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No. 5.

The life of Dick England &c

London: 1792

THE
LIFE
OF
DICK EN-L-D,
ALIAS
CAPTAIN EN-L-D;
OF TURF MEMORY.

THE
L I F E
O F
D I C K E N - L — D,
A L I A S
C A P T A I N E N - L — D;
O F T U R F M E M O R Y.

W I T H
N O T E S A N D I L L U S T R A T I O N S.

“ I shall a tale unfold, whose lightest words would harrow
“ up the soul, freeze the young blood,”

SHAKSPEARE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. BOOSEY, NO. 4, OLD BROAD-
STREET, NEAR THE ROYAL-EXCHANGE;
AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN WEST-
MINSTER AND THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

M D C C X C I I .

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

THE
LIFE
OF
DICKENS
ALIAS
CAPTAIN EN-L-D;
OF TURK MEMORY
WITH
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By the author of 'The Pickwick Papers' and 'The Old Currier's Tale'.
LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY T. BODLEY, NO. 4, OLD BROAD-
STREET, NEAR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE;
AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN GREAT
BRITAIN AND THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

LONDON:
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TO THE
P U B L I C,
AND MORE PARTICULARLY TO THE
TWO UNIVERSITIES OF
CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD;
S C H O O L S
OF
WINCHESTER, ETON, WESTMINSTER,
AND HARROW;
AND ALL THE
LEARNED ACADEMIES
THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM,
THIS
W O R K
IS
HUMBLY AND MOST RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

PERHAPS some apology may be considered requisite for this publication:—the Author's plea is, the good the work may do to millions, and no mortal injured. We declare we have no ambition to gratify; no relentment lurking in our hearts: nor is there an iota through the book, but what are well-known facts; though not universally known.

We flatter ourselves that examples of so dreadful a nature, will
be

be seriously considered by those, whose youth pleads a powerful reason why they are not acquainted with vices of such enormity; that unless most of the facts were not upon record, or told and vouched by the first authority, gentlemen who would shrink from detraction, as from a deadly sin; and men whose whole life have been a concatenation of all that can be considered great and good; or this work should not have made its appearance.

Formerly it were considered a leading principle to refine the feelings of the heart; to give by example, a love to moral excellence;

to

to invite and inspire by family-pictures, a reverence for learning and virtue; and to shew the deformity of vice, and hold the mirror up to nature. We wish we could say the practice was in its full vigour; at present we see our noble youths betting at a cock-fight or horse-race, as if the salvation of their country depended on the number of bets they made; and what is worse, rather than not bet at all, say done for fifty or a hundred, to the very rascal that, perhaps, six hours afterwards stops him, and bids him deliver, money—or life. Indeed, the last *business* is by much the most harmless; and

a

there

there are few, if any, good parents that would not rather have their son robbed on the highway of a few guineas, than pillaged of his estate or reversion, at a gaming-table.

If, therefore, this little work will awaken and guard the credulous from not playing at all; or, if they must play, play for trifles with men of honour; and put the winnings into a box for the benefit of the miserable of every description: we may then cherish a hope that our rising generation may emulate the Greek and Roman name, when in their plenitude of glory, and enjoyment of all their liberty so dearly

dearly purchased. We are sorry to conclude, that gaming brought on intemperance, and every sensuality ; and ended at last in a levity that lost them their most invaluable blessings; namely probity, courage, prudence, and empire.

THE

XIV

T H E
B I O G R A P H E R ' S L I F E .

TH E Author means not to take up much of the reader's time; but by way of expiation to furnish the public with a life of the biographer. He was born in the county of H—, descended from an illustrious and honourable family, his father having served in three successive parliaments, in the reign of George I. and II. and having but two sons, one he sent to Cambridge, and the author of this work to Winchester; where having discovered great natural powers, and from such a discovery ought to have been transplanted, like a fine exotic, to a more exuberant soil, he was (unluckily for him) presented with a pair of colours in the guards.

Nothing

Nothing particular happened from seventeen to twenty-two : gaming, drinking, wh——, and mounting guard about twice a month, were his only studies. Being what the females call a pretty fellow, they now and then invited him to their routs, card parties, &c. &c. till having entered into his twenty-sixth year, a lady whose personal charms were not very attractive ; but she had near eighty thousand pounds in hard cash, and a very amiable disposition : a match soon took place, and the possession of so much money made our author believe that such an immense sum could never be spent. He was very much esteemed, gave great dinners, splendid routs, fine liveries, and an elegant equipage ; and for his own sake we wish he had done no more. He entered into deep play, kept running horses, did or appeared to do equal with any nobleman of fifty thousand a year ; but he had forgot the most important matters, namely that his various
expences

expences for running horses, grooms, dice, cards, &c. would in about two years, as he always played with honour, swallow up the fortune his worthy wife brought him, and his whole fund would be exhausted. His brother, one of the most amiable men on earth, gave him a friendly hint, that he thought he was going on too fast, "No," replied our biographer, "let me alone, I am myself considered a deep one;" and so far as great knowledge, infinite address, a winning disposition, he was considered to amply possess: but pity it is that such attractive powers makes entirely against a generous-hearted gamester. In short, he was in five years eased of the trouble of keeping a banker, and a long string of fine race-horses, brood-mares, &c. were sent to the hammer, one after another, till all his stables in town and country were cleared: the massy sideboard, the splendid laced liveries, were dispensed with; and the elegant house, with all its magnificent furniture,

furniture, sent to Skinner's; and to a worthier man they could not be sent.

He now began to pull in (a turf phrase) and when he gave himself time to examine his own affairs, he found the account run thus:

Debtor.	Creditor.
Wife's fortune .. 80,000	To receiving a knowledge of the slang 00,000
Her health declined.....	Ditto to drinking hard..... 00,000
To six friends, borrowed of each 2,000l..... 12,000	Ditto to out-living every friend on earth but my brother and another gentleman 00,000
To annuities granted seven people for 100l. per annum, at seven years purchase 4,900	Ditto to know how to bleed a horse
To a loss of health, friends, and a great memory	Ditto to taking snuff with a peculiar grace....
<u>£ 96,900</u>	<u>£ 00,000</u>

We will leave our readers to judge of this last acquisition, and, except bleeding a horse; for we hold it humane to know aught that can do so noble an animal good; we shall not be thought vain in pronouncing the credit side of NO USE.

T H E

THE
L I F E
O F
D I C K E N - L - D,
A L I A S
C A P T A I N E N - L - D;
O F T U R F M E M O R Y.

AS the anecdotes of this hero would alone fill a volume in folio, we must content ourselves with guarding the rising age of the learned seminaries; and happy, thrice happy shall we be, if they will totally avoid (by those characters being shewn with rigid truth and impartiality) not only the turf, but every gaming-house where any of the black-leg tribe resort.

