

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

JANUARY, 1815.

No. CCLXVIII.

CONTENTS.

Greyhounds, the Property of Charles Wyatt, Esq. M. P.	165	Queen's Plate at Chelmsford	183
Bettings for the Derby, Oaks, Oatlands, and St. Leger	165	Excess of Gaming in Paris.....	183
Racing Extra	166	Hackney Coaches.....	184
Alphabetical List of Stallions to Cover in 1815	167	History of Cards, Dice, and Lotteries	185
Conviction of Poachers	169	Battle between Smith and Scroggins	188
Beacon Hill Coursing Meeting	171	Hints on preserving Game.....	189
Natural History	171	Notes on a Journey through France	191
The Highayer Controversy.....	175	Belville and the St. Leger Stakes	197
Humorous Etymologies.....	174	FEAST OF WIT.....	200
Traits of a Royal Sportsman.....	175	SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	202
History of the Brazen Horse at Rome.....	175	To Correspondents	208
Tame Deer pursuing Cattle.....	176	POETRY.	
Game in the Western Islands of Scotland.....	177	The Bachelor's Soliloquy	209
Hambletonian and Diamond	179	In Praise of Hunting	209
Hippo, a Character	180	Dean Aldriche's Five Reasons for Drinking.....	210
Oddities of Fashion	180	A Tribute to Juno	210
Antiquity of Cock-fighting	182	On seeing the Portrait of Mr. F. Buckle	210
		A Fable	210
		February	211
		RACING CALENDAR	20

Embellished with,

- I. An Engraving of Two GREYHOUNDS, the Property of Capt. C. Wyatt, M. P.
- II. DEER PURSUING CATTLE, an Etching.

GREYHOUNDS.

THESE are portraits of JUNIPER and JANETTE, two very excellent and popular greyhounds at Swaffham and Newmarket. They were painted by MARSHALL, and engraved by SCOTT, and are the property of Captain Wyatt, M. P. for Sudbury. It has been notified to us that something very interesting may be said of these greyhounds, but no account, though promised, has yet been received; we must, therefore, wait until next month for the particulars, leaving our Friends for the present to contemplate the masterly genius of the painter, and the exquisite delineation of the engraver.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's, on Friday, Jan. 27.

DERBY.

- 8 to 1 agst Brother to Whalebone.
- 14 to 1 agst Sir Thomas.
- 14 to 1 agst Anticipation.
- 15 to 1 agst Equator.
- 15 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's Sally colt.
- 16 to 1 agst colt, out of Dodona.
- 16 to 1 agst Dick Andrews colt.
- 17 to 1 agst Sir Joshua.
- 20 to 1 agst colt, out of Scotland.
- 20 to 1 agst Basto.
- 20 to 1 agst Raphael.

Y

25 to

25 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's colt, by Granicus, dam by Young Whiskey.

25 to 1 agst Mr. Payne's colt, by Waxy, out of Black Diamond.

25 to 1 agst Lord Foley's colt, out of Glory.

35 to 1 agst Sir Christopher, by Sir David.

OAKS.

8 to 1 agst Minuet.

10 to 1 agst Mr. Payne's filly.

10 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's filly.

12 to 1 agst Lord G. Cavendish's.

15 to 1 agst filly, out of Briseis.

15 to 1 agst Lord Foley's filly, dam by Cæsario.

18 to 1 agst Lord Rous's filly.

18 to 1 agst Mr. Taylor's filly, by Buffle.

20 to 1 agst Fatima.

1000 to 30 agst Brother to Whalebone and Minuet.

FIRST CLASS OF OATLANDS.

3 to 1 agst Cannon Ball.

1000 to 20 agst naming the three winners.

ST. LEGER, DONCASTER.

10 to 1 agst Filha da Puta.

14 to 1 agst Agapanthus.

15 to 1 agst Sir Bellingham.

RACING EXTRA.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

MONDAY.—The first Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D. I.

	<i>st. lb.</i>
Mr. Lake's Aladdin, 4 yrs ..	9 0
Major Wilson's Bolter, 6 yrs	8 12
Lord Sackville's Hocuspocus, 4 yrs ..	8 7
Mr. Dundas's Pyramus, 4 yrs	8 7

	<i>st. lb.</i>
Lord Jersey's Cannon Ball, 4 yrs ..	8 0

Mr. J. Perren's Brother to Quizzer, 3 yrs ..	7 12
--	------

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Blackmoor (late Rana) 3 yrs	7 7
--	-----

Duke of Rutland's Kutusoff, 3 yrs ..	7 4
--------------------------------------	-----

Mr. Prior's b. f. Violet, by Waxy, out of Sir David's dam, 3 yrs ..	6 11
---	------

Gen. Grosvenor's Bellaria, by Popinjay, 3 yrs ..	6 11
--	------

TUESDAY.—The second class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D. I.

Mr. Batson's Dorus, 5 yrs ..	9 1
------------------------------	-----

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Cat, 5 yrs ..	8 12
--------------------------------------	------

Mr. Jones's King of Diamonds, 4 yrs ..	8 10
--	------

Mr. Shakespear's Don Rodrigo, 5 yrs ..	8 4
--	-----

Mr. Vansittart's Brother to Burleigh, 3 yrs ..	7 10
--	------

Mr. Dundas's Liberator, 3 yrs	7 10
-------------------------------	------

Duke of Grafton's Vestal, 3 yrs ..	7 7
------------------------------------	-----

Sir G. Webster's Grand Duchess, 3 yrs ..	7 6
--	-----

Mr. Terren's Brother to Bluster, 3 yrs ..	7 4
---	-----

Major Wilson's Courier, 3 yrs	7 0
-------------------------------	-----

WEDNESDAY.—The third class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D. I.

Mr. Glover's Slender Billy, 6 yrs ..	9 6
--------------------------------------	-----

Mr. Villiers's Don Cossack, 4 yrs ..	8 9
--------------------------------------	-----

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Alcohol, 4 yrs ..	8 8
--	-----

Mr. Turner's Rastopchin, 4 yrs ..	8 2
-----------------------------------	-----

Lord Jersey's Fugitive, 4 yrs	7 12
-------------------------------	------

Mr. Watson's Paulus, 3 yrs ..	7 7
-------------------------------	-----

Mr. Dundas's Robin Adair, 3 yrs ..	7 7
------------------------------------	-----

Mr.

	<i>st. lb.</i>		<i>st. lb.</i>
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Orville, bought of Mr. Allix, 3 yrs.....	7 2	Illusion.....	7 10
Mr. Blake's Lobo, 3 yrs.....	7 2	Eaglet.....	7 8
Sir C. Bunbury's Troilus, 3 yrs.....	7 1	WEDNESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. h. ft.—Across the Flat.	
		Haphazard colt.....	8 12
The following having declared forfeit by the 31st of December, are to pay only 10gs. each, to be divided amongst the owners of the second horses in the three classes.		Bourbon.....	8 10
Mr. Douglas's Caterpillar, 4 yrs.....	8 9	Partisan.....	8 10
Mr. Hornoyld's Malek Adhel, 4 yrs.....	8 8	Charlotte.....	8 6
Mr. Batson's Jesse, 5 yrs.....	8 7	Osman.....	8 5
Sir H. Lippincott's Illusion, 4 yrs.....	8 5	Hampden.....	7 10
Duke of Rutland's Osman, 3 yrs.....	7 13	Tempest.....	7 10
Mr. Wyndham's Quack, 4 yrs.....	7 12	Violet.....	7 10
Mr. Radclyffe's Midnight, by Witchcraft, 3 yrs.....	7 12	THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.	
Sir B. Graham's Tempest, 3 yrs.....	7 10	Blackamoor.....	8 0
Mr. Watt's Miss Stephens, 3 yrs.....	7 3	Haphazard gelding, dam by Waxy.....	7 11
		Spectre.....	7 9
		Bellaria.....	7 7
		Haphazard filly, out of Trus-ty's dam.....	7 7
		Lobo.....	7 5
		Dauntless.....	7 4

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1815,

With their Ages, Places of Covering, Prices, and Pedigrees.

(Continued from page 150.)

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. h. ft.—B. C.	<i>st. lb.</i>
Slender Billy.....	9 2
Hamlet.....	9 2
Merryfield.....	9 0
Teasdale.....	9 0
Bluster.....	8 10
Cat.....	8 9
Cwrw.....	8 3

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. h. ft.—T. M. M.	
Alcohol.....	8 8
Emily.....	8 5
Hocuspocus.....	8 3
Cannon Ball.....	8 2
Fugitive.....	8 2

13. CERBERUS, at Richard Watt's, Esq. at Bishop-Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Gohanna; dam by Herod; grandam, Desdemona, by Old Marsk, out of Young Hagg, by Lord Portmore's Skim.
9. THE CHESNUT CHRISTOPHER ARABIAN, in the vicinity of London, at 5gs. and a crown.—For particulars see our Magazine for September, page 238.

7. CÆLEBS, at Denford, near Hungerford, Berks, at 5gs. and a half.—By Beningbrough, (or Sir Peter), but from the groom's account

count who attended the mare, there seems to be no doubt of the former horse being the sire; his dam, Rally, (Sister to Rebel, and dam of Hyale, &c.) by Trumpator; grandam, Fancy, (Sister to Diomed) by Florizel, Spectator, Blank, Childers, out of Miss Belvoir.

12. DOCTOR, at Brinsop Farm, within six miles of Hereford, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Precipitate, out of Penny-Trumpet, (dam of Elizabeth, Solyman, and Osman) by Trumpator, out of Young Camilla, (Sister to Colibri, Catharine, &c.) by Woodpecker.

8. FITZ-TEAZLE, at Azam, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Hornpipe, by Trumpator; Luna, by Herod, out of Proserpine, the Sister to Eclipse.

12. FYLDENER, at Croft's Farm, two miles from Stratford-on-Avon, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, (Sir Oliver and Poulton's dam) Diomed, out of Ambrosia, by Woodpecker.

8. GANYMEDE, at Knottingley, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Delpini; dam, Astarté, by St. Paul, (a son of Saltram and Purity); great grandam, Jessica, by Highflyer; Jewel, by Squirrel; Sophia, by Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second.

8. GRANICUS, at Oatlands, near Weybridge, Surrey, at 10gs. and a half.—By Sorcerer; dam, Persepolis, by Alexander, Alfred, out of Cælia, the dam of Shipton, Tickle Toby, &c.

11. GUSTAVUS, at Enville, near Stourbridge, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Benningbrough; dam, Scottilla, by Anvil, out of Scots, by Eclipse.

23. HAMBLETONIAN, at Catterick, near Richmond, Yorkshire, 25 mares, at 15gs. and one guinea.

—By King Fergus; dam, Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer, out of Monimia, by Match'em, Alcides, Crab, Snap's dam.

9. HEADERSKELF, at Castle-Howard, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and a half.—By Hambletonian, out of Miss Haworth, by Spadille, Clayhall-Marsk, Herod, &c.

9. LUTWYCHE, in the vicinity of London, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Delpini, out of Miss Teazle, own Sister to Sir Oliver, Fyldener, and Poulton.

16. ORLANDO, in the vicinity of Exton or Stamford, at 10gs. and a crown.—By Whiskey; dam, Amelia, (Mountaineer's dam) by Highflyer, out of Miss Timms, own Sister to Maiden and Purity, by Match'em.

10. PAN, at Lilley, near Luton, Beds, at 5gs. and a crown.—By St. George, out of Walton's dam.

11. PIONEER, at Euston Hall, three miles from Thetford, at 5gs. —By Waxy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer; Promise, by Snap; Julia, by Blank, Spectator's dam.

18. POPINJAY, at the Upper Hare Park, Newmarket, at 10gs. and a crown.—By Buzzard; dam by Boudrow, out of Escape's dam.

10. POULTON, at Fommon Castle, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, at 10gs. and a half.—Own Brother to Sir Oliver and Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, by Diomed, out of Ambrosia, by Woodpecker; Ruth, by Blank, Regulus, Soreheels.

14. PROSPERO, at King's Farm, near Woodford Wells, Essex, at 6gs. and a half.—By Whiskey; dam, Nymph, by Dorimant; Zephyr, by Squirrel, Cade, out of a Sister to Lodge's Raan Mare, by Partner.

11. SCUD, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, Norfolk, at 10gs. and a half.

half.—By Beningbrough; dam, Eliza, by Highflyer, out of Augusta, by Eclipse.

8. SEYMOUR, at Oatlands, near Weybridge, Surrey, at 7gs. and a half.—By Delpini; dam, Bay Javelin, (Crazy and Easy's dam) by Javelin, out of Young Flora, (Sister to Spadille) by Highflyer.

15. SIR OLIVER, at the Bay Malton, in Altrincham, Cheshire, at 10gs. and one guinea.—Own Brother to Poulton, &c. by Sir Peter Teazle.

6. SIR ROGER, at Hales Green, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Orlando; dam, Strumpet, by Hambletonian, out of Moss-Rose, by Sir Peter Teazle, Magnet, Squirrel.

5. STREATHAM-LAD, at Ainderby-Steeple, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—Own Brother to Benedict and Heart of Oak, by Remembrancer; dam, Beatrice, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pyrrha, (Beningbrough's grandam) by Match'em.

21. STAMFORD, at Auchins, Ayrshire, at 10gs. and one guinea.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Countess, (Delpini's dam) by Blank, Rib, &c.

17. TEDDY THE GRINDER, at Petworth, Sussex, at 5gs. and a half.—By Asparagus; dam, Stargazer, by Highflyer, out of Miss West, by Match'em, Regulus, &c.

7. TRUFFLE, at Newmarket, not exceeding 40 mares, at 15gs. and one guinea.—By Sorcerer; dam, Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard; Puzzle, by Match'em; Princess, by Herod, Blank, out of Spectator's dam, by Partner.

3. VANDYKE JUNIOR, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and a half.—By Walton; dam, Dabchick, (Vandyke's dam) by PotSo's; Drab, by

Highflyer, out of Hebe, by Chrysolite.

22. VESPASIAN, at Oxcroft, near Newmarket, at 2gs.—By PotSo's, out of Lady Teazle, (own Sister to Sir Peter Teazle) by Highflyer.

21. YOUNG WOODPECKER, at Jerveaux Abbey, near Middleham, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—by Woodpecker; dam, (Skysweeper's dam) by Eclipse; Rosebud, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus, Bartlett's Childers, &c.

CONVICTION OF POACHERS.

AN information was laid before the Magistrates at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, this month, against four men, for poaching in the vicinity of Wainfleet; in pursuance of a resolution formed by an association of gentlemen in that neighbourhood, for enforcing the game laws against unqualified persons detected in pursuing game. These associations are highly laudable, for the destruction of game is not the only evil arising from poaching; it naturally leads to idleness and dishonesty; and the losses of poultry in the farm-yards but too reasonably induce the owners to fix the stigma on those who commit their sporting depredations under cover of the night. Thus if *light-foot* elude the snare, not less than half a dozen of Chanticleer's family can compensate for the disappointment.

Lord Darlington's game on his Yorkshire Moors has been the continual prey of poachers during the whole of this season; one of them was lately taken in the fact by his Lordship's gamekeeper, with his face blacked, and otherwise disguised, and since committed to prison.

BERK-

BERKSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

—Thomas Harris, being found in Haremoor Wood, in the parish of Faringdon, on the 20th of December last, with a gun, for the purpose of destroying game, was ordered to be imprisoned three months, and sent to the depot in the Isle of Wight, for general service.—Thomas Thirsting and Robert Weston, convicted as rogues and vagabonds, under the 39th and 40th of the King, c. 50. for poaching in Windsor Great Park, in the night of the 1st of December last, were likewise to be imprisoned in the House of Correction three calendar months, and afterwards sent to the depot in the Isle of Wight, for his Majesty's service in the army. Thirston and Weston are associates of the desperate gang of poachers, who cruelly beat and ill-treated the King's Gamekeepers, in the Great Park, some time back; three of them were prosecuted at the last Berkshire Assizes for the offence, but for want of identity, then escaped the punishment of the law.

