr. Pierrepont's br. g. Freeman-son.....	2
Mr. Harrison's Envoy, by Traveller, aged.....	3

Fifty guineas given by John Harrison, Esq. for hunters, the property of members of Sir T. Mostyn's hunt; 13 stone each, two miles; rode by gentlemen.

Mr. Drake's g. g. Aylesby, aged 1	
Mr. Whitmore's Skylight.....	2

Handicap sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, the property of members; rode by gentlemen, two miles.

Mr. Drake's Aylesby, 12st. 11lb.	1
Mr. Whitmore's b. g. 11st. 10lb.	2

A cup, value 10gs. and 40gs. in

specie; given by the members of the hunt; with 10gs. to the owners of the second horse; rode by farmers.

Mr. Lovil's b. g. Gen. Blucher.....	3	1	1
Mr. Willis's br. g. by Doubtful.....	1	3	2
Mr. Bushy's ch. g. Slender Billy.....	2	2	3

CROXTON PARK RACES (under the auspices of his Grace the Duke of Rutland) took place on Wednesday, the 6th instant. The weather being very fine, these races were remarkably well attended; amongst the company were many of the first families in the country, in addition to an unusual number of sporting characters from the neighbouring hunts. The following is a brief account of the different races:—the 25gs. sweepstakes, 11st. two miles, was won by Mr. Calcraft's John Bunyan, beating Mr. Shield's Pan. — The 10gs. sweepstakes, was won by Mr. Craven's Melton, beating Gen. Grosvenor's, by Gauntlet, Mr. Frisby's Slender Billy, Lord Alvanley's Thoreby, Mr. Napper's Big Ben, Sir H. Mildmay's Governor, and three others.—Mr. Craven's Melton beat Mr. Brummell's Corsair, one mile: won easily.—Mr. Bruen's Oxfordshire Lad beat Mr. Paulet's by Lop, half a mile, 50gs. —The 25gs. sweepstakes, 12st. once round, was won by Mr. Kennedy's Little Pat, beating Mr. Standish's Kitty Fisher and Mr. Bowles's Jack Tar.—The farmer's plate

plate of 50l. was won at two heats by Mr. J. Wing's b. h. Blemish, by Cheshire Cheese, beating twenty-one others: the second heat well contested.—The Croxton Park stakes of 25gs. each, two miles, was won easily by Gen. Grosvenor's by Gauntlet, beating Mr. Pierrepont's Sir Jenson, and Mr. Frisby's Slender Billy.—Mr. Napier's Big Ben beat Mr. Meyler's Humbug, one mile, 50gs: won easily.—Nine horses started for the forced handicap of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added: which was won by Mr. Maker's Shugurue, after a dead heat between the winner and Mr. Pierrepont's Sir Jenson.

Extraordinary Litter of Foxes.

—Mr. Warre's fox-hounds, on Monday, the 4th instant, having started a fox, near Rock-House, about six miles from Taunton, she soon after took to earth, and on being dug out, was secured alive, together with a litter of *nine* young foxes! We doubt whether such an extraordinary instance of fecundity was ever before known. The discovery is fortunate for the small farmers on adjacent moors, whose very extensive flocks of geese might otherwise have been seriously injured by the nocturnal depredations of this rapacious family. The dam and all her cubs are alive, and in the possession of Mr. Warre's huntsman.

On Monday morning the 25th of April, 1814, about five o'clock, a fine stag, called Bonaparte, was turned out in the Roothing country, Essex, before ten couple of the staunchest hounds, part of Mr. Wellesley's and part of the Epping Forest, which are in the care of Mr. Samuel Gooch, of Chelmsford, and a good field of horsemen.