B

Dick

Dick En-l—d is a native of Dublin; and had he been content with following the occupation of a scene-shifter, and not left his native soil, many a worthy, though credulous character, would now have enjoyed the comforts attendant on independance and a polished education. Nursed in the lap of vice, and dead to all moral rectitude, he quitted the only honest employment he ever had, to embrace (and *shifted* to) every scene of infamy. At last, making too *free* with a gentleman in Dawson-Street, he was pursued, taken, and sent to gaol; from which place he broke out and embarked for England. His first essay was at a brothel at Charing-Cross, in the character of porter; being very robust, he got promoted to the *high honour* of bully: not content with his nocturnal depredations on the drunken sailor, or seduced youth; he had at one [^]period twenty-three wh—es *
that

* We blush to inform our readers, that in a city like this, where a well regulated police should protect these unhappy females, thousands are nightly driven by distress and bad usage to obtain a miserable existence; and out
of

that paid tribute to him. Every feeling heart must ache, to think of the miseries those innocent and much to be pitied victims undergo. After about nineteen months, our hero quitted his employment to embrace that of marker at a billiard table—where finding a *jontleman* congenial to his own *purity* of mind, they put on fine clothes, and drest, or rather attempted to drest, like gentlemen; but in that they foiled themselves, and were ever the butt of ridicule. Indeed, the one looked like Tom Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes; his colleague, who had just left off a postillion's jacket, looked and walked a very groom indeed.

We now see our fraters in vice, strutting and looking big wherever they could thrust their faces; indeed, they wanted to be in

of every guinea the pander receives five shillings in the pound.

As the new police has already given excellent proofs of their intentions to reform, we feel infinite comfort in the hope, that the poor deluded forsaken females, once the delight of their fond parents, will be restored to society.

good

good company, though neither of them could read writing; an *error*, no doubt, in their *preceptor*: no matter, what ever were their defects, the two captains (for they wore cockades) kept a good look-out at Bolton's for their countrymen, and laid them under heavy contributions.

A thousand instances is known to the world, though not sufficiently; among their various arts, they claimed a knowledge of *all* the first families in Ireland; and though very strange, yet true, a number of unsuspecting real gentlemen believed their story.

The Chester coaches bringing at least twenty Hibernians every week, it will be readily admitted they had a constant supply of dupes. While they had cash, Dick catered for their various appetites, women, or, wine, or play, they would have as long as they had a guinea—but no longer.

From an obscure lodging we now find Dick in a neat house in St. Al—n's-Street; and the little groom, alias Capt. Wa—ce, in another in S—k-Street, in the treble capacity

capacity of pimp, greek *, and bully; and having by threats frightened many timid souls, at last accumulated a sum sufficient to buy a lieutenancy in the army, and then our two *worthies* quitted partnership.

It must raise the admiration of every thinking mind, how two such miscreants, without a particle of education, family-connexion, or address, could ever get a real gentleman to associate with them: the truth is, there is no swallow like an Englishman's; and all they wanted was a single

* A greek is the present modern phrase for a black-leg, who frequents horse-races, cock-fights, and billiard-tables in the day time; and that he may not be idle, for it is a regular vocation, they are at every gaming-table they can thrust themselves into, from about eleven at night, to six, seven, or eight in the morning, in the *upright* trade of cogging a die, or slipping a card, to the great terror of all worthy parents, and *certain* destruction to the health, morals, and fortune of every young man in the kingdom; from the son of a duke, to the offspring of every respectable citizen.

When they do take an early hour to rest, it is when there is not a single pigeon to be found. The lower order of greeks call pigeons Flats; if we may be allowed a musical simile, we hope the flats will soon become *sharp* enough to keep themselves in unison.

hour

hour at dice, or any other game; they had reduced winning to a certainty, and the losers had to choose—pay, fight a duel, or be docked*. At the latter work Dick was expert; for instance, playing one night with a Frenchman, T—t, a watch-maker,

* This polite operation was performed in a tavern at Charing-Cross, the master of the house telling the story to all his company for weeks afterwards, and spoke of it as a matter of prowess in Dick—for even Dick had his friends—and every low greek exulted in so *magnanimous* a transaction; but poor G—y Ma—n, docking or castration, as Dick called it (for Dick knew not the different interpretation of the word) for poor G—y was punished on bare suspicion; for having one evening called in St. Al—n's-Street to drink a cup of tea with Mrs. En-l—d, Dick unluckily interrupted them, and insisted upon his either fighting a duel, or by *Jafus* he would dock him: in vain did they assert their innocence, in vain did they supplicate, for Mrs. En-l—d was only a wife *pro tempore*; madam was thrust out of doors, and G—y kicked out without his tail. Poor G—y was afterwards sent to the fleet for debts contracted, which deprived him of indicting Dick for the assault. The reader will not wonder at Mrs. En-l—d's attachment to G—y, for he not only diverted her upon his violin, which he played on very well; but he had all the simplicity of manners that women like, and that forms such a contrast between a man of worldly knowledge, and the upstart *scene-shifter*.

near

near L—r-F—ds, and a greek also; the French greek would not pay, and Dick cut off the Frenchman's tail quite close. Poor little G—y Ma—n shared the same fate, though from another cause.

The unrelenting perseverance of Dick, astonished other low greeks at first, but it had this fatal consequence at last, they made a bold push at all horse-races, cock-fights, &c. so true it is with low minds, “they first look on, then pity, then embrace.”

The fate of poor Rowles lives in the breast of every feeling mind; but though it must freeze the soul with horror, we relate it with all its serious consequences, that those who were then infants, may now be on their guard, and never mix with such monsters.

Mr. Rowles was fond of play, as many men of unfulfilled honour are. Dick forced him to play, when Mr. R. was much intoxicated; the consequence proved that Dick made a demand of 200 g—. Mr. R. ever denied losing a guinea; and always asserted that he was too drunk to play: however,

however, nor laws divine, nor human, could weigh with this fiend. He followed him from place to place; and at last forced him to degrade human nature, by drawing a trigger * with him. Not content with attempting to rob him of 200 guineas, he took aim, and deprived Mr. R. of his life, and the town of Kingston of a worthy and upright man.

Justice, though slow, is very sure; and though this blood-thirsty savage took to immediate flight, we hope, and devoutly wish, this monster will some day be brought to condign punishment.——While Ld. D—ry † lives he cannot come here, which
we

* Dick was known constantly to practice at firing at a mark, but his great luxury was shooting at a poor cat, and he would make a bet of ten or twenty, that he lodged a bullet in its head, or as he termed it, finge the whiskers of poor puss. We need not inform the philosopher, nor the enlightened reader, that fingeing the whiskers is a *rank bull*; for bullets, though fatal, carry no degree of heat with them, of course, this ignoramus was wrong in his conceptions, as to the power of heat.