NORFOLK QUARTER SESSIONS.

—Robert Harvey, taken in the woods of Sir G. Jerningham, Bart. with two pheasants upon him, was sentenced to six months confinement in Wymondham Bridewell.

STAFFORD QUARTER SESSIONS.

—Thomas Turner, John Turner, R. Oldfield, Thomas Oldfield, and Thomas Meakin, were indicted for assembling in the night, with weapons of defence, and instruments to take and kill game in the parish of Leek; it appeared, that several of them came forty miles with that intention. They being expected, preparations were made to attack them. Seventeen men assembled to look after this body of marauders, and concealed themselves in

the woods of Earl Macclesfield.—Thomas Turner at length appeared, and stooped down to examine a snare, but there was nothing in it; they now rushed forth, and being so numerous, soon overpowered them. Upwards of sixty snares were found in the woods.—Several of the above men, a night or two previous to their being apprehended, had been employed in the same pursuit, and *absolutely took four men prisoners*, and then hunted the game before their eyes; saying they “wanted two hares, and two hares they must have.”—They were found guilty, and sentenced to six months imprisonment.

John Cooke has been convicted at Union-Hall, Southwark, under the Game Laws, for poaching, and sentenced to three months imprisonment. This prisoner and three other men were taken in a park near Epsom, Surrey, by Hunt, the gamekeeper, and his assistants, after making a most desperate resistance, in which the prisoner cut off part of Hunt the gamekeeper's nose; there was a bag in their possession, containing twenty hares and eight pheasants; Hunt, with the assistance of three constables, who received a severe beating from the prisoner and his three companions, succeeded in handcuffing the four poachers, who were a terror to that part of the country, and lodged them in the watch-house; the gamekeeper and constables sat up till about three in the morning, watching the prisoners in a room adjoining to that in which they were confined; but thinking that all was safe, they went to bed at that hour; when some of the prisoners' accomplices outside contrived to hand to Cooke a crow bar, with which he forced back the bolt of the door, and ~~also~~ that

that of the other door where his three companions were confined, and they all made their escape; Cooke made to London.—On Leatherhead bridge he forced off his handcuffs, and threw them into the river. He was afterwards again apprehended, and convicted as above described.

William Edmunds and Thomas Bulmer, labourers, of the township of Duggleby-upon-the-Wolds, Yorkshire, were convicted this month in the penalty of twenty pounds, before the Rev. Christopher Sykes, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for setting a number of snares in the Manor of Duggleby, on Sunday, the 1st of January; and they not being able to pay the above penalty, were committed to Beverley House of Correction for three months.

BEACON HILL COURSING MEETING, NEAR SALISBURY.

FOR the Cup and Couples.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, December 20 and 21, 1814.—Mr. Shipperry's Sylph, beat Mr. Stead's (Mr. Goodlake's) Miss Rough.—Mr. Goodlake's Gulley, beat Mr. Bull's (Mr. Isherwood's) Isley.—Lord Caernarvon's (Lord Rivers's) Pixton, beat Mr. Davis's (Mr. Shipperry's) Dangerous.—Mr. Ramsbottom's Rival, beat Mr. R. Compton's Constant.—Mr. Long's Lufra, beat Mr. Evans's Spider.—Lord Rivers's Robin, beat Mr. Isherwood's Ivory.—Mr. R. Curtis's (Mr. Shipperry's) Snake, beat Mr. Compton's Crown.—Mr. Curtis's (Mr. Ramsbottom's) Cora, beat Mr. Newell's Nectar.—Mr. Goodlake's Gulley, beat Mr. Shipperry's Sylph.—Mr. Ramsbottom's

Rival, beat Lord Caernarvon's (Lord Rivers's) Pixton.—Lord Rivers's Robin, beat Mr. R. Curtis's (Mr. Shipperry's) Snake.—Mr. Curtis's (Mr. Ramsbottom's) Cora, beat Mr. Long's Lufra.—Mr. Ramsbottom's Rival, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gulley.—Lord Rivers's Robin, beat Mr. Curtis's (Mr. Ramsbottom's) Cora.—Lord Rivers's Robin won the Cup, beating Mr. Ramsbottom's Rival, who had the Couples.

NATURAL HISTORY.

HIRUNDO EDULIO, Lin.—From Letters on the Nicobar Islands.

THIS species of swallow is the builder of those eatable nests which constitute one of the luxuries of an Indian banquet. These birds are called Heuleue by the natives of the Nicobar Islands, and build in fissures or cavities of rocks, especially in such as open to the south. In the latter, the finest and whitest nests are found; and I have sometimes gathered fifty pounds weight of them on one excursion for that purpose.—They are small and shaped like swallows' nests; if they are perfect, 72 of them go to a catty, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds; the best sale for them is in China. After the most diligent investigation, I was never able to discover of what substance they are made; nor do any opinions of naturalists with which I am become acquainted appear satisfactory to me—neither have the authors seen the birds. They have remarkably short legs, and are unable to rise if they once fall or settle on the ground. My opinion is, that the nests are made of the gum of a peculiar

culiar tree, called by some the Nicobar cedar, and growing in great abundance on all the southern islands. About these trees, when in blossom or bearing fruit, I have seen innumerable flocks of these birds, flying or fluttering like bees round a shrub or tree in full flower, and am of opinion that they were gathering the materials for their nests. These birds, as I have before observed, dwell in the crevices of rocks, flying in and out, and building their nests close together, like martins or swallows. The hen constructs a neat, large, well-shaped nest, calculated for laying and hatching her eggs; and the cock contrives to fix another, smaller and rather more clumsy, close to his mate; for they are not only built for the purpose of laying eggs, but for resting places whence they may take wing. If they are robbed of them, they immediately fall to work to build others; and being remarkably active, are able to finish enough in a day to support the weight of their bodies, though they require about three weeks to finish a nest. During the north-east trade wind they are all alive, and fly about briskly; but as soon as the wind comes round to the south-west, they sit or lie in their nests in a state of stupor, and shew animation only by a kind of tremulous motion over their whole body. If their nests were taken away at that season, the poor birds must infallibly perish.

ON Tuesday, the 24th instant, a Sea Eagle was shot at Rollesby, Norfolk, which measured from tip to tip of his wings, when expanded, seven feet six inches; in length from the crown of his head to the tip of his tail, three feet, and across

the wing, when opened, one foot six inches. This bird is found in various parts of Europe and America; it lays only two eggs during the year, and frequently produces only one young one; it is, however, widely dispersed, and was met with in Botany Bay. It lives chiefly on fish, and haunts the sea shore, borders of lakes, and rivers; and is said to see so distinctly in the dark, as to pursue and catch its prey during the night.—One of this species seized and took up into the air a live cat, in its talons; but the latter, after a severe conflict, brought down its antagonist to the ground. The circumstance is recorded by Mr. Barlow, who was an eye witness of the fact.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED QUALITY IN GOATS.

A Scotch Correspondent of a London weekly newspaper, in a recent letter to the Editor, makes the following inquiry; and states a novel circumstance:—

“Pray have you heard that goats eat serpents? In no book that I have met with do I see this stated, but several people here affirm it. Captain Scott here assures me he saw it once when hunting; he says, that as soon as the goat saw the adder, he ran and seized it with avidity, and began to eat, always shaking his head, as to prevent its biting, and making gratulatory noise all the time it was enjoying its singular repast. One farmer I was acquainted with had a farm that was much infested with adders—a large sheep-farm: he bought fifty goats for the professed purpose of removing these troublesome neighbours, and I was assured that after two summers they were completely removed.”

THE HIGHFLYER CONTRO-
VERSY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,
NOTWITHSTANDING the witticisms and admirable pleasantry of your *knowing* correspondent, Z. A. I shall break a lance on the interesting dispute respecting Highflyer. In the first place it must be readily admitted, that no man, from great practical experience, has more weight to settle this disputed question than Mr. Lawrence; but with all deference to his superior researches, those who have erred on this point have indubitable authority on their side, and which, in ordinary cases, must carry conviction with every unprejudiced observer; be this as it may, the partisans of Highflyer appear more than usually concerned to set the matter completely at rest; while on the other hand, their adversaries strive to convince the world that this is a popular error, although supported by men of great experience and undoubted veracity; but let them remember, that when popular errors are adopted by those who are regarded as beacons to conduct us over this slippery course, they are made venerable and very difficult to eradicate. The Editor of this publication has twice asserted this famous horse was never beaten or ever paid a forfeit; and in some original lines written by a disinterested follower of the turf, as a tribute to the memory of this celebrated stallion, it is affirmed, "He ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic plain."

Mr. Taplin, under the article of Highflyer, asserts, he won every stakes he started for with ease.—

VOL. XLV.—No. 268.

Mr. Weatherby, author of a most valuable mass of information, for which the lovers of the turf will be indebted to the latest posterity, deviates from his general plan, and affirms that Highflyer has been confounded, owing to an error in the Racing Calendar, with a nameless colt by Herod, out of Marotte.—J. B. who has taken up the subject with commendable perseverance, introduces a variety of circumstances, demonstrating beyond all doubt, that he was uniformly successful. And lastly, Mr. Robson, a very competent judge, declares he never was beaten, and that the marginal note in Weatherby's stud book is perfectly correct.—Besides, what interest could men of this stamp have in maintaining that the Racing Calendar was false? if he had been in existence, and in the plenitude of success, such a report was most natural, and ought to be expected, but as he was no more, to blazon forth his reputation by means of a falsity, would be subversive of the very end it was intended, particularly as his proprietor was deprived of those pecuniary services which unquestionably preserved him from the fate of the high-mettled racer. Nevertheless, I am well aware this question has been publicly canvassed over at Medley's, by the votaries of the turf, and that bets were paid to those who backed the affirmative side, that Highflyer had been beaten; but still this does not amount even to a partial conviction of the fact, for nothing on earth can be more fallacious than the probability of an error in the Racing Calendar, particularly as they never bestirred themselves with any degree of earnestness to ascertain its correctness; in fact, these were men of a cer-
Z tain

tain description, whose whole souls are so absorbed with betting, that let what will occur, they must hazard a certain sum of money on the possibility of its befalling according to their calculations; but what surprises me is, that those who had lost their money should be so neglectful of furnishing the necessary proofs, which induced them thus to acknowledge a conviction of the fact. If these proofs had been brought forward, then there would have been an end to all enquiry, but as it remains at present, with such undoubted authorities, there is wide room for conjecture, which, in all likelihood, will continue so till some decisive stroke places it beyond the probability of the slightest doubt, and indeed, the whole dispute turns on so fine a basis, that I greatly question if ever it will be set completely at rest.

Now, after all that has been written upon the subject, I'll for one moment exalt myself into the chair of justice—review the various arguments on both sides, and after the investigation, with the impartiality of a judge, pronounce a verdict accordingly; now we will suppose that verdict to be—*That Highflyer was never beaten or ever paid a forfeit*;—then, on the other hand, I shall not be presumptuous to maintain that justice has not been done to his vast powers, and that he ought to be ranked with the best of them, either Childers or Eclipse, for most assuredly Highflyer was not deficient in a single requisite to constitute him one of the best horses this kingdom ever produced; but no man can peruse their astonishing performances without reflecting on our deficiency, our total inability, to point out one racer as a rival

to these renowned conquerors.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Z. B.

P. S. Since the above was written, I have perused Mr. Robson's letter with more than ordinary attention, and the result is, after making every allowance, I cannot devise how Mr. R. can reconcile these three seeming inconsistencies—that Highflyer was never beaten—that the Marotte colt was dead—and that Lord Bolingbroke had but one Herod colt in training that year; till this is satisfactorily explained, candour compels me to pause and reflect before an hasty decision is given on this interesting controversy.

For the Sporting Magazine.

HUMOUROUS ETYMOLOGIES.

AS in the infancy of trade it is likely that much itinerancy was used, and as most venders were originally the *vocal* advertisers of their own commodities, it is probable that a *trade* was denominated a *calling*. Hence we have *walking braziers* to mend pots or kettles, and *walking stationers*; though it seems a curious blunder to call those *stationers* who are fixed to no *station*. As a customer is one accustomed to come to your shop, a chance customer is one who comes into your shop by chance. Trade too has its *riders* or *horsemen*; these names might be suitably applied to gentlemen's servant; for in these equestrian times, it seems ridiculous to be perpetually seeing *footmen* on *horseback* riding after their masters. There is another absurdity in calling the keepers of inns and taverns *landlords*; and if it be meant that they are

house

house lords, this is equally absurd; for so far from their being lords at all, it is their professed business to be the very obedient humble servants of every one. A whimsical etymologist has derived husband from *hussy* and *band*, or one bound to a hussy, and *wife* from *why if*, from the hesitating negative "*why if*," and *married* from *mare-rid*, alluding to the grey mare. It is likewise said from *pillar to post*, ought to be from *pillow to post*, originating from the matrimonial exercise of kicking from one end of the bed to the other. *Parents* too is easily deducible from *pay rents*.—The word *son* too, may also come from *so on*, happily expressive of the continuity or natural progression of families. —*Hum bug*, plainly indicates the musical ears of those animals, which render them liable to be enticed from their holes by the humming of a tune.—*Huzzars*, is a contraction of *Huzzaers*, from the cry of victory, of late so much in use with our gallant defenders. —The *idols* of ancient Rome, which are said by Dr. Conyers Middleton to have been newly christened and canonized, seem naturally derived from *high dolls*; and the *puppet* or *poppet* shows from the *popish shows*.

TRAITS OF A ROYAL SPORTSMAN.

A Learned English traveller who visited Naples, a short time before the late King was compelled by the French to take refuge in Sicily, says, "As to the character of the King, two traits may serve to give an idea of it. He is a great billiard-player, and adjoining to the billiard room has a small

oratory, with a figure of the Virgin, to which he addresses himself when any great sum is depending! He is extremely fond of hunting the wild boar, and partakes of that amusement almost every day. The least appearance of a thunderstorm used alone to interrupt him; but of late his royal courage braves this danger undaunted, for he is provided with a little image of some anti-electric Saint, which being worn in his bosom, he looks upon as a sure protection. These little foibles, however, do not lessen his character as a benevolent and well-meaning sovereign."

HISTORY OF THE BRAZEN HORSE AT ROME.

From an Old Latin Pamphlet, 8vo. entitled "Mirabilia Romæ; or, the Wonders of Rome."