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The burst afforded a fine view, the hounds carrying a fine head, the scent laying breast high; the foremost of which happened to be named *Blucher*; pursued in fine stile to Bricked Barns, Chignell: headed back to the extremity of Writtle; then to Beaumont Oats, through the covers to Patching Hall; where the deer was headed back to Mr. Crooks's Broomfield farm; then to Mr. Lucas's, across the road at Broomfield; over the river to Springfield, where the horsemen were thrown out, being obliged to go over the bridge at Mr. Wm. Marriage's mill; they were, however, fortunate in meeting the hounds again, pursuing on to New Hall; back to Miss Brograve's lawn; from thence, through the shrubberies and gardens at Springfield, on to Lady Waltham's and across the navigation to Baddow Hall, through Mr. Bax's orchard, over the meads at Pondlands to West Hanningfield; from thence back to the Brook Farm, Great Baddow, where he was taken, after one of the finest chases ever witnessed in the county of Essex, comprising a run of two hours and ten minutes, and only six horses up. *Boney* being so good a runner, and in fine condition, is reserved for a future day's sport.

On Thursday, the 24th ult. the East Essex, or Coggeshall fox-hounds, met at Birch-hall, the seat of Charles Round, Esq. where they soon found, went away with their fox, and presently lost him. They then proceeded towards Lye Grove, in the parish of Stanway; but before the hounds reached the cover, the leading hound challenged in a foot-path, and the whole pack went away with a *breast high* scent for Stanway Hall, where they came to a check,

a check, and the huntsman was told they were *running a dog*; but persisting the hounds were right, he made a *knowing cast*, and soon convinced those who felt an inclination to *pocket the brush*, that they had no time to lose, and of course whips and spurs were no longer inactive. From Stanway-Hall, with a *breast high scent*, they crossed the river, and ran through the Birch Hall Chain covers, without one *check*, when *reynard*, being headed, stood for Laver-Bretton Heath, and through Duke's Wood, for Messing, when he kept the road, till he reached his *master's stable*—up to the door of which the hounds ran the poor dog (as he proved to be) full cry, a distance of nearly ten miles, in half an hour. So *determined* was the *contest for the brush*, and so *desperate* was the riding altogether, that a valuable horse, rode by Mr. Jeffry Levett, of Coln, died the same day, and two more were expected to share the same fate.

At the Easter Monday Royal Hunt, the deer was started out of the cart in the presence of upwards of 600 spectators. The deer was a remarkably fine one, and at starting went off with great speed towards Southill Park, by the edge of Windsor Forest, where he got among a herd of forest deer, and continued among them for some time. The hounds at length singled him out from the herd; he then went off again with great speed across the heath, towards Winkfield, through the inclosures by Mr. Batson's, crossing the plain, and through the woods by St. Leonard's Hill, towards Surly Hall, where he crossed the Thames in very fine style. The hounds were then called off, and the whole came

through the towns of Windsor and Eton; the chase being renewed in the meadows to the left of Eton College, the deer ran with great swiftness, taking through the inclosures by Salthill and East Burnham, to Dropmore hill, the seat of Lord Grenville. The chase then proceeded down Hedsol-hill, the seat of Lord Boston, towards Cookham, where the deer's speed was remarkably swift by the side of the Thames, when, being closely followed by the hounds, he took to the water, and crossed the Thames by Cookham Ferry, the hounds following close after him; but Sharp, the huntsman, having them under excellent order, called them off by the sound of the horn: had they succeeded in getting over the water, they would have torn the deer to pieces before any assistance could have been given him. The deer was so remarkably exhausted when he had crossed the Thames, that he took shelter in the first house that he came to that was open; he entered the back door, made to the top of the house, and concealed himself in a closet, where he was found and taken care of by the huntsman, being lodged in a barn till next day, when he fetched him home in a cart.

On Friday, April 15, the same hounds met at Southhill Park, where a fine deer was turned out, which crossed the heath for Holly Grove, where he took the Park fence, and was viewed across the Park in a most gallant style to Bishopsgate; went away by Eggham for Chertsey, where crossing the Thames to Duleham, he was headed back, and took the Thames again, which they could not make him leave for some time; he was at length taken between Chertsey and

and Staines, after a very long day. This chase finished the hunting for the season, which has been very short, owing to the great length of the frost. There is no doubt but the ensuing season will afford more sport than was ever known before, owing to the most excellent pack of harriers that have come from the Duke of Richmond's, and the very different manner in which the royal hunt is now conducted.

THE hounds of — Codrington, Esq. unkenelled a fox on Saturday, the 2d instant, from Binknol Woods, and run him a sharp burst from thence to Liddiard-Milcent, a distance of about ten miles, where he proceeded into the garden of the manor-house of Mrs. Blunt, and took a direction through a glass paned door, and running through the house, made his escape by dashing through another glass door in the front; from thence he ran into the church-yard, a scene appropriate to his death, which ensued.