† This nobleman, well known for his politeness and humanity, as most of the real Irish gentlemen are, was
present

we have great reason to lament ; for though fled from justice, he has been ever since practising his Greek system in France ; and,
at

present at the unhappy duel, and gave his evidence with that elegance and precision, that the coroner's inquest pronounced murder against R—h—d En-l—d, alias Captain En-l—d ; and though officers of justice were dispatched to every port in the kingdom, and hand-bills stuck up at the corner of every street through London and Westminster, yet Dick, having better luck than his crimes merited, got landed upon the coast of France, where we should devoutly wish Providence to continue him, were it not for the depredations that he is now committing on our English nobility and gentry, who travel generally with their tutor to improve their mental faculties, and give them a knowledge of the world. We are sorry to say, and we speak with infinite regret (with very few exceptions) that they return without benefiting either head or heart, and generally *sans argent*, and what is still worse, with a very impaired constitution. Lord Chesterfield, whose profound knowledge of the world strictly enjoined his heir never to enter that sink of sin and iniquity, called Italy ; if he had just said as much of France, he would have added to his great portion of wisdom : for the best that ever could be said of the French nobility, to speak truly, is, that they are a groupe of frivolity and insincerity ; practising all the modern vices the nobles of this country fall into, excepting intemperance ; for sobriety has a claim to universal
C approbation ;

at this moment is in partnership with the chaste Dian — Lady W——y, of bathing memory. At the various watering places he was a terror to urbanity, and not content with insulting any gentleman he thought proper, he often said the most impertinent things to ladies, who were deaf to his jargon, and importuning them to dance a *cowtillion*—for so he called it.

Here reason and humanity cries aloud: What, were there no brother, father, or that unfashionable thing—a *husband*, to resent his impudence?—No; the gentlemen, in every instance, considered him beneath contempt.

At landing a dye, Dick shone unrivalled. But his *dispatches* * turned to his greatest emolument; as he would often swear by Jafus! there is nothing *aqual* to a few pigeons

approbation; and this virtue alone is the only good quality the Frenchmen are blessed with in an eminent degree, and compensates somewhat for other defects.

* A cant phrase for dice that have just so many spots, that are not regularly marked, but are so numbered that the thrower cannot possibly lose.

with

with a pair of dispatches. The flip *—the bridge †—the brief ‡, &c. he was expert at; for nature had been prolific in giving him a hand the size of a shoulder of mutton—and of course a pack of cards could be very easily concealed; and has been to the ruin of many unsuspecting generous minds.

If we may be allowed to leave this miscreant a moment, we are happy to in-

* The flip is when the cards are cut. The party that deals, puts the same cards again at top, and if he is an adept, as Dick was, he will defy the eyes of argus to detect him; of course, having planted the cards prior to the cut, he is sure to win, and good play is of no use.

† The bridge is a bend of any particular card, so that he may cut to it, and have it dealt to him when his adversary deals.

‡ The brief is a card either wider or longer than any other card in the pack; they generally get supplied with such cards from ————, a well known bankrupt card-maker; who, when in a state of intoxication, has been often known to say, that he must go and touch the greeks in Pall-Mall for twenty or thirty if he pleased, or he would blow them up, *i. e.* expose them. The partnership of greek houses set down this under the head of hush money.

troduce

troduce a well-known fact, and must record it to the praise of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence*, for his invariable opposition to play of any kind: we hope not only the naval officers, but the army also will profit by his wise and illustrious ex-

* We feel unutterable satisfaction, and we doubt not but it will be an exultation of great comfort throughout the kingdom (*greeks excepted*) to relate the following anecdote.

Admiral Ba——g——n invited his Royal Highness, with a number of naval officers to dine, they all met, of course, as punctual to their time as they are observers of their duty, the Prince excepted, who made an elegant excuse, though he only kept them five minutes. The day past in the utmost harmony, and no play, or even a hint of play took place. We are happy to add, that this meeting is to take place the ensuing winter; and we hope for the honour, the felicity, and health of his Majesty's officers by sea and land, that many such convivial meetings will be established, which will greatly facilitate to put that detestable vice of high-gaming out of countenance, and make their wives, their sons, and daughters happy, in knowing what their fathers so nobly fought and bled for, will be secured against the invasion of a cormorant black-leg, without either head or heart, and dead to every human feeling, excepting the vitious one of wishing to rob every family in the kingdom.

ample.

ample. On this score his Royal Highness has made a few enemies; but is there one prudent mind in this kingdom, that will not give him the warmest tribute of applause? and the name of Clarence be ever held in the highest reverence for courage, loyalty, prudence, and humanity.

We would gladly close the dark catalogue of such a miscreant as Dick En-l—d, but cannot. We therefore seriously hope and supplicate, that a law may pass the next sessions of parliament, to banish any man the realm who is known to live by play; or what is commonly called a black-leg.

The story of poor Clutterbuck * is fresh in the memory of every body. Dick, with
his

* Clutterbuck was a clerk in the bank of England, and came from reputable parents: but we cannot help lamenting that the most important part of children's education is not seriously attended to in this great city, namely, Public Worship, and a profound and solemn undeviating reverence for the Sabbath-Day. Had he but once known the invaluable blessing of serving his Creator, and felt it as his first and most important duty to keep the Sabbath holy, he would never have been forsaken. The promises of God are immutable, "his
" ways

his new partner Jack T——n, had so practised upon him that he not only lost his all, but robbed the bank of an immense sum to pay his debts of *honour*.

The late Capt. Tom Ro——h of greek memory, had, unhappily for himself, a very disagreeable breath; Dick, who had always viewed the Captain as his rival with a jaundice eye, said to him one night, at that *pious* and *immaculate* house called Me——ly's, "By Jafus, Captain, your breath stinks da-n——ly!" "How can it be otherwise, replied the Captain, when I sit near you, who are a mass of pollution." Dick was dumb; for though Ro——h was known to live by play, yet he had a pleasantry and manners about him that partly reconciled a man, if he even lost a few pounds to him; his company was

"ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are
"peace."

It came out in evidence, that though this youth deviated from the paths of virtue, he lost most of his money at Richmond, to T——n and others, of a Sunday. We hope to see the day, that when clerks in such public trust are seen at any of those places of vice and folly, that after a proof clearly made, they shall be held unworthy their office.

worth

worth it, as company now goes. But there is such a thing as paying an over-price, and we shall be happy if our young readers will profit by the history of this hero.

At Newmarket a quarrel happened between a gentleman of black-leg fame and Dick, about their *honesty*; Dick accusing him of always having loaded dice in his pocket, for the purpose of robbing the inexperienced generous youth. The black-leg, in a manner peculiar to their order, replied, "And if I have, d—n your eyes, I know you have them also; and what's more, bl—t you, I will bet you fifty I know who makes them for you." Dick called him a great thief and liar, and here the matter ended. But such a conversation must convince every mind of common understanding, there is a powerful, nay an awful reason, why dice should be entirely put a stop to; as nothing short of prohibition can have the least effect.

The following well-known fact alone should animate every member of both houses of parliament to exert their unwearied pursuits to obtain a law so long and devoutly wished

wished for by all ranks in society ; but the pest of greeks.

The Hon. Mr. Da—r, who, a few years ago, shot himself at Stacie's, told the subsequent melancholy tale, prior to his dissolution : That having often often played at tennis with Sir Wm. Dr——r, and other gentlemen of equal honour, for amusement and exercise only ; he, one day, at an unpropitious moment, not knowing his company, played tennis with Dick, who complimented Mr. Da—r on the use of his racket, that he could not encounter him again, unless he gave him odds, &c.