THE author sets out by observing, that the equestrian statue in the capitol, now ignorantly called Marcus Aurelius, of a certain brazen and gilt horse, called the horse of Constantinople, is not so. "Let those," he says, "who wish to know the truth, read what follows." "In the time of the Consuls and Senators, a certain very powerful king from the east, came towards Rome, afflicting the Romans with great ravages and combats. Upon which a certain warlike rustic, of great fortitude and valour, said to the consuls and senators, 'What would he deserve from the senate, who should deliver you from your present tribulation?' They answered him, saying, 'Whatever he shall ask, that he shall obtain.' Upon which he replied, 'Find me thirty talents of gold and immortalize my memory, by causing to be made a brazen horse

horse with my figure upon it; on these conditions I will deliver you in a short time.' They all agreed to the conditions. 'Then,' said he, 'arise in the middle of the night, and be all well armed, waiting in the cave below the walls, and do whatever I shall bid you.' They instantly agreed to this. The rustic directly mounted his largest horse, without any saddle, and taking a scythe, went into the fields as if meaning to gather grass, when he saw the King for some necessary occasion coming to a tree, upon which a bird sat singing most delightfully. This being perceived by the peasant, he approached very near it, which the King's attendants perceiving, and supposing him to be one of their own people, began to cry out, 'Fellow, don't touch the King; if you meddle with him, you shall be hanged.' The rustic, however, despising their threats, and being a strong fellow, and the King but small of stature, he suddenly seized him, and catching him up, placed his majesty before him upon the horse, flying with all speed to the city, crying with a loud voice to the citizens, 'Come forth and destroy the King's army, for here he is himself before me, a captive.' Upon which they all came out and made a great slaughter, the remainder of the enemy's army being put to flight. After the triumph, the Romans paid him the gold he had demanded, and made a statue to his memory, which they erected before the Lateran palace, sitting on a brazen horse gilt; his right hand with which he seized the King, being stretched forth. Upon the King's head they placed a representation of the bird, whose singing had been the occasion of their victory. There was also a

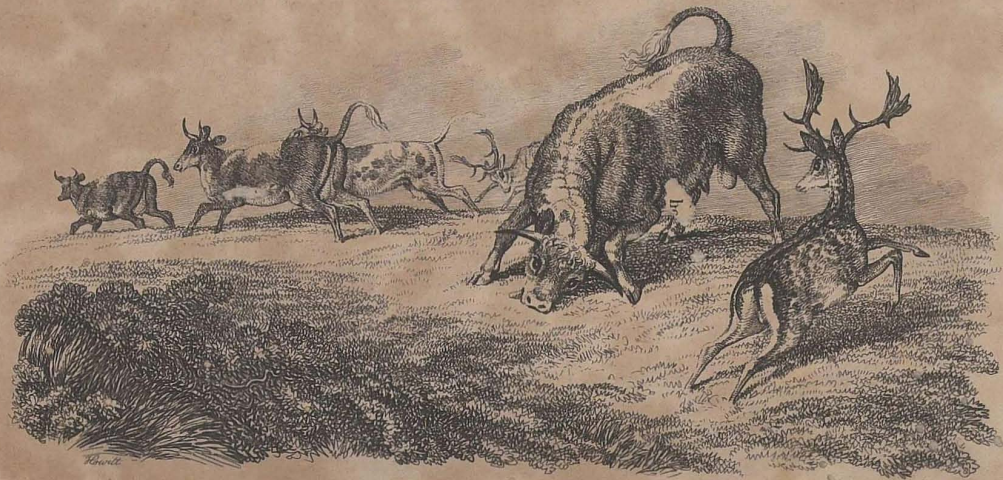
figure of the King, of a small size, with his hands tied behind him as he was taken, placed under the above mentioned."

In the reign of Tiberius there came to Rome, two young philosophers, named Praxiteles and Phidias, who professed to be endowed with such wisdom, that whatever the Emperor spoke in his chamber, they, though absent, would repeat to him, word for word, and this they performed, only requesting, that instead of any pecuniary reward, their memory might be immortalized. These philosophers, therefore, being represented upon two horses striking the earth with their hoofs, signify the princes of this world. Their arms are lifted up, and their fingers bent in the action of explaining futurity; and they are represented naked, to show that all mundane wisdom was naked and open before them!—The reader can very probably dispense with any further extracts from this pedantic burlesque upon chivalrous history.

TAME DEER PURSUING CATTLE.

An Etching.

A Gentleman Farmer in Staffordshire, kept for some time a brace of tame bucks about his premises; they pastured in an adjoining field, or fed with the cattle in the farm yard, but as it invariably happens, their impudence became too troublesome. In summer time when the cows were feeding in distant places, to which the deer could not be taken with them, they would not unfrequently set off together, and drive them home at a gallop, distressing the cattle and spoiling



TAME DEER PURSUING CATTLE.

spoiling the meal's milk. If any resisted, they were too nimble for a cow to oppose, and goading her with their antlers in the hind quarters, soon forced her on with the rest. They have even ventured in concert to attack the bull, but in him they met with too formidable an opponent.

THE GAME IN THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND, &c.

A Private Gentleman, describing a voyage to the Hebrides, &c. dates his first letter from the island of Troada, at the distance of a league from Sky. The former is only two miles and a half in circumference, he says, is surrounded by vast rocks, one opening to the east, excepted, which forms a little bay. Many beautiful birds were on the cliffs; the *sea-pie*, *sea-pheasant*, and *St. Cuthbert's duck*; and on the water, near the rocks, there were thousands of *lummies* and *razor bills*, swimming and diving for food. We saw two *flamingos* in the bay, waddling up to the middle of their long legs. A gentleman with us shot one. On the land side, were rabbits, with long tails. The *sea-pie* is what Gesner calls the *hymantopus*, and has been by some called the *sea mag-pye*, because its feathers are a mixture of black and white. The bird is eighteen inches, from the extremity of the bill to the end of its tail, its head very small, its eyes very large and bright, its beak an inch long, and of a beautiful red, its wings are very long and large, its legs are very long, and of the finest scarlet, and its three toes of the same colour; it has no toe behind. We found it true, what

an excellent poet says of this bird, and the *fulmar*, on a rising storm.

—“The sea-pie ceased
At once to warble. Screaming from his
nest,
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward
flight,
From shore to sea. On came before her
hour
Invading night, and hung the troubled sky,
With fearful blackness round. Sad
Ocean's face,
A curling undulation, shivery swept
From wave to wave; and now impetuous
rose
Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his
wing;
Then raging south, and, headlong'er these
seas,
Fell horrible, with broad descending blast.

Whenever the sea-pie ceases, and the fulmar comes in vast flocks from the islands, the seamen are sure of a storm.

The forked tail of the sea pheasant, distinguishes it from all other ducks. The body is black, the neck and head white, with two black spots on each side. It is bigger than a wigeon, and has very large black eyes; its beak is something sharper than a wild duck, of a bright red in the middle. We shot many of them, and found them delicious eating. *St. Cuthbert's duck* is a beautiful bird, and of all birds has the softest feather. The male is milk white, except its tail, which is black; the female is the colour of a woodcock, with one vein of white running over the wings. This duck is excellent eating, and their eggs are most delicious, as the egg of the plover is not to be compared with it. The *lumme* is a fine bird, equal in size with the common wild duck. The breast and belly white as snow, the beak and wings of a shining black, marked with white spots, most of which are square; the neck and head are a glossy bluish grey, the eyes large, bright, and penetrating; a few

a feathered ornament on its head, resembles a hood; they are web-footed, and exceed all other birds in diving and continuing longest under water. This bird lays but one egg, which is fine eating, though not so rich as the St. Cuthbert duck egg, and its flesh is better than the wild duck. The *razor-bill* is about the size of a *teal*; the legs of this bird standing as far back as those of the *lumme*, render it almost unable to walk: its wings being very short, assist it in moving swiftly on the water; both the bird and the eggs are good eating, and though it lays but one, the number of these birds renders them very plentiful at Troada. The *flamingo* is not a very common bird: it is very tall, but the body is not large. It wades as far as it can, and with its neck nearly two yards long, easily takes up the fish, which its bright eyes perceives at the bottom. The head, neck, and body of the bird are white, the long feathers of the broad short wings are black: but the covering feathers of them are of a glowing scarlet. The beak is about a foot long, strong and broad, terminating in a point, but the flesh is not good.

The rabbit with a long tail, is larger than our common rabbit, and its fur very valuable; the colour a beautiful grey, with streaks of black; the tail being half a yard long, makes it seem a very different creature from our rabbit and hare; its ears are much longer than those of our hares; its flesh is white as the rabbit's, but wild and higher than the hare. These rabbits are not to be found on the other western islands.

But the fish about these islands are not so harmless as the fowls (the eagles excepted). One day,

after having passed away several hours in music and fishing, and at night sitting down to cod and salmon and some other kinds we had taken, we had nearly paid dearly for our fish, our hands having inadvertently pulled up a *wolf-fish*. It was six feet long, and proportionably thick, and had a vast flat head, which opened in a tremendous manner; its extended mouth was wide enough to receive a child, and its teeth sufficient to break any bones in an instant; it had not only double rows of strong frightful tusks, but its palate and part of its throat were full of teeth; its eyes were large, prominent, and fierce in its look: it was a dreadful figure. I was sure my head was gone, as I happened to be the nearest to it. It was too much for the sailors, and they cried out to us, "Run away! run away! we cannot manage it!" But this was not in our power; and if Mr. Scarlett, our Captain, had not, by a fortunate blow of a hatchet, split its head as it advanced, I must have perished; and probably several more of the company, as its head and jaws were entirely at liberty, and only the great hook, or harpoon in its side, with a rope about its middle. Even when dead, it appeared dreadful, though the body was variegated with the finest colours.

Lewis is at present a very different place from what it was in Mr. Martin's time, that is, in the latter end of the seventeenth century; a description very valuable, as being the first, and only account we had of these countries; but as to a full and accurate description, it is a very poor and imperfect piece. I was only on four or five of the western islands, and I am sure even the natural history of those few, and

and the curiosities belonging to them, would make four or five volumes of the size of Mr. Martin's book. In one of the great hills of Lewis there is a vast cave of black rock, a dismal frightful place, which looks like a scooped mountain, and strikes one with horror. There is a hideous noise within it, as if it admitted the sea at its bottom. We proceeded more than four hundred yards into it; and as long as we found the bottom hard we were without fear; but here by an accident we had nearly been lost. By some unguarded turn, we lost sight of the day light which appears at the entrance, and was at a loss how to proceed. Out of curiosity we had foolishly gone too far without looking behind us, and had proceeded insensibly much nearer to the dreadful noise. Not the least ray of light could we behold; but thinking it best to remain stationary, our own light having been extinguished by a sudden current of air, we remained in that dreary situation more than two hours, till Mr. Bannerman and our friends happily came in quest of us. It is scarcely necessary to add, that our deliverance was like a kind of resurrection; and we afterwards found that instead of going straight on, we had turned to the left, and should probably have been irrecoverably lost in a labyrinth of caves if we had attempted to find our way back in the dark.

Among the game of Lewis, the bird called the *Pope* is as large as a wild duck, and of a bright black in its head, neck, back, and wings; the breast and belly the purest white; a circle of black on the throat looks like a necklace. The eyes are blue and large; the legs red and short, and placed so far backward that when it stands it

appears almost on its tail. This bird, made for skimming swiftly on the water, is assisted by its little short wings. The flesh is fishy, but eats like a fine herring. The *Pelican* here is as large as a Swan, and its plumage a fine silvery grey; and though this bird flies with the greatest strength and celerity, like the Swan, it is most frequently seen on the water. The flesh of the *Pelican* is not good. The *Shoveller* is as big as our wild duck, and in colour like the common drake—it is delicious eating. The *Golden Eye* here is a beautiful creature, as its white and black colours are mixed with a bright prevailing green. Some people call it the *Four Eyes*, because two round spots at the angles of its beak, resemble eyes. Roasted, it eats fine. The *Spoon Bill* is a milk white bird, about the size of the Wild Goose, but shaped like the Stork. It has a strange and loud cry; it feeds on fish and frogs; but itself is not eatable.

HAMBLETONIAN AND DIAMOND.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IF any of your sporting readers can favour me with a particular and true account of the celebrated race between Hambletonian and Diamond, over the Beacon Course, in the year 1799, by inserting it in your Magazine, they will much oblige a constant reader, and lover of the turf,

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

Worcester, Jan. 16, 1815.

Perhaps our Correspondent will find what he desires at page 309 of our Thirteenth Volume.

HIPPO,

HIPPO, A CHARACTER.

To Z. A.

HIPPO, in the hey-day of his youthful blood, was left in possession of an immense fortune, which his thrifty ancestors had accumulated with indefatigable labour. But he, a lad of spirit, educated in the school of dissipation, before the heedlessness of unthinking youth was past, rushed into every blandishment of the turf, and retained one of the finest studs in training at Newmarket. He was foremost in every match and sweepstakes of consequence, and vainly imagined that fortune had given him a second Eclipse to win great sums and replenish his wasted coffers. At length, from the repeated challenges which were banded forth, this imaginary phenomenon was engaged in a match of great magnitude; and after retracing the pedigree both of sire and dam, and finding no blot in their escutcheon, victory was pronounced easy and certain. But Hippo, a mere novice to the tricks of the turf, left the whole affair in the hands of a faithful groom, at whose instigation he betted vast sums on the issue of the contest. In fine, the great, the important day arrived, when both racers were brought in admirable condition to the starting post; the merits of each were then canvassed with a scrutinising eye, and bets ran high on the imaginary favourite. In short, to wave the note of preparation, the signal was given for starting, and these rapid coursers appear to outstrip the very wind; each rider exerting his utmost skill to obtain a trifling advantage—now repressing his steed, then exciting him to greater efforts, till the contest becomes extremely animating—neck and

neck—every nerve outstretched in contention for superiority—when, oh! dire mischance, amidst the shouts of thousands, which shook the very welkin, the favourite was beat above a neck. Poor Hippo, during the contest, was picturing to himself in schemes of happiness, the increased splendour he should re-appear upon the turf, if Fortune would be propitious to his wishes; but, alas! the defeat he encountered soon suppressed these inordinate chimeras; and Hippo, with the remnants of his shattered fortune, retired to some sequestered spot, exhibiting a melancholy memento to the falsity of that belauded observation, that no man can purchase *experience* too dear.

Z. B.

ODDITIES OF FASHION.

THE tyranny of fashion has been often acknowledged, but seldom resisted. Few minds have strength enough to oppose its influence, and before its shrine we see the strong and the weak, the ignorant and the wise, perpetually bowing in the most humble adoration. Whence are derived those bulky and ponderous wigs that give wisdom and authority to the Judges of the land? They must at one time have been the general head-dress of the country, though now engrossed by wisdom and science alone, and must be considered as a venerable remnant of remote antiquity. They were certainly once the fashion; but how ridiculous would a *petit maitre* now appear traversing the streets under such a covering, with his little silk hat under his arm, his perfumed handkerchief in the one hand, and his snuff box in the other? Fashion

soon reconciles us to the most ridiculous, the most inconvenient, and the most preposterous habits, but the fair sex are peculiarly its victims. They would rather be out of the world than out of the fashion. The weaker the mind, the more powerful is the influence of this almost irresistible deity. Look at our young gentlemen parading the streets in the heat of summer with great coats covered with fur, and others who follow at a humble distance in a similar attire, though they have scarcely, perhaps, a shirt on their backs, or a penny in their pockets. We have lately seen some of our buxom lasses sporting their high and broad crowned bonnets, in imitation of the Duchess of Oldenburgh, who gratified the town so highly by her visit, and her laudable propriety of conduct. Should this fashion once become general, it is difficult to say to what height these bonnets may be carried, till they appear in St. James's or the Green Park as so many inverted pyramids, or so many moving milk pails over the heads of our graceful but diminished beauties.

A traveller in France nearly a century ago gives the following description of the French Ladies :— " It is impossible to judge, says he, speaking of the ladies, whether they are really such as they seem to be. Their faces are generally borrowed, and they make them in the morning before they go abroad. They put on a mask, which looks very handsome, with white, red, blue, and black. The two last colours serve to paint the veins and eyebrows; the black is also made use of to change the colour of the hair, should it be too light, or approaching to the colour of the carrot. The same woman that you

saw fair one day will next day be a smart brunette; for the figure which a French Lady is to make all day is determined in the morning by her fancy, by her looking-glass, or by the advice of her chamber-maid."

