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Embellished with,

I. *DRAKE, a Water Spaniel, the Property of LORD CHARLES KERR.*

II. *THE JUVENILE SPORTSMAN.*

DRAKE,

A WATER SPANIEL, THE PROPERTY
OF LORD CHARLES KERR.

*Painted by Mr. COOPER, and engraved by
Mr. SCOTT.*

THE subject of the first plate to our present Number, furnishes one more instance, and that not the most uninteresting, to the many already detailed, of the superior sagacity of that faithful animal, the dog. In the month of August, 1813, Lord Charles Kerr made a match with J. Cock, Esq.

FIRST INNINGS, LORD C. KERR.

Bridger..... 50 caught out by J. Cock.
Drake 0

jun. to play a game of cricket, his Lordship backing his servant James Bridger, and his dog *Drake*, against Mr. Cock, with Wm. Wetherell. —The match, which was for 50gs. a side, was played at Holt Pound Cricketing Ground, near Farnham, Surrey, on Monday, the 16th of August, 1813.—The post assigned to Drake was that of catching the ball, the only way indeed in which he could be serviceable; but as he always caught it at the first bound, he was, perhaps, a more expert and efficient partner than many bipeds. The following was the result of the game:

B b FIRST

FIRST INNINGS, J. COCK, ESQ.

J. Cock..... 6 caught by Bridger.
 Wetherell..... 0 run out by Drake.

Mr. Cock then gave up the match, and paid the wager.—The way in which Drake run Wetherell out was this—Wetherell hit the ball smartly for a run, but Drake played across the ball so much

faster than the former expected, stopt it so well, and delivered it so quick to his partner Bridger, that Wetherell was thrown out without getting a run.

KUNOPÆDIA.

A Practical Essay on Breaking or Training the English Spaniel or Pointer; with Instructions for attaining the Art of Shooting Flying: in which the latter is reduced to Rule, and the former inculcated on Principle. By the late William Dobson, Esq. of Eden-Hall, Cumberland.

WE have seldom had before us a book, of which we were more decidedly authorized to speak with general commendation. It is evidently the result of long experimental practice, reduced to didactic order, and moulded into a scientific form, with a considerable degree of invention and precision. The language is that of a man of cultivated intellect, and we shall venture to predict, that Kunopædia will be received by the Sporting World as a classical performance; and will permanently maintain that honourable rank in our libraries. Beneath an elegant and characteristic little Vignette in front, the parody of *si vis me flere* is most happily appropriate.

The late Mr. Dobson, we take it for granted, was a man of sporting eminence in Cumberland. The present volume has arisen from his posthumous papers, under the auspices of a very competent Editor, notwithstanding his repeated frank acknowledgments of defect in Sporting qualifications. This, however, would have not appeared, but

from his own candour, for we never find him breaking Priscian's head, with respect to sporting phraseology, nor in the commission of those blunders and insipidities, which we generally expect in the uninitiated, educated or otherwise. He came into possession, it appears, of the MS. in quality of the intimate friend of the deceased, who had previously submitted his papers, or originally addressed them in the form of familiar epistles, for it does not appear clearly which, to a sporting friend resident in Scotland, the country to which they chiefly referred. This friend was struck by the novelty of perceiving a subject, from general practice so little reconcileable to order, treated with so much appearance of system and science. He recognized in it the principles of that refinement of discipline which he had recently so much admired in some troops, which the author had led down thither, so superior to that of the unmanageable rabble, which alone he had been witness of! In consequence,

he ceased not to press for the instant publication of a mass of information of which he thought so highly ; nor was it with less than a strong remonstrance against the threat of publishing them in their existing state, that the letters were obtained back again by the author, who unfortunately did not survive to complete his meditated plan.

The system and its materials we, in course, attribute to Mr. Dobson, the external arrangement to the present Editor, to whom, probably, much more appertains, if we may judge by styliar analogy between the preface and the text. We rather wonder that the latter gentleman, acquainted "with the avenues to the press," as he induces us to suppose himself, should not have been aware, or rather should not have had before his eyes, the apprehension of that sort of suspicious slight, which never fails to attend publication in the form of letters to a friend. Letters to a friend—written at the desire or entreaty of friends—or, what has surely somewhat of a face of novelty, in consequence of the threats of a friend, are all so truly in the hacknied style of authorship and editorship, that they are now looked upon by the gentlest readers, as matter of insipid and useless form, to which it is unnecessary, not even expected, to attach any thing like credence that they are really such. Of what possible advantage then, this fiction to authors or their works, or what is there to balance its known and obvious disadvantages? Is it a tacit acknowledgment of indolence, or of incapacity, to arrange their matter in a more appropriate form of science? In the present work certainly, no reasons of such description have operated. Yet what possible ad-

vantage has accrued from simply tacking in the common place of — in a letter to a friend? That address, too, oddly enough omitted in several chapters. Is it in general, merely for the sake of making a little formal prelude, without the aid of which, the author could not possibly contrive to make a beginning to his subject? The Editor had, no doubt, something of this topic within his view, (page 24 of his preface), but he might equally well have avoided the formalities of a regular treatise, without risking the insipidity of—a letter to a friend. This objection indeed, is purely matter of taste, and militates nothing against the usefulness of the book: besides, it will help to keep us firm in the chair;—critics must have some objection to make.

There are various treatises already extant in our language, original and compiled, on field sports; among them, an excellent one, although little known, by a late Suffolk Clergyman, referred to in the present work. Indeed every human avocation of a complicated and various nature, must necessarily have rules for its due performance. These rules being discovered, must be registered for more extensive use: If it be worth doing a thing at all, it is so much more worth doing that thing according to just order and method, that even our sports and pleasures acquire a double seasoning and zest, by the gracefulness, and facility, and precision with which we are able to exhibit them. As the author is supposed to say, "In the superior attainment of all art, a submission to method and to rule is of the very essence of instruction: and if that rule be not already supplied, we are under the necessity of making it

for ourselves. Rules are only the analysis of perfect practice ; and he who takes the trouble of analysing, furnishes himself with the best means of adding facility to certainty."

But all are not capable, from one reason or other, of making that rule for themselves ; hence the necessity of having a good one at hand, ready made, to those who are ambitious of an estimation above the vulgar herd. Among Sportsmen, as in all other classes, gradations of character are to be observed. Those of a superior cast will always be a minority, for even in our latter days of refinement, enow are to be found who, notwithstanding high pretensions and great opportunities, do rather obey the rules of blind custom than those of reason and science. This arises in great measure from the too general habit of our young Sportsmen taking, for their early tutors, the conceited and ignorant inmates of the stable and the kennel, advising with them on all occasions, and adopting their knowing practices, many of which are the wrongest possible methods of arriving at a right end, and which, in their success, do less good in one way than mischief in another. Nor do many of our printed guides lead to better things. The *Kunopædia* we are disposed to look upon as a performance of a superior pretension ; for the analogy which the author desires to establish, between military discipline and that of the sportive field, is apt and useful, and the more of the regularity of military tactics, which the Sportsman brings with him into the field, with so much the more grace, circumspection, and, to crown all, satisfactory effect, will he acquit himself. In sporting with the gun

particularly, and in company, these ideas must be acknowledged to possess great weight. Considering the numerous accidents which have happened, some of them fatal, a shooter, both for his own sake and the sake of others, had need be a good disciplinarian, and every one who knows the gun, must feel with the present author, when he observes on a certain class of sportsmen, indeed too numerous, that, with one of them, he would not very willingly trust himself in a wood. We chanced to know an old officer, who circumnavigated the globe with Anson, participating in all the perils of that memorable expedition without receiving a scratch, but who, on his return home, on his first pleasurable excursion in the field, lost an eye, through the rashness and *etourderie* of an undisciplined sportsman. The principles of this work are of a truly philosophical cast, and evince mature reflection and a disciplined mind ; the author is hence a powerful advocate for the humane and fair treatment of the animal under his government, without any apparent sentimental pretensions ; and in course, we are disgusted with no recommendations of unfeeling and barbarous, and equally useless discipline, the relics of ancient practice, too many examples of which may be found in books of considerable authority. The following note (page 59) we apprehend will go some way in the confirmation of our opinion of this author :—

" I must here admonish you that, on this as well as every similar occasion, you do not go violently to work with the whip, to flog away upon the carcass of your companion the vexations arising from your own errors in shooting. Let even—

even-handed justice mete out unto him only the measure of punishment due to his delinquency. A dog will have quite enough to answer for on the score of his own heedlessness and intemperance, without being called on to expiate the blunders of his tutor."

Having given our sentiments generally, as they occurred in the perusal of this work, we proceed according to our custom, to make some extracts, which we may probably extend on a future occasion.

MAXIMS.

"Never let your dog have a will of his own: from the first moment of his entering upon what, in the phrase of your universities, may fairly enough be termed his *course of humanities*, he is to take the direction of his every action from you.

"Never go out without a whip, if you dislike the trouble of flogging. The conviction of its presence will supersede much of the necessity of its use; and if you leave it at home to-day, you will find a threefold call for its employment to-morrow. Moreover, 'it must needs be that offences come;' and this is the mildest mode of punishing the offender. A hedge-stake is but an awkward kind of thing wherewithal to preserve the due relation between correction and crime: and, in a country where 'the rarity of so valuable a piece of timber' puts it out of your immediate reach, you may incur the risk, from some unguarded spring, to restrain a furious dash on the part of your pupil, of fracturing his ribs by a kick, or of bending a gun-barrel over his brain-case.

"Never pass a blunder unnoticed, nor a fault unpunished.

"Never administer the punishment without an endeavour on your part to make him comprehend the nature of his offence: *e. g. of Take heed!* for a spring, whether accidental, heedless, or vicious; of *Ware chase!* where such daring unpardonable crime has been committed; or of *Down charge!* where his refusal to understand this great point of duty may render correction expedient, &c.

"Never carry this punishment beyond the law of all endurance, so as to scare him out of his senses: let it be ample, but regulated with judgment, according to temper. If upon any occasion you have carried it a stroke or two too far, take still more especial care to *keep him down under lecture* so much the longer, until he has time to recollect himself, and to find out that his only means to be at liberty again is to be *friends* with you.

"Never avenge upon your dog your own errors in shooting. Neither let the giddy triumph of some fortunate shot atone for the heedless rattle by which he may have driven the bird within your reach, nor for any lawless violence by which he may further assist you in laying hold of it. Give up the shot to a certainty, with a young dog, rather than give any encouragement to this heedless rattle; and although it were to secure a cock-pheasant, disabled for flight by a tip upon the wing, and on the full run from the chance of escape into cover, command yourself, and lend not your countenance, and still less your example, to the unbridled licentiousness with which he may rush forward to render by his gripe all escape impossible. It is not by keeping a firm restraint upon all such lawless dashing at a bird before him, but by a slovenly neglect,

neglect, and the want of sufficient perseverance in the great primary lesson of "footing out," as connected with "seek dead," that a dog will have an extinguisher put upon his resolution to retrieve, or that he will ever incur the risk of sinking into the worst of all possible defects, the forfeiture of his game. I have already taken occasion to observe, that the dog who hunts his ground the truest, will always find the most game; and I would here add, that the dog who approaches it when down, under a skilful reserve, will in the end be found most effectually to do his part of the business in securing it.

"Never, in fine, let him perceive that the possession of the game is your chief object in the pursuit. *Non quo, sed quomodo!* is a motto that will admirably apply both to the sportsman and his dog; and it were not amiss to have it engraven on the collar of the latter, with a view to their mutual regulation in the field; leaving to the graceless boast of the mere headlong slaughterman, with his savage gang of unmanaged bone-crackers, an undisputed claim to the *quocunque modo rem!*

"Never beat before your dog, nor let him lose his time behind you. Neither permit him to be off into the next field; so as to place a hedge or a hill between himself and the possibility of your seeing what he is about at all times.

"Never hunt a dog when tired down; it will make him a dull sloven in his deportment, and destroy the gallantry of his range. It may further teach him a trick of trifling, and of treating you, every now and then, with an agreeable trot the whole length of a

ten or twelve acre piece, in order to attend to one of his *false points*; which, with jaded spirits, he may be tempted to sink into by the way of a rest. Many a good point have I seen at a mouse, towards the close of a hard day's hunt, and that from dogs of fair character too.

"Never permit a race after a hare: therefore on no account whatever be tempted to begin this race by firing at one. I can not admit this into my system, because, if ever your dog *finds his legs* in such a race, you will more than undo all the powers of command which you have been working for months to acquire. Fortunately for your arms and his sides, you are not very likely to incur the temptation. It is with a direct view to this circumstance, were there no superior reasons, that for the business of education I should give a preference to the moors: where the pupil is not exposed to have his yet undisciplined feelings excited into disobedience, as he is in countries where these vermin abound.

"Last of all, though not least, as applying more immediately to yourself than to your dog, and by way of corollary to the decalogue, I shall pick a line out of Horace, and put it into his mouth, with the alteration of one syllable only, for your instruction:

— Si vis me cavere, cavendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

(To be continued.)

RACES APPOINTED IN 1814.

WARWICK	Sept. 6
Newbury.....	6
Ayr, Scotland	7
Bedford	

Bedford	Sept. 7
Lichfield	13
Pontefract	13
Northampton	14
Cricklade	15
Basingstoke	15
Kingscote	20
Shrewsbury	20
Lincoln	21
Leicester	21
Chippenham	26
Doncaster	26
Newmarket	Oct. 3
Carlisle	5
Monmouth	6
Caledonian Hunt Meeting, held at Kelso	10
Richmond	11
Penrith	19

FRENCH IDEAS OF GAMING IN ENGLAND.

IN one of the French journals recently received were the following curious remarks on the propensity to betting, which the French Editor believes to prevail among the people of this country.

"*Bet, or be Silent.*—This is an argument which in England puts an end to many a discussion. If the argument is not such as would be allowed by the soundest logic, it is, however, one which is consecrated by custom, and admitted as infallible, and which is not without its advantages. It reduces to silence, by the fear of loss, those whose obstinacy is elsewhere encouraged by the impunity of erroneous opinions or false assertions. Unfortunately, however, it also interrupts those whose only error in disputation is the inability to bet; and it is much easier for most men, and disputants especially, to produce crowns from their pockets than reasons from their heads. We shall only adopt the maxim of *Bet,*

or be Silent, when clever men shall have as much money as fools; but both seem determined to prevent the arrival of this new era. A volume might be filled with the extravagant bets which are laid and taken in England in the course of one year. There is a taste, a furor, a rage for it; and the most amusing thing of all is the religious respect with which those who are not concerned in the bet interdict whatever might prevent it from being carried through. We shall cite one example, which is worth a thousand. A man fell into the Thames—he struggled and endeavoured to swim, but he swam badly. Will he reach the bank? Will he be drowned? Here was at once a wager. Twenty guineas were laid that he would save himself; this was taken; the bets increased and multiplied; and in two minutes considerable sums were depending on the head of the poor swimmer. He was, however, perceived by some watermen, who rowed towards him with the intention of saving him. "There is a bet, there is a bet," was bawled out from every quarter. At these magical words the boatmen stopped, the unfortunate man was drowned, and the bet was gained."