The experienced man of the world will readily credit Dick at finesse ; for though he lost a few guineas, he could have won to a certainty. Such is the mutability of human nature that, Mr. Da—r, who we are warranted to assert, would not have walked round Ranelagh with Dick, or had him at his table for twenty thousand pounds ; yet he fell a victim to this infernal villain's deep-laid stratagem.

Dick, with more of the banditti, sent to Paris for the best tennis-player in the world.

The

The Frenchman was let into the system that he was often to lose; but when he had the office * given him by Dick, he was then to win.

Dick was all this time nursing the amiable, unsuspecting, and ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Da—r; for while Dick was seemingly backing Mr. Da—r, for forty, fifty, and sometimes an hundred guineas a set, Mr. Da—r was losing three, four, and sometimes five thousand guineas in a day; and with such blind avidity did he pursue this destructive game, that he found himself a loser of near forty thousand guineas:—at last (alas! too late) he found it prudent to resist those infernal dæmons, who after they had so plundered him, were constantly in Tilny-Street, requesting payment, or part. It is said, Mr. Da—r offered them post-obits—bonds—or, in short, the best security he could then offer—his father, then L—d

* A signal given as agreed on previous to their morning's play, either by a white or red handkerchief, or taking their hat off, and various other signs, as these rascals suggested; not using the same sign twice, least they may be *smoak'd*.

D Me——n,

Me——n, now E—l of D——e, being alive: no; they would have cash:—Mr. Da—r could not find it; but to his high sense of honour, be it told, he threw himself at his father's feet; the worthy parent weighed the matter well, and sent his steward from M——n-Abbey with power to pay every shilling, though he knew his son had been cheated of every guinea—when, oh! dreadful to relate, the venerable, the faithful steward arrived a few hours too late, and had the heart-rending sight of his young and truly beloved master weltering in his gore, having shot himself as we observed before at Stacie's. There are other circumstances relative to this tragedy*; but

* Prior to Mr. Da—r's putting the pistol to his temple, he sent for five or six wh—es, and a man, well known about the Garden, called Blind Burnett, a fidler; and while they were in the act of dancing and singing, he sent himself to that bourne from whom no traveller ever did return. We lament exceedingly, that, in the higher orders of society, where wisdom should go hand in hand with affection, that parents in general, without consulting the genius and inclinations of their children; a large fortune on the one side, or a title on the other, are made the first objects of their care.

In

but as they are more like insanity than the act of a mind, greatly expanded by a polished

In the present unhappy case before us, Mr. Da—r married a daughter of General C—w—y's, a lady perfectly accomplished and truly virtuous; and though these are prominent features in the eye of human discernment, yet she was too fond of bringing marble from its rude state of nature, into a fine likeness of our most gracious and ever-to-be-adored sovereign. Had there been no male statuary in this country, for the high compensation of having in marble one of the best sovereigns that ever wielded a sceptre, we should have had less cause to lament that she thought more of chipping, and her chisel, than she did of securing the affections of the young, the gay, the generous, and the accomplished Da—r, her husband.

Sam. Johnson, of dictionary fame, and better authority we need not quote, observes, that ninety-nine men out of one hundred would be good husbands, provided the women did their duty by them; and we beg to add, that if gentlemen of the haut ton, instead of permitting their wives to turn night into day, and paying not the smallest regard to the Sabbath, would act with a moral and religious firmness, things would be much better; and we might cherish a hope, that example may succeed to the certain benefit of millions, and the honour of human nature. At present, nothing is more common than to see my lord and his lady, with a circle of friends, on the Sabbath night (*Oh, shame! where is thy blush!*) playing

polished education, and a suavity of manners, rarely to be excelled in this or any other country; we do not doubt but a phrenzy of the mind had deprived him of all his faculties, and caused this never-to-be-forgotten fatal catastrophe.

We doubt not but his noble and honourable brothers will, in every point, emulate

playing cards in the drawing-room; while the butler, the coachman, the footman, the cook, and the rest of this *pious* family are amusing themselves in the kitchen. One should think that it does not require a very sapient mind to find out the different numbers and names of fifty-two cards; but a recent instance is a proof to the contrary. A certain duke had what is called a private party on a Sunday night to play; the servants would have been *happy* in passing the evening in the same way, but they said, *that as how, if so be they had kings, and queens, and knaves dealt them*, they did not know a queen from a knave. One of the knights of the shoulder knot, thought of an expedient to pass the evening in dancing, and had the decency, as it was the Sabbath-Day, to dance without a fiddle—and though a majority of the motley crew vowed and *purtested* that the Duke of Gl—ces—r had music every Sunday, and that they had as good a right to a fiddle as the duke had. To expect these fellows, who are a thousand times better fed than taught, to know the difference betwixt sacred music and a country dance, would be very unreasonable.

Mr.

Mr. Da—r's exalted character, and, by his example, avoid monsters, that highwaymen and street robbers are innocence itself to.

As our hero had given up his attention to billiard-tables, unless a flat * was known to be fond of the game, his time was divided in the following manner, for the *public good*.

Tennis in the morning; or riding out to find a pigeon. Dining at seven, for he aped the great world in every thing but their virtues and their graces. The dinner over, a little play for trifles would be proposed, by a friend that always dropt in by ACCIDENT; and some *how* or *other* Dick was so *generous*, Jack M—d—y would b—st his e—s that Capt. En-l—d always paid the reckoning for the whole company. The fact was, the company lost all their money.

* A cant phrase for a fool, or one that does not know the game he is playing at. Though a man may be as wise as Solomon, and even play the game well, there is no guarding against a combination of thieves any other way, than to avoid them altogether.

An

An ill-fated hour, the Hon. Lieutenant Rochford nephew to the Earl of Bel—d—re, had the misfortune to lose all his cash at a public hazard table. Dick, knowing his man, politely offered him any cash he wanted, though Dick was an entire stranger to him. Few young men of fashion would have hesitated a moment, but Lieutenant Rochford did; at length he accepted his *polite* offer.

Rochford, had what is called a run of luck, and repaid our hero before he quitted the table. But such is the fallability of young minds, that though Rochford was counfelled by Col. L——s to guard himself against Dick, yet he actually (woman like) often frequented his house, and the more he was advised not to associate with him, the greater his propensity. At last, though Rochford was known to be a flat by the greeks; the world at large, or at least the greatest part considered him a greek also; so true it is that a good name is often got without merit, and oftener lost without deserving. For Rochford was what all real Irish gentlemen are, generous, polite, engaging,

gaging, and an inexhaustible fund of good humour, that constantly kept the table in a roar: his personal accomplishments kept pace with his mental faculties; and unless it was to keep an unlettered greek in order, an ungentleman-like word never dropped from his tongue. We shall now see the sad, sad, consequence of young men of birth and education mixing with such outcasts of society. Rochford was then encamped at Warley-Common, and having been observed by a censorious brother officer to speak to Dick at the play, and other places of public resort, they of a sudden grew very cool upon him.