A SPORTING race took place on Tuesday, the 5th instant, on the Cambridge road, for two hundred guineas. Captain Hardman, of Pewsey, having engaged for a horse, his property, to carry feather weight, and to go seven miles in fifteen minutes; betting was six to four against time. The horse did the first four miles in eight minutes and forty seconds, and the seven miles was performed with much ease within the given time.

A MARE, the property of an inhabitant of Grosvenor-street, was backed to go fifty miles in five hours. The animal started on Wednesday, March 30, on the Huntingdon road, and did fourteen miles in the first hour, thir-

teen in the second, eleven in the third, and the other twelve in fifty-seven minutes. Time was backed at six and seven to four. She was rode by two boys, who relieved.

PEDESTRIANISM.—An interesting race took place on Monday, the 11th instant, on the Henley-road, between Mr. James Ashburnham, and Mr. Merryweather; the former a farmer, and the latter a dairyman. The distance performed was sixty miles, for one hundred guineas a side; to start at the opposite ends of two miles. The following was the order of the performance:—

	Miles.
1st hour, Merryweather did	$7\frac{1}{2}$
2d hour	$7\frac{3}{4}$
3d hour	8
4th hour	$7\frac{1}{2}$
5th hour	7
6th hour	$7\frac{1}{4}$
7th hour	7
8th hour	$6\frac{1}{2}$
	<hr/> 58 $\frac{1}{2}$

	Miles.
1st hour, Ashburnham did	$7\frac{3}{4}$
2d hour	$7\frac{1}{2}$
3d hour	$7\frac{3}{4}$
4th hour	8
5th hour	$7\frac{1}{2}$
6th hour	7
7th hour	$7\frac{1}{4}$
8th hour	6
	<hr/> 58 $\frac{3}{4}$

Mr. Merryweather then resigned, after going the eighth hour, and his adversary walked the remaining short part of the distance.

TIME MATCH.—Robert Ellery, of Wold Newton, was matched by Mr. Duck for twenty guineas, to go forty miles in five hours and forty-three minutes, upon Langton Wold. He started at nine o'clock

on Thursday the 14th, and after running thirty-seven miles in five hours and twenty minutes, he fell lame, and was obliged to give up.

PUGILISM.—The great battle between Painter and Oliver will take place on the 17th of May, instead of the 3d, by consent. Richmond and Davis, the navigator, will fight on the 3d of May, and another fight will take place in the same ring.

On Friday, the 18th ult. a severe pugilistic contest took place at Adstock, near Buckingham, between a simple man, misnamed Wise, and a very honest and civil dealer at Padbury, of the name of Cooper. Wise, who was a stout fellow, and considered a champion in the neighbourhood, in September last, came from his residence at Simpson, near Fenny Stratford, to challenge Cooper, who, much to his credit, declined fighting, observing to Wise that he had a family to maintain by industry, and therefore fighting would be unwise in him. Wise, however, followed Cooper from Padbury to Adstock, on the above day, and so grossly insulted him, that at length, finding all expostulation vain, Cooper stripped, and, to the no small satisfaction of numbers present, proved that though the smallest man, he was the greatest hero, giving his overgrown, conceited, and insolent antagonist a severe thrashing.

A severe battle was fought on Thursday, the 7th instant, on Harley Common, Middlesex, between James Johnson, a navigator, and

Isaac Herd, a coachman, for a 10l. note. Herd won the match after fighting eighteen rounds in forty minutes. Both were good hitters, and they were alike terribly beaten.

Mr. Borders, a gentleman resident at Troston, in Suffolk, is well known there for his ardent attachment to the sports of the field.—For many years he has been accustomed to hunt with the Duke of Grafton's hounds. In the season of 1812-13, he was, himself, 77 years old; his horse, the same he always rode, 26, his saddle 28, his boots 40, and his breeches 48!—The horse, a brown gelding, was killed last year.