For the credit of Englishmen, we must enter our *caveat* against the latter part of this story. However fond our countrymen may be of betting, and however enthusiastically eager they may be to prevent unfair interference on common occasions of this sort, we assert, without the least fear of contradiction, that whoever would be fool-hardy enough to interfere in preventing the preservation of the life of a fellow-creature upon any occasion, would place his own in extreme jeopardy; and that if any persons were so insensible as

to make a bet upon such a solemn occasion, they would excite the just resentment of the spectators to such a degree, as to partake liberally of that element from which their levity or cupidity induced them to prevent the extrication of the sufferer.

COURT AND COUNTRY HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

OBSERVING, in a late Number of your entertaining Magazine, a proposition for an union between two societies of *flogging* notoriety, I could not help making a comparison between two prevailing pursuits of the present day, viz. *Court and country hunting*. Of the latter sport I am myself an amateur, and should any of your readers, lovers of the *former*, feel indignant at the comparison, I must beg leave to state, that, in my opinion, a *mere Fox-hunter* is in this diversion as sensible a man as a *mere courtier*, who, with all the hurry, eagerness, and importance of state, is following a game as contemptible as that of the *country squire*; this may to some appear a strange assertion, but you must own the truth of it, when you see what a strict similitude the *gentlemen* of the *white wand* bear to those of the *whip*. In the *court* as in the *field*, all set out in chase of the same thing; every one strives who shall be *foremost*, and hotly pursues what he seldom overtakes, and if he does, it is, when seriously considered, of no great value, and will give but little satisfaction; he that is *best-horsed*, that is, *best befriended*, gets in soonest, and then all he has to do

is to laugh at them that are behind. He may justly be said to be in *view* who is in *favour*, and he that has a *strong faction* against him, hunts upon a cold scent, and may in time come to a loss. In the state-chase as in that of the *Fox*, one rides upon full *speed* a great way about, while another, taking some *bye indirect way*, leaps a ditch, or makes a gap, and comes on before him. Another spurs on till he flounders into a quagmire, that is, follows the *court* till he has spent all, and there he is sure to stick without any one taking care to help him out; but rather, every one that passes will laugh at him for a bad horseman. Some hunt without ever seeing their game; some follow the prime-minister and never see the place or the pension: they spur a horse till he is tired; and these are they who importune a friend till he is weary of them. To conclude, they who are the keenest sportsmen, and the deepest statesmen, have always their necks most in danger!

Aug. 1814.

VENATOR.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS on the St. Leger Stakes at Tattersall's, Aug. 29.
 9 to 2 agst Petuaria, by Orville.
 5 to 1 agst Belville.
 8 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's c. by Sir Harry Dimsdale.
 13 to 1 agst Biddick.
 13 to 1 agst Desdemona.
 14 to 1 agst Brother to Burleigh.
 14 to 1 agst William.
 15 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Orville.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

3 to 1 agst Belville.
 5 to 1 agst Petuaria.
 10 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's colt.
 10 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's filly.
 13 to 1 agst Biddick.

A CLAS.

A CLASSIFICATION OF
LOVERS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE many laughable observations upon *love* and *matrimony*, which I have seen in your *Miscellany* from time to time, has induced me to send you the following.

A. B.

A strange author has said *love is strong as death*, &c. On reading this definition, I was quite astonished. If love, said I to myself, hath such a vehement flame, I must own we bear our torments with more patience than could be expected. I have known several lovers who looked and spoke just like other men. I once fell in love myself with a girl who had 500*l.* and I saw neither flood, fire, nor dart. This definition will never do. What could that strange author mean, by saying that if a man would give all his substance for love, it would be utterly contemned?—Surely he could not be such a fool as to think of giving money for love. Again, how is it that love is so difficult to be quenched? *Matrimony* generally does that in a month's time. Now, the only objection I have to this cure is, that the remedy is often worse than the disease; and what is surprising, those who bear the flames of love with the utmost tranquillity, are yet found to be most impatient to get the conjugal knot tied! This is a remedy, therefore, which I would never advise, except in the most desperate cases. I shall now proceed with an enumeration of lovers, arranged according to classes, orders, genera, and species. The first has two, the *Platonics* and *Non-Platonics*: under the latter, we may reckon the interested lover.

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This genus includes all who fall in love for their own convenience. Among the species belonging to this genus we may include widowers, who marry to have a woman to take care of their children; old bachelors who marry when their mothers die, to save the expence of a housekeeper, and to prevent their servants from cheating them; Esquires, who marry to have an heir, &c. The chief requisites in a wife in these cases are, that she has money, is prudent, and knows how to take care of a family. Among other interested lovers, is the *Fortune-hunter*: he is generally a rascal of neither sense, honour, or probity. For him, females of every age, from fourteen to ninety well do equally well, provided they have a *quantum sufficit* of money. For these lovers the proper cure is the gallows. Of this description in low life there is the guttling lover, consisting of idle apprentices and others, who make love to servant girls to the injury of their masters and mistresses. The cure is a horsewhip, not sparingly applied. The modest and sincere lovers generally fail in their addresses; but the most generally successful are the impudent, the forward, the impetuous, and the trifling lover. The first of these are scarcely ever known to receive a denial; but the whiners are commonly unsuccessful, though they can boast of a very illustrious origin, having no less a person than the God Apollo at their head. They court their mistresses with songs, acrostics, love letters, and poems in magazines, &c. But though they pretty much resemble the modest and sincere lover, I have known an impudent lover, of a very indifferent appearance, accepted with an execrable poetic scrawl, when a very decent

C c

decent lover of the whining genus was dismissed with disgrace, though he presented a most exquisite specimen of poetry.—Mr. Shenstone afforded a striking example of this. The ballad he composed on his mistress, might have gained any heart in the world that could have been moved by whining; but, alas! the fair one was inexorable. In addition to the classes now enumerated, permit me to notice a lover totally different from any yet mentioned, one who has taken a very strange method of expressing his passion only by his *eyes*; but as he was rejected, as a warning to all future letter writers, I will present you with a copy of his farewell epistle, actually addressed to his matchless Dulcinea, as follows:

Dear —,

However unworthy I may seem in your sight, you will, no doubt, from compassion, bear my plaintive tale. Your affections, it seems, I can no longer lay any claim to. Your conduct fully convinces me that from this moment I should take an everlasting farewell; but, alas! while propriety established on the strictest principle of honour, urges me to such a step, love steps in and unmans me. But since I am unfortunate, you may, perhaps, say that if I had any passion, I ought to have declared it. I, however, depended on the expressive *language of my eyes* for a period of four long years; and, oh! fatal credulity! construed every look of your's as kind and favourable. But now, heart rending words! oh! thou sweet but fatal fair one, he whose modesty and self-diffidence forbade an open declaration of his feelings, now bids you 'an everlasting farewell. To my rival's power to please, I am no stranger. Sweet eloquence dwells on his

tongue, and every word he utters is celestial harmony to your ears. While I sink in endless despair, may constancy and happiness be your portion—I can no more—Adieu."

RUDE SPORTS AND MANNERS OF GOTHIC AGES.

IT was customary both in France and Italy to collect for sport all the strumpets in the neighbourhood, and to make them run races. Struvius mentions a tenure binding a vassal on the birth day of his Lord to dance and fight before him! In the same period, the judgment of Paris was a favourite theatrical entertainment. Three women stark naked, represented the three Goddesses, Juno, Venus, and Minerva. In the cartularies of Charlemagne, judges are forbidden to hold courts, but in the morning with an empty stomach. It would appear, that men in those days were not ashamed of being seen drunk in a court of justice. When people began to emerge out of barbarity, loud mirth and rough jokes came in place of rancour and resentment. About a century ago, it was usual for the servants and retainers of the court of session in Scotland to break out into riotous mirth and uproar the last day of every term, throwing bags, dust, stones, or sand, on all around.

Nick names, so common not long ago, are an instance of the same coarseness of manners; for the fixing of a pick name upon a man is to use him with a contemptuous familiarity. Inns were unknown in Germany, and to this day are unknown in the remote parts of the Highlands of Scotland; because hospitality prevailed greatly

greatly among the ancient Germans, and continues to prevail so much among the highlanders, that a gentleman takes it for an affront if a stranger pass his house.

Magnanimity and heroism are inconsistent with cruelty. Never was gallantry in war carried to a greater height than between the English and Scots borderers, before the crowns were united. The night after the battle of Otterburn, the victors and vanquished lay promiscuously in the same camp, without apprehending the least danger one from another.

TIGER HUNTING IN JAVA.

A Batavia Journal of December last, contains the following account of some of the amusements given to Lieutenant-Governor Raffles, his Lady, and suite, by the Emperor of Java, on occasion of a visit paid to him in Sooracarta, his capital, by the former.

"On the morning of the 7th of December, 1813, the Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor Raffles, proceeded on horseback to an open space in the vicinity of the city of Sooracarta, where the Subsidiary corps, under the command of the Prince Prangwedono was drawn up to receive him.

"The Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor afterwards proceeded to the fort of Solo, and immediately after returned to the Residency, where the Crown Prince arrived in the state coach, at eleven o'clock, to conduct the Lieutenant-Governor and his lady to the Craton, to pay a complimentary visit to the Emperor. On reaching the Craton a salute was fired, the troops of the Emperor presented arms, and the Emperor himself received

the Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor and his lady in an open building, erected before the palace for the purpose of witnessing conveniently the interesting scenes that were to follow. After the established ceremonial compliments of meeting had been passed, the Prime Minister, attended by several other Officers of the Court, seated themselves with the most profound respect, directly in front of the Emperor, at the distance of twenty-five or thirty yards, and received his orders.—They immediately retired, and directions were given for admitting a large royal tiger into a circular area of about forty feet diameter, enclosed by a strong paling, where a buffalo was in readiness to meet him.—The tiger seemed to dread his antagonist, and made several efforts to escape, by springing up, with almost incredible agility, against the paling; the buffalo pursued him round the enclosure, pushing at him with his utmost force, but was generally foiled by the crouching of the tiger, he succeeded however in two or three attempts, tossed him from the ground, wounded him mortally, and rendered him incapable of further exertion, while the buffalo sustained but a few trifling wounds in the neck and legs.—A second royal tiger, more powerful than the last, was now admitted; the buffalo attacked him with the same spirit, and would have had the same success, but the tiger avoided him by creeping close along the feet of the paling, from whence he could not be drawn although every effort was made to irritate him by fire, pointed bamboos, swords, &c. he was consequently permitted to enter his cage again, and reserved for another exhibition.

"Wine was now presented to the Emperor, to the Lieutenant-Governor, to his Lady, and to the Gentlemen in attendance.—The Prime Minister and his Officers again appeared, a report was made, fresh orders were given, and the party proceeded to the distance of a few yards, and ascended a stage elevated sufficiently to command with a full view, a square of about an hundred yards each way, formed by about three thousand men carrying spears of from twelve to fifteen feet in length; in the centre of the square were placed four cages containing three royal tigers of uncommon size, and one leopard; also two cages made of strong bamboo network, without bottoms, in each of which were several men, whose office was to move about the square, under the protection of their covering (which they conveyed with them) to irritate the tigers with poles, which they pushed at them through the interstices of the cages whenever they seemed inclined to be inert.

"The square was cleared of all persons excepting those above-mentioned, and three others, who were destined to the dangerous office of opening the cages, and setting fire to the combustible substance with which they were covered to prevent the tigers remaining in them. This service they performed, and retired beyond the line of spears, at a slow pace, which they dared not to accelerate in the presence of the Emperor, although the tigers should have quitted their cages the instant they were opened, and proceeded to attack them. This danger, however, they fortunately escaped, as three of the tigers did not quit their shelter till drawn out by the flames, and the other happily made his

charge to a different quarter. The charges of three of the tigers against the spearmen was desperate, but they were received with the utmost intrepidity, and were almost instantly destroyed. The other shewed no inclination to approach the line of spears, but continued crouching nearly in the centre of the square; the net-work frames then advanced, but the utmost exertion of the people within them was insufficient to arouse the animal to attack; the Emperor then ordered a chosen band of about twenty men to advance, which they did with presented spears, and almost instantaneously put the tiger to death, in despite of his violent efforts to escape."

NEW OPERA, ENTITLED "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

UNDER the singular designation of "*An Operatic Anecdote*," a new piece, entitled, "*Frederick the Great; or, the Heart of a Soldier*," was performed on the 4th instant, at the Lyceum Theatre. It is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Arnold. The principal characters were thus cast:—

Frederick	Mr. Raymond.
Charles, Baron Feldin- sheim	Mr. T. Cooke.
Count Darhlen	Mr. I. Wallack.
Theodore	Mr. Pyne.
Governor of Schwied- nitz	Mr. Penley.
Stockpf.	Mr. Liston.
Brandt	Mr. Fawcett.
Charlotte	Mrs. Orger.
Matilda	Miss Kelly.

The greatest merit of this piece consists in the complication of its plot, and the consequent variety of its incidents.

Charles, the son of a brave officer,

cer, who had fought nobly in the battles of Frederick's predecessor, has, on a momentary view of Matilda, the niece of the Governor of Schwiednitz, fallen in love with her. She is no less smitten with the appearance of the young officer, whose good qualities, joined with the recollection of the services which his father had performed, have recommended him to the situation of Aid-de-camp to Frederick the Great. Matilda, anxious to become acquainted with the morals of the young man who has thus suddenly obtained an interest in her heart, assumes a military dress; and, with the approbation of her brother, Theodore, an officer of dragoons, and, in every other act of his life, save this, a very prudent youth, forms, in her brother's name, an acquaintance with Charles, whom she accompanies to the gambling table, with a full determination to cure him of his passion for play: but, in consequence of the young Baron's discovering that he has been preyed on by sharpers, a riot takes place at the gaming-house, which ultimately comes to the knowledge of Frederick, who orders the Baron and Theodore (the brother here suffering for the wild scheme of his sister) to be imprisoned in the fortress of Schwiednitz.—The young men are distracted at the idea of being locked up, at the very moment they expect to make their *debut* as soldiers; for, on the ensuing morning, a battle is expected between the Prussians and their united enemies. In this conjuncture, Brandt, an honest blunt soldier, who had fought under the father of Charles, and now acts as his guardian, determines to write to the King in his behalf; his style is, however, so rough, that he is

very near being put to death for his pains; but the Monarch being properly acquainted with his character, instead of punishing, rewards him with the situation of Governor of Schwiednitz—from which post the then possessor wished to retire. Thither Theodore and Charles are conveyed—but, anxious to join in the battle, which was on the point of being fought, they, with the assistance of Matilda, the niece, and Charlotte, the daughter of the late Governor, who steal the keys from Stockpf, escape from the fortress. They save the king's life, who, in gratitude for their bravery, after a Court-martial has condemned them to perpetual imprisonment, pardons and promotes them. By his interference, also, Theodore is honoured with the hand of Charlotte; and Charles, with that of Matilda, who, to exculpate her brother, and to save her lover, declares to the King the stratagems she has made use of.