As to the shape and stature of the women of France, continues the manuscript, it is altogether as counterfeited and uncertain as the features of their faces. By the help of two little stilts, to which they give the name of shoes, clogs, or pattens, a woman makes herself taller by a foot or two, if she thinks fit, without its being perceived how she does it, because her petticoats and gown conceal the enormous size of her heels from the public view. This fashion was also introduced into England, but it was only of short duration, as John Bull was too jealous of his dignity to permit himself to be overlooked every moment by his dear half. Had the English ladies not dropped this practice, their husbands, in their own defence, would certainly have adopted the high heeled boots of Lord Darnly, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and others of that period, who wished to frighten the English by their gigantic stature.

Formerly, as I have been told, adds the manuscript, the French women, thinking their feet did not contribute enough to their stature, raised themselves still higher by means of their head dress. They wore on their heads a little pyramid of linen edged with lace, and nicely supported by wire; when it often happened that a woman who was really but three feet from heel to head, appeared as tall as a giant. But this fashion did not last long, for two reasons; the first was, that the tall women thought it

very much to their disadvantage, and the second that the head dress was often longer and higher than the woman who wore it; and it might with truth be said, that most of the French women were walking pyramids of linen.

It is not very long ago since the cumbersome hoop was the reigning mode in most of the countries of Europe, and it still continues in England to be used by the ladies on court and gala days, in compliment to their great grandmothers, though nothing can be more ridiculous or preposterous. What would the Grecian or Roman dames have said to such an article of dress, or what sort of figures would the most skilful of the ancient statuaries have made, with such an incumbrance? Praxiteles himself, the celebrated Grecian sculptor, would in vain have employed his chisel on subjects so equipped and so encumbered. In vain would he have looked for nature, where there was nothing but the grossest affectation and absurdity.

ANTIQUITY OF COCK-FIGHTING.

THE origin of this sport is said to be derived from the Athenians, on the following occasion:—When Themistocles was marching his army against the Persians, he by the way espying two cocks fighting, caused his army to behold them, and made the following speech to them?—"Behold, these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one

will not give way unto the other." This so encouraged the Grecians, that they fought strenuously, and obtained the victory over the Persians, upon which cock-fighting was, by a particular law, ordained to be annually practised by the Athenians. Though the ancient Greeks piqued themselves upon being the most refined and accomplished people in the world, calling all other nations barbarous, yet it has been clearly proved, that they were the authors of this mode of diversion.

The inhabitants of Delos were great lovers of this sport; and Tanagra, a city of Bœotia, the Isle of Rhodes, Chalces in Eubœa, and the country of Media, were all famous for their generous and magnanimous race of chickens. It appears they had a method of preparing the birds for battle. Cock-fighting was an institution partly religious and partly political at Athens, and was continued for the purpose of improving the seeds of valour in the minds of their youths. But it was afterwards abused, and perverted both there and in other parts of Greece, to common pastime and amusement, without any moral, political, or religious intention, and as it is now so generally followed and practised amongst us. It appears that the Romans, who borrowed this, among many other things, from Greece, used *quails*, as well as cocks, for fighting. The first cause of contention between the two brothers, Bassianus Caracalla and Geta, sons of the Emperor Septimius Severus, happened in their youth about fighting their *quails* and *cocks*. The Romans brought this sport into Britain, where they found a fine race of cocks all ready for their barbarous amusement.

QUEEN'S

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

QUEEN'S PLATE AT CHELMSFORD.

From the London Gazette, Dec. 31, 1814.

THIS is to give Notice, that the Chelmsford Royal Plate, (commonly called the Queen's Plate) is not to be run for, for the future, by three and four-years-old mares only, but by mares of all ages, carrying the following weights, viz.

Three years old, 7st.

Four years old, 8st. 5lb.

Five years old, 8st. 11lb.

Six years old and aged, 9st. 2lb.

By order of his Grace the Duke of Montrose, Master of the Horse to his Majesty.

WM. PARKER,
Clerk of the Stables.

The King's Mews, Dec. 31, 1814.

EXCESS OF GAMING IN PARIS.

(Observations made during a three months' residence there.)

MY last observations related to the gambling houses. They are to be found in all parts of Paris, but the greater number are in the Palais Royal. In a large suite of apartments, opening to its whole extent, you see from three to six tables; on these the games of *Jeux et Noir*, *Roulette*, and *Dice*, a sort of hazard, are constantly played. At these tables the lowest stake received is two francs, and from this sum any person may set up to the whole amount on the table, which is usually very considerable. If any one is desirous to play for a still larger sum, one of the directors of the bank is consulted, and the sum is instantly sent for. The various banks have

always half a million sterling at command. At each table there are six persons, constantly employed in turning the wheel, dealing the cards, and paying and receiving money; those persons are paid by the directors of the banks. To an unconcerned spectator, it is curious to contrast the unruffled coolness and habitual phlegm of those persons, with the ever-varying passions of those who are playing—while hope, fear, joy, and despair, rise in maddening succession on the features of the players, the conductors of the game sit perfectly calm; habit has rendered them callous to the effect of chance, and they have been so long accustomed to behold the ruin of others, that it fails to excite in them even the smallest evidence of sympathy: while from losing gamblers, strange curses and execrations are momentarily heard, no sound ever escapes the conductor, except that which is made by drawing in the money won, or by dealing out that which is due to successful adventurers, operations which they perform with equal indifference. At one moment you see a man enter the room with a few Napoleons only, and quit it the next, loaded with wealth. On the contrary, you, perhaps, see a man sit down with a fortune, and shortly after rise with nothing but despair. In short, the scene is a horrible one; but that which is the most disgusting part of the system, is the admission of ladies to some of those tables. To see a woman playing, (I have seen twenty at a time,) a young, and elegant, and beautiful woman; that beauty distorted by passion; to see her delicate frame racked and tortured by the alternate influence of hope and fear; to think her a wife and

mother; to imagine her own and her husband's honour, and the welfare of her children dependent on her last stake; to see that stake lost; to see her fixed at once, as by enchantment, motionless and stupefied, her faculties all suspended, with curses in her heart, which she has not breath to utter, and then to see her start wildly from her seat, and rush out of the room, with desperate thoughts, or perhaps with thoughts entirely annihilated, is an exhibition which no one with a grain of feeling would wish to witness a second time. This vice of gaming tends much to deprave the manners and morals of the Parisian women; and there is little doubt, that many a young female, when she had lost her last Napoleon, has bartered her chastity for an additional stake.

HACKNEY COACHES.

EVERY person who resides in, or has occasion to visit the metropolis, must be perfectly aware of the very disgraceful state in which so many of the hackney-coaches have been allowed for some years past to appear in the streets, to the great inconvenience and risk of all those who have occasion to make use of them.—By way of remedying the evil, the Lords of the Treasury have recently sanctioned the appointment of an additional number of Hackney-coach Inspectors, who are to have different districts allotted to them in the metropolis, and are to make daily examinations of all the hackney-coaches and horses in their respective districts, and report the same to the Commissioners of Hackney Coaches every month.

Each Inspector will be furnished

with a book, in which he is to enter the name and place of abode of every hackney coach owner in his district.

The chief duty of the Inspectors is to see that every coach be decent, clean, strong, and fit, in every respect, for the accommodation of the public: for this purpose they must ascertain that the body of each coach be wind and weather proof.

The inside must be kept clean, and in good repair.

The glasses must not be broken, and be easily pulled up.

The outside to have a respectable and decent appearance, and that there be every thing necessary and proper for the equipment of a coach; such as check and collar braces, holders, with a foot-board behind, for the accommodation of a servant.

Particular attention must be paid to the driving boxes, which have hitherto been of the very worst description: they must either be furnished with a proper hammer-cloth, or, if a dickey, with leather, properly nailed on; but they must on no account be suffered to remain in the state in which many of them now are.

The steps must be constantly inspected and examined, to see that they be sufficiently strong to admit a heavy person to get in and out of the coach in safety; they must hang upright and straight, in order to avoid the accidents which frequently happen in slippery weather.

The springs and wheels must also be constantly examined.

Particular attention must be paid to the plates.

No owner or driver must be suffered to chalk the number of his coach without first obtaining leave in writing.

Hackney

Hackney coach horses are not to be suffered to be worked when under fourteen hands high; they must be of a sufficient strength to draw the coaches; every species of cruelty that may be observed to be exercised towards them must be immediately noticed: such horses as require constant whipping and flogging to make them move, are to be considered as unfit to be used, and must be reported accordingly.

The Inspectors are to see that all the watering men wear their badges or numbers.

These men must be made answerable for the due regulation of their respective stands, and must keep the coaches at the proper distance from each other, which is eight feet asunder, and which will allow sufficient room for carriages to pass between them.

Frequent complaints having been made of drivers being absent from their coaches when they are wanted, and also of their drawing their coaches to the sides of the pavement, under the pretence of their being hired, the Inspectors will, in future, be expected to attend very particularly to these abuses, and to summon every driver who shall be found guilty of such practices.

No person to drive a coach who is not at least sixteen years of age.

The Inspectors are to summon every driver who shall be found working his coach as a stage.

Each Inspector will have a distinct division allotted him, and will in some degree be considered as answerable for those coaches and horses in that division which shall be found in an improper state.

HISTORY OF CARDS, DICE, AND LOTTERIES.

From Rouse's "*Doctrine of Chances*," just published.

CARDS.

CARDS were always made of paper, and seem to have been invented about the year 1390, to divert Charles VI. of France, who had fallen into a melancholy disposition.

One Jaquemin Gringonneur, a painter in Paris, appears to have been the inventor, from the following article in the treasurer's account:—"Paid 56 shillings of Paris to Jaquemin Gringonneur, the painter, for three packs of cards, gilded with gold, and painted with divers colours and divers devices, to be carried to the king for his amusement, &c." a great price in those times; but their gilding and painting required much art.

The four suits were meant to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. The hearts denoted the ecclesiastics. The nobility or prime military part of the kingdom were represented by points of lances, or the spades. Diamonds denoted the order of merchants or tradesmen; and the trefoil leaf (or clubs) alluded to the husbandmen and peasants. The four kings represented David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names were on the French cards formerly; these names exhibit the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. By the queens are represented Argine, (anagram for Regina), Esther, Judith, and Pallas; typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. By the knaves were designed

signed servants to knights, or the knights themselves.

The first certain notice of their having been known in England, occurs in a record in the time of Edward IV. ; on an application of the card-makers to parliament, A. D. 1463, an act was made against the importation of playing cards, 3d Edward IV. c. 4. From this statute it appears, that card-playing and card-making were known and practised in England before this period, or about 50 years after the era of their supposed invention.

Mr. Gough observes, the use of cards among the Chinese is evident, not only from a Chinese painting representing their playing with something much like cards, but also from a pack of Chinese cards in his possession, made of the same materials as the European, but the devices are very different. The method of making playing cards seems to have given the first hint to the invention of printing, as appears from the first specimens of printing at Haerlem, and those in the Bodleian library.

To enumerate the chances, or the different ways or orders in which 52 cards can be placed, common multiplication is only necessary; for, by the law of permutations, we must multiply as many terms of the natural series of numbers as there are things proposed, continually together.

In this case, all the numbers, from 52 to 1 inclusive, must be multiplied together, which would produce a sum almost beyond human belief; we need go no further than the changes of every 13 cards in 52 to excite astonishment; for, if the cards were each only one square inch in size, there would be more than sufficient to cover *sixty-*

four thousand such worlds as we inhabit.

The number of chances of 13 cards in 52 are found by multiplying 13 terms, or the numbers from 52 to 40 inclusive, together; the product consists of 22 places of figures, and as every position or order requires 13 cards, each supposed a square inch in size, this product must be multiplied by 13, which will give the number of square inches that the cards would cover; this divided by the number of square inches in the area of the earth, which only embrace 18 places of figures, will give the above result.

DICE.

Dice are said to have been invented by *Palamedes*, at the siege of Troy, for the amusement of the soldiers.

LOTTERIES.

A lottery is the determining any event by lot, a practice frequently resorted to by the Israelites; as, by lot it was determined which of the goats should be offered by Aaron; by lot the land of Canaan was divided; by lot Saul was marked out for the Hebrew kingdom; by lot Jonah was discovered to be the cause of the storm. It was considered an appeal to heaven to determine the point, and was thought not to depend on blind chance, or that imaginary being, called *Fortune*, who

“ ——— with malicious joy,
“ Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
“ And makes a LOTTERY of life.”

As games of chance, they are said to be invented by the Romans to enliven their festivals. Some of their prizes were of great value, as a good estate and slaves, or rich vases; others, of little or no value,

as a few flies, or vases of common earth. A lottery of this kind exhibited an excellent picture of that inequality of fortune which attends persons in this world.

The application of lotteries to the service of a country originated at Genoa, in Italy, where it had been long customary to choose annually, by ballot, 5 members of the senate (which was composed of 90 persons), in order to form a particular council. Some persons took this opportunity of laying bets, that the lot would fall on such or such senators. The government seeing with what eagerness the people interested themselves in these bets, conceived the idea of establishing a lottery on the same principle, which was attended with so great success, that all the cities of Italy wished to participate in it, and sent large sums of money to Genoa for that purpose. To increase the revenues of the church, the Pope was induced to establish one of the same kind at Rome; the inhabitants of which place became so fond of this species of gambling, that they often deprived themselves and their families of the necessaries of life, that they might have money to lay out in the lottery.

This fondness of gaming in lotteries, is probably encouraged by "our overrating the difference between one permanent situation and another," as between *poverty* and *riches*, which an elegant writer considers to be the great source of the misery of human life. The poor man, whose mind is engaged to provide for the passing day, and whose health is preserved by his labour, can neither feel nor see any trouble but what the possession of riches will remove. The two great causes of unhappiness to those

raised above physical want, viz. *ennui* and the *desire of being fashionable*, so correctly touched on by Miss Edgeworth, are unknown to the poor; they are likely, therefore, to overrate the difference between themselves and the wealthy; and thus believing that every care can be removed and every pleasure enjoyed by the possession of a few thousands, what road to acquire this *summum bonum* of life can be shorter, easier, or more inviting, than that of a lottery? The mere turn of a wheel—without trouble or fatigue; if not *certain*—'tis *possible*;—what's *possible*—may *happen*;—if in *luck*,—a single chance may prevail over thousands. This *pleasing hope*, from the purchase to the drawing, is really worth something, and indeed every thing is worth nothing without hope, for,

"Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse:"

and, the more HAPPINESS is examined, the more it will be found to depend on HOPE;

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

"The final view of all rational politics is to produce the greatest quantity of happiness in a given tract of country." "The happiness of a country is the happiness of the people in it." Now, as all happiness depends on that pleasing expectation called HOPE, what measure could be imagined equal to a lottery? which not only enables every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, to purchase for a small sum the prospect of independence, but at the same time increases the revenue of the country it is thus rendering happy; and the circumstance of there being but few capital prizes in each lottery,

tery, is really in favour of the system; for, if every adventurer obtained his desired object the first trial, there would be an end to that HOPE arising from the *pursuit*, and on which all human happiness seems to depend. Should Fortune frown one day, she may smile the next, for each succeeding scheme is *better* than any that have gone before it! With such infatuating impressions, how can the poor forbear to adventure, who want every thing, or the rich, who want *more*?

The first English lottery mentioned in history was drawn A. D. 1569. It consisted of 400,000 lots, at 10s. each lot. The prizes were plate, and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. The drawing began on the 11th of January, 1569, and continued incessantly drawing *day and night*, till the 6th of May following. There were then only *three* lottery offices in London.

The proposals for this lottery were published in the years 1567 and 1568. The following was shown the Antiquary Society, by Dr. Rawlinson.