Rochford spiritidly asked an explanation. One of his brother officers informed him that he was reported to keep company with Dick En—l—d, and other black-legs (for the word greek was not then known) and of course they, as gentlemen of honour, could not sit with him.

This brought on a serious altercation, a challenge, in a very polite way took place. Poor Rochford set off from the camp to adjust his affairs in London, and to pay his respects

respects to a few real friends, and then returned to meet his antagonist. We are sorry to say, that Rochford received a ball in his groin, which, in a few hours deprived him of his life; leaving an amiable wife and a young family, totally unprovided for.

May we not exclaim with Addison, “Is there not some thunder in the stores of heaven red with uncommon wrath, to blast the villain who owes his existence to such nefarious practices.”——No, Dick does not think so; or surely he would have taken some method to get an honest livelihood—*shifting a scene*, or blacking a shoe, would be paradise to it! for even Dick must have moments of remorse, that no good man can envy.

Though we do not charge our hero with the murder of poor Rochford, yet we are justified in observing, that if gaming had been suppressed, as it ought for more than twenty years back, Rochford, and many other worthy characters, in all human probability, would have been now living, a
comfort

comfort to their family, and an ornament to society.

Mr. Ro—rd, a gentleman of more zeal than prudence, meeting Dick at Tatterfall's, soon after took him aside, and expostulated with him thus.

“ Really Mr. En-l—d, the death of poor Rochford must be set down to your account, for had you contented yourself with staying in Smock-Alley theatre, my poor cousin would have been, most likely, now alive; and I hope you will cut * the turf, dice, &c.” “ Blood and wounds, sir,” replied Dick, “ it was my *interest* to let him live you know, and, by Jafus, I would have given fifty guineas to have prevented the *jewel*.”

Our hero now had learned to write, and we are glad, as yet, no bad or fatal consequence has transpired from so important an addition to his *larning*, for so he calls it; but though he could use his pen, he wanted rather more practice at reading, to make it of any use to him.

* A phrase for leaving off, but generally understood when you leave off a winner.

Having a draft on Gosling the banker, for fifty guineas, he ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Gosling's, the great big banker in *Flate-Street*. Away drove poor cochée, and after driving up and down Fleet-Street for two hours, and no Gosling to be found, Dick returned to St. Alban's-Street, and wrote Major C—— the following note.

“ Mr. Major,
 “ By Christ I *tuke* ye for a *gentelmen*, but
 “ by the living G—d, *bif* yu dont tack hup
 “ that bl—t—d piece of thick paper *wheck*
 “ yu did give me, by the x of St. Patrick,
 “ I will dock you clofer then I did the
 “ French w—h-maker. Some *gentlemen*
 “ would have *hexpos'd* you by *showen* the
 “ name of Gosling, when, by Jafus, there
 “ is no such name at all, *at all*; pay the
 “ fifty, or take your fate.

“ Your *ingird* friend,

“ R——D E——D.”

On receipt of this *elegant* epistle, the Major sent the following answer.

“ Major

“ Major C—— presents his compliments
 “ to Capt. En-l—d, assures him that after
 “ infinite pains in decyphering his letter,
 “ Major C—— conceives Capt. En-l—d
 “ to be under some mistake, Gosling the
 “ bankers, are too well known in Fleet-
 “ Street not to be found, and Major C——
 “ has too high a sense of honour, however
 “ he might have *lost* his fifty to Capt.
 “ En-l—d, not to pay it.”

Dick shewed the letter to Jack M——y who could read. “ Why bl—t you, you Irish thief,” “ says Jack, “ you are a fine humbug, not to know a Gosling from Gosling. I’ll give you a good hedge, there is forty-eight guineas for your draft.” Dick took it, thinking that poor Jack was finely taken in.

Jack, though lame, hobbled to Fleet-Street, and immediately received the cash for Major C——’s draft, to the no small diversion of the *worthy* company of Round-Court notoriety.

Mr. Blo—b—g, of ——, Yorkshire, used to tell the following story. Being at York in the race-week, he after supper proposed
 to

to his brother-in-law I—c May—rd, to put ten pound to his, and they would go to hell * and sport it. Mr. May—rd, with his usual good humour, replied, “It was an odd fancy, but he would make the bank twenty.” Away they sallied out, inquiring where hell was kept this year. A sharp boy (for there are no flats in York) answered them, it is kept at the *clerks* of the *minster*, in Minster-Yard, next to the church.

* Hell, so called, and indeed very properly, is a receptacle for the vilest crew that ever disgraced humanity. The highwayman, the sharper, the housebreaker, the bully, advertising money lender, and pimp, generally form the motley groupe; though now and then gentlemen of real honour assist their midnight orgies, by way of speculation, or to *seavoir le monde*, and sometimes, or they would have no trade, a few simple philosophers in the neighbouring towns, and the sons of our wealthy cits; for, to the honour of their fathers, they knew much better than even to associate with them. We conjure our readers and worthy citizens to believe, that, if they would only refrain from visiting such places, it would as effectually put a stop to gaming, as the most powerful act of parliament ever passed in our senate could devise; for they would not prey upon one another—it would be diamond cut diamond according to their text,

Our

Our two truly great and good characters, after being examined by the door-keeper, got admitted into this *honourable* and *pious* house; here they found about thirteen black-legs, all of the lower order, Capt. En-l—d at the head. They had been playing, the Captain said, for some hours (fudge); they, strictly speaking, had not made a bet in *arnest*, as they call it. Though neither B——g or M—n—d had ever spoke to Dick, yet he began his old cant, that by *Jafus*, he had such a run of bad luck, that he must sell his horse, and go to the big city in the basket of the York fly. But make up ten guineas among you, said Dick, and break me at once. Mr. Bl—rg put down ten guineas, not with gold, but a *good luckin* note, as Dick called it; and Dick threw, called 7 is the mayne, if 7 or 11 is thrown next, the *caster* wins; but Dick made a blunder, and threw 12. The truth was, Dick had *landed* at 6, and the die he threw out of the box did not answer to his hopes; it should have been a 5 to have made 11; and though 5 squares out of the 6 were dotted with 5 spots each, yet

yet our hero had the misery of losing his bet; for 12 thrown after 7, makes the caster the loser of the *main*. Without being too superstitious, one might think fate has now and then a hand in stopping the career of these vultures.

A simple philosopher would have thought, that having lost his bet, Mr. Bl—g would have been paid: no, Dick, with matchless effrontry, swore he called 6 instead of 7 for the main; as in that case he would have won; but Mr. May—rd, who was perfectly sober, and whose nice honour no man ever doubted, told Dick, Mr. B——g had won, and that he (Dick) called 7. Our hero had another subterfuge. “Mr. B——g, replied Dick, “*if so be as how* you will insist upon saying you have won, we must abide the majority.” Mr. B——g, Mr. May—rd, and another gentleman, were the only three men of real honour; of course, when it was put round, as they call it, there appeared thirteen *honest gemen* for Dick, and two for Bl—g; he according to the laws of hazard, could not vote. However, Mr. Bl—g thought it hard he should
be

be thus robbed; he attempted to take up his ten guinea note, but Dick put his *little* hand to a very large candlestick, and swore by Jafus, he would *clave* his scull if he touched his property. The two gentlemen interfered, and left this groupe of *worthies* to divide the spoil, for they were all partners, and would have sworn (dreadful even to think) any thing Dick ordered them to swear.