Such is the outline of the new Opera. There is of course a little love in it, but this, though furnishing a pleasant underplot, is so subordinate to the general business of the piece, that in giving the plot, a sketch of this were unnecessary. It is, perhaps, to this circumstance, that the Opera owes much of its success, as in consequence of this arrangement it has certainly a bolder tone throughout than most of our comic operas. The incidents are for the most part very pleasing, and never fail to call forth general applause. The benevolence and pleasantry, contrasted with the sternness and severity of a great Sovereign, are always interesting to the many. In the present production, the bluff unconscious intrepidity of an old soldier

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is very judiciously brought in contact with such a character. Old Brandt, on hearing the Baron has been ordered into confinement for gaming, undertakes to procure his pardon; and the letter he writes on this occasion is the most successful piece of humour in the Opera.

In many parts the character of Brandt is admirably drawn. Towards the latter end of the play it rather changes its nature; for instead of short, rough, unpolished petty sentences, we have elegant declamation, round periods, and ingenious metaphors. These, though they might not have been expected, were nevertheless most happily effective.

Stockpf, a character intended to be entirely comic, owed all its importance to Mr. Liston. The vice of Stockpf is an inordinate desire for sleep—a singular propensity in the keeper of a fortress. Mr. Liston *yawned* and *nodded* in a very comic style. His grimaces made the audience laugh, which the dialogue assigned to him never could have done. Miss Kelly made a very handsome dragoon; she sang prettily, and played with animation. Messrs. T. Cooke and Pyne sang extremely well.

The music, chiefly by Mr. T. Cooke, especially the overture, Mr. Pyne's second song, and the duet, at the end of the second Act, is very creditable to his abilities as a composer. The scenery is new and very pretty.

The audience received the piece uncommonly well, and it continues to be performed with much applause.

[For a specimen of the Songs, see our Poetical Department.]

LAW CASES, INTERESTING TO THE SPORT- ING WORLD,

TRIED AT THE LATE SUMMER ASSIZES:

DERBY.—(*Walker v. Stone.*)

THIS was an action for assault and battery. Mr. Clarke stated, that the plaintiff and defendant resided at Marston Montgomery, in that county, and that the assault complained of originated in a game of nine pins, which was much played at that place, but as these gamesters could not be much recommended for their knowledge of arithmetic, whenever any dispute arose, the money was generally placed together, and each party took what he had won. The wager, in this case, was three bowls each, for three-pence, and he who got the larger number should be paid the money. The defendant won two bowls and lost one; but when he came to take the money, he insisted upon having a penny more than his due, and some words ensued between him and the plaintiff about the important sum in dispute. The defendant, who was a butcher, (and otherwise accustomed to knocking down than at his favourite game of nine pins), gave the plaintiff a back-hand slap in the face as a coward's blow, but he declined trying his pugilistic skill with him, and said he should fight him with a "*goose's quill*," meaning a Court of Law, and then accused the defendant of cheating him in the weight of a pig, upon which the defendant *bunged* up his eye.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan ridiculed very much this sort of action, and pointed out the plaintiff in Court, stating that he was a stout able man, and such a one as ought not

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to receive a coward's blow and have recourse to the *goose's quill*; he trusted, therefore, that the Jury would not give him more than a penny, as the subject in dispute amounted to no more.

The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, 40s.

HUNTINGDON.—*Jenkins v. Wells.*

The plaintiff and defendant in this cause reside at Peterborough, and are the proprietors of two horses—the name of the plaintiff's, *Off-She-Goes*, and that of the defendant, (who is a potatoe-merchant) *Potatoes*. The parties entered into a stamped agreement, to run their horses against each other, the best in three heats, play or pay, for 100gs. In the course of the trial it came out, that the parties, at the time the transaction took place, were not over and above sober. That the sum betted was at first 50, then 60, and last of all 100gs. The time of running, in consideration of Mr. Jenkins paying Mr. Wells 5l. was also altered from the 26th of July to the 2d of August. On that day Mr. Jenkins's horse was upon the ground; defendant's horse did not appear. Plaintiff's horse walked over the course.—Verdict for the plaintiff, 105l.

YORK.—(*Allan v. Burnistone.*)

Mr. Park stated, that this was an action, brought to recover three penalties from the defendant for killing game, not being duly qualified so to do; and he had no difficulty in avowing, that his client Mr. Moses Allan, Attorney, at Knaresbrough, was induced to bring this action from a spirit of retaliation against the defendant,

who had interfered with this gentleman's diversions in that way. The defendant, he understood, meant to set up as a defence, that he had a deputation as a game-keeper of the Manor or Royalty of Hay Park, but supposing he could make out this by satisfactory proof, still that would only protect him for acts done on his own manor: if he killed game on another manor or out of his own, he stood in the same situation as any other unqualified person.

Mr. William Ellison proved two instances of the defendant killing game in Hay Park.

Mr. Barrett stated, that on the 12th of October, the defendant shot two pheasants, one of which, according to his evidence, the defendant fired at, when he was out of the liberty of Hay Park Manor.

On the part of the defendant, his deputation to the Manor of Hay Park, was put in and proved. The evidence of Barrett was opposed by that of the defendant's son, who was present with his father at the time spoken of by Barrett, and who stated he was certain his father never fired a shot out of Hay Park liberty.

The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, for one penalty of five pounds.

The King v. the Rev. John Sunderland and Seven Others.

The indictment, which contained four counts, charged the defendants with a riot, and an assault with a gun loaded with gun-powder and leaden shot, upon James Hinchcliffe, the prosecutor, on the 16th of October last, to which the accused pleaded *Not Guilty*.

Mr. Holroyd, for the prosecution, having stated the circumstances of the case, called

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Mr. James Hinchcliffe, (the prosecutor) who said—" I live at Cooper-Bridge, in the parish of Huddersfield, and am well acquainted with the Manor of Bradley, the Lords of which are the Trustees of the late Sir Thomas Pilkington, Baronet: I was game-keeper at the time of his death: I have a certificate for the killing of game, and had formerly a deputation as game-keeper, but at present only look after the manor, to see that it is not trespassed upon. I know Parson Sunderland, and have known from other people that he has often been upon the manor, but I have not seen him there myself. On the 16th of October last, I met the Rev. Mr. Sunderland and the other defendants near to the Manor of Bradley, and about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the entrance to or boundary of such manor: I warned him not to go there. The party consisted of the Rev. Mr. Sunderland, Charles Sunderland, Charles Cartledge, Joshua Tolson, John Dransfield, Joseph Hirst, a boy of the name of Utley, and a person of the name of Carter; they had two guns, Mr. Cartledge had one and Mr. Sunderland the other; they divided into two parties; Mr. Sunderland and two other of the defendants made one party, and Mr. Cartledge and the rest of the defendants formed the other party. Mr. Cartledge's party went on the inside of the fence; Mr. Sunderland and the two others who were with him kept on the outside. I gave Mr. Sunderland a paper, and said, if he went over the fence into Bradley, I would give him another; he replied, he would go where he pleased, and " would not be compelled over by me." He then ranged up the borders of the wood; I was

not at that time in the Manor of Bradley; the other party divided, and some of them went up a turnip field, and afterwards into Bradley Wood; one of them cried out to me, " Where is thy certificate?" Mr. Cartledge was at that time overlooker at a factory of his brother's. The Rev. Mr. Sunderland, with his son Charles, and another person, went to the top of Bradley Wood: I followed them, and Mr. Sunderland observing this, said to me, " I'll not be dogged by thee, thou dirty fellow." I was then about seven or eight yards from them. Mr. Sunderland got over the wall into the wood; Dransfield also went into the wood; Mr. Cartledge went to the wood side, and turned his dog in: the trees were full of leaf; I could hear them talk, and also heard a gun fired by Cartledge's party, and some person say, " take it up, take it up." Cartledge said he had shot a pheasant, and something was said about there being another a little more to the right; on this Mr. Sunderland and his party pursued that direction. Mr. Sunderland then went into a field occupied by Mr. Smith. A dog belonging to the defendants passed me, and immediately the Rev. Mr. Sunderland called out, " What did thou strike the dog for, thou Jacksbite?" I cried out, " Mind what you are about, I am here." Immediately after this a gun was fired; it was fired in a second or two after I had told them I was there; it came from the defendants; I was standing near the fence of the wood; the wall there is three feet six inches high, and was between me and the gun; some of the shot struck me behind the ear, one shot struck me over the temple, and five penetrated my coat, two of which entered

entered my side; it was very strong shot, No. 2. I went to the place from whence the report proceeded, as near as I could recollect, and found all the defendants there. I was so much exhausted that I fell to the ground, and when I had recovered, one of the party said I had run into the way on purpose, and the Rev. Mr. Sunderland said he would bet any thing upon it. Mr. Cartledge said he had shot a hare, but I saw no hare, and I do not know of any that could be shot at, except a *hair* on my head. I suffered much pain, and was confined to the house about a fortnight, but it was some months before I was quite recovered.

On his cross-examination he said, he had not seen Mr. Sunderland in the wood for eight or ten years before, and then he was out a shooting with the witness. The wood is not level, but consists of hill and valley.

In the course of Mr. Holroyd's opening, and before Mr. Hinchliffe had been called, Mr. Justice Bayley proposed that a verdict of guilty should be taken by consent, the prosecutors engaging not to require judgment, on the defendants entering into a rule to abstain from trespassing there in future. To this proposition both parties agreed, but the defendants declining to pay the expences, the cause was suffered to proceed. At the close of Mr. Hinchliffe's evidence,

Mr. Justice Bayley said—"Mr. Holroyd, the matter must come to my proposition at last."

Mr. Holroyd replied—"My Lord, we have another witness who will give a different aspect to the case if your Lordship will allow us to examine him."—This being assented to,

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John Brooke was called, and said—"I am one of the constables of Huddersfield; I apprehended Mr. Charles Cartledge some weeks after Mr. Hinchliffe had been shot, he seemed to be very sorry for what had happened, and said he should not have fired the gun but for the persuasions of Mr. Sunderland." On his cross-examination he said—"Mr. Cartledge did not admit that he fired at Hinchliffe, nor did he intimate any thing of the kind; I should be sorry if the Jury so understood me: Mr. Cartledge said to me he should not have shot at all, or gone a shooting, but for Mr. Sunderland."

Mr. Justice Bayley—"Well, Mr. Holroyd, what say you now?"

Mr. Holroyd, after consulting with his brother Counsel, agreed to his Lordship's first proposal.

Mr. Williams, Counsel for the defendants, concurred after some hesitation.

On this, Mr. Justice Bayley intimated that the best way would be, in order that no imputation might be cast upon any of the defendants, to consent that the Jury should be discharged from giving a verdict, and then there could be no objections to the defendants entering into a recognizance not to trespass or sport within the Manor of Bradley for a limited time.

That suggestion being agreed to, his Lordship fixed the recognizance to be in the sum of forty pounds, and to remain in force for three years, which, at the suggestion of the defendant's Counsel, was afterwards extended to ten years.

In the course of the investigation of this matter, it was admitted by all the parties, that the prosecutor was entitled to recover

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in an action a compensation for the injury sustained by the accident, and therefore when the prosecution was put an end to, the sum of twenty pounds was offered on that account, and which being accepted, was paid accordingly.

ESSEX.—(*Wilson v. Crush.*)

This was an action against the defendant, a farmer, by Sir Thomas Wilson, for maliciously shooting a dog, valued at 20l.

George Nevell proved that he was mowing in a field near Wilson House, when he was annoyed by a smell from the ditch, which he found to proceed from a dog almost in a putrid state, but he knew it to be Sir Thomas Wilson's dog. The defendant said he had done for him, but desired the witness to say nothing about it.

Two female servants, who lived at the time with Crush, said, that one Sunday in the haying season, they were in Miss Susan Crush's bedchamber, who was very ill. They saw Mr. Crush and Mr. Scruby standing in another room window. They heard a gun go off, and saw the dog fall. Shortly afterwards Mr. Crush came into his sister's room and said he had stopped the dog's noise. He did not know whose dog it was, but he believed it was Mr. Thomas Wilson's.

For the defendant it was insisted that this evidence was a fabrication and untrue; and Mr. Scruby was called, who swore that he was never in any room with Mr. Crush when he shot any dog, and that he had never heard Crush say that he had shot the plaintiff's dog.

Mrs. Scruby, formerly Miss Crush, said she remembered being very ill in June, 1812, but she had

no recollection of any gun going off in an adjoining room, or of the conversation, as stated by the maid servants.

The Jury found for the plaintiff—damages, 40s.

SUSSEX.—(*Page, sen. v. Newman.*)

Mr. Curwood stated, that this was an action for assaulting the plaintiff, by horsewhipping him.

Mr. Gurney, in detailing the facts to the Jury, stated, that there were no cases which differed more in their several circumstances than cases of assault. They might be cases either the most trivial or the most important. The present action, he said, was one of the most aggravated he ever recollected to have witnessed, both as to the parties and the malignity under which the defendant committed it.

The plaintiff was a very old man, upwards of sixty years of age; the defendant was not above half the age, and double his size and strength. The circumstances which led to the assault were as follows:—Mr. Poyntz, who resides at Coudray, in this county, is in the habit of giving annual races in his park, and the plaintiff, who has been an old huntsman, was appointed steward of the course, on the 1st of June last. In that character he had occasion to turn off the defendant from the course, who was riding at the head of the racers, much to the annoyance of the good order of the course. Immediately the race was over, the defendant came up to the plaintiff, and with much abusive language gave the plaintiff several violent blows with his whip.—These the defendant returned, and of this assault he did not complain, for there the account might be

he considered as settled; but it was for the subsequent conduct of the defendant that the present action was brought—for the defendant had nursed so much malice in his mind from this transaction, that he actually way-laid the old man, and knowing he slept that night at the Eagle, at Midhurst, he waited for him all night. The next morning, at about three o'clock, as the plaintiff was about to get upon his horse, he followed him, saying "D—n you, I have been waiting for you," and being a young and powerful man, he took away the old man's whip, which was a hunting whip, with an iron hammer at the handle. He first beat him unmercifully with the thong, and then turning the handle, he gave him a blow which felled him to the ground. He was taken up senseless, and from that time to the present he had not recovered the blows.

No evidence was given of the first assault on the morning of the race day, but three witnesses were called who were at the Eagle Inn, at Midhurst, on the morning after. They said, that as old Page was going away, the defendant Newman, who is a gentleman farmer, hallooed after him, and required him to give up his whip. Page made no answer, and was going away, when the defendant followed him, and wresting the whip from his hand, gave him a most unmerciful beating.

A Surgeon was called in, and in his evidence he said, that the blow on the head had nearly proved fatal; and that with respect to the beating from the thong, he had seen and attended many military punishments, but he had never seen a military flogging attended with such severe effects.