At Cambridge Quarter Sessions, on Friday, the 15th instant, John Fordham, a notorious and desperate poacher, was convicted of a violent assault on the gamekeeper of the Reverend Mr. Barker, near Newmarket, by beating him in the night with a bludgeon, when the Court sentenced him to twelve months imprisonment, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for twelve months after his release.

In January, 1813, a pair of swallows which had not migrated, hatched a young one in an old house at Lillswood, near Hexham. The three birds, marked by a person who observed this rare circumstance, lived together till the arrival of their brethren in the summer. These they then joined, and departed with them at the close of last autumn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have no knowledge of any such list as our Correspondent, R. E. enquires about; but it certainly would be desirable, if one could be prepared, the accuracy of which might be depended on.

H. E.'s Poetry is not adapted to our work.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE SPORTSMAN'S FESTIVE
BOARD.*(From Fitzgwarine, a Poem.)*

PAUS'D here the knight, for
none of all
The guests throughout the festive hall
Seem'd of his speech to mark a word,
But careless sat around the board.
One leaning on his neighbour's chair,
Told him how Ringwood chas'd the
deer;
Describ'd each thicket, wood, and glade,
Each close pursuit, each doubling made;
How they through Birchey Blodwell
came,
And forded Morda's brawling stream.
Another prais'd his fav'rite steed,
Unmatch'd in beauty, strength, and
speed;

While this upon his elbow laid
Sat mute, and on his goblet play'd;
And that in the mix'd converse blending,
Was speaking now and now attending,
Half list'ning to his neighbour's talk,
Twirling a cherry by the stalk.
And oft amid the merry tattle,
The toastman's empty cup would rattle,
Beating the board as he address'd
The next to name her he lov'd best.
With various voice the table rung,
And half a line was sometimes sung,
And sometimes at a story's pause
Burst the loud laugh's sincere applause.

SONNET TO SUSAN,

The Poet's Mail of all Work.

SUSAN'S the girl for me; I'll tell you
why—
'Tis not because she's overdone with
riches;

Ah! no, she's poor, and so am tuneless I,
But 'tis because she mends my hose
and breeches.

She gads not out as other housemaids do,
She dresses not so fine as many a flir-
ter;

But stays at home—believe me it is true—
And reads the woes of Charlotte and
of Werter!

My shirt she washes whilst in bed I lie,
And hunt my noddle round for song
or sonnet;

All these have render'd her so dear,
that I

Must eulogize her while my thoughts
are on it!

Then Susan! Susan!—"Coming, Sir;"
she cries;

My Sonnet's spoil'd, the fond illusion
flies!

J. M. LACEY.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy of "Debtor and Cre-
ditor," spoken by Mr. Terry.

WHEN with much hope, and some dis-
sembled fear,

The youthful bard begins his stage career,
'Tis quite a comedy to see him here—

At our rehearsals laying down the laws,
So clear, so confident of your applause,

He hears it rattling ere the curtain draws!
One word of blot, or alteration, say—

Just hint this line, or that, were best
away—

He swears you touch the cream of all his
play;

And dreads, like patient, smarting for
his life,

That necessary ill—the pruning knife.

For him the prologue lends her lying
aids—

Her meek apologies, her much-afraids—
Which

Which we with falt'ring tongue must
stammer out,
While his bold looks speak any thing but
doubt.
Far other thoughts their anxious breasts
explore,
Who, like our author, have been here
before.
By no paternal prejudices checkt,
More ready they to blot than we t'object.
Each peril 'scaped before their fancy
rolls—
They know the rocks, the quicksands,
and the shoals,
With all the dangerous passage of the Pit,
On which the barks of hapless authors
split.
In the clear calm and sunshine of your
brow
They dread those storms that rise—we
know not how.
A character that with too vent'rous aim,
Steps beyond nature's line—or comes off
lame—
A scene that flags,—nay, one unlucky
phrase—
Has given the *coup-de-grace* to better
plays.
Through all these forms of fear, that
round him rise,
The poet to your known protection flies!
Proud, but not confident, from past
success,
And only anxious not to please you less.

EPILOGUE

*Spoken by Messrs. Liston and Emery, in
the Characters of Gosling and Sampson
Miller.*

WRITTEN BY MR. C. LAMB.