"A proposal for a very rich lottery, general without any blanks, containing a great number of good prizes, as well of redy money as of plate and certain sorts of merchandizes, having been valued and prised by the commandment of the queen's most excellent majestie's order, to the extent that such commodities as may chance to arise thereof after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparations of the havens and strength of the realme, and towards such other public good workes. The number of lotts shall be foure hundred thousand, and no more;

and every lott shall be the sum of tenne shillings sterling, and no more. To be filled by the feast of St. Bartholomew. The shew of prizes are to be seen in Cheapside, at the sign of the Queene's Armes, the house of Mr. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the queene."

"In the year 1612 (Baker's Chronicle states) King James, in special favour for the present plantation of English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery, to be held at the west end of St. Paul's: whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a taylor of London, had the chief prize, which was 4000 crowns in fair plate."

The frequency of lotteries in this country makes them too well known to need explanation. As a source of revenue, they are very productive; the *indirect* advantages arising from them, by postages, advertisements, stamps, &c. are more considerable than the *direct* profit to government on the contracts.

PUGILISM.

A Battle for 50 guineas, as determined as ever recorded, was fought on Wednesday, the 11th instant, at Coombe Warren, Surrey, between Dolly Smith, and ——— Scroggins, a sailor, reputed good men. A spacious ring was formed, and one of twenty feet was roped for the exhibition. Richmond and Oliver seconded Scroggins, and Croyley and his assistant were seconds to Smith.—Betting 5 to 4 on Smith, who is a kindred of *knowing* life.

The men were nearly of equal weight; but Smith was the most scientific. In the first round both fought shy; but when Smith made his

his hit, Scroggins covered his head, and went in with his destructive right-hand, in the style of the late Johnson, and his blows were irresistible. The Sailor had the advantage of the round, and he kept it during the fight. The six following rounds were contested with admirable courage and resolution, but the science of Smith was unavailing against the native courage of the tar. In the ninth round Smith planted a good hit on the eye of the tar, which closed it, but Jack looked about to see if a *cherub* smiled, and he turned to, amidst the shouts of his friends, and fought with all the gallantry of a Briton, determined to conquer or perish. Smith displayed much steady courage, but he often hit over his adversary, who returned upon the body with terrific hits; and, in closing, the tar shewed much dexterity in *cross-buttocking*. The fight was courageously maintained for three quarters of an hour, but Scroggins was too forcible a hitter for his adversary, who, at length, resigned the contest. The Sailor was only off his legs once during the fight. The vanquished suffered much about the head and body.

Elated by the successful enterprise of Scroggins, another tar threw up his hat, in defiance to any one, and the challenge was accepted by a promising child of Israel, who is considered the best in England of his age, (18)—6 and 7 to 4 on the Jew.—Another terrific combat, which lasted three quarters of an hour, also took place. It was as determined as the former; and was won by the sailor. This battle was for a Subscription Purse.

VOL. XLV.—No. 268.

HINTS ON PRESERVING GAME.

(Continued from page 111.)

IF the woods are large, look out on very windy days, as persons then have an opportunity to shoot with a dog that hunts silently. Pheasants are shot at dusk, and by moonlight, as they sit in the boughs or trees, or early in a morning as they are feeding in the stubbles; star-light nights are as dangerous as moonlight. On most manors it is a custom not to shoot at hen pheasants, which is an excellent way to stock a manor, if not carried to excess; on some preserved grounds they allow as many hens as cocks to be killed in the month of October, and cocks only afterwards; this is no very bad plan, as I never could see they had less birds than those who did not kill hens. The only horse hair nooses I ever saw, were set in a wood hedge by an oat stubble; they were tied to a bough, and put at all the old muisers, and every place where there was room for a pheasant to pass. Nooses and wires (like hare wires, only smaller) are placed in coppices and in high woods, in the leading files to a stubble. Springes are, I believe, always set in standing wood, as the bender of them, when sprung, would shew a bird over a coppice of two or three years growth. Generally, the poacher makes some mark where he places his snares of all descriptions: sometimes by cutting a bough off; breaking a twig so as to hang down; or bending a single scion across the files; also he cuts off all the small bottom twigs at the opening of a file, and lays a small bough to turn the game the way he wants it to go.

B b

If

If on going into a wood he does not take the paths, a post, tree, or a mark, he may make his guide when he comes the second time to know his success; these marks are easily missed by persons not used to look after woods; when found it is best to let them remain. When a person shoots in the night very often, and he cannot be taken, if any knowledge of the man is to be had, watch his house; or if more than one are suspected, and it is not known which, next morning look near where the gun was fired, and if you find the foot print, measure it with a keen eye, and at some convenient opportunity examine all their shoes, to see which comes nearest to the size of the print, but do not in the least let any one of them know what is doing. If the shoe has nails it is very well to tell them. If a wood has a pond in it, look it carefully round, as springes, &c. are often set for pheasants as they come to drink; they are very fond of lying in the flags and rushes round it. Some recommend stacking buckwheat in the woods; it is a very bad plan, as the poachers soon find it out, and work round it. The best method of feeding pheasants is, to rake out the earth about six inches deep, between the claws of a large tree, bury the corn in it, lay a little on the top of the earth and round about it, they will soon find and scratch it out; this is to be done at several places in the preserve and near to water, which is most necessary in keeping these birds; but all pains and trouble will be of no use if the covers are pestered with dogs and guns every day or two. When the woods are small, walk round the outsides of them, if the ground is moist it may be seen if a person has gone into them; if

there are marks of feet, follow them to see whether it is poachers or not. I generally go round my woods as near dusk as I can, and early in a morning. I do not quite trust to this, but look them all carefully over twice a week; one evening is generally Saturday, that night being, with labourers who do not regularly follow poaching, a usual one to wire, or, &c. on; Sunday being a day of rest.

Hunt clover and grass fields early and as near to mowing as is possible; that will prevent pheasants and partridges breeding there; it will make them remove to corn-fields, where they should not be disturbed on any account.

On large estates in the shooting season, partridges should be disturbed early in the morning to prevent persons shooting; but on small ones, the less they are moved the better, as the land is not such a distance from home; but a sportsman may be prevented from having more than three or four shots. It is proper to kill some birds from every covey; if they are left untouched few will be had the next year. Wheat stubbles should be bushed over with bramble and thorn bushes to prevent partridges being netted.

In snow, partridges, and indeed all kinds of game, are easily found and shot, as they are plainly seen and are very tame; every person carrying a gun ought to be watched. It is to be hoped, that no person who calls himself a sportsman, would shoot at game at that time, but do his utmost to prevent others. Partridges, it is said, are caught by limed-twigs, and are found by hunting a pointer or setter round the hedges, as they cannot fly; I do not affirm this from knowledge of the fact; Mr. Thornhill, in his
Shoot-

Shooting Directory, mentions it, also it is spoken of in several sporting books. My opinion is, that it cannot answer on ground that is at all hunted, as it must be easily found out, and require some considerable time to complete it in.

RABBITS.—On this animal, I did not at first mean to say a word, but as they afford considerable sport shall just make a remark or two on them; a few turned out in the Spring into a wood of a dry light soil, will breed plenty for the Sportsman's diversion, and will dig themselves earths if they like the wood; should they not breed well the first season of turning out, they must be spared the next winter. Any person who may have a few acres of sandy land, should sow spots of furze of an acre or two each on it, and turn out some rabbits; they will, in running from furze to furze shew very great sport. Should they make many burrows, stop the most of them with a wisp of grass, and take it out when as many as are wanted are killed. Two or three beagles are the best dogs to hunt them. I can assure the readers of this, that some days' rabbit-shooting which I have had, have very far exceeded the best days' pheasant-shooting, in number of shots. Poachers will catch the rabbits, either by ferretting the earths, coursing with a lurcher, in nets, in wires, the same as hares, only they are not set so high, or shoot them where they feed at dusk, or by moonlight. Cats must be destroyed, as before directed.—It has long been thought hares will not lie in a wood with rabbits: this is very wrong—on an estate near mine, they shoot one hundred couple of rabbits in a year, and near half that number of hares.

NOTES on a JOURNEY through FRANCE, from Dieppe through Paris and Lyons, to the Pyrenees, and back through Toulouse, in July, August, and September, 1814, describing the Habits of the People, and the Agriculture of the Country.—By MORRIS BIRKBECK.

IT was remarked by the Biographer of Arthur Young, that, previously to the publication of Young's Tour in France, we knew, comparatively speaking, nothing of France, notwithstanding the extreme approximation of the two countries. Some years, and such a multitude of changes have since intervened in that country of wonders, that a similar observation may be ventured, without much hazard, with respect to the book before us. This, however, may appear paradoxical to the generality of readers, and therefore requires explanation.

There has certainly never been any defect of communication between the two countries, during the seasons of peace, from the earliest period of civilization to the present time. No English gentleman could be accomplished without making the *grand tour*, the head-quarters and most attractive objects of which, have ever been France and Paris. There has, however, never been any thing like a reciprocity of attraction, for few French have been in the habit of visiting us from similar motives, although the visitants from that country, on one occasion or other, have ever been sufficiently numerous, much more so perhaps in former, than they are ever likely to be in succeeding times. The sons of France, flattered by the whole of the civilized world, which has

adopted their seductive language, been enchanted by the graces and blandishments that they have, from a natural warmth and fertility of genius, thrown over human existence, and from that acknowledged eminence on which their country has been so long placed as the pantheon of science and the arts—have been too conscious of their superiority, and too proud to travel into any other, with the mere view of improvement. Perhaps the immense, universal resort to France, from the numerous specimens thereby afforded of the people and the manners of foreign countries, has in some measure counterbalanced the ill effects of such error.

But the accounts of France, derived from the above source, have almost invariably and exclusively related to polished society, to the manners, customs, accomplishments, luxury, of the inhabitants of cities, chiefly of Paris; to its public structures, amusements, and vices. Thence we glean from the superficies only, and learn nothing radical of the French mind, of the nature and structure of French society, or of the natural resources of that country, of which we lately witnessed such a tremendous and lengthened display. Two causes have powerfully contributed to our defective insight into the French character. The national character of the two countries is so essentially different, that the philosophic few only on this side, can at all comprehend that of their neighbours, the French, or are in any tolerable degree capable of its just appreciation. In truth, we have generally formed on that head the most erroneous and absurd conclusions. The French people are far more the children of nature, than

the inhabitants of this island are. Whether the advantage, in a moral view, may lie on the side of British fastidiousness and reserve, or of Gallic libertinism, can only be determined by a just ascertainment of the respective preponderance of national welfare and happiness.—Our prejudices, and strong bias in favour of the artificial coverings of the social frame, justly by us estimated as the decencies of society, most assuredly incapacitate us from acting as impartial judges in this case. We are apt to condemn as vicious in the French, those boundless, perhaps unsophisticated freedoms, which, far from being the result of vitiated intentions, flow spontaneously from the fountain of nature herself. Our wholesale condemnation also of French morality, must be understood chiefly to point at the small degree of estimation in which superstition is held in that country of free-thinkers; such ever has been the case, even under the reign of the grossest system of artificial religion, which is at once tolerated, attended, despised, and ridiculed in France.

One of our divines, forty years since, wrote on this subject, as follows:—"As we are not at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind." Had his Reverence well pondered on the anomalies of the human constitution, or calculated the force of national custom, or accurately discriminated on the boundaries which may subsist between native hilarity and criminal levity? Was he aware of the enormities which may be perpetrated,

petrated, and even their nature concealed, under the sanctimonious veil of gravity, and the plausible pretence of order? There are far safer and better references on this question, than to declamation on either side, and it is his business to search them diligently, who would form a sound and honest judgment. Mutual invasion and conquest, and a state of incessant periodical warfare, have inflamed the passions of two contiguous nations, one against the other, whilst perhaps at bottom, they even entertain a mutual predilection, which a right understanding on each side, would foster and augment. These baleful passions, tinctured and enraged by the spirit of military and commercial rivalry, have engendered the unphilosophical and absurd notion of the French and English nations being natural enemies, whilst juxtaposition and almost every possible circumstance pointing to common safety, to mutual advantage and happiness, ought, according to the best apparent use which we can make of the reasoning faculty, to constitute them natural friends.— In this portentous absurdity, various considerations render it probable that the English were the original aggressors. The revolutionary war, exacerbating every ancient feeling of animosity, has blown up a flame, which can be extinguished by nothing short of mutual extermination, unless both parties will condescend to listen to the soothing, but unerring dictates of real philosophy. What is philosophy? Simply, the love of unsophisticated truth. Can either nations or individuals, have a more safe, a more ultimately profitable guide? Peace amongst men!— This is a sacred injunction, and

they who count upon the profits of a state of warfare, exclusive of the horrible impiety of such a motive, are certainly, looking to the end, miserable calculators! The high road to the consummation which every true patriot must ardently desire, is for each country to have fair and impartial accounts of its neighbour, in order to preserve the national mind of both, unbiassed by erroneous prejudices, and untainted by meditated flagitious untruths. In this view, we strongly recommend Mr. Birkbeck's 'Notes,' of which we shall say little and extract much; committing the merits of the book to the discernment of our readers. This remark, however, will be in place; although Mr. B.'s publication afford no intelligence on racing, coursing, or hunting, it yet comes strictly within the miscellaneous line of amusement and instruction, adopted by the *Sporting Magazine*.

Morris Birkbeck is well known in our superior class of agriculturists; a body of men, which, of late years especially, has obtained a due consequence in this country. He has gained deserved reputation on the corn question, by the shrewdness and impartiality of his sentiments. In his book on France, he has submitted *facts* to the reader, many of them of a decisive nature; not a few insulated facts, but such a concatenation of them, as will suffice to form sound general opinions. He shews evident marks of an acute mind, and of an intellect improved by culture. The style he has adopted, is quite appropriate to notes; concise, easy, and perspicuous, yet sufficiently elevated in some of the descriptions, to evince considerable skill in the art of composition.—

His

His first merit, however—he gives free utterance to the dictates of a sound head and a good heart.

A wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

We do not profess here to meddle with the agricultural part of the work, or with the geological, on which last Mr. Birkbeck displays a competent share of knowledge.—His book is addressed to his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. George Flower, another cultivator and Merino stock-breeder of eminence. An Appendix, separate from the book, we are informed, is in the press.

To commence our extracts with the commencement of the Tour—

“ July 11th, 1814.—Landed at Dieppe, after a long but pleasant voyage of thirty-six hours from Brighton.

“ Twelve years have elapsed since an authentic account has been given of the internal state of France, therefore, it is, in some sort, an unknown country. By noting first impressions as we pass along, a line here and there traced according to nature, we may carry home with us a faithful though slight sketch for the entertainment of the friends we have left behind.

“ A noble pier forming the port, and about twenty unfinished vessels decaying on the stocks, denote past prosperity; whilst the carpenters at work upon some of them give a promise of its revival. Near the landing-place the most prominent object is a newly erected gaudy crucifix; the figure large as life, and painted flesh colour; a naked body, writhing in torture: the Virgin Mary beneath in gay attire, and a crown surmounting all. Such exhibitions must excite horror and disgust: any thing but reverence.

“ Chalk Cliffs.—Strata eighteen inches to two feet in thickness, per-

fectly horizontal, and divided by flints. Chalk in small fragments; no masses. These strata appear to be of later formation than those on the opposite coast. Upon the chalk is a rich sand of great depth, with particles so minute as to occasion considerable closeness of texture.

“ Dieppe is a large town: houses very substantial, but old and shabby-looking: some have three stories in the roof; and many of the houses contain as many families as stories; windows very large, and mostly standing open. Bread, and provisions in general, half the English price: meat so bad that a creditable butcher with us would not expose it for sale.

“ Walking near the barracks, I was struck with the respectable appearance of the soldiers; several were seated under the trees, reading.