Mr. Scr——re, of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, who had just finished his studies at Cambridge, visited his aunts on the spot that gave him birth; unhappily for this accomplished, though very credulous gentleman, our hero Dick seduced him to play at Doncaster races; an ignoramus would think that Dick won: no, no, Dick knew better, he let our young cantab win a few guineas; they supped and parted. Dick found (for he had always good intelligence) Mr. Scr——re would be, when of age, in possession of about twelve hundred pounds a year—of course a fine pigeon; Dick shewed him every mark of *civility*, and was *so kind* even to offer him his best horse

horse to ride to the races, and also to let him go five or ten guineas with him upon a race: Dick was very *lucky*, for every day after the races were over, Dick paid Mr. Scr——re five or ten guineas per day as his proportion of winning; this so pleased our young student, that he invited him to his seat to pass a week or a fortnight: our hero knew better, he would have been *blown* upon as the greeks phrase it; he had other pursuits; inviting in return Mr. Scr——re to his house, assuring him that he lived upon a scale of œconomy, that he *contented* himself upon soup, fish, and a bit of roast or boiled for the *first course*, and for the *second* he had a b—h cook that dressed his game very well and made an excellent pudding. If you can content yourself with that, continued our hero, I generally find a bottle of claret for a country friend, or a bowl of *rack* punch, and this, said Dick, is *my way of living*. We invite the sympathising heart, the soother of sorrow and misfortune, ready to pity an inexperienced mind, whether from Cambridge or Oxford, and make every allowance for our youth
thus

thus entrapped. We would not begrudge them to pay smart money, if they would stop there; but the misfortune is, lured by the hope of gain, and a desire to get into a round of dissipation, they generally sacrifice their health and the best part of their fortune. Mr. Scr——re wanting a few months of age, and having no friend to advise him but two maiden aunts, he visited the capital, of course left his card with Capt. En-l—d; the Captain returned his visit, sent him an invitation to take a family dinner next day at six; Mr. Scr——re accepted the invitation, and found a *hopeful* party, consisting of Capt. De Ch——u, a well-known adept, and Dick's *useful* man, Mrs. En-l—d, and two w——s; the latter passed for widows of Irish gentlemen, with immense jointures. Nothing very brilliant passed at dinner; the ladies sung, and Dick entertained the company with his prowess in Ireland, having called out five men and killed four of them,—that *jewelling* was the finest thing in the world, and that he kept *jontlemen* always in order; Captain De Ch——u was not behind hand, for he

F

averred,

averred, that though he loved peace and good order, his body was all over scars, having fought thirty-six duels and killed twenty-eight. The ladies applauded their valour, and observed, *that as if so be as how gemmen would be wexatious*, they were served very right. A bumper toast was proposed by our host; without conveying any thing indelicate to our readers, we will leave them to guess what it was, though of late years this has been a prevailing custom. We hope, for the honour and happiness of the liberal and refined, that such toasts will be entirely abandoned: but now the fatal tragedy begins. Play was proposed, and as it had been pre-determined by Dick, and his other *friends*, to dish * the cantab over as soon as they could, the dispatches were put down on the table; the rack punch pushed about, made very *weak* †, and in
about

* Dish'd is a phrase in great use with the *family* lads, and means that the pigeon has lost all his money, his security of every kind, his horses, and every valuable.

† So *ensorious* and naughty are the world grown, that they do not hesitate to say that our *noble* Capt. En-l—d
puts

about two hours the poor cantab lost all his money, the contents of his pocket-book, and found himself in debt twelve hundred guineas. The cantab expressed his surprise at such a run of ill luck; they consoled him, that after to-morrow's ride they would eat a bit of dinner at some tavern (though there were only two * in town would admit the

puts a sort of a kind of a drug, to be had of at every chemist's in town (though the *greeks* have a chemist of their own) when his friends won't drink freely. But men of discernment cannot believe that so *noble* an host as Dick would do any thing half so *bad*:—this is really too cruel; and we hope none but those, whose interest it is, will credit it.

* There are but two houses that will admit greeks in parties; individually they scour the town; they have their runners in pay like Swiss soldiers; and not a coffee-house from Mile-End to Tatterfall's, but they are upon the look-out. We cannot help lamenting that our privy-council would issue a proclamation to send those *industrious, brave, upright, learned, and wise* men to explore the northern climes of America, or lend them to our good friend and ally the Empress of R—-a.

We will not describe the two houses that admit this diabolical crew of greeks: but, if the public, who are always curious, will inquire of the neighbours in C—y-Street, near C—y-Market, for that frequented by the
lower

the greeks) and give him his revenge. The student borrowed a guinea to pay his chair, and

lower order of *greeks* and *affidavit men*:—its the head of Shakespeare to a Moorfields ballad, but the neighbours will kindly tell the inquirer.

The other *worthy* is so well known by the *rude* appellation of Black J—k, that there is not a link or shoe boy that would not point to the B——d A—s. The turf will meet with an irreparable loss, should this gent——n die a *natural* death, as *he bl——d his eyes and l——bs that he has lost his whole fortune on these* “*here four legged beastesses.*”

With what pleasure do we retouch the memory of those who from hurry or any other cause, might have forgot the conduct of Williams, who keeps a tavern and coffee-house in Bow-Street, and who is also (much to his credit) a comedian.

Last winter, Williams, with his usual prudence, shut his street door at a proper hour. At about twelve, or between twelve and one, he heard a violent knocking at his door; when asking who was there? he was answered with an oath—two or three gentlemen: thinking them so, Williams opened the door, and to his unutterable surprise, he found the gentlemen to be Jack T——g—n, Capt. A——, and a flat.

Williams knowing the two *worthies*, said, “I have no room for such gentlemen as you; my house is not for gamblers; you may go where you please, but you shan’t come here.” The two *worthies* talked of their
consequence:

and went to his hotel. The thoughts of losing such a sum, Mr. Scr——re has often

consequence: they asked him, “if he knew who they were;” “Yes, replied the honest and worthy son of Thespis, “I do know *you*, and therefore won’t let you in;” a scuffle ensued, and what is very strange, these *worthies* indicted poor honest Williams for an assault: the trial came on in the Common-Pleas, and the assault was proved, by Williams owning he took them by the coat or collar, and pushed them off the step of his house.

Lord Loughborough, in his summing up, told the jury, that the assault had been proved, but under such circumstances that he hoped, nay, he did not doubt, but they would give such damages as would deter men of such description and notoriety, ever shewing themselves as plaintiffs in that or any other court of judicature.