Gosling.
FALSE world!
Sampson Miller.
You're bit, Sir!
Gosling.
Boor! what's that to you?
With Love's soft sorrows what hast thou
to do?
'Tis here for consolation I must look.—
[*Takes out his pocket-book.*]
Sampson Miller.
Nay, Sir, don't put us down in your
black book.
Gosling.
All Helicon is here.
Sampson Miller.
Ah Hell—

Gosling.
You clod!
Didst never hear of the Pierian God,
And the Nine Virgins on the sacred Hill?
Sampson Miller.
Nine Virgins! sure!
Gosling.
I have them all at will.
Sampson Miller.
If Miss fight shy then—
Gosling.
And my suit decline—
Sampson Miller.
You'll make a dash at them:
Gosling.
I'll tip all nine.
Sampson Miller.
What, wed 'em, Sir?
Gosling.
O no! that thought I banish:
I woo—not wed,—they never bring the
Spanish;
Their favours I pursue, and court the
bays.
Sampson Miller.
Mayhap you're one of them as write the
Plays?
Gosling.
Bumpkin!
Sampson Miller.
I'm told the public's well nigh cramm'd
With such like stuff.
Gosling.
The public may be damn'd.
Sampson Miller.
They ha'nt damn'd you?—[*Inquisitively.*]
Gosling.
This fellow's wond'rous shrewd!
I'd tell him if I thought he'd not be
rude.—
Once in my greener years I wrote a
Piece.
Sampson Miller.
Aye, so did I—at schoollike—
Gosling.
Booby, cease!
I mean a Play.
Sampson Miller.
Oh!
Gosling.
And to crown my joys
'Twas acted.
Sampson Miller.
Well, and how?
Gosling.
It made a noise;
A kind of mingled—[*as if musing.*]
Sampson Miller.
Aye, describe it, try.
Gosling.
Like—were you ever in the pillory?
Sampson

Sampson Miller.

No, Sir, I thank ye, no such kind of game.

Gosling.

Bate but the eggs, and it was much the same ;

Shouts, clamour, laugh, and a peculiar sound,

Like, like——

Sampson Miller.

Like geese, I warrant, in a pound.

I like this mainly!—

Gosling.

Some began to cough ;

Some cried—

Sampson Miller.

Go on!

Gosling.

A few, and some “ Go off ! ”

I can't suppress it—Gods ! I hear it now ;
It was, in fact, a most confounded row.

Dire was the din, as when some storm
confounds

Earth, sea, and sky, with all terrific
sounds.

Not hungry lions send forth notes more
strange ;

Not Bulls and Bears, that have been
hoax'd on Change.

Sampson Miller.

Exeter Change you mean ? I've seen
they Bears.

Gosling.

The beasts I mean are far less tame than
theirs ;

Change-alley Bruins, nattier though their
dress,

Might at POLITO's study politesse.

Brief let me be,—my gentle SAMPSON,
pray,

Fight LARRY WHACK—but never write
a Play.

Sampson Miller.

I won't Sir—and these Christian souls
petition

To spare all wretched folks in such con-
dition.

MR. VAPOUR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE DISASTERS OF HIS LAST BENEFIT NIGHT.

THE dawn o'ercast, “ the morning
low'd,”

From black'ning clouds the torrents
pour'd,

And soaking was the day:

The sun look'd re fly “ dim with age,”

The carpenter had made the stage,
And Macbeth was the play.

The barn, though long deem'd tempest-
proof,

Soon groan'd beneath its aged roof,

By beating rains and wind ;

And “ gorgeous palace,” tow'rs and all,
Swept from their place, soon left the wall ;

Without a wreck behind :

And as the audience was but thin,

The little pigs and ducks walk'd in,

Nor deem'd it an intrusion :

The geese, unconscious 'twas amiss,

Most nat'rally began to hiss

Amid the strange confusion.

Quake went the stage, and useless now

To bid our Thespians “ trudge, I trow,”

The witches, as they “ met, again”

Return'd “ in thunder and in rain ;”

“ Night's candles” too were blown about,

While Lady Mac cries—“ out, out, out ! ”

'Tis true my wardrobe was but light ;

Yet all was lost on that sad night ;

My small-clothes new, and one good
shirt,

Were vilely trampled in the dirt ;

Two wigs, not worse for being worn,

Were by the swinish gentry torn,

Nor did these vulgar wretches fail

To eat the one that bore a tail !