“ In the evening the streets, the boulevards, the bourse, every convenient place was filled with groups of people, of all descriptions, engaged in conversation. No rudeness in the men, no levity in the females; politeness and cheerful, sincere, good humour prevailing on all sides. How different, thought I, from an evening scene in a British sea-port! Yet Dieppe is said to be one of the coarsest places in France. There is more appearance of enjoyment, and less of positive suffering, than I ever beheld before, or had any conception of; but it is not the sort of enjoyment which suits my habits; I question if I could be happy in their way. What a pains-taking unfortunate race are we! So busy about living that we really have not time to live! and our recreations have so much of vice in them, that serious folks have imagined it impossible to be both merry and wise. The people

people here, though infinitely behind us in the accommodations of life, seem to be as much our superiors in the art of living.

"July 12.—I am informed that all the children of the labouring class learn to read; and are generally taught by their parents. The relation between a good education and good morals might be studied here, to advantage, by the opposers of our improved modes of teaching the children of the poor.

"Walked about four miles to Ofranville, and breakfasted with the curate, who gave us a loaf and a bottle of wine. He is well pleased with the new order of things; and turns up his eyes in pious ecstasy at the name of Louis. He shewed us the ornaments of his church with real pride, in the garb of humility."

"The arguments of the English, for the abolition of the slave trade by the French, have no weight on this side of the water: 'It is a monopoly of West India products you are aiming at,' say they; 'your islands are stocked with slaves; and you are anxious to prevent us from obtaining the hands needful for the cultivation of ours. The best argument you could hold out to us, for declining the trade, would be to take some steps towards the emancipation of your negroes.' As it is, the greater our zeal on this subject, the more jealous they are of our motives."

"In Dieppe they have a singular regulation, which must tend greatly to preserve order and prevent accidents in the streets. Every person who is abroad, without a lantern, after ten at night, is taken into custody by the police. With their early hours, ten is equivalent to our twelve.

"July 14.—On leaving Dieppe

for Rouen, we enter on a vast expanse of country, covered with luxuriant crops. Not a speck of waste to be discovered. The road itself is a magnificent object, wide, well formed, and in excellent order; running in a right line for leagues before us, and planted on each side with apple and pear trees. As we pass along we perceive, to right and left, in all directions, the cross roads marked by similar rows of luxuriant fruit trees, as far as the eye can reach. No hedges, and few villages or habitations in sight. The soil, a deep hazel mould upon chalk, with little variation for many miles."

"Rouen and its neighbourhood is a principal seat of the cotton manufactory, the Manchester of France.

"These great works have been wholly at a stand during the later years of the war, owing to the scarcity and enormous price of the raw material: they are now recovering their activity. I was admitted into a cotton mill at Deville, which employs six hundred people: the neatness and regularity of arrangement, and the decent appearance of the work people, bespoke a well-managed and prosperous concern. I thought the machinery good: of this, however, I am not a competent judge. Twist is completed by four operations from the carding; and the weaving costs only two-pence per yard. Women who attend the looms earn fifteen-pence per day, equal to eleven pounds of bread; therefore the low price is not the result of low wages; a fact which deserves the attention of the promoters of the Corn Bill in England. It is the opinion here, that the high price of provisions, with us, will soon give the French manufacturers

turers the means of exceeding ours in cheapness.

"The approach to Rouen is noble: every object denotes prosperity and comfort. Since I entered the country I have been looking in all directions for the ruins of France; for the horrible effects of the revolution, of which so much is said on our side of the water: but instead of a ruined country, I see fields highly cultivated, and towns full of inhabitants. No houses tumbling down, or empty; no ragged, wretched-looking people. I have enquired, and every body assures me that agriculture has been improving rapidly for the last twenty-five years; that the riches and comforts of the cultivators of the soil have been doubled during that period; and that vast improvement has taken place in the condition and character of the common people. In the early part of the revolution, more was done in promoting the instruction of the lower orders than the sinister policy of the late Emperor was able to destroy: and, though much remains to be desired on this point, enough has been effected to shew that a well-educated commonalty would not be wanting in industry or subordination.

"On my first landing I was struck with the respectable appearance of the labouring class; I see the same marks of comfort and plenty every where as I proceed. Ask for the wretched peasantry, of whom I have heard and read so much; but I am always referred to the revolution: it seems they vanished then.

"Formerly there were, in Rouen, forty convents. These buildings are mostly now the property of individuals, and are applied to a variety of useful purposes: a few

remain unsold, as public warehouses, barracks, &c. That of the Benedictines, a noble structure, is the *Hôtel de Ville*. The libraries of the other convents have been collected, and deposited in this building for public use. It is open five days in the week. A splendid gallery of pictures, collected in the same manner, is also open (and *really* open) to the public. The garden, formerly belonging to this convent, is kept in good order, and forms an agreeable promenade, which is much frequented by the citizens.

"Gypsum, in large quantities, is brought down the Seine from the neighbourhood of Paris. It is used in the interior of buildings, and for manure on clover, after the first crop.

"July 17.—Visited a small farmer a few miles from Rouen. Labourers' wages, 10d. per day, and board; 20d. per day, without board. As all provisions, every article of expenditure, may be taken at something under half the English price, by doubling their wages, we may find the proportion they bear to ours. Great numbers of turkeys are kept here, and fowls of all descriptions. Poultry is an important object of French farming: it is a question whether there is more weight of mutton consumed than of poultry. The daughters of this farmer were both notable and polite; and the ploughman and boy were eating an omelet with silver forks.

"On a sheep-walk above Deville, a man was collecting fresh sheep dung, which he sold at three farthings per lb. It is used in dyeing cotton, red. I note this trifle because it may be worth knowing; but especially as an instance of the danger of observing
super-

superficially. I thought that he must of course be a wretched pauper, who was collecting sheep dung to sell as manure: this excited my curiosity, which was agreeably relieved by the above information. At a very poor inn in a remote village, where we stopped on our morning's ride, the landlady kept a child's school, and her daughter was weaving cotton check; her sister kept a little shop, and was reading a translation of Young's Night Thoughts. This was more than we should have expected in a village alehouse in England.

"A dirty fellow, with a good voice, and a fiddle with three strings, alternately chanting and preaching to the croud in one of the market places at Rouen, attracted my attention. The morale was the collection of three sous each from his hearers, for a sacred charm: being much amused and somewhat edified, I purchased a packet. It contained two papers of prayers and saintly histories; a small crucifix, and a very small bit of the real cross. When I displayed my treasure at the hotel, our landlady's son, a boy of about thirteen, who spoke a little broken English, cries out, on seeing the crucifix, 'Dat is God—Dat is God.'"

[To be continued.]

BELVILLE AND THE ST. LEGER.

EVERY one conversant with the transactions of the turf, and particularly with the circumstances attending the St. Leger race for the last year, well knows that much foul play was strongly suspected to have been practised on that occa-

VOL. XLV.—No. 268.

sion.—Although a great deal was said, yet being mere hearsay, we did not consider ourselves justified in noticing any thing on the subject; now, however, something tangible is come forward, and which we publish for our readers information without comment:—

From the York Herald, Dec. 31.

"At a Meeting of the Stewards and Gentlemen Subscribers to Durham Races, held at the house of Mr. S. Horner, pursuant to notice. The following Resolutions were entered into:—

"Resolved—That the supposed owner or owners of the horse Belville, and certain other persons, not having cleared themselves from the charges brought against them at Doncaster, and also with regard to certain bets, improperly made by them on the St. Leger Stakes, 1814. That it is the opinion of this Meeting (with a view to prevent similar impositions) that the horses belonging to any such person or persons shall not be allowed to start for any of the plates, or stakes subscribed to by the gentlemen interested in the prosperity of Durham Races.

"Resolved—That Mr. T. Chipchase, clerk of the course, be directed not to enter any nomination that may be made by the such person or persons, for the Durham Stakes or Plates.

"Resolved—That these Resolutions be inserted in the Globe, and York Herald newspapers.

"GEORGE BAKER } Stewards.

"R. E. D. SHAFTO }

Durham, Dec. 24, 1814.

(From the same Paper, Jan. 14.)

"TO GEORGE BAKER, ESQ.

"SIR—My friends have, by much persuasion, prevailed upon me, as the owner of the race-horse

C c

Bel-

Belville, to desist from a prosecution of you, and the gentleman who acts with you, as stewards to the Durham races, for your unjust and illiberal attack upon my character; and I know not what can have stimulated you to such a measure, but my not having complied with your highly improper request as contained in your subjoined letter, of sending my horse to Doncaster after he had become lame, and 'relying on your secrecy.'—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM WILSON."

"Stockton, January, 1815."

(COPY.)

"September 5th, 1814.

"SIR—Mr. Hartley has wrote me your horse has hurt his leg in sweating, and it was inflamed on the inside. I hope you gave him a dose of physic, and let it work gently. But there is nothing like constant fomenting with warm water, and apply two or three times a day, a cold charge, laid on brown paper; but let me advise you to let him be removed to Doncaster, the sooner the better, and he most likely will walk for a few days; gentle sweating and often, is far preferable to common training and brushing gallops. It preserves the legs, and keeps horses light, without severe exercise. I shall be at Thirsk next Monday. If you will come down and meet me there, any service I can render you, I shall faithfully perform, and attend your horse as long as you like. You will find me at Mr. Empson's, at eight o'clock that evening.

'The cold charge is 1lb. of bole ammoniac, and two ounces of lead, mixed together.

'Put two ounces of strong camphorated spirit of wine in one

pint of vinegar; mix the above with the powder, and lay it on brown paper, and apply it to the part, and put a bandage over it two or three times a day, first fomenting it well with warm water.

'Wash it off when at exercise. I mean to be at Doncaster four or five days before running. You may rely on my secrecy, therefore, let me hear from you by return of post. I am, your's,

"GEO. BAKER."

"It may be necessary to state to the Public, that Mr. Hartley and Mr. Treacher saw and examined the horse's leg upon the 2d of September, the day after he had fallen lame.

"W. W."

(From the same Paper, Jan. 21).

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE YORK HERALD.

"MR. EDITOR—I am sorry to be under the necessity of writing to you on the subject of the letter, which appeared in your paper of the 14th instant, addressed to me, as one of the Stewards of Durham Races, by Mr. W. Wilson; but as the public may think my silence a tacit acknowledgment of his innocence, I must for once notice the assertions contained in that letter (although the fact of their coming from him, would, in the opinion of the world, almost render any answer from me unnecessary) and request your attention to the following facts.

"Mr. Wilson, in that letter, sets out, by charging me 'with being stimulated' in preventing his horses from being entered for Durham Races, 'because he would not send Belville to Doncaster after he had become lame,' and 'relying on my secrecy.' Now my letter, sent him in consequence of his particular desire and request, at
the

the York August Meeting, that I would give him my advice and assistance, and go up to Hambleton to see his horse, in case he was an ass, contains no information that Belville was lame; all it contains is, 'That Mr. Hartley had informed me his horse, Belville, had hurt his leg in sweating, and it was inflamed on the inside.' But not having received any answer to my letter, and suspecting from that some fraud was going on, when I got to Thirsk, in my way to Pontefract, I rode up to Hambleton, to examine his horse, and to my great surprise I found, notwithstanding such request, he had given directions, I was not to see him.

"Now, Sir, if the fact had been that his horse was really lame, as he wished the world to believe, why was I not to see him? Was he afraid I could cure him by looking at him? Or that my nostrums might take away the artificial inflammation, caused upon his leg, probably by the application of Leman's Essence and tight bandages?—This is the only manner by which I can account for his extraordinary conduct, or otherwise some veterinary surgeon or farrier of eminence and credit would have been applied to, to examine his leg, and endeavour to cure it as soon as possible; and as he never answered my letter, or afterwards consulted me on the subject, there could not possibly be any reliance on my secrecy, having, in fact, nothing to divulge! All I wished by writing to him was, if possible, to give his horse a chance of winning the St. Leger Stakes, and had such an event taken place, the gentlemen of the turf, in general, are now perfectly satisfied, it would not have answered his purpose. But this fact can never be

correctly ascertained, as some men (since the horses were poisoned at Newmarket) keep two betting or memorandum-books, one for private use, and the other for public inspection.

"However, I cannot conclude without thanking him for the publication of my letter, as its repudiation confirms me the more strongly in the opinion I at that time entertained, namely, that in case my directions had been followed, and particularly, that of his horse having '*gentle sweating and often*,' he would not only have started, but won the stakes; and I can assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that I did not bet one single farthing against Belville, from the moment I received private information of his having hurt his leg, which I could have done, had I suspected his being really lame, and could I have been capable of the dishonourable motives he wishes to impute to me; and must therefore now leave it to the public to form their own opinions of a man, who publishes a *private letter*, written to him with the most friendly intentions, and produces it for the purpose of endeavouring to cover his supposed infamy, because at a public meeting of the sporting gentlemen of the county, in which he resides (and who on that account must of course be the best judges of his character), the Stewards of Durham Races (of whom I happen to be one), were requested to prevent the supposed owner of Belville, from entering any horses for the Durham Races. I am, Mr. Editor, your most obedient, humble servant,

"GEORGE BAKER."

"Elemere Hall, Jan. 18, 1815."

FEAST OF WIT.

A QUAKER LETTER.—The following is published in the Harleian Miscellany, 8vo. Vol. XII. p. 49, under the title of "a private letter from one Quaker to another."

"Friend John,

"I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those *sinful men in the flesh*, called an *Attorney*, and let him take out an instrument, with a seal fixed thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the *outward tabernacle of George Green*, and bring him before the *Lambskin men*, at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by. And so I rest thy friend in the light. R. G."

Recipe for correcting Perverseness in Wives.—Instead of an equipage—let them ride in hackney-coaches, or in huggies, or trudge on foot in wooden shoes.

Instead of an opera box—send them to the shilling gallery.

Instead of a country house—take a garret in Petty France, for the sake of the air of the Park.

Instead of laces, silks, and flowing robes—dress them in stuffs, or blankets (at this season), or strait jackets.

Instead of the luxuries of the table—bread and water.

And if this system fails, after a month's fair trial, call in the assistance of THUMB BULLER.

A WITTY Oxonian, says Joe Miller, observing a man put some tobacco into his mouth, said "my friend, *Quid est hoc?*" then pul-

ling it from his mouth, he replied, "*Hoc est Quid.*"

THE Lawyers have instituted a new Club, after the model of the Alfred, on a grand scale, which they call the Verulam; "that is," says Mr. Jekyll, "Very-lame!"

IN the same street, within a few doors of each other, lived two tradesmen of the name of Wood, so that frequent mistakes arose from the difficulty of distinguishing them. At last, on the death of one of them, somebody asked, which Wood it was?" "Certainly," said a wag, "not *Lignum Vita.*"

A WHIMSICAL advertisement has appeared in one of the papers respecting a gold snuff-box, which was purloined by one of the *light-fingered* tribe in Drury-lane Theatre. The following is a copy of part of it:—"Whereas one gentleman, by mistake, put his hand into another gentleman's pocket instead of his own, and took therefrom a gold snuff-box, and in his hurry forgot to return it to the right owner; this is therefore politely to request the said gentleman, will do him the favour to send the trifle by his servant when perfectly convenient. Should the circumstance have escaped the worthy gentleman's recollection, the first time the owner of the box has the pleasure to meet him in the lobby, he will do himself the honour to give

give him a *pinch* to refresh his memory."

LORD Blayney, in a book which he has lately published, tells the following anecdote of a circumstance which occurred, when he first entered the army:—"We were once in a situation where we had for a long time no other meat but salt pork; one of the Officers, one day, rubbing his back for a long time against a window shutter, somebody asked him, what was the matter: when he replied, 'why d—n it, I have eat so much pork that I feel the bristles growing out of my back.' In fact, several of us experienced the same sensation; but whether it proceeded from the cause assigned, or not, I must leave the faculty to determine."