THE JURY,
TO THEIR IMMORTAL HONOUR,
WITHOUT
ONE MOMENT’S HESITATION,
PRONOUNCED
DAMAGES FOR THE PLAINTIFFS
ONE HALFPENNY!

Bravo! cried Reason; LOUGHBOROUGH, the JURY,
and WILLIAMS for Ever!

N. B. This action is on record, A. D. 1792.

declared,

declared, deprived him of any thing like sleep that night. They met and dined the next day, and fortune was such a *jilt*—made the twelve hundred eighteen hundred more, and as a little ready was wanted, and he an entire stranger in town (having lost both father and mother) they *generously* lent him twenty guineas for his purse, proposing to the student to pay them in three notes of one thousand guineas each, two days after he became of age.

This child of simplicity now began to think seriously, and upon asking the master of the M—t coffee-house (for the master knew Scr——re's father) he in the most unreserved manner told him what all the gentlemen said of them, namely, that they were notorious black-legs, and that not one man of honour in the kingdom would sit down with them.

Our student had given the notes, and money had been advanced upon them by an *honest* lawyer; for though the act prevents a man from being forced to pay more than ten pounds lost at one sitting, yet, when they are indorsed from one to another, and
good

good proof cannot be produced, the poor flat not only gives his notes, but through the chicane of the petty-fogger, and a few *affidavits*, he is often obliged to pay.

Mr. Scr——re, by this time had made himself known to some of his neighbours, and cut with his two *worthy* and *friendly* acquaintance.

The late and much beloved Sir Charles Tu——er, used to observe to Mr. Scr——re, that it was the best three thousand guineas he ever parted with, for he never played since.

We are sorry to produce another instance of the weakness of mankind. Mr. Da——n, of very considerable landed property, in and near Newcastle upon Tyne, determined to visit the watering places, and to finish his tour with passing a week or ten days at Scarborough. Our hero Dick, with one of his brigade, observing a chaise drive through the town, dispatched a courier to inquire the gentleman's name, where he came from, and what stay he would make, &c. The courier returned with every requisite information, and the next thing was
how

how to get at Da—n before he got to the assembly-rooms.

Dick's inventive faculties were never idle, he waited till he came out of the inn, and *modestly* fell into chat with him. After some conversation, Dick finding him a *dove*, he offered Mr. Da—n his bed for that night, for that he (Dick) could sleep at the coffee-house; dryly observing, "Perhaps my apartment may do for both: for *if so be* you are an early *goer* to bed, and rise to bathe, why in that case it will do for both; for I never go to bed till seven at the *soonest* in the morning. Mr. Da—n thanked him for his polite offer, but declined the honour of his invitation.

The assembly over, the company formed themselves into parties as usual, and happy would it have been for Mr. Da—n if he had made one among them; but though a man of an ancient and very honourable family, he found but one person he knew, and they were not on good terms.

This proved lucky for Dick and his brigade (all Irish); they ordered a supper at the coffee-house (for Donner would not
permit

permit any plunder, as he very properly called it, in his house). The glass went merrily round, and about three in the morning Mr. Da—n was completely drunk. They had tried every effort to make him play, but in vain—of course, he must somehow pay the reckoning. The brigade, to save appearances, lest any *improper* questions were asked the waiter, played on for five or six minutes longer, and then they each marked a card thus:—Da—n owes me two hundred guineas:—Da—n owes me one hundred and ninety-five guineas:—Da—n owes me fifty guines. Dick being the *great* man, marked his card thus:—I owe Da—n thirty guineas:—so that deducting this sc—n—l's thirty guineas from the other sums, they made a tolerable night of it. The waiter, for they are *all* good fellows, touch'd five guineas for his care and attention, the brigade parted, and poor Da—n. The next morning, or noon rather, for it was one o'clock, Dick accosted Mr. Da—n upon the cliff, "Well sir, how do you do after your night's regale? upon my conscience we were all very merry". "Yes",
 G. replied

replied the dove, “ we were indeed, fir, and I hope I did nothing to offend ; for what with the fatigue of travelling all day, and your *good* company, Bacchus prevailed too powerfully, and banished the little reason that I have entirely from me ; but as I am happy to hear no gentleman was offended, all is very well.”

Dick presented him with a thirty guinea banker’s note, payable to R——d En—l—d, Esq. saying, “ I lost this *here* thirty to you last night, put it in your pocket, and I hope *we* shall have better luck another time.” Da——n stared, and positively denied having played for a shilling ; but Dick assured him upon his honour that he had, observing that he had paid thousands to gentlemen when in liquor, that knew nothing at all of the matter till he shewed them his account. Mr. Da——n fell into the trap so infernally laid for him, and being a novice, put the thirty guineas into his pocket, thinking Dick the most upright man he ever met with : when strange to relate, the *brigade*, (*all captains*) came to the rooms in the evening full of complaisance, and each with a brogue,

brogue, as strong upon them as an Irish chairman, declared by the immaculate G—d how glad they were to see him well after such a debauch.

George Bre—ton, the second in command, shewed him his card: “My dear sir I touch’d you for two hundred last night, and I’d thank you to give it me, for tomorrow I leave the North, and your two hundred will just take me to Dublin.” This is what the greeks call a pretty commence; Mr. Da—n thunderstruck with the demand, averred upon his honour, that he never played with him, and indeed he did not know of his playing at all, but that Captain En—l—d, very much to his credit, had paid him thirty guineas, though he did not remember a single circumstance of a card or dice being in the room. George replied with great warmth, “Sir, this is the first time my *honour* was ever doubted; the *gentlemen* will all tell you, and so will the *waiter*, that I won two hundred guineas of you, though I cut a great loser by the night’s play.” Mr. Da—n with his usual moderation said, “Sir, I shall have the pleasure

pleasure to see you at the coffee-house to-morrow morning, and I make no doubt but matters will be amicably settled.

The morning proved a propitious one for Mr. Da—n, for the preceding evening arrived about eight or nine of his friends and neighbours, persons of great worth: Mr. Da—n opened his mind to them, they knew the world well; and after ten minutes conversation, and one of the gentlemen cross-examining the *honest* waiter, the waiter prevaricated so much, that to get rid of the business, and having received a promise of five guineas more if he told the truth, he assured the friend of Mr. Da—n that he did not know that Mr. Da—n played at all, or if he did, it could not be for five minutes altogether, as they were constantly ringing and making *punch* in their *own* way.

Such complicated villany we seldom hear of.—The gentlemen then advised Da—n not to pay a shilling; but he proposed to them that he would send Dick the thirty guinea banker's draft back to him, and add twenty more to pay the supper, which was approved of by all present.

Mr.

Mr. Da—n wrote as follows :

“ S I R,

“ I ENCLOSE you your thirty guinea
“ note, also twenty guineas more to pay
“ the supper that you invited me to on
“ Wednesday night: I am sorry to add that
“ neither you nor either of your three
“ friends have any claim to the rank of
“ gentlemen, and of course I shall treat
“ you as such. To Mr. George Bre—ton,
“ nor either of the other *officers* (for they all
“ wore very large cockades) will I ever
“ speak to or pay a shilling.