And thus, in short, all—all was lost,

Save what was nab'd to pay the cost.

VERSES

*Written on a Squirrel pursued and killed by
some Boys.*

POOR little tenant of the shady grove,
Man, cruel Man, once saw thee hap-
less rove,

A careless wanderer from thy native tree,
And doom'd thy fate, or death, or sla-

very:—

To die heart-broken, or in ceaseless pain
To bear the pressure of the galling
chain.—

I heard the savage cry, I saw thee fly,

I saw thy little limbs each effort try,

I saw thee lightly skim along the ground,

I saw thee spring with quick elastic
bound,

I saw thee mount the oak, that sacred
tree,

Britannia's bulwark, but it sav'd not
thee—

Britons themselves, who boast of Free-
dom, strove

To seize thee, harmless tenant of the
grove—

Successful

Successful strove ; sore pressed the victim falls,
 And 'tis a Briton's hand the slave intrails.
 Poor little victim, all thy pains are o'er,
 And cruel Man can persecute no more.
 Free as the Air, and Nature's simple child,
 Thy happy state was once in forests wild,
 To spring from branch to branch, from tree to tree,
 And share the sweets of native liberty ;
 Nature herself supplied thy simple food,
 And thy plain banquet ne'er was stained with blood ;
 But nuts and corn thy innocent repast,
 A kind Creator bade thee freely taste.
 When the grove glistened with the morning ray,
 Thy merry gambols thou wert wont to play ;
 Yet in thy sport so innocent and free,
 Man never mark'd his own base cruelty.
 Poor little victim, all thy pains are o'er,
 Now cruel Man can persecute no more ;
 For thy sad fate shall flow the pitying tear,
 From the soft breast shall flow the sigh sincere ;
 And oh ! may he who owns a pow'r above,
 A God of mercy, gentleness, and love,
 Ne'er give the smallest of his creatures pain,
 But be the guardian of the grove and plain.

HUSBAND WANTED.

TO any young Man that has need of a Wife,
 A Lady that's young, and of innocent life ;
 In person, genteelish—behaviour, quite easy,
 Would change her condition, and hopes she may please ye.
 The little acquaintance she has in this town,
 (For Lovers enough she might have if well known)
 Has forc'd her at last to make use of this paper,
 That none may plead ignorance, and so escape her ;
 She ventures to say that she don't want good breeding,
 And tho' not a housewife, is far gone in reading ;
 Can dance well ; and if she's entreated can sing ;

Can tell twenty riddles about a gold ring ;
 Besides many stories of love (the sweet passion !)

And often regrets that it's not more in fashion ;

Averse she's entirely to all sordid views,
 She has but one failing, that is, she loves news.

Whoever this suits, e'er the Lady he'll see,
 Must send his proposal seal'd up for Miss G——

To be left at ——— in ——— street,

And if they're approv'd, then the Lady will treat ;

But let no young pedant that's just come from school,

Presume to write to her, to make her a fool ;

Such things, she well knows, very often are done,

This is no jesting matter—so none of your fun!!!

THE ANSWER.

THE offer, Miss G——, of your hand,
 To accept, if approv'd, I design,
 For if you are HALF what you say,
 I wish that you WHOLLY were mine.

Your talent for verse I admire,
 With all the good items beside ;
 With such a companion for life,
 My time I would gladly divide.

My person is not much amiss,
 My finances, thank Heav'n, are easy,
 My temper and habits are such,
 I shall always be happy to please ye.

So one of these days, before long,
 To tap at your door I intend,
 If we happen each other to like,
 Things soon may be brought to an end.

But already, their service to offer,
 Some dozens, I fear, have applied ;
 The number, perhaps, may perplex,
 And prevent you, as yet, to decide.

Reject not, I pray you, my suit,
 Because I am but a poor poet ;
 'Tis you that must write for us both,
 My verse is but humble, I know it.

What remains must be said when we meet,

So here I will finish my letter,
 Which I hope you will kindly accept
 Dear Madam, for want of a better.
 R. W.