CUPBOARD LOVE.—It is a common practice among journeymen mechanics to introduce themselves among the servants in gentlemen's families, and make love to the cooks, in order to live upon them. The following lines may, perhaps, be considered as something like the real meaning of their introductory letters or addresses:—

With love and tenderness I look
On thee alone, my dearest Cook,
Whene'er thy area rails I pass,
And catch a glimpse of thee, fair lass,
While dextrous you prepare each dish,
Of flesh, of fowl, of game, or fish;
When tasting broths—or rich ragouts—
Or chopping herbs to flavour stews;
Or kneading paste with care and art,
To raise the pie—to form the tart;
Or basting meat, while on the spit,
Potatoes straining, lest they split—
Whichever way I see thee move,
It gives me appetite and love.
Permit me then to share thy cheer,
And in your kitchen I'll appear
On every Sunday afternoon,
And week-day night when work is done,
There, while I ply the knife and fork,
And while my grinders pleasing work,
I'll tell the artless tale of love,

In hopes that you'll my suit approve—
Receive my visits with delight,
And stop my craving appetite.

With pure affection I remain,
Hoping your favour to obtain,
Your most enamour'd hungry swain—
TIM PLANE.

SOMEWHAT APPROACHING THE HORRIBLE.—A surgeon on board a man of war, after a severe action gave directions to throw the dead overboard; besides the dead, however, there were some wounded men, whom it was supposed the surgeon wished to get rid of, who were also ordered to be thrown overboard. Some of the unfortunate men remonstrated against this cruel order, but the surgeon replied, "Come, throw away, if you attend to these fellows they will all swear they are alive."

WILL'S PROMISE TO HIS WIFE BET.

When little Bell became the knell,
Of some departed Soul;
Poor Bet, who felt herself unwell,
Was griev'd to hear it toll:
And said to Will, "the truth now tell—
Should Death upon me wait,
You'll let me have a larger Bell?"
"Yes, Bet—you shall have Eight!"

Rye, Nov. 22, 1814.

EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.—THOS. Ram, Bishop of Ferns, in Ireland, rebuilt the palace of that place, and finding, ere it was finished, that he should not long enjoy it, had placed over the entrance door as follows:

This house RAM built, for his succeeding brothers,
So sheep bear wool, not for themselves,
but others!

A YOUNG lady at Margate, in a letter to her father, a *poulterer* in the City, says, "Dear Pa, of all the cheap things here from France, *new laid eggs* are the cheapest, for they sell for sixpence a dozen, with every one of them a fine *young chicken* within it."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. G. Crompton has sold Shepherd's Boy, by Woldsman, dam by Benningbrough, to Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart.—Mr. Grimston has sold a colt, by Camillus, out of Belville's dam, to Mr. J. D. Lambton; also a bay colt, by Cerberus, dam by Hambletonian, to Lord Jersey.

Mr. J. D. Lambton has purchased of Mr. J. Jackson (the jockey), a bay colt, rising three years old, by Orville, dam by Delpini, out of Tipple-Cyder; and a chesnut colt, by Young Woodpecker, rising one year old, out of the same mare.

Mr. Empson, of Thirsk, Yorkshire, sold his bay colt (by Stripling), out of Miss Carver, by Paynator (on the nomination day at York), to Mr. J. G. Lambton, who named him in the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, &c.

Mr. Teasdale, of Malton, Yorkshire, has purchased Scancataldi, of Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. for a brood mare.—She was got by Sancho, out of Miss Hornpipe Teazle.

THE Earl of Coventry and Mr. Weston, whose father was the gentleman that first planned the erection of the Eddystone Lighthouse, though both unfortunately blind, are perhaps the two best judges of horses in the kingdom. The Noble Earl always selects his own, and Mr. Weston frequently those of his friends; of the figure and anatomy they correctly judge by *feeling*, and of the several paces by their quick sense of *hearing*.

THE Berkeley Hunt gave their annual ball on Thursday, the 5th instant, to the ladies; nearly every person of distinction in that part of the country was present. The ball opened soon after nine o'clock. At twelve, upwards of three hundred persons partook of an elegant supper, after which dancing was resumed, and continued till day-light.

ON Tuesday, the 17th instant, J. G. Lambton, Esq. M. P. gave a most brilliant and splendid entertainment to a numerous party of gentlemen, of the counties of Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle, consisting principally of members of the Lambton hunt, and accommodated with beds, within his extensive mansion, upwards of twenty gentlemen. The dinner was one of the most superb ever remembered to have been given in the county, consisting of every rarity which could be procured, and the choicest wines of every description, namely, Champagne, Burgundy, Hock, Vin de Grave, Sauterne, Claret, Madeira, &c. In the course of the evening several loyal and patriotic toasts were drank, and among others, the worthy host, as an acknowledgment of the hospitality which so uniformly marks the character of the gentlemen of Northumberland, gave—"The Northumberland Members of the Tally-Ho Club, and may their covers be as well stocked with foxes, as their houses are with friends;" which

was

was drank with enthusiasm. In consequence of which, toasts equally sincere and liberal were respectively given, by Sir Charles Loraine, and Sir Matthew White Ridley. The company retired to bed at a late hour, and went next morning in high spirits to hunt from Harrington.

BOTCHERGATE ANNUAL HUNT.

—On Monday, the 2d inst. the harriers belonging to Mr. J. Bowman, of Warwick-bridge, Mr. Graham, of Slackhead, Kirklington, and those of Mr. John Relp, of Carlisle, jointly cast off in the vicinity of Botchergate, and what is most singular, killed six hares.

ON Monday, the 2d inst. the Prince Regent's Stag Hounds met at the Golden Farmer Hill, near Blackwater, to draw the new plantations for an outlying deer; they had not been thrown into cover more than a quarter of an hour, when a challenge was heard, from the musical tongue of a favourite hound; after hunting the drag, for more than a mile, they roused from her lair a hind, who made immediately for Swinley, at a racing rate, and after making several wide circles on the forest, the huntsman thought it best to stop the hounds from this, (it being a hind) and lay them on the scent of a male deer, that was singled from the herd, and by giving them a view, it baffled him so much, that he flew from his country with the hounds nearly close to him, and crossing a tremendously heavy country beyond Bracknall, to Binfield, leaving Wokingham to the left towards Harb. field, after running an hour and a half severely, was taken near Bear Wood; the chase of the first deer lasted an hour and forty minutes.

SINGULAR FOX CHASE. — On Friday, the 6th instant, a Mr. Cane, of Ripe, Sussex, while out with his beagles and greyhounds, beating the bushes for a hare, in the fields between that place and Selmeston, he unkennelled a large fox. At first the greyhounds were on the opposite side of the hedge, and Reynard was making off, pursued only by two or three beagles, who were so close to him at starting, that he was obliged to turn about and fight to disengage himself, which he soon effected. He then made off across the field, and had got a considerable distance before the greyhounds could be got over the hedge; but when they were made to see him, he did not run above a hundred rods before he was overtaken. He now attempted to defend himself, and bit the dogs so severely, that they let him go. He then made a dash into a pond just by, but this did not save him, for he no sooner reached the opposite bank, than Mr. Cane's dog Hector seized him again, and before his master could get up to save him alive, poor Reynard had fallen a victim to his staunch pursuer. He was afterwards carried in triumph to the village, and nailed up over the sign of the Lamb, where he is now suspended. It is a little singular that in the same hedge Mr. Cane had found and coursed two hares, all within the distance of about 200 yards.

ON Thursday, the 12th instant, the Hexham hounds found a fox in Birky Burn, near Acomb. After a severe run past Howford and Wale to Chollerford-bridge, he crossed the country by Fallowfield and Anick to the Tyne, which he swam at Widehaugh, taking the woods of Dilston and Snowko to Healy Gill, crossed Bromley Fell
to

to Lead-hill and Appleby, and was killed near Hedley Mill, after running above forty miles.

FROM A FRENCH PAPER.—A letter from Brussels, of the 1st instant, says, "An Englishman, the day before yesterday, laid a wager that he would ride on one horse from Antwerp, and back, in five hours and a half; he won it. He must have ridden three French leagues per hour. The wager was for five hundred guineas.

SIR W. Rowley and Mr. Gooch, and the sons of the former gentleman, were invited this month to a sporting party, by Mr. C. Berners, at Woolverston Park, Suffolk.—The party consisted of eight gentlemen, and the total amount of game bagged, on both days, was 761.

SIR John Shelley, Bart. has caused to be turned out on his Maresfield Park estate, near Lewes, Sussex, 243 pheasants, of which number 193 are hens. The whole were taken from the Baronet's preserves, at his seat in Suffolk, and were conveyed to Maresfield in a curious vehicle, invented for that purpose, and built under the immediate inspection of Mr. Santero, Sir John's steward. It was so constructed, that each bird had a separate coop, and was so well calculated for the preservation of its occupants, that only one died on their long journey. The plumage of one of the cocks is a beautiful milk white, and to this bird great attention is paid, with a view of extending its breed. The snares which were used in taking these pheasants, were so admirably contrived by Mr. Santero, that five only were found dead, among the

whole that were entangled. The worthy Baronet, we understand, to give the birds fair play, has prohibited shooting on his Maresfield estate for two years, a prohibition which, we trust, will be binding on all *Gentlemen Sportsmen*, an honourable appellation to which those who would trespass under the given circumstances can lay no claim.

A GREAT many wild fowl have been killed this month in Pevensey Levels, Sussex, as well as golden plovers, which the gunners say, appeared in greater numbers than had been common to that bird, for many years past.

THE fifth great main of cocks, between Norwich and Cambridge, was won this month (one battle a head) by the former; the main was fought at the Swan Inn, Norwich.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A match at twenty-one birds took place on Cobham Meadows, Kent, on Monday, the 2d inst. betwixt Kemp, the keeper, and Captain Collins, for one hundred guineas a-side. The match was made betwixt the latter and Mr. Morrison, the keeper's master. The Captain killed fourteen birds successively, missed the fifteenth and seventeenth, and killed the remainder. The keeper missed his first, seventh, eighth, and twelfth birds, and killed the rest, losing by two birds.

CHRISTMAS CRICKET-PLAYING.—Such is the pride of gymnastic excellence which prevails in Nottinghamshire, that on Monday and Tuesday in Christmas week, whilst most people were great-coated against

against the rigours of the season, the cricketers of Mansfield were stripped to a match at their favourite game, against the equally zealous players of Mansfield-Woodhouse.—The game was decided on the second day, in favour of Mansfield - Woodhouse—seventy-eight notches, and three wickets to go down, against seventy-seven notches got by Mansfield.

SINGULAR WAGER.—On Friday, the 20th instant, in consequence of a bet of fifty guineas, two medical gentlemen undertook to walk from the Adam and Eve, at the top of Tottenham-court-road, to Jack Straw's Castle, on Hampstead Heath, in three hours, taking at every public-house, on both sides of the road, half a pint of porter. Mother Red Cap's was deemed out of the way; the other public-houses are twenty-two in number, so that the *thirsty pedestrians* drank exactly five quarts and one pint of beer in the course of their walk, and in Camden Town they had to cross the way repeatedly. The odds at starting were five to four in their favour, but at the bottom of the hill betting was equal. One of the gentlemen apparently performed the task with ease, the other with some difficulty; they both however arrived at the appointed place within five minutes of the given time.

SPORTING OBITUARY.—On Saturday, the 14th instant, died, aged eighty-five, Mr. Baker, training-groom, of Newmarket.

On Saturday, the 14th instant, died, Peter Spalding, a well known public character in Norwich, who for several years of his life carried on a pretty extensive practice in the corn trade; which, although

he was totally unacquainted with implements of agriculture, all that came under his inspection he chose to cut himself.—Being too honourable in his dealings to take advantage of the late pressure of the times, his principal views were chiefly directed to give ease, and pliability to the foot; above which his ambition never led him to rise, his legitimate calling being that, of a vanner and mender of old shoes. He devoted a great part of his time to piscatory amusements, being not only an expert fisherman himself, but an ingenious manufacturer of his own angling apparatus. He was in his 92d year.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst. died, at Hednesford, Staffordshire, Mr. Thomas Carr, a celebrated jockey and trainer of blood horses.

December 2, died, at Thorpe, near Sedgefield, aged sixty-nine, Mr. J. Dobson. He was thirty-two years earth-stopper to the Sedgefield Hunt, and was better known by the appellation of "Jerry of Thorpe."

On Sunday, the 8th of this month, a serious accident happened at Lord Wodehouse's, at Kimberley, Norfolk, to the third son of the Hon. Col. Wodehouse. The young gentleman had taken down a powder flask, and was holding or shaking it near the fire, when it exploded in his hand, which was so dreadfully shattered, that it was found necessary to amputate the thumb.

THE TURF.—On the 2d instant, a numerous meeting of the Gentlemen promoters of the Turf, on true and honourable principles, was held at York, according to annual custom, Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart. in the Chair, who gave as a toast,

D d

among

among many other appropriate ones, "The Stewards of the Durham Races, and thanks to them for the spirited Resolutions entered into by them, and for their endeavours to put that amusement in future upon a fair and honourable basis," which was drank with enthusiasm."—(See correspondence on this subject in page 197 of the present Number.)

Villainy and Cruelty Combined.

—A fellow named Simmons, committed for trial by some Magistrates of Sussex, for horse stealing, in the course of his examination confessed among other things, that one of his accomplices, called Diamond Lea, a gipsy, well known about the country, had, during the Christmas week, stolen three horses, the best, a valuable one, the property of a farmer, at Benenden, in Kent. This horse he took to Brighton, where, the better to escape detection, under an idea that he was suspected and pursued, he actually forced the poor animal over a high part of the cliff, and walked off. But a few hours afterwards, having lost the dread of hue-and-cry, he sallied under the cliff to ascertain the fate of the horse, where he found him alive, but no longer useful, having his back and ribs broken; he, therefore, dispatched the beast, and having flayed him, took out his heart, which he afterwards sold as the heart of an ox, at a public-house in Brighton, where it was dressed, and eaten under that impression!

ILLEGALITY OF BULL-BAITING.

—*Hants Quarter Sessions.*—The King v. George Bead and Others.—This was a prosecution against the defendants for a nuisance, in bait-

ing a bull in the town of West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 9th of September.—The Grand Jury found a true bill against them at the last Michaelmas Sessions—they all now appeared and pleaded *Guilty*.—Mr. Gaselee then stated to the Court, that the object of the prosecution was only to prevent the recurrence of the outrage; and therefore as the defendants now appeared to entertain a proper sense of their conduct, he should not call on the Court for judgment, but request that they may be discharged on entering into a recognisance to appear and receive judgment, if called for.—The Chairman addressed the defendants, and stated that there could not be a doubt that the offence of baiting a bull in a populous town like Cowes, to the annoyance of the inhabitants, was a nuisance, and as such indictable; that the conduct of the prosecutors was perfectly correct; and he hoped from the lenity shewn the defendants there would not be a repetition of the offence.—They then entered into a recognisance accordingly and were discharged.

SOME time ago, a squirrel was caught in Ledstone Park, near Ferrybridge, and lodged, for safe custody, in one of the traps used for taking rats alive. Here he remained for several weeks, till at length, panting for liberty, he contrived to make his escape through a window, and repaired once more to his native fields. The family in which he had been a sportive inmate, were not a little vexed at the loss of their little favourite, and one of their number was ordered to remove the trap in the evening of the same day, that they might no longer be reminded of their

their loss; but, on proceeding to discharge this duty, he found, to his surprise, that the squirrel, all wet and ruffled by the storm, had re-assumed his station, and again taken up his lodgings in the corner of the trap.