“ I trust my conduct through life has
“ been uniformly that of a man of strict
“ probity, and nothing that you can say
“ will wound my honour or make me
“ uneasy. You are *well known* here by
“ upwards of four hundred gentlemen, and
“ though they are all strangers to me,
“ except nine or ten, if one gentleman of
“ respectability will say I ought to pay, I
“ will pay with pleasure; but I am con-
“ vinced no such gentleman is to be
“ found.”

This

This letter was thunder to Dick, and acted like electric fire to the brigade.

George Br——n swore he would have his liver broiling on the coals: the two junior brigades, who acted as subordinate officers were dumb: at last George Br——n began. “You see Dick this is your bl——ed character that has da——d all; as to me, what can they say of me? I, by Jafus, that am descended from *all* the kings of Ireland! and as to his being cheated, how can he prove that?”—then turning to the two forlorn and miserable brigades, that had doubtless counted upon their cash being paid, “You had better get out of town to night, as you are blown upon; I cant speak to you, nor would it be prudent.” But Dick swore by Jafus, no:—they should each send Da——n a challenge. This was over-ruled, as only one of the brigade could write: however, at last it was resolved, that K——n should write for the two; and after much debate, the following curious epistle was sent to Mr. Da——n.

“S I R,

“ S I R,

“ I AM *towld* by Capt. En-l—d, who *his*
 “ a man of *onner*, *that as how you wont*
 “ pay me one *bonderd* and ninety *hod* gui-
 “ neas; now by the great G—d of thunder
 “ and storms, if you do not send it me in
 “ three skips of a flea, after you have *red*
 “ my letter, de—l burn me but I will
 “ make a faggot of you, and put your
 “ a—e behind the fire. I care not what
 “ they say about me a l—se, for by Jafus,
 “ I am an Irishman; and what’s more, a
 “ volunteer; and what’s more then all, I
 “ wont be *bother’d* by any *feler* in this
 “ here place. My dear little friend *to*,
 “ must have his fifty, or you had better
 “ *ate* your shoes; for by Jafus we have
 “ kill’d dozens in *duils*, and we will never
 “ flinch. But do what is right, and we are
 “ friends.

“ We are both your *obadent* servants,

“ R. K——n.

“ The mark of C. O’G——n.

“ P. S. Our stay wont be ten *minits* for
 “ your *banfer*.”

This

This curious epistle being finished, George Br——n cast his indignant eye over it, and looking at the writer with a sneer—“Arrah, where did you go to school; by Mars, I swear I never saw such a specimen before.” Dick observed, “What was *larning*? or what is spelling? or what is Greek or *Welch*, or any of the modern dead or alive gossip? Dont you see how Father Oburn lives upon butter-milk and tatys, and he *spakes* forty or fifty *tongues*; plays the fiddle at wakes; sells twine, *bacco*, and cow-heels: and do you think that if there was any good in *larning*, Father Oburn would do that?” George smiled with ineffable contempt—but the young brigade, who had just made his *mark*, swore by the Pope’s bull, Capt. En—l—d was right; and added, “do you think me such a flat? no, no, my honey, no writing for me, ’tis dangerous; I might have been tempted to forge you know, and that’s a *farvice* of danger.” Dick, to save appearance, went out of Scarborough the next morning by day-break, and took up two of his brigade a few miles on the York road.

The

The only one now remaining of the Irish brigade was George Br——n, and he finding neither threats nor artifice would provoke Mr. Da——n, in three mornings after left Scarborough (vowing vengeance on Mr. Da——n and all the bl-t-ed crew) to the great joy of all the ladies, and the heartfelt comfort of every good member of society. To do George Br——n justice, though he was not overburthened with a great store of literature, yet he knew more about reading and spelling, and was very expert at *accompts*.

K——n, though a subaltern brigade, not less famed for his *prowezs*;—he made an effort of genius one night at the opera, and *fancied* a very fine gold enamelled box would be an addition to his toilet;—took it *quietly* out of C. O——'s pocket, and putting it into his own, was making *slow* strides through the lobby: the gentleman, missing his box, pursued and took him.

Merciful as our juries are, in making allowances for youth, necessity, or seduction; they knew him an old and daring offender, and recommended their country

to pay his expences, and give him a passage to Botany-Bay.

We now take our leave of the *worthy* Dick; and as to his *amiable* connexions, we think a better lesson need not be given the young mind, than briefly to state the exit of those robbers of all that's dear to society.

C. O'Geo—n made too *free* with a gentleman on Finchly-Common, and after a very impartial trial, was found guilty, and suffered death. Our laws, justly famed for their excellence, is always inclined to mercy; but in some cases mercy would be cruelty. It is well known that the Old-Bailey juries are (very much to their honour) in general the most merciful men in the world; nor can the annals of this country produce a single instance, where the courts of law had more able—more sapient—and truly virtuous characters, than the present twelve judges.

George Br—n had his head cut off at one stroke, by a real officer of the army, then quartered in Dublin: George, who had

had long been the terror of Daly's*, insulted this much beloved son of Mars in the public coffee-room; and thinking to bully the officer by menacing him, the officer resented it, and George *meant* to have fought a duel with *pistols* †; but the officer possessing that true courage that a Briton is famed for throughout the world, insisted upon his being no better than a vile *assassin*; that it was well known he daily practised *firing* at a mark, and of course he would give him (George) the choice of either small sword, or a cut and thrust, as it is very properly called; George accepted of the latter. The officer with that firmness which invariably attends a good cause, made a parry at George's first blow, and (to the joy of all Dublin) in

* A club formerly of the first nobility and gentry in Dublin; but now a subscription house by ballot for play.

† George Br——n grew at last so callous that he used to exult that he hoped to be thundered into a *nut-shell* if he could not take off a man's eye-brow, or hit his button-hole. The truth is, George Br——n had a very steady hand, and what he called pistols, that would go off with the touch of a feather.

the second parry, with a back stroke *sever'd* George Br——n's head from his body*.

We shall not detain our worthy readers with many comments on this rencounter, but just observe with Addison, “That though the ways of heaven are dark, intricate, puzzled, in error, and perplexed in mazes; nor can we, or is it fitting we should, know where the regular confusion ends;” it is enough to know, that heaven, though slow, is just in saying to those monsters, “Hither shall you go and no further, and here shall your vices end.”

We cannot help observing, that the English who have not travelled, too hastily

* The officer surrendered at the next assize, and the

J U R Y,

TO THEIR UNSPEAKABLE HONOUR,

RETURNED A VERDICT

N O T G U I L T Y;

TO THE ENTIRE SATISFACTION

OF A VERY

CROWDED AND BRILLIANT COURT.

draw

draw conclusions (from a few score of those miscreants coming here, wearing cockades, and looking terrible at every public place); to the traveller and philosopher it is well known the real gentlemen of Ireland are equal in learning, hospitality, honour, and truth, to any nation round the globe, and pay the most undeviating and kind attention to the English, whether nobility, gentry, or man of commerce, that is known to deserve their esteem.

F I N I S.