Mr. Serjeant Best addressed the Jury in mitigation of damages, and contended that it was clear the defendant had received great provocation, otherwise the plaintiff would have given the whole transaction in evidence, and he trusted the Jury would give very temperate damages.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc told the Jury the question of damages was the only one for them to consider. It was a very aggravated case, and the plaintiff was entitled to a compensation for the injury which he had sustained.

Verdict for the plaintiff—damages, 50*l*.

Page, the younger, v. Newman.

This was an action by the son of the former plaintiff, for an assault upon him by the same defendant, and was part of the same transaction. The present plaintiff, on seeing his father assaulted as above described, ran to his assistance, but so far from being able to rescue him, the plaintiff laid the same horse- whip across his shoulders.

Verdict for the plaintiff—damages, 40*s*.

KENT.—(*Weeks v. Minter.*)

This was an action on the warranty of a young stallion. The horse was sold in October, and delivered at Christmas, to be paid for on the subsequent April. The horse died in June, and the plaintiff insisted that he was unsound at the time of the sale. To prove this his servants were called, who stated that the horse had an awkward manner of going through his business, and appeared very weak in the loins. The animal died in June, 1813, six months after he was delivered to the plaintiff, and, on

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opening him, one of his kidneys was found to be inflamed, and a large ulcer on it. One of the farriers, with a grave air, told the plaintiff that it was certainly a lumbago ulcer. But at the trial he was wholly ignorant what sort of a complaint the lumbago was.

Mr. Serjeant Best ridiculed his evidence with considerable effect, and the jury found a verdict for the defendant.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE G. F. COOKE, THE COMEDIAN.

IT is well known that the late Mr. Cooke was much addicted to the bottle. One evening, during his engagement at Covent-garden Theatre, he was announced in the bills to perform the character of *Richard the Third*. Mr. Kemble was at that time Acting Manager, and his chagrin may be easily conceived, when, at half-past six o'clock (the time for drawing up the curtain), Mr. Cooke had not made his appearance. The audience remained perfectly contented for about a quarter of an hour; but not finding the performance proceeded in they became very clamorous, and Cooke's failing being pretty generally known, many did not scruple to assert that he was *drunk*. Mr. Kemble, who was well acquainted with the house to which he usually resorted, left the Theatre in the midst of the uproar, and proceeded to a certain well-known tavern in Russell-court. Here he found Mr. Cooke in a state of intoxication, fast asleep on one of the benches. After some difficulty in awaking him, and having acquainted him with the lateness of the hour, he desired his attendance at the Theatre to prepare for

the character, adding, that the audience were waiting impatiently for his appearance; and that, if he had any regard for his own reputation, he must proceed with him immediately. Cooke, who was seldom awed by *managerial* influence, peremptorily refused, adding, in hiccuping accents, that he was *comfortable* where he was, "and he'd be d—d if he'd stir for all the Managors in the kingdom." In vain did Mr. K. use every argument to induce him to alter his resolution. Reputation—fame—every incentive was held out to him, but without effect. He persisted in refusing. Finding remonstrance useless, Mr. K. wished him a good afternoon, and left him, adding, as he quitted the room, "that he would repent his folly, and that he (Mr. K.) *would play the character himself*." Even this had no effect, he suffered him to depart, and stretched himself again upon the benches. Mr. K. however, had not left the house many minutes, when reason, which had not entirely resigned "her empire o'er his brain," placed before Cooke in glaring colours the folly of suffering a rival to usurp that pre-eminence in the character of *Richard*, which, after a long and arduous contest, public opinion had assigned to *him*. He started from his seat, and after swallowing a half-pint bumper of *brandy*, proceeded staggering to the Theatre. He hurried to his dressing-room, and having invested himself with his trappings, proceeded to the stage. He met Kemble at the wing just going on for the character; Cooke instantly seized him by the collar and dragged him back—"No, Jack! d—e Jack!" was for a few seconds all he could utter. At length, when an explanation

was required for this rude behaviour, he stated his determination to play the character himself. Mr. Kemble yielded; he went on, was hailed with rapture, and performed the character throughout to the complete satisfaction of every spectator.

POWIS'S STABLE DIRECTORY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN making a few remarks on a pamphlet, entitled, "The Stable Directory, or Groom's Guide to the Medicine Chest;" by R. Powis, Veterinary Surgeon, I beg leave to disclaim all knowledge whatever of the author; and should I be set down as his eulogist I shall care but little, his efforts to compress and elucidate the science of farriery as applicable to internal diseases, and to adapt his style to the capacities of the unlearned, being of equal public utility with his Treatise on Shoeing.

This little work is ushered into the world by some well-written introductory matter, in which the author endeavours to abate the popular rage for novelty, with how much justice the world must determine. I would just remind him, that if novelty, or attempts at it, had not met with public encouragement, many of man's noblest inventions in the mechanical world must have yet remained in embryo, and society would have experienced great deprivations. Mr. Powis thus expresses himself (*vide Introduction, p. 5th*):—"Several opinions concerning my pamphlet on shoeing have appeared in a popular periodical publication,

which, while some of them deny me the praise of novelty, all agree in the usefulness of my work.—This being all to which I aspired, and which I think ought to be the principal aim of writers on every art and science, particularly those that are called into daily use by the wants and the diseases of the human or brute world, I am highly rewarded, and perhaps more perfectly content than I should have been, by spending my former years in groping for new inventions, which, when brought to the popular ordeal, might have proved mere unsubstantial theories, as all others on shoeing, if considered wholly as systems, had done before them. To say that the present methods of treating the feet and the diseases of horses are not susceptible of improvement, would be wandering out of the path of truth; but to assert that any man now living has prescribed, or can prescribe a system universally applicable, (what will Professor Coleman and other systemisers say to this?) would be a deviation quite as palpable. Such a system, I am of opinion, will remain among the things to be desired, until established by the union of men, imbued with genius, assisted and adorned by education—men, whom some of the systemisers of the day might admire, but, like myself, would in vain attempt to equal.

"The part, therefore, that I have chosen, is to be beneficial rather than great: utility, and not novelty, was my motto when I took up my pen last year; and as no one will deny the design to be praiseworthy, so with the public, who seldom err in judgment, that is, in the aggregate, my success has been answerable."—Mr. Powis afterwards goes on to say—"In reflect-

reflecting upon the most reasonable and proper method of complying with the desire of those who wished me to publish a treatise like the present, it was suggested to me, by some particular friends, that if I could form a chest that should contain medicinal remedies for the most prevalent diseases to which horses and other cattle are subject, it would be highly useful, as a guide to the persons who are in daily attendance upon them, in cases where a veterinary surgeon is not to be procured, and where the acuteness of the disease might require the instant application of medicines, by having them ready prepared, and always at hand.

"I therefore set about forming a chest of medicines, with an abstract of the symptoms and treat-

ment of the diseases to which its contents are applicable, and with directions how to administer them in all cases, in doing which my intention has been to divest my language of all technical phrases and superfluity, and to make my dictates clear and perspicuous to every man that can read."

Though this is not exactly the case (*see Inflammation of the Eye, Intestines, &c.*), the description of the different diseases is sufficiently plain to any capacity, and the directions can hardly be mistaken: but to form an adequate opinion of the merits of such a work, it is necessary to read it, which I certainly recommend to every gentleman who keeps a stud. I am, Sir, your constant Reader,

CRITO.

Cheltenham, July 24, 1814.

SALE OF THE LATE LORD MONTGOMERIE'S STUD, AT BOGSIDE, DURING IRVINE RACES,

BY MR. HIBBERT.

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☞ The three-years-old Caleb Colt, purchased by Mr. Baillie, is sixteen hands high; the two-years-old Caleb Colt, is fifteen hands three inches; and the yearling Caleb Colt, out of Bit of Tartan's dam, is fifteen hands and half an inch, all with immense power, and probably the finest in their respective years.

GLANDERS IN HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN perusing a volume of your interesting Magazine for last year, I observed in the month of July, an action for the recovery of a sum of money for a glandered horse, bought with that complaint existing. Allow me, therefore, through the medium of your valuable publication to the sporting world, to make known the general symptoms attending that most destructive disease, the glanders; and though its ravages are considerably lessened since the establishment of the Veterinary College, yet it is still a most formidable enemy to that valuable animal the horse, and as it may not be within the reach of every gentleman residing in the country to have immediately the opinion of a professional person, I flatter myself the following remarks will be found in some degree useful in checking the progress of

this loathsome complaint, and meet your approbation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

N. St. L. Veterinary Surgeon.
Bristol, July, 1814.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF GLANDERS IN HORSES.

The most common symptom of glanders is a discharge of glutinous matter from one or both nostrils, but this matter is not often of a white colour and thick consistence, like that which surgeons term *pus*, but generally thin, semi-transparent, and glairy, sticking about the outer part of the nostril and upper lip. At an early period of the disease, the discharge is seldom very considerable, nor does it smell offensively; but in more advanced stages it is generally copious, sometimes streaked with blood, or of a greenish hue, and a very

very foetid colour. On looking into the nostrils of the horse in this stage of the complaint, we generally observe foul ulcers of various sizes extending in the membrane of the nose, (the Schneiderian, so termed, by being first correctly described by Schneider); sometimes, however, they are so far within the nostril as not to be seen without great difficulty. In recent cases we do not always observe ulceration; most commonly, indeed, this appearance is absent, but when the disease has continued some time, one or more small ulcers are generally observable. I have known this disease continue many months without any visible ulceration of the membrane of the nose, or any remarkable change either in the quantity or appearance of the discharge; and it is a remarkable fact, that the glanders seldom affects the general health of horses, until it has existed a considerable time, (particularly if they are kept at grass) and then the lungs are generally diseased. From this circumstance, it has been by many conjectured that the disease is at first local and curable: another circumstance which seems to favour this opinion is, that the discharge being often at an early period confined to one nostril. Soon after the discharge has made its appearance, the glands or kernels under the jaw swell, they do not however feel hot and tender as in *strangles*, and though they generally increase in size, it is almost always very slowly, and I have never seen a case where they suppurated or came to matter, which is almost invariably the case in *strangles*. The swollen glands sometimes feel loose and moveable under the skin, particularly in recent cases, but at a more advanced stage of the com-

plaint, they are often harder, and more closely attached to the inner side of the jaw bone.

A little matter may generally be observed in the inner corner of the eye, which appears to proceed from the lachrymal duct, a canal that conveys the tears from the eye into the nostril, the termination of which may be easily seen just within the nostrils. It may be proper to observe, that this orifice or termination of the lachrymal duct has been mistaken by farriers for a glanderous ulcer. It is useless to add that this disease is infectious, and every necessary precaution should be taken to prevent its spreading.

DISORDERS IN DOGS.

To the Editor.

SIR,

THE following statement contains the memoranda I made respecting a dog, which by some of my neighbours is suspected to have died of the hydrophobia.—Your medical readers may possibly take the trouble of giving an opinion upon it; and it will really be an act of kindness, for at present I am under a considerable degree of uncertainty. On the 1st day of July, I observed the dog, in the evening, hastily snapping off and devouring the grass in my garden; the next day the dog appeared unwell, stupid, and inattentive, frequently barking, with a hoarse voice resembling that of howling, drowsy, his under jaw hanging down, and an inflamed redness in both his eyes. I ordered him to be tied up in an out-house for safety. On the 3d he gnawed the cord with which he was fastened to a staple, broke loose, and followed

lowed some of my family towards the church. They took him to a cottage, leaving directions for sending him home. A leathern strap was tied round his neck, and a lad about thirteen years of age was employed to conduct him. The dog lunged back; and the boy using force, was bitten in the fore finger of the right hand. On being brought home the dog was again tied up: he gnawed the string and came into the house, without shewing any inclination whatever to snap or bite. An iron chain was then procured, and a dose of castor oil being poured down his throat, he was effectually chained up in the out-house. On the 4th he appeared very uneasy, was extremely sick, frequently lapping water, yet still sensible when spoken to by any of the family. At intervals he drank milk, was very sleepy, seldom barked, and his voice was much hoarser than before; one of his eyes was now become quite opaque; he was grown thin and much weaker, and drew his breath with great difficulty. On the 5th, he was sensible and quiet, drinking a great deal of water, but without taking any food whatever. On the 6th, he was very quiet, sleeping the whole day, and shewing no signs of pain or irritation; only licking his fore foot at intervals, as he had done from the commencement of his distemper. I doubted whether he had not been bitten by a yellow adder, very common in the heath adjoining, and as large as a snake. I have seen him attack those reptiles; and he was observed to do so the day before he was taken ill. He died in the night of the 6th instant. Soon after his illness commenced, a dog-feeder from the King's kennel came several times

to see him, and pronounced him mad from the beginning. He appeared to be a man of experience, and related many instances of this disorder, with all the symptoms, declaring that a dog's lapping water was no proof of his not being mad; he predicted his death at the time it happened, adding, that a score of the King's hounds have sometimes been seized with the same disorder at one time. The boy who had his finger bitten was sent to Southampton, and immersed in sea water, which is generally considered as a specific against the hydrophobia. I am, Sir, yours, &c.
S. R.

Windsor Forest, July 13, 1814.

NEW PIECES AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DOCTOR HOCUS POCUS.

A New piece was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Friday evening, the 12th instant, under the following title: "An Anomalous, Mutiloquacious, Ludicro-Magico, Absurdo-Ratiocinatio, Pantomimical Entertainment, yclept *Doctor Hocus-Pocus*; or, *Harlequin Wash'd White*."

Immediately before the rising of the curtain, the following address was delivered by Mr. Terry in behalf of Mr. Mathews, who, with Terry, was lately thrown out of a chaise and considerably hurt:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

"Before the curtain rises, I am requested to say a few words to you on behalf of an invalid—Mr. Mathews still continues to suffer much from his late severe accident—but he trusts that his anxiety in coming forward thus early to perform his duty to you, and fulfil

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his engagement here, will atone for his deficiencies in the bodily activity requisite in the character he is about to perform. A former celebrated proprietor of this Theatre, once enjoyed the fullest favour as a Devil upon *Two Sticks*, and it is hoped—nay it cannot be doubted—that you will now extend your utmost indulgence to a Harlequin upon *one*."