A FAVOURITE harrier dog, belonging to Messrs. Farncomb, of Bishopstone Place, near Lewes, was, the beginning of this month, on the removal of a barley-stack, found therein buried, alive and well, after being missing eight days, and apparently without having suffered any diminution of health or strength from his abstinence and close imprisonment, as he embraced his liberation with activity and playfulness.

Longevity in the Feathered Tribe.—On Wednesday, the 4th instant, a goose, which formerly belonged to the late John Missing, Esq. Barrister at Law, and lately to R. W. Missing, Esq. of Posbrook Cottage, in the parish of Titchfield, Hants, died at the advanced age of sixty-four years, and the year before last she laid five eggs and hatched five goslings, one of which is preserved as a curiosity, being the offspring of so aged a mother.

THE following will serve to elucidate the abode of some of the summer reptiles during the cold season:—The labourers of Mr. Skidmore of Rickmersworth, Herts, who were lately employed in removing some flints for the repair of the roads from a large open chalk-pit, dug out from the interstices of the flints twelve adders or vipers, four of which were two feet, and the others from twenty inches to six inches in length; one slow or blind worm, in a vivid

state, and many of the lizard or eft kind. The vipers seemed scarcely able to move, and to have lost the power of opening the mouth, but could freely pass their long forked tongues; the flints were covered with about three feet of earth, a mixture of chalk and mould, and open to a southern aspect; and from their being covered by a large stem of a beech tree of great size, lately felled, these flints must have remained there piled up for a century, at least.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—Salted bacon, and unsalted beef or mutton, and other kinds of animal food, when too long kept, or improperly cured, so as to be tainted with putridity, may be perfectly recovered, or rendered quite sweet, by being buried a foot deep in fresh earth for a few days. The above hint must be very acceptable at this season of the year; for hares, pheasants, and other game, are often thrown away in consequence of persons supposing, on their smelling a little, that they are not eatable; whereas, were they wrapped in a coarse cloth, and buried in the earth a short time (where dogs and cats cannot come), they would soon be restored, and be highly acceptable for the table. Hares, pheasants, partridges, and other game, being exposed to the severity of winter and perfectly frozen, may in that state be placed in ice-houses, whence they may be taken in the summer for the table, and will be as perfectly good as when killed.

*Extract of a Letter from Mow, in the province of Bundelcund, dated March 21, 1814:—*For some time past accounts had been daily brought to us by the natives, of their cattle having been carried off

by leopards, upon which one of our Cadets determined upon going out in quest of the depredators, on foot, no elephant being to be had. He was shewn the place of ambush of these supposed leopards by the villagers, and had not proceeded far up the side of the mountain, which was covered entirely with thick underwood, when to his astonishment, he perceived a large tiger in a sleeping posture within fifteen yards of him. He had just time to order his unarmed attendants to retire, when the monster rousing, perceived him. There was more danger in retiring than in standing fast, and our bold Cadet had courage to do so. With a coolness, perhaps scarcely equalled, he steadily awaited his opportunity, when by the greatest piece of good luck, he struck the monster in the large artery of the neck. Feeling himself wounded, he made a violent spring to the place where the Cadet was standing, but being stupified by the shot, and a precipice being in his way, he tumbled bellowing into a ravine, where, on receiving a second shot from this intrepid son of Mars, he retired about a hundred yards, and yielded up his existence. He was brought in last night upon a camel. His measurement (which we don't think much) was, from the tip of the tail to the nose, nine feet. The oldest tiger hunters here say that his make was the most perfect they ever saw. The enormous strength of his neck, shoulders, and fore-legs is indescribable. Nor had any one who had not a mind to a fainting fit much relish for inspect-

ing his carcase narrowly, the smell being intolerable which arose from it, though only six hours killed. The night before he had left the quadrupeds and had carried off an unfortunate villager."

Remarkable instance of strength and sagacity in a Fox.—On Sunday night, the 22d instant, one of these animals was caught in a trap, at Bourn, Cambridgeshire, with which he made off. He was traced in the snow the following morning, by the Earl of De La Warr's gamekeeper upwards of ten miles, and was taken out of an earth alive and strong. His pad was then in the trap, which, with three feet of chain at the end of it, is supposed to have weighed fourteen pounds. Another fox accompanied him the whole of the way, seldom being distant from him more than four or five yards.

At a pigeon-match at Walden, near Croydon, on Monday, the 23d instant, among what are termed *crack* shots, a dozen and a half birds got away without harm. Two only were killed by the *out scouts*.

The fox hunters of Hertfordshire and Essex, complain bitterly of their being so severely frozen out of their sports a second winter, in the better part of the season. The Hertfordshire subscription pack have removed from Mr. Plumer's kennel at Standon Hall to a new one at Puckeridge not far distant: this pack is in fine condition, and stands high in the estimation of our keenest sportsmen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA, (*by a Correspondent*).—In the list of Winning Horses last month, Donkey, by Bobtail, should be two years old; Eaglet should be four years old; Slender Billy, (not by Young Whiskey) but by Young Woodpecker; and *Congreve*, by Eagle or Haphazard, should be *Congress*.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody on "To be or not to be."

TO wed or not to wed, that is the question;
 Whether 'tis better still to love at large,
 From fair to fair, amid the wilds of passion,
 Or plunge at once into a sea of marriage,
 And quench our fires? To marry; take a wife;
 No more. And by a wife, to say we quell
 Those restless ardors, all those nat'ral tumults
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished—marry a wife—
 A wife—perhaps a devil; aye, there's the rub:
 For 'mongst that angel sex, what devils are found,
 When they have shuffl'd off the virgin mask,
 Must give us pause—There's the respect
 That keeps the prudent man so long a bachelor.
 For who would bear the taunts of long-
 ing maids,—
 The harlot's impudence,—the prude's disdain,—
 The pangs of love despised,—coquette's delay,—
 The insolence of beauty—and the spurns
 Which merit bears when fools become their fav'rites;
 When he himself might his quietus make,
 With one kind woman? Say, what youth could bear
 To wish and sigh alone the weary night,]

To dangle after belles, coquettes, and wenches;
 But that the dread of something after honey moon,
 (That guilty fleeting period, whose sweet joys
 Few loves, alas! survive) puzzles the will,
 And bids us rather linger in the path,
 The well-known simple path, of single life,
 Than tempt the dark, perplex'd ways of wedlock.
 Thus forethought does make bachelors of us all,
 And hence the face of many a willing maid
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of languishment;
 And many a youth, of no small frisk and moment,
 With this regard, spends all his days in whoring,—
 And damns the name of husband.

IN PRAISE OF HUNTING.

THE first physicians by debauch were made,
 Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
 By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
 Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood.
 But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
 Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
 Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The

The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his works for man to
mend.

DRYDEN.

DEAN ALDRICH'S FIVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

SI bene quid memini
Causa sunt quinque bibendi.
Hospitis adventus,
Præsens situs, atque futura,
Aut vina bonitas
Aut quidlibet altera causa.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

If right I think, we're urged to drink
By reasons five—
To treat a friend, thirst off to send,
A thirst revive ;
By wine that's worth applause,
Or any other cause.

A TRIBUTE TO JUNO.

*Noticed in the Sporting Intelligence in our
last Number.*

POOR, faithful JUNO, fare thee well !
To memory, thou wilt long be dear,
Should I thy various merits tell
They might excuse the tender tear.

Unwearied in the sportive field
Thy footsteps brush'd the morning
dew ;

In diligence to none would yield,
None were more constant, staunch, or
true !

Thy fond fidelity, long tried,
Easur'd thee all thou couldst require,
Indulgence, plenty, well supplied,
The comforts of the kitchen fire !

And Friendship too—Thou hadst a Friend !
Such as proud mortals rarely find,
Unchang'd, and faithful to the end,
A real Mourner left behind.

The old companion of thy sports,
Paid the last rites to one so lov'd,
And covering well thy cold remains,
Could hardly from the spot be mov'd.

May CATO's generous feelings shame
The coldness of the selfish throng ;
This tender friendship sure may claim
The tribute of a plaintive song.

Let not the stoic's proud disdain
Infect the gentle, or the brave ;
Or check the sympathy which flows
E'en o'er a favourite Pointer's grave !
Dec. 26, 1814. M. J.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF MR. F. BUCKLE,

*In the "Sporting Magazine" of last
Month.*

A Buckle large was formerly the rage ;
But now a small one shares our sport-
tive page.

His tongue says little, seldom doth he
chafe,

His rim is honour, we can all vouchsafe
This well-famed Jockey, 'ere a horse he
knew,

Could make a saddle 'ere on one he flew ;
And though no Thief he often stole a
plate—

Sometimes King's hundreds, cups—and
oft, of late

Hath borne the Derby's from fam'd
Epsom Downs,

And rich St. Leger decks his brow with
crowns.

Hogsheads of claret oft he bore away—
Two thousand guineas ne'er could make
him stay.

A pipe of port his horse and he would
carry,

And won, at last—a worthy maid to
marry.

Newmarket, Yorkshire, Epsom, and a
wife,

No doubt, will yield him profit for his
life ;

And when he trains his latter race to run,
All ranks that know him may conclude
he's won.

THE GHOST OF SANCHO.

Barrataria, 1815.

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Crow
In prose I well know,
There are many that well can rehearse ;
Perhaps it will tell
Pretty nearly as well,
If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy, a crow
Having ventur'd to go,

Some

Some food for her young ones to seek ;
 Flew up in the trees
 With a finepiece of cheese,
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox who liv'd by,
 To the tree saw her fly,
 And to share in the prize made a vow,
 For having just din'd,
 He for cheese felt inclin'd,
 So he went and sat under a bough.

She was cunning he knew,
 But so was he too,
 And with flattery adapted his plan ;
 For he knew if she'd speak,
 It must fall from her beak,
 So bowing politely began :

" 'Tis a very fine day,
 (Not a word did she say)
 The wind I believe, ma'am, is south ;
 A fine harvest for peas,"
 He then look'd at the cheese,
 But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tir'd
 Her plumage admir'd,
 " How charming ! how brilliant its hue !
 The voice must be fine
 Of a bird so divine,
 Ah, just let me hear it, pray do.

" Believe me I long
 To hear a sweet song,"
 The silly crow foolishly tries ;
 She scarce gave one squall,
 When the cheese she let fall,
 And the fox ran away with the prize.

FEBRUARY.

From "THE YEAR," a Poem, by the
 Rev. John Bidlake.

UNLOVELY parent of the changeful
 hour,
 Chill February, on thy palsied steps
 All winter rages, with his savage train !
 The leaden colour'd day both moist and
 bleak ;
 The shifting wind that round the com-
 pass veers ;
 And, frequent from thy dripping wings
 pour down
 Cold showers or slippery sleet, while all
 around
 Th' extended valley floats, a dreary
 waste,
 Save when a flattering hour, a transient
 noon,

Looks out with blazing forehead from
 the clouds,
 And bids the crocus ope its radiant eyes,
 Till all with glittering gold the garden
 glows,
 Or clustering beauty purples o'er the
 ground.
 Though wearied nature finds her time of
 rest,
 And vegetation sleeps, yet this same
 sleep
 Recruits exhausted powers. This wreck
 of storms
 Works to the elemental world new
 health ;
 As the dark cloud of dread affliction
 brings
 Mental instruction to our mortal state.
 In every change the sov'reign hand that
 rules
 Is visible to all ! Who dares arraign
 That wisdom, far beyond all human
 search ?
 Enwraught in mystery too deep for man
 To fathom with his scanty rule of
 thought !
 What seems mischance is real good con-
 ceal'd ;
 And what we vainly prize above all
 worth,
 The gay, but evanescent shade of bliss.
 Nature, or rather God, fix'd laws ob-
 serve :
 His love divine unceasing shines thro' all,
 And o'er his creatures, living on his will,
 His eye ne'er slumbers nor his cares
 relax.

* * * *
 By narrow bounds the works of man
 are fix'd,

Nor can his powers surpass a small extent.
 How copious are the gifts of God ! How
 kind

The large provision made ; exhaustless
 stores,

To keep creation's sum of thing's exact ;
 Waste to restore, and accident repair
 Throughout his works. For all just na-
 ture gives

With liberal hand, nor parsimony knows :
 Hence plenty riots o'er the sated earth,
 Profusely kind. The useful herb with
 ease

Finds various modes of growth, or sheds
 abroad

Abundant seeds, the animal at once
 To feed, and to supply a future race :
 The crystal fluid hence, incessant streams
 Refreshful coolness from the living rock :
 Each tangled hedge with ruddy berries
 glows ;

And

And crimson plenty, 'mid the wintry
waste,
Delights the feather'd children of distress.
Whatever is useful most abounds, or
springs
Spontaneous from the fruitful womb of
earth.
Thus universal grass in every clime
An emerald mantle wears, the hungry
soil
To clothe with friendly warmth; with
soft repose
To cheer the aching eye, lest a full
blaze
Of dangerous lustre, too oppressive, harm
The nicely-feeling nerves of tender sight.
If pride demand the costly ore to deck
Its shrine, remote and deep it lies
within
'The womb of earth; but useful iron
lurks
In sluggish masses frequent o'er the
globe.

Terrific animals are few, remote
Their habits from the public haunts of
man.
In Afric deserts springs the tiger wild,
And the gaunt wolf his horrid troops
ne'er leads
To human habitations; save compell'd
By hunger's all-resistless law. Mean-
time
The faithful dog, of virtue rare, and
form'd
Of social temper, seeks an intercourse
With man; and mutual aid sagacious
leads;
Sublime upon his tower the eagle broods,
And in his eyry mocks at vain pursuit;
Midway in air the browsing goat depends,
While in his wavy beard whistles the
gale.

* * * *

Soon as the potent frost relents, the
soil
Relax'd admits the labours of the mole;
The darkling miner upward turns his
heaps
In circles round the field; that to the
swain
Annoyance brings, who drives his delving
plough
Direct. For busy labour now prepares
For seed-time; and the toiling oxen roll
Their vacant eyes athwart the stubborn
ground,
And bow with awkward gestures as they
turn,
Oppress'd beneath the galling yoke.
Meanwhile

The hills are vocal by the ploughman's
voice,
Resounding, as he cheers their struggling
steps;
The naked grove repeats the early lays
Of songsters floating in the melting air;
The willow hoar and hazel hedge are
drest
In flowers that ask no summer's ripening
ray:
With bleating flocks the valleys ring con-
fused;
While tender lambs, tottering with novel
life,
In shrill distress implore maternal aid;
The while they frequent tug the balmy
teat.
Thus mild and soothing walks the gentle
day,
And night, attentive to the woodlark's
note,
Forgets her slumbers in the sweets of
song.

Now to the wonted church or abbey
lone,
In hoary ruin nodding o'er the wood,
The cloister-loving daw, returning breaks
With clamour harsh, the still religious
scene:
The household dove, again her task re-
sumes;
Fruitful and patient o'er her snowy eggs
Silent she sits, or steals abroad to peck
The hasty meal, then quick returns to
brood
In careful duty, till her partner comes
Exact, with her to share the mutual task;
Ye heedless females! whom the gadding
joys
Of midnight revels, soul-distracting, call
From the endearments of domestic care,
Your honourable pride, observe with
shame,
How nature thus instructing chides neg-
lect.
With sweeping tail, and glossy-swelling
breast,
The powder struts in amorous fervour
proud;
With scarlet eye, and tremblingly alive
The fantail quivering shakes his silver
plumes;
In dizzy height the tumbler sportive
rolls;
The pathless air direct the carrier cleaves
With rapid flight, and scorns the world
behind,
While from his prison freed, unerring he,
O'er hill, o'er dale, pursues his certain
track.