The title of the piece, *Doctor Hocus Pocus*, heightened by the epithets *ludico*, *magico*, *absurdo*, *rationcinatico*, &c. naturally created an anticipation of something very eccentric, which was fully verified by the opening scene. This presented the apartment of Doctor Hocus suitably furnished, a globe, telescope sphynxes, and other symbols of his science. Harlequin appears asleep on a couch, the Doctor having administered to him a narcotic, consisting of a chapter and half of a novel from the Minerva press, and ten lines of a modern epic poem. Harlequin is now roused from his slumber, and ordered by the Doctor to proceed to the house of Sir Peter Pantaloon, for the purpose of relieving Angeletta, "a warbler in love," from duance, and delivering her to her lover Leander. The Doctor, it seemed, was not instigated by galantry, but by the desire of triumphing over his great rival, Doctor Conjurocus, whose power, as a magician, by some miraculous relation of cause and effect; depended upon Angeletta's continuing a maid. Harlequin is in love with Columbine, who is in the house of Sir Peter Pantaloon, and as the lady had some scruples in allowing his addresses because he was a black, the Doctor determines to have him washed white. For this purpose the globe is transformed into a

washing tub, the telescope into pieces of soap, and the sphynxes into two robust laundresses. Harlequin thus passes through every process of ablation and mangling, and at length, in the person of Mr. Mathews, appears completely whitened. Several devices are contrived for the escape of the fair captives from Sir Peter Pantaloon, an exceedingly ludicrous personage. The beginning went off with complete success. Mr. Goriery and Mr. Tokely, in Pierot, the servant of Sir Peter, and Scaramouch the companion of Harlequin, and servant of Hocus Pocus, were extremely amusing. Mr. Mathews, in Harlequin, had not a sufficient scope for his peculiar powers. He found it necessary to use a stick, which must have somewhat lessened the effect. In one scene, where he disguised himself as "Jackey Long-legs," it was impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the modification of his voice, in imitating a child six years old. One scene represented the bridge and pagoda in St. James's Park, together with the ascent of a balloon and parachute, the latter bearing off Sir Peter, very much to his distress, and the entertainment of the audience. The first scenes were extremely lively and ludicrous, and the dialogue contained many sharp hits at the reigning follies of the day; but, as the piece advanced, the audience became partially discontented. The conclusion of it was received with some strong marks of disapprobation. The prologue (*see our Poetical department*) professed to slight the rules of Aristotle, Horace, and the critics of the drama. Upon this principle, perhaps, the author did not act upon the precept, *non fumum ex fulgore*. The excellence of

of the first act was certainly instrumental in producing the disapprobation with which the concluding scenes were received.

By compressing, however, several scenes, and omitting some very flat tricks, the piece is rendered a considerable favourite, and has been repeated many evenings with much approbation.

LOVE AND GOUT—A COMEDY.

Tuesday, August 23.

A new Comedy, entitled "*Love and Gout; or, Arrivals and Marriages*," was presented to the public last night at this Theatre. The whimsical combination of the first part of the title, led to an expectation of whim and humour in the Comedy, which was by no means disappointed. It is one of those pieces, which, if it will not altogether bear the test of rigid criticism, is nevertheless well calculated for the stage, and well adapted to please the taste of the public. The characters are sketched with considerable humour, and the bustle of incident is kept up with scarcely any interval of languor. The chief interest of the piece arises out of the mistakes occasioned by the arrival of two persons of the same name at an hotel, who though at first unknown to each other, turn out to be the uncle and nephew. The uncle, who is very gouty and infirm, has a matrimonial project, which he afterwards abandons on discovering his nephew. The gouty old gentleman was admirably supported by Matthews. The other characters were also very ably sustained. The introduction of an Irish Attorney, with a good deal of brogue and a budget full of blunders, did not ex-

actly hit the taste of the audience, and this part was a little hissed. The sentiments also of a person who had just arrived after being detained a prisoner several years in France, and who fancied every thing had gone wrong here during his absence, were not sufficiently understood. With a little alteration in these points, we have no doubt the piece will become a great favourite. The disapprobation partially expressed once or twice in the course of the performance, served rather to prove the sterling merit of the Comedy, as the audience, like impartial judges, on summing the case at the conclusion of the hearing, unanimously determined in favour of the Author. The repetition of the piece was announced amidst the general applause of a crowded house.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A new Comedy, in three acts, the production, by some believed, of Mr. Coleman, but by others, of Mr. Jameson, author of the *Students of Salamanca*, was represented at this Theatre on Tuesday evening the 23d of August. It is intitled, *Love and Gout; or, Arrivals and Marriages*. The characters were thus filled:—

Sir Solomon Gander.....	Mr. Terry.
Old Ardent.....	Mr. Mathews.
Young Ardent.....	Mr. Brunton.
Mr. Rusty.....	Mr. Tokely.
Buz.....	Mr. Jones.
Shears.....	Mr. Russell.
O'Blunder.....	Mr. Hamerton.
Mac Grudge.....	Mr. Mason.
Lady Gander.....	Mrs. Grove.
Mrs. Rusty.....	Mrs. Brunton.
Sabrina Darnley.....	Miss Seymour.

The excellence of this comedy cannot be imagined from a mere recital of its plot. As well might a man conceive himself capable of appreciating the beauties of a garden,

den, because, though ignorant of the rich flowers with which it was stored, he was precisely acquainted with its form, as for a reader to decide on the merits of this piece, from a knowledge of its fable. The foundation of the comedy is simple—but the superstructure is marked by so many strange combinations of character—by such a variety of laughable incidents—by so much good-natured witticism—that, unless we were to proceed through the whole piece, scene by scene, we could not, in the way of description, give a just idea of the brilliant qualities (those of lively partee and unceasing vivacity) by which it is distinguished. The principal features of the plot are these:—Young Ardent, in his passage out to India, in search of a wealthy uncle, has been taken by a French privateer, and the piece opens with his arrival in this country, from Verdun, in consequence of the cessation of hostilities. He is accompanied by Miss Darnley, with whom he became acquainted in his captivity, and whom he passionately loves. Old Ardent, his uncle, to whom he is utterly unknown, puts up at the same hotel. He has just arrived from Bath, on a matrimonial errand. Being much afflicted with gout and other diseases, the never-failing attendants of high living and a warm climate, he determined to marry a lady with whom he formed an acquaintance in Bath, and who pretends to be a maiden, of the name of Dimple. The identity of name of the unknown uncle and nephew, is productive of some of the best scenes of *equivocal* which the stage can boast. After a good deal of cross-purpose play, in the course of which the jealousy of Lady Gander is ludicrously excited,

an *eclaircissement* takes place. Miss Dimple's matrimonial project is blasted—her husband, Mr. Rusty, a discontented character, who had left her twenty years before, and had been long a *detenu* in France, makes his appearance just in time to forbid the banns. Old and Young Ardent discover their consanguinity. The latter receives the hand of the fair Sabrina Darnley—who turns out to be the niece of Sir Solomon Gander—a discovery which accounts for the young lady's visits to the Baronet, and removes the jealousy of his termagant wife.

As an effort of pure comic genius, both in its conception and execution, we look upon this piece as decidedly the first which has appeared for many seasons. The matter and incident of this piece of three acts would, in the hands of many of our modern dramatists, afford materials sufficient, with a few dashes of the sentimental, to compose two comedies. This production is distinguished, from the first scene to the last, by a rich vein of humour—by an eccentricity of idea—by a spirit and animation—which must excite the attention of the dullest mind, and extort laughter from the gravest, or the most captious. Much of the wit is keen and classical—and, where the author has condescended to pun, he has proved himself the first of punsters. We have often heard it asserted, as a reason for the decline of comedy amongst us, that every possible variation of the human character was already depicted on the stage—and it was therefore vain to seek for any thing new. This was a doctrine we never could subscribe to; being convinced that every revolution in the state of human affairs, produced an

alteration in the sentiments and ideas (the very soul of character) of those who were within the circle of its influence. The author has fully exemplified this position. The character of Rusty—a character created by the French revolution—is perfectly original. Rusty leaves his country, disgusted with its government—his Utopian ideas of liberty are not realized abroad—but, having contracted a habit of grumbling, he cannot throw it aside, when he returns, amidst the blessings of peace, to his native land. The character of Buz is also, in a great measure, new to the stage. Buz is a traveller, and, like many whom we meet, extremely fond of insinuating where he has been, by declaring that every person whom he encounters, is very like “Prince Rasumousky,” or some other titled individual whom he has seen abroad. The character of Sir Solomon Gander is extremely amusing. This old Baronet is an adept in every art and science. He is book-binder, printer, chemist, tailor, and astronomer: Fifty years ago an original for such a character did not exist; but at present there is no scarcity of gentlemen mechanics. The author has repeatedly availed himself, in the course of the piece, of that powerful incentive to mirth, *equivoque*, and in every instance with the most complete effect. He has not introduced many sentiments; but where he has had recourse to them, his idea is excellent, and his language is worthy of it. The only part of the piece to which we object is, the so suddenly found out relationship between Sir Solomon and Miss Darnley—the audience being left quite in the dark as to the young lady’s history; a circumstance which should more par-

ticularly be avoided, as, from certain observations of the feigned Miss Dimple, we are led to suppose that she is an illegitimate child.

The piece was uncommonly well got up. The talents of Messrs. Terry, Mathews, Jones, and Tokely, were never more conspicuous. The curtain fell amidst a thunder of applause; and we have no doubt that a long succession of crowded houses, will pay an honourable tribute to the genius of the Author.

[We intend giving an extract from this Comedy next month, if published.]

ARMY LIST DROLLERY.

IT is worthy of remark, that in one Army List are to be found a *Lion*, a *Griffin*, two *Wolves*, and a *Kite*. After these ravenous animals come a *Kinder Crew*, a *Bullock*, a *Hare*, a *Mule*, 3 *Hogs*, a *Stork*, a *Wren*, 3 *Cocks* and a *Peacock*. Although there is only one *Man*, in the list you will find 2 *Man-devils* and 1 *Angel*. There are 4 *Kings*, with only 2 *Kingdoms*, 1 *Count*, 1 *Lord*, 1 *Page*, 1 *Banquetman*, and 2 *Cup-pages*, 1 *Major*, 8 *Clarks*, 1 *Deacon*, 5 *Marshalls*, 1 *Sheriff* and 1 *Outlaw*; 2 *Bishops*, 1 *Abbott*, 1 *Cantwell*, 12 *Taylors*, 18 *Smiths* with *Smithies*, 6 *Turners*, 3 *Masons*, 2 *Mercers*, 1 *Carpenter*, 1 *Sadler*, 2 *Butlers*, 2 *Bakers*, 4 *Millers* with 2 *Mills*, 1 *Fisher* with 2 *Hooks*, 1 *Barber* with 2 *Beards*, 3 *Farriers* with 2 *Setons*, 3 *Hunters*, and 1 *Horseman*, with a *New-steed*, a *Poney*, and a *Galloway*, a *Cartier* with 2 *Cars* and only 1 *Harness*;—Men of various qualities of body and mind, as *Long*, *Short*, *Massy*, *Small*,

Small, Lofty, Little, Merry, Hearty, Young, Wise, Meek, Sober, Wiseman;—Men of particular habits, as *Grieve, Moaning, Barker, Croker, Bogle, Stammerer, Walker, Trotter, Storey, White-lie, Win, Win-slow, Cheat-em, with Dice, Hazard, and Mains*;—Men, from their strength, called *Sampson, Maul, Hew-it, Hack-it, &c.*;—Of various nations, *Normans, Saxons, &c.; English, and many Scots*;—Of various colours, *Black, Black-all, Green, and Scarlet*. In this list there is only 1 *Bachelor*, some *Wenches*, and a few *Bel-lasses*. If a place of entertainment he wanted, you will find a *Room* and 7 *Halls*, with *Boards*, and 1 *Broom*. In the eating line there are *Fowls, Capons, Curry, Rice, Rolls, Eg-new, Salmon, Pepper, Fennell, Sorrell, Capers, and Hawes*. To dress your entertainment you may meet with 2 *Cooks*, and a *Cook's-son*; no want of *Cole, Peat, and Under-wood, Pots, Glasses, Bowls, and Tureens*. Besides the foregoing, in this list there are various other curious articles, which must be classed together. *Boil, Freeze, Frost, Snow, Gale, Raine, Days, and Nights; Dark and Light; a Lake, Brook, Pool, Marsh, Fen, with many Reads, Floods, Waters, and Torrents; a Ford, with various Bridges; a Forest, with Oaks, Broom, and Birch; 2 Woods, a Green-wood, and a Hazle-wood; a Barter, 4 Sales, a Covenant, 1 Purchase, and 3 Prices; a Tucker, with 2 Hemmings; Joys and Jewels, a Brush and Combs, a Measure, 30 Camp-bells, and only 1 Nail; Honour, Power, Hope, Grace, and Manners; Coals, Collier, and Coleman; a Riddel, a Phantom, a Shark;—Farewell, Well-don, Able-pen,*

N. B. The foregoing are all names extracted from the Madras Army List.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF DR. CLARKE, THE TRAVELLER, WHILE RESIDING AT ATHENS.

THE following day was attended by a singular adventure. We had agreed to spend the greater part of the day with Lasieri, among the antiquities of the citadel; and for this purpose Mr. Cripps accompanied him to the Acropolis soon after breakfast. The author followed towards noon. About half-way up the steep which leads to Propylæa, he heard a noise of laughter, and many clamorous voices, proceeding from a building situated in an area upon the left hand, which had the appearance of being a public bath. As it is always customary for strangers to mingle with the Mahometans in such places without molestation, and as it had been the author's practice to bathe frequently for the preservation of his health, he advanced without further consideration towards the entrance, which he found to be covered with a carpet hanging before it. Not a human creature was to be seen without the bath, whether Turk or Greek. This was rather remarkable; but it seemed to be explained in the numbers who were heard talking within. As the author drew nigh unto the door of the building, the voices were heard in a shriller tone than usual; but no suspicion entered into his mind, as to the sort of bathers which he would find assembled; he put aside the carpet, and stepping beneath the main dome of the bagnio, suddenly

denly found himself in the midst of the principal women of Athens, many of whom were unveiled in every sense of the term, and all of them in utter amazement at the madness of the intrusion. The first impulse of astonishment entirely superseded all thought of the danger of his situation: he remained fixed and mute as a statue. A general shriek soon brought him to his recollection. Several black female slaves ran towards him, interposing before his face napkins, and driving him backwards towards the entrance. He endeavoured, by signs and broken sentences, to convince them that he came there to bathe in the ordinary way; but this awkward attempt at an apology converted their fears into laughter, accompanied by sounds of *Hist! Hist!* and the most eager entreaties to him to abscond quickly, and without observation. As he drew back, he distinctly heard some one say in Italian, that if he were seen he would be shot. By this time the negro women were all around him, covering his eyes with their hands and towels, and rather impeding his retreat, by pushing him blindfolded towards the door; whence he fled with all possible expedition.

As the sight of women in Turkey is rare, and always obtained with difficulty, the reader may, perhaps, wish to know what sort of beings the author saw, during the short interval that his eyes were open within the bagnio; although he can only describe the scene from a confused recollection. Upon the left hand, as he entered, there was an elderly female, who appeared to be of considerable rank, from the number of slaves sumptuously clad and in waiting upon her. She was reclined, as it is usual in all Turkish

baths, upon a sort of *divan*, or raised floor, surrounding the circular hall of the bath, smoking and drinking coffee. A rich embroidered covering of green silk had been spread over her. Her slaves stood by her side upon the marble pavement of the bath. Many other women of different ages were seated, or standing, or lying, upon the same *divan*. Some appeared coming in high wooden clogs from the *sudatories* or interior chambers of the bath, towards the *divan*; their long hair hanging dishevelled and straight, almost to the ground; the temperature of those cells had flushed their faces with a warm glow, seldom seen upon the pale and faded cheeks of the Grecian and Turkish women. Some of them were very handsome. Within the centre of the area, immediately beneath the dome, the black women and other attendants of the bath were busied heating towels, and preparing pipes and coffee for the bathers; according to the custom observed when men frequent these places.

The cause of this mistake remains now to be explained. This bath was not peculiarly set apart for the use of females; it was frequented also by the male inhabitants; but at stated hours the women have the privilege of appropriating it to their use; and this happened to be their time of bathing; consequently the men were absent. Upon such occasions, the Greek and Turkish women bathe together: owing to this circumstance, the news of the adventure was very speedily circulated over all Athens. As we did not return until the evening, the family with whom we resided, hearing of the affair, began to be uneasy, lest it had been brought to a serious termination, well knowing that if any
of

of the Arnauts or of the Turkish guard belonging to the citadel, had seen a man coming from the bath while the women were there; they, without hesitation or ceremony, would have put him instantly to death: and the only reason we could assign for its never being afterwards noticed, was, that however generally it became the subject of conversation among the Turkish females of the city, their Mahometan masters were kept in ignorance of the transaction.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF OWLS.

THE affection of owls for their young is strongly exemplified in an instance, stated by M. Cronstedt, the celebrated Norwegian naturalist, in an Essay, some time since published in Sweden.

This gentleman resided several years upon an estate, which he purchased in Sudermania, near a steep mountain, on the summit of which two eagle owls had their nests. In the early part of the month of July one of the young having quitted the nest, was seized by his servants, and shut up in a large hen-coop, and on the next morning a young partridge was found lying dead by the door of the coop, and he judged that its cries in the night brought one of the parent birds to its relief, and, of course, the dead partridge. This proved to have been exactly the case, for the same mark of attention was repeated during the space of twenty-three nights. The game which the old ones carried to it consisted chiefly of partridges; but at one time a moor-fowl was found, and at another a consider-

able part of a putrid lamb, which was conjectured to have lain a long time in the nest of the ~~old~~ one, and only brought because no better fare could be procured.

M. Cronstedt and his servant tried to watch, in order that they might observe through a window when the supply was produced, but their plan did not succeed; and it would appear that these sharp-sighted creatures hovered above the coop, and let the food fall from a height unobservable by these persons.

In the month of August this care ceased; but that period is exactly the time when all birds of prey in Europe abandon their young to their own exertions. From this care it may be readily concluded how much game must be destroyed by a few pair of these birds, during the time that they are rearing their young, especially as game is so inevitably exposed to the exquisitely acute sight, smell, and claws of these birds of night.

LUTHER, A SPORTSMAN.

DURING the time this celebrated reformer remained in-cog. at a castle near Wurtzburg, "I was," says he, "lately two days a hunting. We killed a brace of hares, and took some partridges; a very pretty employment truly for an idle man! However, I could not help theologizing amidst dogs and nets; for, ~~but~~ I to myself, do not we in hunting innocent animals to death, very much resemble the devil, who by crafty wiles and the instruments of wicked priests, is seeking continually whom he may devour? Again, we happened to take a leveret alive, which

I put



Engraved from a picture by H. Smith.

THE JUVENILE SPORTSMAN.

Published August 31st 1844, by J. Whittle 18, Warwick Square London.

I put into my pocket to preserve it, yet we were not gone far before the dogs seized upon it as it was in my pocket, and worried it. Just so the Pope and the Devil rage furiously to destroy the souls that I have saved, in spite of all my endeavours to preserve them. In short, I am tired of hunting these little innocent beasts, and had rather be employed in spearing bears, wolves, tigers, foxes; that is, in opposing and confounding wicked and impious divines, who resemble these savage animals in their qualities."

SUMMARY OF SPORT AT THE EGHAM MEETING.

(To be given at length in next Month's
Racing Calendar.)

TUESDAY, August 23.—The Gold Cup, for horses of all ages, four miles, was won by Caterpillar, 4 yrs old, named by Mr. Wood, beating Mr. Dalrymple's Knave of Diamonds, Mr. Blake's Banquo, and the Duke of York's Eurus, 4 yrs old. 5 to 4 on Caterpillar.—Plate of 50l. for all ages; heats, two miles and a quarter, won, at three heats, by Mr. Turner's Rostopchin, 4 yrs old, beating Mr. Batson's Pranks, and Mr. Weatherall's Congreve. 2 to 1 on Pranks.

Wednesday.—The Magna Charta Stakes of 50gs. for 3-yr-olds, the New Mile, were won by Lord Stawell's Blucher, by Waxy, beating Mr. T. Scaith's f. by Haphazard.—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for all ages, two miles and a quarter, won by Mr. Batson's Dorus, 5 yrs old, beating Mr. Blake's Whipthong, Duke of Clarence's Wilmington, and Duke of York's f. by Zodiac.—The Ladies' Plate of 50l. won by Lord Stawell's Golden Leg, beating Si. C. Bunbury's Skip Jack, Mr. Vol. XLIV.—No. 263.

Prior's Rose, and Mr. Pearce's Billy.

Thursday.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. for two-year-olds, was won by Mr. Morland's Hippodamia (winner of the Woodcot) beating the Duke of York's ch. c. by Granicus, Mr. Scaith's gr. f. by Rubens, and three others. 2 to 1 agst Hippodamia.—The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages, heats, one mile, was won by Mr. Prior's Rose, beating Mr. Stonehewer's Hamlet, Mr. Pearce's Billy, and Mr. Weatherall's Congreve.

COURAGE OF THE RACE-HORSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF you have room in your next Magazine, I request you will insert the following: you may rely upon its being a fact.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

A singular instance of the courage of a race horse occurred during the race for the Members' Plate at Salisbury, on the 17th instant. Mr. Radclyffe's Speculator, shortly after starting, broke down, notwithstanding which, although he had nearly two miles to run, and gave the filly Amanda forty pounds, after a severe struggle he ran a dead heat with her.

The above horse will cover next season, and from his great size, bone, colour, and speed, he will no doubt prove a valuable stallion.

Winterborne, August 22.

THE JUVENILE SPORTSMAN.

TO face this page we have to present our readers with a spirited etching of the Juvenile Sportsman, the design and execution of which, we trust, will be found deserving their approbation.

F f

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Convict, who had been cast for death, and reprieved afterwards, worked in a powder-mill which exploded, but escaped. He was asked by his master if he was not exceedingly terrified, to which he answered, that nothing ever terrified him more except—the *Recorder's Report*.

A FEMALE *Huntingtonian* being asked her opinion of Joanna Southcott, said, she thought she was grown *past all bearing*.

IMPROVEMENT ON EPITAPHS.—A tomb-stone, with the following decorations and inscription, was set up last month in the church-yard of Bisbrook, in Rutland:—On the top a gaudy representation of a waggon and four horses, with the driver, a figure of the church, a gate, a green hedge, and different implements of husbandry on each side; and the subjoined inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Nathaniel Clark, who died Jan. 27, 1813, aged 27 years.

"Here lies the body of Nathaniel Clark,
Who never did no harm in the light nor
in the dark;
But by his blessed horses taken great delight,
And often travel'd with them by day and
by night.

CLARK KETTON."

Curious Proclamation of a Scotch Butcher.—"Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! There is a cow to be killed at Flesher Gillies's, on Friday next,

gin there shall be *encouragement* for the same. The provost is to tak a *hale leg*; the minister is to tak another leg for *sartin*; the domini and gauger, a leg between them, sic there is only another leg on hand, gin there shall be ony certainty of taking this *odd leg* the cow will be killed withouten fail, for the Flesher himself is to tak his chance of selling the head and *Harragles*.—*Daniel's Rural Sports*, vol. 3, p. 540.

A PUNSTER, on hearing of the late adjournment of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, in consequence of the intrusion of the women, said, it was no wonder their voices could not be heard in the midst of a *ring of Belles*.

EPIGRAM

On the Fashion of Ladies wearing Watches on their Necks.

Amongst our fashionable bands,
No wonder now, that Time should linger;
Allow'd to place his two rude hands
Where no one else durst lay a finger.

A PERSON being asked by a countryman in Hyde Park, which was the *Serpentine*? answered, *strait forward*.

THE late Mr. Cooke, of theatrical celebrity, being once pressed to take another *dram*, jocosely replied, that he had too many *scruples*.

A nice Point in Religion.—The Jewish laws prohibit the breaking
of

of a seal on the Sabbath, but Nathan, who is a great Bull, could not trust the Omnium on Saturday, the 20th inst. without watching it, and was seen, whilst standing on the Stock Exchange steps, to open a letter that was brought him. On being reproved by a Bear for violating the Sabbath in breaking a seal, Nathan justified himself by declaring the letter was only *wafered*.

A CHURCH-YARD REFLECTION.

Such skin-and-bone Nags in the church-yard are fed,

That I cried, the first day I was shown 'em,

"Poor Nags! you get nothing but bones from the dead,

De mortuis nil nisi BONE-UM.

J. B.

THE following curious advertisement is posted in the church-gateway in the town of *Huntingdon*:—"Whereas some wicked person hath maliciously inscribed certain shameful writing in the *Prayer Book* of Miss Slow, left in her pew in All Saints Church; a reward of half a guinea is hereby ordered for the discovery of the indecent offender to the Rev. Mr. Edwards.—June 18, 1814."

ANECDOTE.—On the intended erection of a Methodist Chapel at S—r, a village in Yorkshire, upon leased premises, for a long period, it was proposed by an attorney to make it for 999 years. An old woman present hoped they would extend the lease further if possible; for if they should be under the necessity of pulling the chapel down at the *expiration of the lease*, it would completely stop the road to her house. To obviate the inconvenience which this provident matron apprehended, the

parties were kind enough to extend the term to 9,999 years!

EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies, alas! poor ROGER NORTON, Whose sudden death was oddly brought on:

Trying one day his *corns* to mow off,
The razor slipp'd—and cut his toe off!—
The toe—or rather what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying—
Which was the cause of ROGER's dying.

A GENTLEMAN with a remarkable *rubicundity* of nose having offended an acquaintance, was threatened with a pull of the nose. "Why don't you do it?" said he. "I would said the other," "if I was not afraid of *burning* my fingers."

A PERSON lately charged before a Magistrate, in Norfolk, with disturbing a congregation in a chapel of ease, commenced his defence with stating, that he was an inhabitant of the parish of *Great Snoring*, in that county.

BILL of Fare for the rural sports given lately in celebration of peace, at Farnham, in Surrey:

"At that well-known sportive and beautiful spot, Tilford Green, near Farnham, Surrey, on Friday, the 29th day of July, 1814, will be the following fashionable amusements:—Racing, by colts, for a sound pair of breeches, the best of three heats; by fillies, for a best Irish smock, flounced, the best of three heats; the second filly to be entitled to a pair of inexpressibles, with a ridicule attached.—By donkeys, for a bridle, to be rode by gentlemen. No celebrated jockies, such as Bill Arnold, Jack Cock, Young Tattersall, Will West, Dick

Goodisson, &c. will be allowed to ride any of the above races.—Single stick for an old hat, not much the worse for wear, with a shiner added.—Wrestling for a cheese.—Jumping in sacks for a real Belcher handkerchief.—A gingling match for a bat and ball.—Driving a wheelbarrow blindfold for a whalebone whip.—Drinking red hot tea, by old women, for a lb. of black and all black.—Straddling by ditto, for 2lb. of treble refined molasses.—Smoking for a lb. of black shag.—Dancing for ribbons, by ladies; and bobbing for oranges, by gentlemen.—Wrangling (if any) to be decided by a committee of ladies, all the go:—President, Poll Eastcock.—Vice-President, Nan Trusler.—Every possible accommodation at the Barley-Mow, on the Green.—Beef roasting and peas boiling from twelve o'clock at noon till twelve o'clock at night.—Barley broth and Soda water in the highest perfection.—Wines of all sorts and spirits of every description.—The sports to commence at eleven o'clock.—Generals Wellington, Blucher, and Platoff are expected."

AN OLD SAYING MISAPPLIED.

One who, when asked, could not comply, Exclaim'd, "I've other fish to fry."

A Frenchman, who o'erheard the saying, Soon misapplied it this odd way in—

"I would do dat vich you do vish,

"But I must go and fry some fish."

The Power of Imagination—An honest Hibernian being observed with a piece of bread in each hand, one of which was smaller than the other, and from each of which he alternately cut a bit, was asked what was his meaning for such an unnecessary proceeding? "Faith," said he, "I have heard so much of the powers of imagination, that I am trying to believe this little

bit to be *mate*, while the large piece remains as bread; but for the soul of me I can't bring my mind to distinguish the difference."

THERE is a parrot at present in the possession of a lady in Hanover-square, seventy years of age, which talks as well as ever it did, and increases in noise as it does in years. The bird being a *female*, in some measure lessens the surprise.

IN one of the scenes of a new afterpiece at the Lyceum, called *Harlequin Hoax*, where the *rocks*, which form part of the scenery, keep moving, "Zounds!" cried a country spectator, "why I always thought rocks were *stationary*."—"And so those are," said a critic, at his elbow, "for they're nothing but painted *pasteboard*."

AN alehouse politician having finished his pint of *porter*, declared that it had but three faults, to wit: the top all *froth*, the middle all *drugs*, and all *dregs* the bottom.

A WORTHY Alderman describing a grand dinner at *Paris*, of three courses and a dessert, a bystander observed, it must have been a splendid feast:—"No, Sir," cried our connoisseur in cookery, "it was a *beggarly* one, for every thing was done to *rags*."

THE WILL.

Old Doll, who when a boy ne'er lik'd his school—

Was yet (if money makes the man) no fool!

He, near his death, did thus his *will* declare,

"I give, *bequeath*, and make my son my *Heir*."

His friends all stood amaz'd, and thought it shame,

That he, while dying, should be—*making game*,

SPORT.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Jones's horse King of Diamonds, winner of the Oxford Gold Cup, ran the distance, four miles, in seven minutes and twenty-one seconds.—The Stewards for the year ensuing are Lord Dillon and Mr. Blackall.—The main of cocks between Oxfordshire and Berkshire terminated in favour of Berkshire.

His Grace the Duke of Dorset, and W. O. Hammond, Esq. are named Stewards for Canterbury races next year.—The small number of horses entered at the late Meeting, was attributed in a great degree to the want of inducement in the value of the Plates. To obviate this in future, articles were entered into for a Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, six subscribers, four of whom were immediately named, viz. Lord Darnley, Sir E. Knatchbull, S. R. Lushington, Esq. and J. Paine, Esq. Also for a Kentish Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, eighteen subscribers, the articles as before, except that the horses are *not* to be thorough bred, but to be bred in the county, and the heats to be two miles instead of four. These races are in addition to the Sweepstakes of twenty and ten guineas each, usually run for on the first day of the races.—A youth named Southee, about fourteen years old, was unfortunately killed at the late races, by a kick from the horse Quizzer, as he was about to walk over the course. The Coroner's Jury fixed a *deodand* of

40s. as the value of the horse, which was become forfeit.

EDINBURGH Races finished with an indifferent hack race of two heats. For several years past our races have been gradually losing their interest, and this season they have afforded less sport, and have been attended by fewer company than on any former occasion.—The cause, we believe, is obvious—the unfavorable nature of the race course.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

LEWES Races were very numerous attended this season. The Earl of Egremont proposed and promoted three fresh subscriptions for next year; and in addition gives 100gs. to be run for, as shall hereafter be judged proper. The Duke of Norfolk was on the course every day.—The stewards chosen for next year's races are, the Earl of March, and Ewan Law, Esq. of Horsted-Place. The propriety of altering the days of holding these races, by commencing them on a Wednesday instead of a Thursday, is under consideration.

THE Duke of Richmond's horses have been all sold by auction, and his household at Goodwood greatly reduced. His Grace and the Duchess are expected to pass three years on the Continent.

• LORD Lowther has purchased the celebrated stallion *Haphazard*, of Mr. Morland; and the Earl of Egge-

Egremont bought *Whalebone* and *Octavius*, at the late Mr. Ladbroke's sale, and has sent them to his breeding stud, at Petworth, Sussex.

LANCASTER COCKING.—In the race-week, a main of cocks was fought between W. F. Brockles, Esq. (Bell, feeder) and Rawlins Satterthwaite, Esq. (Heap, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, of which the following is a statement:

Bell.	M. B.	Heap.	M. B.
Monday ..	9 2	4 1
Tuesday ..	2 1	5 0
Wednesday	5 0	2 1
Thursday ..	1 0	5 2
<hr/>		<hr/>	
17 3		16 4	

PEDESTRIANISM.—Mr. Thomas Knight, of Tewkesbury, has undertaken, for a wager of one hundred guineas, to perform the astonishing pedestrian feat of going one hundred miles in nineteen successive hours, either to walk or run, but without any assistance whatever. The match was made on Monday, the 22d of August, to be performed within a month; seven days notice of the particular time of starting to be given. Great sums of money are pending on the issue of the undertaking, and bets are at present even. The scene of action will be on the turnpike-road, between Tewkesbury and Worcester. Knight, a short time since, won a considerable wager by walking fifty miles a day for six successive days.

On Saturday, the 13th instant, Mr. Jameson undertook for a wager of twenty guineas, to go from Shoreditch church, to Ware, in Hertfordshire, in three hours and fifteen minutes, (distance twenty-

one miles and a half), which he performed in ten minutes less than the given time.

A coachman named Kemble, of Armathwaite Castle, undertook on the 26th ult. to run from the Castle gate to the George Inn, Penrith, a distance of eleven miles, chiefly up-hill road, in an hour and three quarters, which he performed with great ease in less than an hour and a half.—Several footmen, who had taken a considerable start of him, attempted to accompany him as he came up, but without success; and of five horsemen, who mounted on the occasion, two only went in with him. One glass of wine was the only refreshment he took, and so little was he exhausted, that he performed the last mile in four minutes and a half.

On Monday the 22d inst. John Charlton, of the county of Durham, and William Escrick of Leckonfield, in Yorkshire, ran a match of two miles over Knavesmire, which was well contested. Charlton took the lead, betting 6 and 7 to 4 on him: a man having drawn up one of the chains across the course, the Durham man stooped under, and Escrick attempting to leap, his foot caught, and he fell; he afterwards made up to his antagonist, and they ran breast-and-breast for a quarter of a mile: Charlton then gained about a yard; a boy being thrown down, Escrick had to leap over him, whereby he lost some strides, and was beat at the end about 10 yards. The two miles were run in 10 minutes and 17 seconds.

A match against time was lately made by Robert Ellerby, of Wold Newton, Yorkshire, to go 100 miles in 18 hours, on Knavesmire, he taking 100 guineas to 5 guineas, that he accomplished the performance.

ance. He started at a quarter before eight on Thursday evening the 25th of August, and gave up twenty minutes past twelve the following day, in consequence of his legs being much swollen, after having gone 87 miles; of course one hour and 25 minutes only remained to perform the 13 miles, had he been enabled to proceed.

ON Wednesday, the 3d instant, according to the annual custom, the silver arrow was shot for at the Butts, at Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex, by twelve young gentlemen, educated at that school, which was won by Master Lumley. They were near four hours contending for the prize, owing to the equality of three of the young gentlemen, who got nine each, ten being the winning number.

IN consequence of a wager lately, between two butchers of Liverpool, James Prue and James Wilson, which could, in the shortest time, kill and dress ready for market a bullock (weight nine score one quarter) the parties met to give a proof of their slaughtering skill, when Wilson was declared victor, having performed his task in twenty-three minutes and a half, in a very superior style; whilst his antagonist was occupied thirty-four minutes fifty-five seconds.—There were many bets on the result of this wager.

MR. Sadler, jun. ascended with his balloon on Wednesday during the York Races, from a field called Kettlewell Orchard, at York. The ascension was a remarkably fine one; the balloon ascended at twenty-five minutes after one, and was seen with the naked eye from the place of ascension for forty-five

minutes. He descended at twenty-seven minutes past two, at Craike, in the county of Durham, where he was hospitably entertained by the Rev. Dr. Guise. Mr. S. returned to York about half-past seven o'clock. Mr. Sadler and Miss Thompson, it is stated, will ascend at Doncaster Races in the magnificent car of the balloon prepared for that occasion.—It is a remarkable coincidence of circumstances, that on Wednesday in the race-week, the 24th of August, 1786, Lunardi ascended from the same ground, being a period of twenty-eight years.

A correspondent of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* states, that on the 12th instant, Mr. Gregory, of Whitechurch, in crossing the Welch Mountains between Llangynnog and Bala, killed eight brace of grouse before his breakfast, and nine brace more on the following day, on his way from the latter place to Trawsfynydd. It is very singular, that he killed the whole at 31 shots, without missing a shot; and, what is still more extraordinary, he saw only 17 brace and a half during the two days, all of which he shot, except one bird; and even that one did not escape him, for happening to be struck down by a hawk, Mr. G. who was near the spot, immediately shot the rash bird and bagged the grouse, thus making a total of 35 birds, in the course of little more than seven hours sporting.

STAGE COACHES.—In the year 1762, when, throughout the kingdom, only six stage coaches were constantly going, a pamphlet was written by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter-house, for their suppression, and among the many grave

grave reasons given against their continuance is the following:—"These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the conveniency of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats; and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after."

By the new Hackney Coach Act, every driver must give to the person or persons who employ him, a ticket or tickets, marked one shilling or one shilling and sixpence, corresponding to the amount of the fare. These tickets must be produced, if complaint be made against him for extortion or misconduct. By the new Act there are to be 200 Hackney Chariots, licensed to carry two passengers, and one servant outside. They are not to be in addition to the present number of 1100, but inclusive.

On Thursday, the 18th inst. a boy was detected in picking a person's pocket on Hereford course, and being instantly searched, the summary punishment of ducking was quickly carried into execution; he was taken to the Tranbrook, and whilst undergoing the unwelcome ablution, several persons desirous of witnessing the ceremony, crowded against a rail which gave way, and nearly the whole became the companions of the culprit in the watery element, highly to the amusement of those whom prudence or chance had kept from the unlucky spot: fortunately no one

was hurt, and the criminal, after a ducking, was released on promising amendment.

At the York Assizes some mirth was excited by the trial of James Smith, who was indicted for horse-stealing, under the following circumstances:—"The prisoner, who was a son of Neptune, was seen at Wetwang, in the East Riding, mounted on a horse, without saddle or bridle, in July last: but the owner soon dispossessed him of it, Jack, determined to have a ride, went to an adjacent field, and took another horse, in sight of a woman who was milking; he made a saddle of his jacket, and proceeded as before, very slowly. In this way he rode seven miles to Dugglesby, where his story was so extraordinary, that he was apprehended. The Jury, under the direction of the Judge, being of opinion that there was no felonious intention, acquitted the prisoner. He was discharged, with a suitable admonition from the Judge, to be careful how he borrowed horses hereafter.

Destruction of a Gambling-house.
—Mr. Magrath, a Magistrate, accompanied by a party of police, one day this month entered a noted gambling-house, in Cross-street, Dublin, near the Theatre, to the surprise of the inmates, who endeavoured to escape in every direction: they were seized in the act of playing Hazard, and conveyed to the watch-house, and the apparatus of dice, counters, &c. taken to the office, where the persons were brought next morning, convicted, and ordered to find bail, or in default sent to Newgate. The table has been destroyed, and the proprietor (Thornton) fined one hundred pounds.

THE Exeter Annual Wrestling match commenced on Wednesday morning, the 17th instant, and was not decided until the Friday afternoon. The sport throughout was excellent; there were twenty-one *Standards* (who had each thrown two men,) to contend for the prizes; and these were so well paired as to size, with the exception of the herculean Flower, that every match was most obstinately contested. The contest in the latter play was principally between Flower, R. and J. Cann, the Snells, Steer, and Southgate, first-rate men from Mortchard and Colebrooke, opposed to Hogg, T. and S. Richards, Webber, Lewis, and Glasse, from Roborough and Fremington; the latter all young men, but possessing skill and science equal to any thing ever witnessed by the amateurs of wrestling. Crews, of Kenton, played well, but was at length vanquished by Webber, who also threw the sturdy Steer. T. Richards deserves particular mention; though under twenty years of age, and short of eleven stone, he threw, in the double play, William Snell and James Cann (both excellent players), the latter after a most spirited contest of one hour and seven minutes. But as neither of the party from the north of Devon was within four stone of Flower's weight, and having played uncommonly hard on each day, they resigned to him the first prize, contented to bear off the second and third; and, what was more gratifying, the honour of being considered more clever and expert in the science of wrestling, than any who have become candidates for fame in that gymnastic exercise for a long time.

RIVER WAGER.—On Tuesday,
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the 23d inst. a wager of some importance was decided on the river. The *Fox* and *Cleopatra*, two four-oared cutters of celebrity, were backed to pull against each other in a race from Westminster-bridge to Kew-bridge, for twenty guineas. They started about nine o'clock, from the centre arch of Westminster-bridge, and the *Cleopatra*, by pulling close in upon the Westminster side, ran a boat's length ahead. After they had opened Mill-bank, the *Fox*, which has long been a fancy boat, doubled her adversary, and preserved the lead all the way to Kew. The gentlemen of the *Fox* accordingly won the premium, which was appropriated to the expence of a good dinner, at which they all drank pretty deep, and gave in a bumper, "The Pleasures of Rowing and River Sport."

AN ECCENTRIC.—The *Oxford Herald* gives the following curious account:—"Early on Monday morning the 25th ult. a person well-known in this place for his eccentric conduct, set out, accompanied by a young man as his servant, on his circuit as he termed it. He started from his lodgings in Hertford College, in a post-chaise he had lately purchased at an auction for a few pounds, on which the name of John Bickerton, Esq. Oxford, was painted at full length. The shafts were so altered as to admit of its being drawn by one horse, a perfect Rosinante, for which he gave three guineas. The harness consisted of odd pieces, fastened together by cords. The servant was placed in the inside, as guard over the provisions, &c. and the master sat as driver on a board nailed to the bar. The chaise was furnished with a counsellor's wig
G g and

and gown, nine pounds of boiled bacon, two loaves of bread, a small quantity of oats, blankets for himself and servant, as it is their intention to sleep every night in the carriage, a saucepan to dress more bacon when wanted, an old copper stewpan to feed the horse, and a rope or tether to prevent his straying in the night; an old tin lantern, tinder-box, bundle of matches, &c. &c. They were met on the road by several persons, who stared with astonishment at this extraordinary equipage. They reached Chipping Norton the first evening, where they slept by the road-side; and on Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, they were seen at the city of Worcester. Such a master and such a man, we are certain have not been seen since the days of Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho."

FAST TRAVELLING.—The Exeter Subscription coach set off on Thursday evening, the 18th inst. at six o'clock, from the Bull and Mouth, in the City, and arrived at the London Tavern, Exeter, twenty-one minutes after twelve o'clock on Friday forenoon. The cause, it is said, of this expeditious travelling, was a wager that the journey was completed in nineteen hours, which was performed in forty minutes less than the time given, completing a journey of about 170 miles in eighteen hours and twenty minutes; that is, ten miles an hour, allowing for changing horses and stoppages—the greatest performance ever known in the Western part of England.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY.—On the 11th instant, two *whips* of *dash*, while driving their tilburies through Bond-street, happened, accidentally, to come in contact,

and lock their wheels. Mutual charges of awkwardness were made, and from simple remonstrance, a language more violent was had recourse to, and this again was succeeded by an application of their whips from the shoulders of the horses to those of their masters! This discipline only lasted a few minutes before the two charioteers dismounted from their vehicles, and putting themselves in boxing attitudes, had a complete set-to, which lasted for fifteen minutes. Several amateurs were present, and the combatants did not wait for seconds. At length some of the more prudent interfered, and put a stop to the combat. A friendly intimation of future notice terminated the spectacle.

SPARRING.—Wednesday, the 10th instant, the Fives Court, in St. Martin's-lane, was exceedingly well attended, for the benefit of D. Mendoza, a first-rater of the old school, who vanquished some of the best men of his day. On this occasion the pugilists mustered strong, and amongst them were Belcher, Richmond, Oliver, Hammer, &c. A scientific display of the boxing art took place between Richmond and Eales, a teacher of fine science. Mendoza set-to with Firby, elegantly termed the Young Ruffian. Belcher shewed off his unparalleled science upon Ikey, a good sparrer, but Ikey, after having his head knocked about, was completely hit through the railing of the stage, and caught by the spectators. He declared such usage to be unbecoming a *gentleman*, and said he would spar no more. Mendoza, however, in his bill of fare, had promised the amateurs a treat of Johnson, Big Ben, Perrins, and Bill Ward, of the old school,

school, and Ikey exhibited again. Most of the specimens, particularly imitations of Johnson and Ben, were allowed to be great, but Ikey was again treated *ungentlemanly* by his assailant. Mendoza publicly challenged to fight Painter for 50 guineas.

MONDAY, the 1st instant, some diabolical savage contrived to throw a quantity of poison into a kennel of J. D. Scully, Esq. of Tullamaine Castle, Waterford, by which, before any thing could be done to check its effects, seven couple of excellent hounds were destroyed. By taking very strong remedies, the rest of the pack are likely to recover. The only cause that has been assigned for this barbarity was Mr. Scully's threatening to stop the trespasses of some poachers, who were in the practice of killing hares on his own grounds, and other lands of which he has the royalty.

ON Wednesday the 10th instant, a Coroner's Inquest was held in Leicester, upon the body of John Scott, who was killed by the kick of a horse. It appeared that the deceased was beating the horse with a stick over his loins, having at the same time hold of his tail, and standing behind him, which occasioned the animal to kick, and his heels going with full force against the stomach of the unfortunate man, he expired instantly.—We wish this may operate as a caution against treating horses with similar brutality, which not unfrequently recoils in this way upon the offender.

A PARTY of the most respectable tradesmen in Lostwithiel, lately took an excursion on the water

from thence to Fowey, from which place they proceeded to Lantick Bay for the purpose of shooting water fowl. After remaining there some time, they were on the point of returning, when, dreadful to relate, as Mr. Benjamin Rowe was in the act of securing some young gulls which he perceived in a nest, he lost his hold, and was precipitated at least one hundred and twenty feet down the cliff—almost instantaneous death was the consequence.—He has left a widow and three orphans to deplore his melancholy fate.

ON Saturday night, the 13th instant, as Mr. William Blunt, a gentleman well known for breeding race horses, was returning, on horseback, from Tamworth-market, in Staffordshire, near Hope's turnpike, the animal, which was very spirited, took fright at the appearance of something in the road, and ran with great velocity towards Swivin. Whether Mr. Blunt's foot became entangled in the stirrup, is not yet ascertained. He was unfortunately found in the road with an alarming contusion on the head, and died soon after from an effusion of blood, arising from the severe concussion.—A Coroner's Jury was held on the Tuesday following, at a public-house near the spot, who returned a verdict of *Accidental Death*.—The unfortunate gentleman has left a wife and sixteen children to lament his loss.

ON Saturday, the 20th instant, Stephen Tempest, Esq. of Broughton Hall, encountered a very alarming accident while shooting upon the moors in Craven. Mr. Tempest had killed a bird, and while in the act of re-loading his fowling-piece,

piece, the powder in his flask took fire, and exploded with a report like the discharge of a cannon. Mr. Tempest's right hand was in consequence dreadfully shattered; but, most providentially, he sustained no other injury, and his hand is now in a fair way of recovery. It is supposed, that the explosion was occasioned by a spark having, in some way, lodged in the gun after the discharge.—The flask, which was copper, has not yet been found, and was probably blown to pieces.

ON Tuesday, the 16th instant, was married at Badsworth, John Lapidge (well known among the gentlemen of the chase as master earth stopper, of the Badsworth Hunt), to Mrs. Ann Chapman, widow of the late Mr. Chapman, officer of excise, South Elmsall. After the parties were married, the company assembled, to keep up the old customs, rode for the bride; three competitors started, but the ribband was won by Mr. J. Thorp, of North Elmsall.

ON Tuesday, the 16th instant, died, Mr. Wm. Hesseltime, of Black Hambleton House, near Thirsk; a man well known on the turf, and much respected.

ON Wednesday, the 17th inst. a man, who was mowing clover, belonging to Mr. Smith, in Cowley Common Field, near Oxford, cut out a brood of young hares *ten* in number—two of them were killed by a stroke of the scythe, and the remaining eight, after having been shewn to several sporting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, were turned up in the fields. Such an instance of extraordinary fecundity we never remember to have heard

of, as the hare seldom brings forth more than three or four at a time. This brood appeared to have been stunted in their growth, supposed from the inability of the mother to provide for so numerous an offspring.—*Reading Paper.*

We recorded a similar instance of fecundity in the 103d Number of our Magazine. It is thus related: As a gentleman of the name of Lewis, was out shooting, at Chigwell, Essex, on the 1st of September, 1800, he shot a hare. On opening her, he found no less than *three brace* of young ones, in all things perfect, with hair, teeth, &c. Mr. L. caused the hare and her young ones to be stuffed, and a spirited etching of the Prolific Hare, by Howitt, was given in our 103d Number.

LEWES, AUG. 1.—A few days since, as some mowers were at work in Mr. Awcock's meadow of Barcomb, they discovered two landrails in a state of incubation, on nine eggs each, which is reckoned a singular circumstance in this part of the country, where the landrail has the character of being an emigrant bird.

SOME time since the Prince Regent received the skin of the largest Lion that ever was seen, as a present from the Dey of Algiers, which has been stuffed, and his Royal Highness has made it a present to Mr. Bullock, for his Museum; it was exhibited previously in the Prince's Armoury.

THERE is now living in Hucknall Torkard, Notts, a hackney mare, the property of Mr. T. Freeman, of the surprising age of 42 years.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE YORKSHIREMAN'S TRIP TO
MARGATE.

*Written soon after Mr. Emery's celebrated
Yorkshire Song respecting the Pantomime
of Mother Goose.*

BY J. M. LACEY.

ISE the same Yorkshire youth
that were lately let loose,
nd com'd up to Lunnun to see Mother
Goose ;
But as summer came on they told I 'twas
the go,
At Margate away a few guineas to
throw.

Tol de rol, &c.

As for guineas, says I, they be scarcish in
town,
Still I have a few *fimsys*, and but few I
own ;
Yet five shillings you say will to Margate
town take me,
All so snug in the hoy, which won't jum-
ble or shake me.

So I pack'd up two shirts, and my sab-
bath-day breeches,
Whilst in those that I wore I secur'd all
my riches,
Then to Billingsgate trudg'd, and on
board was soon taken,
With my bundle, my beer, and my gam-
mon of bacon.

On board I found plenty, both gentiles
and jews,
And a jargon of tongues that might Babel
confuse,
Some healthy to look at, and some that
seem'd wheezy,

With ladies of virtue, both stubborn and
easy.

Some pantaloon prigs, and some buck-
skin'd and booted.
And some were such puppies, 'twere
well they'd been hooted,
For they quizz'd I thro' glasses as though
they were blind,
" Come," says I, " let me tell ye a piece
of my mind.

" Young gemmen, with whiskers so
fierce and so funny,
Three things ye much lack, they're wit,
manners, and money,
Ye want too the strength of a man, or by
jingo,
I'd thrash ye, and soon make ye alter
your lingo."

Now to Gravesend we came, and some
look'd rather grave,
For the wind whistled sharply, and rough
was each wave,
" Oh! lord, vat a vind," scream'd a Cit's
crummy wife,
While her *crusty* old spouse cries, " Be
quiet my life."

Thus with screams, sighs, and groans, to
the Nore now we come,
Where sickness soon made near the whole
of us dumb ;

" Oh! dear," says a quaker, " my *spirit*
is fled,"

" By Jasus," cries Paddy, " I'm speech-
less and dead."

" Oh! set me ashore," cries fat Alder-
man Puff ;

" Oh! pray stop the ship," squeal'd Miss
Tabitha Tough ;

" Oh!

"Oh! shave me, pray shave me," cries
Moses, the Jew,
"For mine heart's in my mout, and my
shoul I bleve too."

I were sickish myself, but I kept my
tongue quiet,
Nor grinn'd in the gen'ral confusion and
riot;
But was heartily glad when gay Margate
was seen;
It cur'd us of sickness, of sorrow, and
spleen.

My stay was quite short, and but one
thing occur'd,
Which is fit to be told, or indeed to be
heard;
A hair-dressing prig whom I met on the
pier,
Furnish'd me with the fun which you
quickly shall hear.

Beneath either arm was a wig-box dis-
play'd,
With a comb by his ear, as an emblem
of trade;
He struts up to me with an insolent
phiz,
Then guinea-man call'd me, and lanky-
poll'd quiz.

"Why, dom thee," cried I, "thou po-
matum-brain'd elf,
I think thou'rt as much of a quiz as my-
self;"
And then, just to keep the spruce puppy
in motion,
Knock'd him and his wig-boxes plump
in the ocean.

He flounc'd, and the wig-boxes kept him
from sinking,
While bumpers of water he could not
help drinking:
But a fisherman threw out his net in the
harbour,
And for the first time caught a fish call'd
a *Faiber!*

So thinking it would not be quite safe to
stay,
To Lunnun I presently found out my
way:
Now to York I'll return, where quite safe
from abuse,
I'll sing about Margate and old Mother
Goose.

Tol de rol, &c.

SHALUM, THE HUNTER OF THE FOREST;

OR,

THE INDIAN STUDENT.

WRITTEN IN AMERICA.

FROM long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shalum's feats with joy,
To Harwood Hall* o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the tawney-colour'd boy.

From Susquehannah's furthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
The hunter of the forest came.

Awhile he wrote, awhile he read,
Awhile he conn'd o'er grammar rules,
An Indian savage so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in law excel,
Some thought in physic he would
shine;

And one who knew him passing well
Foresaw in him a grave divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
Far different prospects then could show,
They saw him lay his Virgil by
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hour of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
Off to the woods the wand'rer went
And there the long-lov'd sport begun.

"And why," he cried, "did I forsake
My native woods for gloomy halls,
The roaring stream, the boundless lake,
For silent books and prison walls?"

"A little will my wants supply,
And what can wealth itself do more;
The sylvan wilds will not deny,
The humble fare they gave before.

"Where Nature's oldest forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fix'd, and I will go
And die among my native shades."

He spake, and to the western springs,
His gown forthwith to pieces rent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
The hunter of the forest went.

Returning to the happy plain,
His brethren welcom'd him with joy;
His parents took him back again,
And bless'd the tawney-colour'd boy.

* A College near Boston, Massachusetts.

SONGS,

Sung in the new Opera called "FREDERICK THE GREAT; or, THE HEART OF A SOLDIER."

SONG.—*Mr. Cooke.*

OH give me the heart that is cheerful
and gay,
And the face that the smiles of good
humour illumine,
The converse that sparkles with wit all
the day,
And at eve can enliven the moments
of gloom.
And let me, while youth, health, and
vigour are mine,
With the gay sons of Mirth all my
light moments share—
Like the bubbles that sparkle and mantle
in wine,
Bidding sorrow farewell, and defiance
to care.

And dear to the soul are the moments
that fly
With the girl that we love, in the sweet
social bower;
While Joy's vivid torch flashes bright in
each eye,
Nor thought dares to damp the pure
bliss of the hour.
E'en here, e'en with love, shall gay mirth
still reside,
Nor sighs ever check the dear raptures
we prove.
While I live let me laugh—still be pleasure
my guide,
And Mirth be my motto, in Friendship
and Love.

DUET.—*Mr. Cooke and Mr. Pynn.*

The warrior's soul is all in arms,
When shrill the trumpets blow,
He hears in fancy, war's alarms,
And burns to meet the foe.
Yet ere his charger speeds away,
His heart one pang may prove,
And yet, one little moment stay,
To linger near his love.
Oh woman! in that parting hour,
When tears thy cheek imbue,
Where then the hero's boasted power
Who sighs his last adieu!
But when again the trumpets sound,
And drums discordant rattle—
Prompt at the call of duty found,
He flies to join the battle,

SONG.—*Mr. Cooke.*

Let others breathe the melting sigh,
And swear they love to madness;
To them I leave the tearful eye,
And all love's sober sadness.
No tender vows and pray'rs are mine,
But this I swear sincerely,
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then, lady, though I scorn the wiles
Which love too oft discovers,
Ne'er spurn the heart that woos in smiles,
For smiles were made for lovers.
And though no tender vows are mine,
Yet this I swear sincerely—
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly.

PROLOGUE TO DOCTOR HOCUS
POCUS,

*A new Pantomime now performing at the
Haymarket Theatre.*

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Spoken by Mr. Terry.

UNMINDEFUL of Dramatic Laws, to-
night
We break them all,—Great ARISTOTLE
slight;
Nay, put e'en Possibility to flight;
Patch up with HARLEQUIN a wild alli-
ance,
And set our big-wig Judges at defiance.
And Thee, who many a Scribbler's suit
hast heard,
Dear NONSENSE! Goddess of the sweet
Absurd!
Thee we invoke;—not Thee, her silly
twin,
At whose mere held-up finger idiots grin;
But Thee, by whose anomaly of rule
The wisest seasonably play the fool;
While Thought unbends, of relaxation
glad,
And Reason's self runs rationally mad.
Ye Critics, when ye pat a Playwright's
skull,
And cry, "be thou correct, however
dull,"
Should every dramatist your precepts
keep,
Then none would go to hiss, but all
would go to sleep.
Our Poet, loth dull Safety's path to plod,
Would rather hear you growl, than see
you nod:

And

And dashes, now, at scenes with scarce a plan,
To move your iron muscles, if he can.
If he should prove, which would not be surprising,
Too ludicrous for sleep, or criticising,
Why your alternative's as clear as day—
Viz.—either laugh like mad, or go away.
Yet, oh! the first of these two methods chuse,
For rarely Englishmen of sense refuse
Indulgence e'en to *Follies* that amuse.
But heavy Folly ne'er can please, depend on't—
Should ours be dull, damn us, and there's an end on't.

DRINK AND DRIVE CARE AWAY.

A Lover once of the Septembrian juice,
Had of the aforesaid made such copious use,
That ways and means to him were wanting,
An easy staircase to ascend;
When, after many steps, now round, now slanting,
That led him farther from his journey's end,
With an unlucky stair his foot engages,
He fell, and with an hiccough swore,
Proud as a patriarch of yore,
They built most scurvily in former ages!

TO FASHION.

FASHION! little flippant thing,
What did thee in fashion bring,
That gentle, simple, eke should make
Such a rout for Fashion's sake?

Why large buckles, why wear small,
Why no buckles now at all?
If the matter right I take,
This was all for Fashion's sake.

One time this and one time that,
Now three corner'd, now round hat;
Fight a duel—life at stake,
Kill and die for Fashion's sake!

Why are Jews 'gainst Christians set?
Why the ring, and why the bet,
Square the fist, the noddle break?
'Tis a match for Fashion's sake!

Gaiters now, or boots the taste,
Pantaloons above the waist;
What jack puddings people make
Of themselves for Fashion's sake!

Tails, pomatum, powder, yield,
Crops alone maintain the field;

Lo! what various modes we take
To deck fools' heads for Fashion sake!

Fickle Fashion! why this fuss,
Cheating and manœuv'ring thus;
Must the wise thy whims partake,
And be fools for Fashion sake?

But I see, the reason's plain,
Trade must have the greater gain—
Many honest tradesmen make
Longer bills for Fashion's sake.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

By Lord Thurlow.

WHEN the Sun is shining low,
From our easy sport we go,
Our kettle full of fish;
And having spent the golden day,
Through the meads we take our way,
In haste to dress our dish:

Whether it barbel be or pike,
Or trout, or silver eel belike,
Or perch, or grayling free;
Or bream, or carp, or tench, or bleak,
Or gudgeons that in fords we seek,
Or roach, or dice it be.

A cup well stirr'd with rosemary,
A health to Madge too, pledged free,
A song of harmless love;
Sheets neatly kept in lavender,
May each day of the calendar,
These simple blessings prove.

Before the fire we sit and sing
Content and happy as a king,
When winds of Autumn blow;
Employ'd upon our gentle themes,
Till Spring unbind the gentle streams,
And then to fish we go,

With morn unto the dewy meads,
Where the herd contented feeds,
Tracing our steps again:
What fortune can be like to this?
Then let the wise partake our bliss,
The unwise at courts remain.

EPITAPH

On an Officer of the name of Ovens, who unfortunately lost his Life in a Duel.

HERE rests a youth, late boldest of
bold,
Stop, reader! drop one tear on O.
For those he lov'd he fearless-brav'd ea-
storm,
In friendship he was ever—*Ovens warm*
But fir'd with rage he fought, and then
shot
Consign'd to parent dust, poor *Ovens ho*